THE
Mery Wiuses of Windsor.
by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Based on the Folio Text of 1623
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# Shakespeare: First Folio

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The Merry Wives of Windsor

D2

Actus primus, Scena prima.

2 Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Master
3 Page, Falstaffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page,
4 Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.
5 Shallow.
6 Sir Hugh, perswade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber
7 matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir
8 John Falstoffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow
9 Esquire.
10 Shal. In the County of Glocester, Justice of Peace and [(Coram.
11 Shal. I (Cosen Slender) and Cust-alorum.
12 Slen. I, and Ratolorum too; and a Gentleman borne
13 (Master Parson) who writes himselfe Armigero, in any
14 Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armigero.
15 Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time these three
16 hundred yeeres.
17 Slen. All his successors (gone before him) hath don’t:
18 and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they
19 may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.
20 Shal. It is an olde Coate.
21 Euans. The dozen white Lowses doe become an old
22 Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to
23 man, and signifies Loue.
24 Shal. The Luse is the fresh- fish, the salt- fish, is an old
25 Coate.
26 Slen. I may quarter (Coz).
27 Shal. You may, by marrying.
28 Euans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.
29 Shal. Not a whit.
30 Euan. Yes per- lady: if he ha’s a quarter of your coat,
31 there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple con-iectures;
32 but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaffe haue
33 committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church
34 and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attone-ments
35 and compromises betweene you.
36 Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.
37 Euan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there
38 is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you)
39 shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a
Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

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

Euans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

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

Euans. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just as you will desire, and seuen hundred pounds of Moneies, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand- sire vpon his deaths-bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull resurrections) giue, when she is able to ouertake seuenteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master Abraham, and Mistris Anne Page.

Slen. Did her Grand- sire leaue her seauen hundred pound?

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

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts.

Euans. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest Mr Page: is Falstaffe there?

Euans. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lyer, 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 Mr. Page. What hoa? Got- plesse your house heere.

Mr.Page. Who’s there?

Euans. Here is go’t’s plessing and your friend, and Iu-stice Shallow, and heere yong Master Slender: that perad-uentures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Mr.Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thank 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 killd: how doth good Mistresse Page? and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

M.Page. Sir, I thanke you.

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

M.Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How do’s your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard
say he was out-run on Cotsall.

M.Pa. It could not be iudg’d, Sir.

Slen. You’ll not confesse: you’ll not confesse.

Shal. That he will not, ’tis your fault, ’tis your fault:

’tis a good dogge.


Shal. Sir: he’s a good dog, and a faire dog, can there
be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir John Falstaffe
heere?

M.Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a
good office betwenee you.

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

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

M.Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it. [D2v
Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that
so (M[aster]. Page?) he hath wrong’d me, indeed he hath, at a
word he hath: beleue me, Robert Shallow Esquire, saith
he is wronged.


Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you’ll complaine of me to
the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue 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 answere it strait, I haue done all this:
That is now answer’d.

Shal. The Counsell shall know this.

Fal. ’Twere better for you if it were known in coun-cell:
you’ll be laugh’d at.

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir John) good worts.

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

Slen. Marry sir, I haue matter in my head against you,
and against your cony- catching Rascalls, Bardolf, Nym,
and Pistoll.

Bar. You Banbery 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, Cosen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderstand: there
is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderstand; that is,
Master Page (fidelicet Master Page,) & there is my selfe,
(fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and fi-nally)
mine Host of the Garter.

Ma.Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Euan. Ferry goo’t, I will make a priefe of it in my note- booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon the cause,

with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistoll.

Pist. He heares with eares.

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phrase is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistoll, did you picke M[aster]. Slenders purse?

Slen. I, by these gloues did hee, or I would I might never come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seauen groates in mill- sixpences, and two Edward Sho-uelboords, that cost me two shilling and two pence a piece of Yeud Miller: by these gloues.

Fal. Is this true, Pistoll?

Euan. No, it is false, if it is a picke- purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir Iohn, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy labras here; word of denial; froth, and scum thou liest.

Slen. By these gloues, then ’twas he.

Nym. Be aus’d sir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut- hooks hu-mor 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 asse.

Fal. What say you Scarlet, and Iohn?

Bar. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his fiue sentences.

Eu. It is his fiue sences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap, sir, was (as they say) casheerd: and so conclusions past the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you spake in Latten then to: but ’tis no mat-ter; Ile nere be drunk whilst I liue againe, but in honest, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with those that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Euan. So got- udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You heare all these matters deni’d, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Mr.Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee’ll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Mistresse Anne Page.

Mr.Page. How now Mistris Ford?
Fal. Mistris Ford, by my troth you are very wel met:
by your leave good Mistris.
Mr. Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come,
we haue a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Come gentle-men,
I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse.
Slen. I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke
of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now Simple, where
haue you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you
haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?
Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to
Alice Short-cake vpon Alhallowmas last, a fortnight a-fore
Michaelmas.
Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you: a word
with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as ’twere a ten-der,
a kinde of tender, made a farre- off by Sir Hugh here:
doe you vnderstand me?
Slen. I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so,
I shall doe that that is reason.
Shal. Nay, but vnderstand me.
Slen. So I doe Sir.
Euan. Giue eare to his motions; (Mr. Slender) I will
description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.
Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen Shallow saies: I
pray you pardon me, he’s a Iustice of Peace in his Coun-trie,
simple though I stand here.
Euan. But that is not the question: the question is
concerning your marriage.
Shal. I, there’s the point Sir.
Eu. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi[stris]. An Page.
Slen. Why if it be so; I will marry her vpon any rea-sonable
demands.
Eu. But can you affection the ’o-man, let vs command
to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers
Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth:
therefore precisely, ca[n] you carry your good wil to y maid?
Sh. Cosen Abraham Slender, can you loue her?
Slen. I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one that
would doe reason.
Eu. Nay, got’s Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake
possitble, if you can carry- her your desires towards her.
Shal. That you must:
Eu. Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?
Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your
request (Cosen) in any reason.
Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (sweet Coz):
What I doe is to pleasure you (Coz:) can you loue the
maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your request; but if
there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen
may decrease it vpon better acquaintance, when wee
are married, and haue more occasion to know one ano-ther:
I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content:
but if you say mary- her, I will mary- her, that I am freely
dissolued, and dissolutely.  [D3

Eu. It is a fery discretion- answere; saue the fall is in
the ’ord, dissolutely: the ort is (according to our mea-ning)
resolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I: I thinke my Cosen meant well.

Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang’d (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 wait on him, (faire Mistris Anne.)

Eu. Od’s plessed- wil: I wil not be abse[n]ce at the grace.

An. Wil’t please your worship to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forsooth, harteely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a- hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe,
Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my Cosen
Shallow: a Lustice 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 liue like a poore Gentleman borne.

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

Sl. I’ faith, ile 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 thank you) I bruiz’d
my shin th’ other day, with playing at Sword and Dag-ger
with a Master of Fence (three veneyes 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 think there are, Sir, I heard them talk’d of.

Sl. I loue the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell
at it, as any man in England: you are afraid if you see the
Beare loose, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Sl. That’s meate and drinke to me now: I haue seene
Saskerson loose, twenty times, and haue taken him by the
Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue so cride
and shrekt at it, that it past: But women indeede, cannot
abide 'em, they are very ill- fauour’d rough things.

Ma.Pa. Come, gentle M[aster]. Slender, come; we stay for you.
Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.
Ma.Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir:
come, come.
Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.
Sl. Mistris Anne: your selfe shall goe first.
An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.
Sl. Truely I will not goe first: truely- la: I will not
doe you that wrong.
An. I pray you Sir.
Sl. Ile rather be vnmannerly, then troublesome: you
doe your selfe wrong indeede- la. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Eu. Go your waies, 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.
Si. Well Sir.
Eu. Nay, it is petter yet: giue her this letter; for it is
a ’oman that altogether acquainta[n]ce with Mistris Anne
Page; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to soli-cite
your Masters desires, to Mistris Anne Page: I pray
you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther’s Pip-pins
and Cheese to come. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistoll, Page.
Fal. Mine Host of the Garter?
Ho. What saies my Bully Rooke? speake schollerly,
and wisely.
Fal. Truely mine Host; I must turne away some of my
followers.
Ho. Discard, (bully Hercules) casheere; let them wag;
trot, trot.
I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou’rt an Emperor (Cesar, Keiser and Pheazar)

I will entertaine Bardolfe: he shall draw; he shall tap; said

I well (bully Hector?)

Fa. Doe so (good mine Host.)

Ho. I haue spoke; let him follow; let me see thee froth,

and liue: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. Bardolfe, follow him: a Tapster is a good trade:

an old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin: a wither’d Seruing-man,

a fresh Tapster: goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I haue desir’d: I will thriue.

Pist. O base hungarian wight: wilt y the spigot wield.

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor co[n]ceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox: his

Thefts were too open: his filching was like an vnskilfull

Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.


the phrase.

Fal. 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 Rauens must haue foode.

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 Pistoll: (Indeede I am in the waste

two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am a-bout

thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make loue to Fords

wife: I spie entertainment in her: shee discourses: shee

carues: she giues the leere of inuitation: I can construe

the action of her familier stile, & the hardest voice of her

behauior (to be english’d rightly) is, I am Sir Iohn Falstafs.

Pist. He hath studied her will; and translated her will:

out of honesty, into English.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her

husbands Purse: he hath a legend of Angels.

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

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

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here ano-ther

to Pages wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes

too; examind my parts with most iudicious illiads: some-times

the beame of her view, guilded my foote: some-times

my portly belly.
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 vp like a burning-glasse: here’s another letter to her: She beares the Purse too: She is a Region in Guiana: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters 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: we will thriue (Lads) we will thriue.
Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarue of Troy become, And by my side weare Steele? then Lucifer take all. Ni. I will run no base humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the hauior of reputation.
Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you these Letters tightly, Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores. Rogues, hence, auaunt, vanish like haile-stones; goe, Trudge; plod away ith’ hoofe: seeke shelter, packe: Falstaffe will learne the honor 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, Tester ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lacke, Base Phrygian Turke.
Ni. I haue opperations, Which be humors of reuenge. Pist. Wilt thou reuenge?
Ni. By Welkin, and her Star. Pist. With wit, or Steele?
Ni. With both the humors, I: I will discusse the humour of this Loue to Ford. Pist. And I to Page shall eke vnfold How Falstaffe (varlet vile) His Doue will proue; his gold will hold, And his soft couch defile. Ni. My humour shall not coole: I will incense Ford to deale with poysion: I will possesse him with yallow-nesse, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour. Pist. Thou art the Mars of Malecontents: I second thee: troope on. Exeunt.
Scoena Quarta.

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

What, Iohn Rugby, I pray thee goe to the Case-ment, and see if you can see my Master, Master Docter Caius comming: if he doe (I' faith) and finde any body in the house; here will be an old abusing of Gods pati-ence, and the Kings English.

Ile goe watch.

Goe, and we'll haue a posset for't soone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea- cole- fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as euer seruant shall come in house withall: and I warrant you, no tel- tale, nor no breede-bate: his worst fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is something peeuish that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that passe.

Peter Simple, you say your name is?

I: for fault of a better.

And Master Slender's your Master?

I forsooth.

Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers pairing- knife?

No forsooth: he hath but a little wee- face; with a little yellow Beard: a Caine colourd Beard.

A softly- sprighted man, is he not?

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

How say you: oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold vp his head (as it were?) and strut in his gate?

Yes indeede do's he.

Well, heauen send Anne Page, no worse fortune:

Tell Master Parson Euans, I will doe what I can for your Master: Anne is a good girle, and I wish —

Out alas: here comes my Master.

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

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

I forsooth ile fetch it you:

I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the
yong man he would haue bin horne- mad.

Ca. Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, 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-peech quickly:

Ver is dat knaue 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

oublie: dere is some Simples in my Closset, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leaue behinde.

Qu. Ay- me, he’ll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

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

Villanie, La-roone: Rugby, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Master be content.

Ca. Wherefore shall 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 Ma-ster in the way of Marriage.

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

Ca. Sir Hugh send- a you? Rugby, ballow mee some paper: tarry you a littell- a- while. [D4

Qui. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin through-ly moued, you should haue heard him so loud, and so me-lancholly:

but notwithstanding man, Ile doe yoe your Master what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, y

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.)

Simp. ’Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies
hand.

Qui. Are you a-us’d o’that? you shall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your eare, I wold haue no words of it) my Master himselfe is in loue with Mistris Anne Page: but notwithstanding that I know Ans mind, that’s neither heere nor there.

Caius. You, lack’Nape: giue- ’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 scuruy Jack-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, he shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas: he speakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter ’a ver dat: do not you tell- a- me dat I shall haue Anne Page for my selfe? by gar, I vill kill de Jack- Priest: and I haue appointed mine Host of de Iarteer to measure our weapon: by gar, I wil my selfe haue Anne Page.

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all shall bee well:
We must giue folkes leaue to prate: what the good-iер.

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

Qui. You shall haue An- fooles head of your owne:
No, I know Ans mind for that: neuer a woman in Wind-sor knowes more of Ans minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen.

Fenton. Who’s with in there, hoa?

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 shee is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heauen for it.

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue: but not-withstanding (Master Fenton) Ile be sworne on a booke shee loues you: haue not your Worship a wart aboue your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such
another Nan; (but I detest) an honest maid as euer 
broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I 
shall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (in-deed) 
shee is giuen too much to Allicholy and musing: 
but for you — well — goe too — 
  Fen. Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there’s mo-ney 
for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if 
thou seest her before me, commend me. — 
  Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell 
your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we haue 
confidence, and of other wooers. 
  Fen. Well, fare- well, I am in great haste now. 
  Qui. Fare- well to your Worship: truely an honest 
Gentleman: but Anne loues him not: for I know Ans 
minde as well as another do’s: out vpon’t: what haue I 
forgot. Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master 
Ford, Pistoll, Nim, Quickly, Host, Shallow.
Mist.Page. What, haue scap’d Loue- letters in the 
holly- day- time of my beauty, and am I now a subiect 
for them? let me see?
Aske me no reason why I loue you, for though Loue vse Rea-son 
for his precisian, hee admits him not for his Counsalour:
you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there’s simpathie: 
you are merry, so am I: ha, ha, then there’s more simpathie: 
you loue sacke, and so do I: would you desire better simpathie? 
Let it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least if the Loue of 
Souldier can suffice, that I loue thee: I will not say pitty mee, 
'tis not a Souldier- like phrase; but I say, loue me: 
By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night: 
Or any kinde of light, with all his might, 
For thee to fight. John Falstaffe.
What a Herod of Iurie is this? O wicked, wicked world: 
One that is well- nye worn to peeces with age 
To show himselfe a yong Gallant? What an vnwaied 
Behauior hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with 
The Deuills name) out of my conuersation, that he dares 
In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice 
In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then 
Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee:) why Ile 
Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe
of men: how shall I be reueng’d on him? for reueng’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 beleeue that; I haue to shew
to the contrary.

_Mis.Page._ ’Faith but you doe in my minde.

_Mis.Ford._ Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew
you to the contrary: O Mistris _Page_, giue mee some
counsaile.

_Mis.Page._ What’s the matter, woman?

_Mi.Ford._ O woman: if it were not for one trifling re-spect,
I could come to such honour.

_Mi.Page._ Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour:
what is it? dispence with trifles: what is it?

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

_Mi.Page._ What thou liest? Sir _Alice Ford_? these
Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the ar-ticle
of thy Gentry.

_Mi.Ford._ Wee burne day- light: heere, read, read:
perceiue how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the
worse of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make diffe-rence
of mens liking: and yet hee would not sweare:   [D4v
praise womens modesty: and gaue such orderly and wel-behaued
reproofe to al vncomelinesse, that I would haue
sworne his disposition would haue gone to the truth of
his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place
together, then the hundred Psalms to the tune of Green-sleeues:
What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with
so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a’shoare at Windsor?
How shall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the best way
were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire
of lust haue melted him in his owne greace: Did you e-uer
heare the like?

_Mis.Page._ Letter for letter; but that the name of
_Page_ and _Ford_ differs: to thy great comfort in this my-stery
of ill opinions, heere’s the twyn- brother of thy Let-ter:
but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine neuer
shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ
with blanke- space for different names (sure more): and
these are of the second edition: hee will print them out
of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the presse,
when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantesse,
and lye vnnder Mount Pelion: Well; I will find you twen-tie
lasciuous Turtles ere one chaste man.

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

Mis.Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost rea-die
to wrangle with mine owne honesty: Ile entertaine
my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for
sure vnesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know
not my selfe, hee would neuer haue boorded me in this
furie.

Mi.Ford. Boording, call you it? Ile bee sure to keepe
him aboue decke.

Mi.Page. So will I: if hee come vnnder my hatches,
Ile neuer to Sea againe: Let’s bee reueng’d on him: let’s
appoint him a meeting: giue him a show of comfort in
his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee
hath pawn’d his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mi.Ford. Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against
him, that may not sully the charinesse of our honesty: oh
that my husband saw this Letter: it would giue eternall
food to his iealousie.

Mis.Page. Why look where he comes; and my good
man too: hee’s as farre from iealousie, as I am from gi-uing
him cause, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurable di-stance.

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 young.
Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor,
both yong and old, one with another (Ford) he loues the
Gally- mawfry (Ford) perpend.

Ford. Loue my wife?
Pist. With liuer, burning hot: preuent:
Or goe thou like Sir Acteon he, with
Ring- wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?
Pist. The horne I say: Farewell:
Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night.
Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo- birds do sing.
Away sir Corporall Nim:
Beleeue it (Page) he speaks sence.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.
Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor of lying:
hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should haue borne the humour’d Letter to her: but I haue a sword: and it shall bite vpon my necessitie: he loues your wife; There’s the short and the long: My name is Corporall Nim: I speak, and I auouch; ’tis true: my name is Nim: and Falstaffe loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the hu-mour of bread and cheese: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth ’a?) heere’s a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seeke out Falstaffe.

Page. I neuer heard such a drawling- affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not beleue 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?

Mist.Page. Whether goe you (George?) harke you.

Ford. How now (sweet Frank) why art thou me-lancholy?

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, Mistris Page?

Mis.Page. Haue with you: you’ll come to dinner

Mis.Ford. Looke who comes yonder: shee shall bee our Messenger to this paltric Knight.

Mis.Page. Trust me, I thought on her: shee’ll fit it.

Mis.Ford. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Qui. I forsooth: and I pray how do’s good Mistresse Anne?

Mis.Page. Go in with vs and see: we haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Master Ford?

For. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

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

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Pag. Hang ’em slaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his discarded men: ve-ry rogues, now they be out of seruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the beter for that,

Do’s he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do’s he: if hee should intend this voy-age toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him;

and what hee 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 confi-dent: I would haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

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


Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good- euen, and twenty (good Master Page.) Master Page, wil you go with vs? we haue sport in hand.


Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir Hugh the Welch Priest, and Caius the French Doctor. [D5

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

Host. What saist thou, my Bully- Rooke?

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

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight? my guest- Caualeire?

Shal. None, I protest: but Ile giue you a pottle of burn’d sacke, to giue me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Broome: onely for a iest.

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

Shal. Haue with you mine Host.

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

Shal. Tut sir: I could haue 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 haue seene the time, with my long- sword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes.

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

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

Ford. Though Page be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wiues frailty; yet, I cannot put- off my o-pinion so easily: she was in his company at Pages house:
and what they made there, I know not. Well, I wil looke
further into’t, and I haue a disguise, to sound Falstaffe; if
I finde her honest, I loose not my labor: if she be other-wise,
‘tis labour well bestowed. Exeunt.

Scono Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Pistoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe,
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 haue beene content (Sir,) you
should lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vp-on
my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and
your Coach- fellow Nim; 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 vpon mine ho-nour
thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteene
pence?

Fal. Reason, you roague, reason: thinkst thou Ile en-
danger 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 Pickt- hatch: goe, you’ll not
beare a Letter for mee you roague? you stand vpon your
honor: why, (thou vnconfinable basenesse) it is as much
as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honor precise:
I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of heauen 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- Moun-taine- lookes,
your red- lattice phrases, and your bold-beating- oathes,
vnder the shelter of your honor? you
will not doe it? you?

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

Robin. Sir, here’s a woman would speake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Giue 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 beleue the swearer; what with me?
Qui. Shall I vouch- safe 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 waies: I my selfe dwell with M[aster]. Doctor
Caius:
Fal. Well, on; Mistresse Ford, you say.
Qui. Your worship saies very true: I pray your wor-ship
come a little neerer this waies.
Fal. I warrant thee, no- bodie heares: mine owne
people, mine owne people.
Qui. Are they so? heauen- blesse them, and make
them his Seruants.
Fal. Well; Mistresse Ford, what of her?
Qui. Why, Sir; shee’s a good- creature; Lord, Lord,
your Worship’s a wanton: well: heauen forgiue you,
and all of vs, I pray —.
Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you
haue brought her into such a Canaries, as ’tis wonder-full:
the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay
at Windsor) could neuer haue brought her to such a Ca-narie:
yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gen-tlemen,
with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after
Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweet-ly;
all Muske, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silke
and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine
and suger of the best, that would haue
wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could
neuer get an eye- winke of her: I had my selfe twentie
Angels giuen me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in
any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and
I warrant you, they could neuer get her so much as sippe
on a cup with the prowdest 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 what saies shee to mee? be briefe my good
shee-Mercurie.
Qui. Marry, she hath receiu’d your Letter: for the
which she thankes you a thousand times; and she giues
you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his
house, betweene ten and eleuen.
Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

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

Fal. Ten, and eleuen. [D5v]

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

Qui. Why, you say well: But I haue another messen-ger to your worship: Mistresse Page hath her heartie commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your eare, shee’s as fartuous a ciuill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who ere bee the other: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is sel-dome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman so doate vpon a man; surely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth.

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

Qui. Blessing on your heart for’t.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has Fords wife, and Pages wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

Qui. That were a iest indeed: they haue not so little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Mistris Page would desire you to send her your little Page of al loues: her husband has a maruellous infectio[n] to the little Page: truely Master Page is an honest man: neuer a wife in Windsor leads a better life then she do’s: doe what shee 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 deserues it; for if there be a kinde 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, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any case haue a nay- word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderstand any thing; for ’tis not good that children should know any wickednes: olde folkes you know, haue discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee- well, commend mee 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 sailes, pursue: vp with your sights:
Giue fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.
Fal. Saist thou so (old Iacke) go thy waies: Ile make
more of thy olde body then I haue 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 bee fairly done, no
matter.
Bar. Sir Iohn, there’s one Master Broome below would
faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and
hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.
Fal. Broome is his name?
Bar. I Sir.
Fal. Call him in: such Broomes are welcome to mee,
that ore’flowes such liquor: ah ha, Mistresse Ford and Mi-stresse
Page, haue I encompass’d 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 prepara-tion
vpon you.
Fal. You’r welcome, what’s your will? giue vs leaue
drawer.
Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much,
my name is Broome.
Fal. Good Master Broome, I desire more acquaintance
of you.
Ford. Good Sir Iohn, I sue for yours: not to charge
you, for I must let you vnderstand, I thinke my selfe in
better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath
something emboldned me to this vnseason’d intrusion:
for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe lye
open.
Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.
Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere trou-bles
me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir Iohn) take all,
or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.
Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserue to bee your
Porter.
Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will giue mee the hea-ring.
Fal. Speake (good Master Broome) I shall be glad to
be your Servaunt.
Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe
with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me,
though I had neuer so good means as desire, to make my
selfe acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to
you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne im-perfection:
but (good Sir Iohn) as you haue one eye vp-on
my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another
946 into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a
947 reproofe the easier, sith you your selfe know how easie it
948 is to be such an offender.
949 Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.
950 Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her
951 husbands name is Ford.
952 Fal. Well Sir.
953 Ford. I haue long lou’d her, and I protest to you, be-stowed
954 much on her: followed her with a doating ob-seruance:
955 Ingross’d opportunities to meete her: fee’d e-uery
956 slight occasion that could but nigardly giue mee
957 sight of her: not only bought many presents to giue her,
958 but haue giuen largely to many, to know what shee
959 would haue giuen: briefly, I haue pursu’d her, as Loue
960 hath pursued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all
961 occasions: but whatsoever I haue merited, either in my
962 minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I haue receiued
963 none, vnesse Experience be a Iewell, that I haue purcha-sed
964 at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say
965 this,
966 "Loue like a shadow flies, when substance Loue pursues,
967 "Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.
968 Fal. Haue you receiued no promise of satisfaction at
969 her hands?
970 Ford. Neuer.
971 Fal. Haue you importun’d her to such a purpose?
972 Ford. Neuer.
973 Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?
974 Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground,
975 so that I haue lost my edifice, by mistaking the place,
976 where I erected it.
977 Fal. To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me?
978 Ford. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all:
979 Some say, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in
980 other places shee enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there
981 is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir John) here
982 is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of ex-cellent
983 breeding, admirable discourse, of great admit-tance,
984 authentickie in your place and person, generally
985 allow’d for your many war- like, court- like, and learned
986 preparations.
987 Fal. O Sir.
988 Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money,
989 spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I haue, onely   
990 give me so much of your time in enchange of it, as to lay
an amiable siege to the honesty of this Fords wife: vse 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 enjoyn? Me-thinkes you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously.

Ford. O, vnderstand my drift: she dwells 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 themselues, I could driue 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 embattaild against me: what say you too’t, Sir Iohn?

Fal. Master Broome, I will first make bold with your money: next, giue mee your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoyn Fords wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir Iohn) 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, euen as you came in to me, her assi-stant, or goe- betweene, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen: for at that time the iealous- rascally- knaue her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

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

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They say the iealous wittolly- knaue hath masses of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well- fauourd: I will vse her as the key of the Cuckoldly- rogues Coffer, & ther’s my haruest- home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might a-uid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall- salt- butter rogue; I wil stare him out of his wits: I will awa- him with my cud-gell: it shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns:

Master Broome, thou shalt know, I will predominate o-uer the pezant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night: Ford’s a knaue, and I will aggra-uate his stile: thou (Master Broome) shalt know him for
knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

Ford. What a damn’d Epicurian- Rascall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who saies this is improudient iealousie? my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man haue thought this? see the hell of hauing a false woman: my bed shall be abus’d, my Coffers ransack’d, my reputati-on gnawne at, and I shall not onely receive this villanous wrong, but stand vnder the adoption of abhominable terms, and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbason*, well: yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends:

But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an Asse, a secure Asse; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be iealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, Parson *Hugh* the *Welsh-man* with my *Cheese*, an *Irish-man* with my Aqua- vitae- bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then she plots, then shee rumi-nates, then shee deuises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais’d for my iealousie:

eleuen o’ clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng’d on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a my-nute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.

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Scena Tertia.

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

Caius. *Iacke Rugby.*

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, *Iack.*

Rug. ’Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis’d to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has saue his soule, dat he is no- come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no- come: by gar (*Iack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. Hee is wise Sir: hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him: take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.
Cai. Villaine, take your Rapier.
Rug. Forbeare: heer’s company.
Host. ’Blesse thee, bully- Doctor.
Shal. ’Saue you Mr. Doctor Caius.
Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.
Shal. ’Gieue you good- morrow, sir.
Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?
Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee
Drauzerse, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee
passe thy puncto, thy stock, thy reuerse, thy distance, thy
montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Fran-cisco?
ha Bully? what saies my Exculapius? my Galien? my
heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully- Stale? is he dead?
Cai. By gar, he is de Coward- Iack- 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 witnesse, that me haue stay,
sixe or seuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.
Shal. He is the wiser man (M[aster]. Doctor) he is a curer of
soules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you
go against the haire of your professions: is it not true,
Master Page?
Page. Master Shallow; you haue your selfe beene a
great fighter, though now a man of peace.
Shal. Body- kins M[aster]. Page, though I now be old, and
of the peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to
make one: though wee are Justices, and Doctors, and
Church- men (M[aster]. Page) wee haue some salt of our youth
in vs, we are the sons of women (M[aster]. Page.)
Page. 'Tis true, Mr. Shallow.
Shal. It wil be found so, (M[aster]. Page:) M[aster]. Doctor Caius,
I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace:
you haue show’d your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir
Hugh hath showne himselfe a wise and patient Church-man: 
you must goe with me, M[aster]. Doctor. [D6v
Host. Pardon, Guest- Justice; a Mounseur Mocke- water.
Cai. Mock- vater? vat is dat?
Host. Mock- water, in our English tongue, is Valour
(Bully.)
Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock- vater as de
Englishman: scruuy- Iack- dog- Priest: by gar, mee vill
cut his eares.
Host. He will Clapper- claw thee tightly (Bully.)
Cai. Clapper- de- claw? vat is dat?
1127  Host. That is, he will make thee amends.
1128  Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee shall clapper- de- claw
1129 me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.
1130  Host. And I will prouoke him to’ t, or let him wag.
1131  Cai. Me tanck you for dat.
1132  Host. And moreouer, (Bully) but first, Mr. Ghuest,
1133 and M[aster]. Page, & eeke Caualeiro Slender, goe you through
1134 the Towne to Frogmore.
1135  Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?
1136  Host. He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will
1137 bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?
1138  Shal. We will doe it.
1139  All. Adieu, good M[aster]. Doctor.
1140  Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a
1141 Jack- an- Ape to Anne Page.
1142  Host. Let him die: sheath thy impatience: throw cold
1143 water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee
1144 through Frogmore, I will bring thee where Mistris Anne
1145 Page is, at a Farm- house a Feasting: and thou shalt wooe
1146 her: Cride- game, said I well?
1147  Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue
1148 you: and I shall procure ’a you de good Guest: de Earle,
1149 de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.
1150  Host. For the which, I will be thy aduersary toward
1151 Anne Page: said I well?
1152  Cai. By- gar, ’tis good: vell said.
1153  Host. Let vs wag then.
1154  Cai. Come at my heeles, Iack Rugby.
1155  Exeunt.

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**Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.**

1157  Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Caius,
1158  Rugby.
1159  Euans. I pray you now, good Master Slenders seruing-man,
1160 and friend Simple by your name; which way haue
1161 you look’d for Master Caius, that calls himselfe Doctor
1162 of Phisicke.
1163  Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie- ward, the Parke- ward:
1164 every way: olde Windsor way, and every way but the
1165 Towne- way.
1166  Euans. I most fehemently desire you, you will also
1167 looke that way.
1168  Sim. I will sir.
Euan. 'Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and
trempling of minde: I shall be glad if he haue deceuied
me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls a-bout
his knaues costard, when I haue good opportunities
for the orke: 'Plesse my soule: To shallow Riuers to whose
falls: melodious Birds sings Madrigalls: There will we make
our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shal-low:
'Mercie on mee, I have a great dispositions to cry.
Melodious birds sing Madrigalls: — When as I sat in Pa-bilon:
and a thousand vagram Posies. To shallow, &c.
Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir Hugh.
Euan. Hee’s welcome: To shallow Riuers, to whose fals:
Heauen prosper the right: what weapons is he?
Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr.
Shallow, and another Gentleman; from Frogmore, ouer
the stile, this way.
Euan. Pray you giue mee my gowne, or else keepe it
in your armes.
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.
Slen. Ah sweet Anne Page.
Page. 'Saue you, good Sir Hugh.
Euan. 'Plesse you from his mercy- sake, 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?
Euan. There is reasons, and causes for it.
Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr.
Parson.
Euan. Fery- well: what is it?
Page. Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman; who
(be- like) hauing receiued wrong by some person, is at
most odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer
you saw.
Shal. I haue liued foure- score yeeres, and vpward: I
neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so
wide of his owne respect.
Euan. What is he?
Page. I thiike you know him: Mr. Doctor Caius the
renowned French Physician.
Euan. Got’ s- will, and his passion of my heart: I had
as lief you would tell me of a messe of porredge.
Page. Why?
Euan. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and
1215  *Galen*, and he is a knaue besides: a cowardly knaue, as
1216  you would desires to be acquainted withall.
1217  *Page*. I warrant you, hee’s the man should fight with
1218  him.
1219  *Slen*. O sweet *Anne Page*.
1220  *Shal*. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them a-sunder:
1221  here comes Doctor *Caius*.
1222  *Page*. Nay good Mr. Parson, keepe in your weapon.
1223  *Shal*. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.
1224  *Host*. Disarme them, and let them question: let them
1225  keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English.
1226  *Cai*. I pray you let- a- mee speake a word with your
1227  eare; wherefore vill you not meet- a me?
1228  *Euan*. Pray you vse your patience in good time.
1229  *Cai*. By- gar, you are de Coward: de Iack dog: Iohn
1230  Ape.
1231  *Euan*. Pray you let vs not be laughing- stocks to other
1232  mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one
1233  way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinal
1234  about your knaues Cogs- combe.
1235  *Cai. Diable: Iack Rugby*: mine *Host de Iarteer*: haue I
1236  not stay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did
1237  appoint?
1238  *Euan*. As I am a Christians- soule, now looke you:
1239  this is the place appointed, Ile bee iudgement by mine
1240  Host of the Garter.
1241  *Host*. Peace, I say, *Gallia and Gaule, French & Welch*,
1242  Soule- Curer, and Body- Curer.  [E1
1243  *Cai*. I, dat is very good, excellant.
1244  *Host*. Peace, I say: heare mine Host of the Garter,
1245  Am I politicke? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiuell?
1246  Shall I loose my Doctor? No, hee giues me the Potions
1247  and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest?
1248  my Sir *Hugh*? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the
1249  No- verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celestiall) so: Boyes of
1250  Art, I haue deceiu’d you both: I haue directed you to
1251  wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are
1252  whole, and let burn’d Sacke be the issue: Come, lay their
1253  swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, fol-low,
1254  follow.
1255  *Shal*. Trust me, a mad Host: follow Gentlemen, fol-low.
1256  *Slen*. O sweet *Anne Page*.
1257  *Cai*. Ha’ do I perceiue dat? Haue you make- a- de- sot
1258  of vs, ha, ha?
1259  *Eua*. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting- stog:
1260  I desire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our
praines together to be reuenge on this same scall scur-uy- cogg-Ing- 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 deceiue me too.
Euan. Well, I will smite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host,
Euan, Caius.
Euan. Well, I will smite his noddles: pray you follow.
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 ma-sters
heeles?
Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man,
then follow him like a dwarfe.
M. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you’l be a
(Courtier.
Ford. Well met mistris Page, whether go you.
M. Pa. 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.
M. Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands.
Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?
M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my
husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name |(sirrah?
Rob. Sir John Falstaffe.
Ford. Sir John Falstaffe.
M. Pa. He, he, I can neuer hit on’s name; there is such a
league betewene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at |(home indeed?
Ford. Indeed she is.
M. Pa. By your leaue 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 vse of them:
why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as
a Canon will shoot point- blanke twelue score: hee pee-ces
out his wiuues inclination: he giues her folly motion
and aduantage: and now she’s going to my wife, & Fal-staffes
boy with her: A man may heare this shouwre sing
in the winde; and Falstaffes boy with her: good plots,
they are laide, and our reuoluted wiuues share damnation
together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife,
plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so- see-ming
Mist[ris]. Page, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and
wilfull Acteon, and to these violent proceedings all my
neighbors shall cry aime. The clocke giues me my Qu,
and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde Fal-staffe:
I shall be rather praisd for this, then mock’d, for
it is as possitiue, as the earth is firme, that Falstaffe is
there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Mr Ford.
Ford. Trust me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at
home, and I pray you all go with me.
Shal. I must excuse my selfe Mr Ford.
Slen. And so must I Sir,
We haue appointed to dine with Mistris Anne,
And I would not breake with her for more mony
Then Ile speake of.
Shal. We haue linger’d about a match betweene An
Page, and my cozen Slender, and this day wee shall haue
our answer.
Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father Page.
Pag. You haue Mr Slender, I stand wholly for you,
But my wife (Mr Doctor) is for you altogether.
Cai. I be- gar, and de Maid is loue- a- me: my nursh- a- Quickly
tell me so mush.
Host. What say you to yong Mr Fenton? He capers,
he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verses, hee
speakes holliday, he smels April and May, he wil carry’t,
he will carry’t, ’tis in his buttons, he will carry’t.
Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentle-man
is of no hauing, hee kept companie with the wilde
Prince, and Pointz: he is of too high a Region, he knows
too much: no, hee 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 haue 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 haue
sport, I will shew you a monster: Mr Doctor, you shal
go, so shall you Mr Page, and you Sir Hugh.
Shal. Well, fare you well:
We shall haue the freer woing at Mr Pages.
Cai. Go home John Rugby, I come anon.
Host. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight
Falstaffe, and drinke Canarie with him.
Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe- wine first with
him, Ile make him dance. Will you go Gentles?
All. Haue with you, to see this Monster. Exeunt
Scena Tertia.

Enter M.Ford, M.Page, Servants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans.


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


M.Pag. Giue your men the charge, we must be briefe.

M.Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (Iohn & Robert)

be ready here hard- by in the Brew- house, & when I so-dainly
call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or
staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: y done,

trudge with it in all hast, and carry it among the Whit-sters

in Dotchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddie

ditch, close by the Thames side.

M.Page. You will do it?

M.Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no |(direction. [E1v

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

M.Page. Here comes little Robin.

Mist.Ford. How now my Eyas- Musket, what newes |(with you?

Rob. My M[aster]. Sir Iohn is come in at your backe doore

(Mist[ris]. Ford, and requests your company.

M.Page. You litle Iack- a- lent, haue you bin true to vs

Rob. I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your

being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerla-sting

liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he’ll turne

me away.

Mist.Pag. Thou’rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine

shall be a Tailor to thee, and shal make thee a new dou-blet

and hose. Ile go hide me.

Mi.Ford. Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: Mi-stris

Page, remember you your Qu.

Mist.Pag. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me.

Mist.Ford. Go- too then: we’l vse this vnwholsome

humidity, this grosse- watry Pumpcion; we’l teach him
to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why

now let me die, for I haue liu’d long enough: This is the

period of my ambition: O this blessed houre.


Fal. Mistris Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Mist[ris].
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.
Mist. Ford. I your Lady Sir John? Alas, I should bee a
pittifull Lady.
Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another:
I see how thine eye would emulate 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.
Mist. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir John:
My brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.
Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make
an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote,
would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled
Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy
foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not
hide it.
Mist. Ford. Beleeue me, ther’s no such thing in me.
Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perswade
thee. Ther’s something extraordinary in thee: Come, I
cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-
manie
of these lisping-hauthorne buds, that come like women
in mens apparrrell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in sim-
ple
time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and
thou deseru’st it.
Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I loue to walke by the
Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of
a Lime-kill.
Mist. Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you,
And you shall one day finde it.
Fal. Kepee in that minde, Ile deserue it.
Mist. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe;
Or else I could not be in that minde.
Rob. Mistris Ford, Mistris Ford: heere’s Mistris Page at
the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly,
and would needs speake with you presently.
Fal. She shall not see me, I will ensconce mee behinde
the Arras.
M. Ford. Pray you do so, she’s a very tatling woman.
Whats the matter? How now?
Mist. Page. O mistris Ford what haue you done?
You’r sham’d, y’are ouerthrowne, y’are vndone for euer.
M. Ford. What’s the matter, good mistris Page?
M. Page. O weladay, mist[ris]. Ford, hauing an honest man
to your husband, to giue him such cause of suspition.

M. Ford. What cause of suspition?

M. Page. What cause of suspition? Out vpon you:

How am I mistooke in you?

M. Ford. Why (alas) what’s the matter?

M. Page. Your husband’s comming hether (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 aduantage of his absence: you are

vndone.

M. Ford. ’Tis not so, I hope.

M. Page. Pray heauen it be not so, that you haue 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

cleeer, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here,

conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz’d, call all your

senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to

your good life for euer.

M. Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my
deeer 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.

M. Page. For shame, neuer stand (you had rather, and
you had rather:) your husband’s heere at hand, bethinke
you of some conueyance: in the house you cannot hide
him. Oh, how haue you deceiu’d me? Looke, heere is a
basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe
in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were
going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by
your two men to Datchet-Meade.

M. Ford. He’s too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Fal. Let me see’t, let me see’t, O let me see’e:
Ille in, Ille in: Follow your friends counsell, Ille in.

M. Page. What Sir John Falstaffe? Are these your Let-ters,
Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in
heere: ile neuer —

M. Page. Helpe to couer your master (Boy:) Call
your men (Mist[ris]. Ford.) You dissembling Knight.

M. Ford. What John, Robert, John; Go, take vp these
cloathes heere, quickly: Wher’s the Cowle-staffe? Look
how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in Dat-chet
mead: quickly, come.

Ford. ’Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause,

Why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest,
I deserve it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landresse forsooth?

M.Ford. Why, what have you to doe whether they
bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

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

Gentlemen, I haue dream’d to night, Ile tell you my
dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my
Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee’le
vkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now
vncape.

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

Ford. True (master Page) vp Gentlemen,
You shall see sport anon: 
Follow me Gentlemen.

Euans. This is fery fantasticall humors and iealousies.
Caius. By gar, ’tis no- the fashion of France:
It is not iealous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) see the yssue of
his search.

Mist.Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mist.Ford. I know not which pleases me better,
That my husband is deceiued, or Sir John.

Mist.Page. What a taking was hee in, when your
husband askt who was in the basket?

Mist.Ford. I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of
washing: so throwing him into the water, will doe him
a benefit.

Mist.Page. Hang him dishonest rascall: I would all
of the same straine, were in the same distresse.

Mist.Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall
suspiation of Falstaffs being heere: for I neuer saw him so
grosse in his iealousie till now.

Mist.Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will
yet haue more trickes with Falstaffe: his dissolute disease
will scarce obey this medicine.

Mis.Ford. Shall we send that foolishion Carion, Mist[ris].
Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water,
and giue him another hope, to betray him to another
punishment?

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1530  Mis.Page. Heard you that?
1531  Mis.Ford. You use me well, M[aster]. Ford? Do you?
1532  Ford. I, I do so.
1533  M.Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoughts
1535  Mi.Page. You do your selfe mighty wrong (M[aster]. Ford)
1536  Ford. I, I: I must beare it.
1537  Eu. If there be any body in the house, & in the chambers,
and in the coffers, and in the presses: heauen for-giue
my sins at the day of judgement.
1539  Caius. Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.
1540  Page. Fy, fy, M[aster]. Ford, are you not asham’d? What spi-rit,
what diuell suggests this imagination? I wold not ha
your distemper in this kind, for y welth of Windsor castle.
1542  Ford. ‘Tis my fault (M[aster]. Page) I suffer for it.
1543  Euans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is
as honest a o’mans, as I will desires among fiue thou-sand,
and fiue hundred too.
1545  Cai. By gar, I see ’tis an honest woman.
1546  Ford. Well, I promisd you a dinner: come, come, walk
in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I wil hereafter make
knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come
Mi[stris]. Page, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.
1550  Page. Let’s go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we’l mock
him: I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my house
to breakfast: after we’ll a Birding together, I haue a fine
Hawke for the bush. Shall it be so:
1555  Ford. Any thing.
1556  Eu. If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie
1557  Ca. If there be one, or two, I shall make- a- theturd.
1559  Eu. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the
lowsie knaue, mine Host.
1560  Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.
1561  Eu. A lowsie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his moc-keries.
1562  Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

1563  Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender,
1564  Quickly, Page, Mist.Page.
1565  Fen. I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
1566  Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)
1567  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 tells me ’tis a thing impossible
I should loue thee, but as a property.
An. May be he tells you true.
No, heauen so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth
Was the first motiue that I woo’d thee (Anne:)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then stampes in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges:
And ’tis the very riches of thy selfe,
That now I ayme at.
An. Gentle Master, Fenton,
Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it sir,
If opportunity and humblest suite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.
Shal. Breake their talke Mistris Quickly.
My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.
Slen. Ile make a shaft or a bolt on’t, slid, tis but ventu-ring.
Be not dismayed.
No, she shall not dismay me:
I care not for that, but that I am affeared.
Qui. Hark ye, Master. Slender would speak a word with you
An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:
O what a world of wilde ill- fauour’d faults
Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?
Qui. And how do’s good Master Fenton?
Pray you a word with you.
Shee’s comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadst a father.
Slen. I had a father (Mistris). An) my vnkle can tel you good
iests of him: pray you Vnclle, tel Mist[ris]. Anne the iest how
my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vnckle.
Shal. Mistris Anne, my Cozen loues you.
Slen. I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Glo-cestershire.
Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.
Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnnder the
degree of a Squire.
Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds
ioynture.
Anne. Good Maister Shallow let him woo for him-selfe.
Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for
that good comfort: she cals you (Coz) Ile leaue you.

Anne. Now Master Slender.

Slen. Now good Mistris Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd’r hart-lings, that’s a prettie iest indeede: I ne’re made my Will yet (I thanke Hea-u'en:)

I am not such a sickely creature, I giue Heauen praise.  

Anne. I meane (M[aster]. Slender) what wold you with me?

Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vncle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can:

you may aske your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now Mr Slender; Loue him daughter Anne.

Why how now? What does Mr Fenten here?

You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.

I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of.

Fen. Nay Mr Page, be not impatient.


Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M[aster]. Fenton.

Come M[aster]. Shallow: Come sonne Slender, in;

Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M[aster]. Fenton.)

Qui. Speake to Mistris Page.

Fen. Good Mist[ris]. Page, for that I loue your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,

I must aduance the colours of my loue,

And not retire. Let me haue your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.

Mist.Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better hus-band.

Qui. That’s my master, M[aster]. Doctor.

An. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,

May I not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loues you,

And as I finde her, so am I affected:

Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,

Her father will be angry.


Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian:

Looke on M[aster]. Fenton, this is my doing.
Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,
Giuue my sweet Nan this Ring: there’s for thy paines.
Qui. Now heauen send thee good fortune, a kinde
heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & wa-ter
for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister
had Mistris Anne, or I would M[aster]. Slender had her: or (in
sooth) I would M[aster]. Fenton had her; I will do what I can
for them all three, for so I haue promisd, and Ile bee as
good as my word, but speciously for M[aster]. Fenton. Well, I
must of another errand to Sir John Falstaffe from my two
Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it. Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.
Fal. Bardolfe I say.
Bar. Heere Sir.
Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a tost in’t.
Haue I liu’d to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of
butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel,
if I be seru’d such another tricke, Ile haue my braines
tane out and butter’d, and giue them to a dogge for a
New- yeares gift. The rogues slighted me into the riuer
with as little remorse, as they would haue drown’de a
blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i’th litter: and you may
know by my size, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in sink-ing:
if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I shold down.
I had beene drown’d, but that the shore was sheluy and
shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water swelles a
man; and what a thing should I haue beene, when I
had beene swel’d? I should haue beene a Mountaine of
Mummie.
Bar. Here’s M[istris]. Quickly Sir to speake with you.
Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack to the Thames
water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow’d snow-bals,
for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.
Bar. Come in woman.
Qui. By your leaue: I cry you mercy?
Giue your worship good morrow.
Fal. Take away these Challices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.
Bard. With Egges, Sir?
Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet- Spersme in my
brewage. How now?
Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from Mistris. Ford.

Fal. Mistris. Ford? I haue had Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford; I haue 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 erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Womans promise.

Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, be-tweene 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 bidde her thinke what a man is: Let her consider his frailety, and then iudge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do 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.

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of Mr Broome: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.

Oh, heere he comes.

Ford. Blesse you Sir.

Fal. Now M[aster]. Broome, you come to know What hath past betweene me, and Fords wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir John) is my businesse.

Fal. M[aster]. Broome I will not lye to you, I was at her house the houre she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you Sir?


Ford. How so sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No (M[aster]. Broome) but the peaking Curnuto her hus-band (M[aster]. Broome) dwelling in a continual larum of ielou-sie, coms me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his compa-nions, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wiues Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one Mistris. Page, giues intelligence of Fords ap-proch: and in her inuention, and Fords wiues distraction, they conuey’d me into a bucke- basket. [E3]
Ford. A Buck-basket?
Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram’d mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie Napkins, that (Master Broome) there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that euer offended no-still.
Ford. And how long lay you there?
Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master Broome) what I haue sufferd, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram’d in the Basket, a couple of Fords knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Mi-stris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to Datchet-lane: they tooke me on their shoulders: met the iealous knaue their Master in the doore; who ask’d them once or twice what they had in their Bas-ket?
I quak’d for feare least the Lunatique Knaue would haue search’d it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for a search, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the sequell (Master Broome) I suffered the pangs of three seuerall deaths: First, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a iealious rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compass’d like a good Bilbo in the circum-ference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be stopt in like a strong distillation with stink-ing Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease:
thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thynke of that, that am as subject to heate as butter; a man of conti-nuall 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 Dutch-dish) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that serge like a Horse-shoo; thynke of that; hissing hot: thynke of that (Master Broome.)
Ford. In good sadnesse Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you haue sufferd all this.
My suite then is desperate: You’ll vndertake her no more?
Fal. Master Broome: I will be throwne into Etna, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I haue receiued from her another ambassie of mee-ting: ’twixt eight and nine is the houre (Master Broome.)
Ford. ’Tis past eight already Sir.
Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to my appoint-ment:
Come to mee at your conuenient leisure, and
you shall know how I speede: and the conclusion
shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adiew: you
shall haue her (Master Broome) Master Broome, you shall
cuckold Ford.

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame?
doe I sleepe? Master Ford awake, awake Master Ford:
ther’s a hole made in your best coate (Master Ford:) this
’tis to be married; this ’tis to haue 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 hee should: hee can-not
creepe into a halfe- penny purse, nor into a Pepper-Boxe:
But least the Diuell that guides him, should
aide him, I will search impossible places: though
what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be what I would
not, shall not make me tame: If I haue hornes, to make
one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, Ile be horne-mad.

Exeunt. [  

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Euans.

MistPag. Is he at M[aster]. Fords already think’st thou?
Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but
truely he is very courageous mad, about his throwing
into the water. Mistris Ford desires you to come so-dainely.

MistPag. Ile be with her by and by: Ile 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?

Eu. No: Master Slender is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui ’Blessing of his heart.

MistPag. Sir Hugh, my husband saies my sonne pro-fits
nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske
him some questions in his Accidence.

Eu. Come hither William; hold vp your head; come.

MistPag. Come- on Sirha; hold vp your head; an-swere
your Master, be not afraid.

Eu. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number
more, because they say od’s- Nownes.

Eu. Peace, your tatlings. What is (Faire) William?
Will. Pulcher.

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats, sure.

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

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a Stone (William?)

Will. A Peeble.

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

Will. Lapis.

Eua. That is a good William: what is he (William) that do’s lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be thus declined. Singulariter nominatiuo hic, haec, hoc.

Eua. Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog: pray you marke: geni-tiuo huius: Well: what is your Accusatiue- case?

Will. Accusatiuo hinc.

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) Ac-cusatiuo hing, hang, hog.

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

Eua. Leaue your prables (o'man) What is the Foca-tiuue case (William)?

Will. O, Vocatiuo, O.

Eua. Remember William, Focatiue, is caret.

Qu. And that’s a good roote.

Eua. O’man, forbeare.


Eua. What is your Genitiue case plurall (William?)

Will. Genitiue case?

Eua. I.

Will. Genitiue horum, harum, horum.

Qu. ’Vengeance of Ginyes case; fie on her; neuer name her (childe) if she be a whore.

Eua. For shame o’man.

Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe such words; hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they’l doe fast enough of themselues, and to call horum; fie vpon you. [E3v Euans. O’man, art thou Lunatics? Hast thou no vn-derstandings for thy Cases, & the numbers of the Gen-ders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mi.Page. Pre’thee hold thy peace.

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

Will. Forsooth, I haue forgot.
1891 Eu. It is Qui, que, quod; if you forget your Quies,
1892 your Ques, and your Quods, you must be preeches: Goe
1893 your waies and play, go.
1894 M.Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.
1895 Eu. He is a good sprag- memory: Farewel Mis[tris]. Page.
1896 Mis.Page. Adieu good Sir Hugh:
1897 Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

1899 Enter Falstoffe, Mist.Ford, Mist.Page, Servuants, Ford,
1900 Page, Caius, Evans, Shallow.
1901 Fal. Mi[tris]. Ford, Your sorrow hath eaten vp my suf-ferance;
1902 I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I pro-fesse
1903 requitall to a haires bredth, not onely Mist[ris]. Ford,
1904 in the simple office of loue, but in all the accustrement,
1905 complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of
1906 your husband now?
1907 Mis.Ford. Hee’s a birding (sweet Sir Iohn.)
1909 Mis.Ford. Step into th’ chamber, Sir Iohn.
1910 Mis.Page. How now (sweete heart) whose at home
1911 besides your selfe?
1912 Mis.Ford. Why none but mine owne people.
1913 Mis.Page. Indeed?
1914 Mis.Ford. No certainly: Speake louder.
1915 Mis.Pag. Truly, I am so glad you haue no body here.
1916 Mis.Ford. Why?
1917 Mis.Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde
1918 lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so
1919 railes against all married mankinde; so curses all Eues
1920 daughters, of what complexion soeuer; and so buffettes
1921 himselfe on the for- head: crying peere- out, peere- out,
1922 that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem’d but tame-nesse,
1923 ciuility, and patience to this his distemper he is in
1924 now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.
1925 Mis.Ford. Why, do’s he talke of him?
1926 Mis.Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was ca-ried
1927 out the last time hee search’d for him, in a Basket:
1928 Protests to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne
1929 him and the rest of their company from their sport, to
1930 make another experiment of his suspition: But I am glad
1931 the Knight is not heere; now he shall see his owne foo-lerie.
1933 Mis.Ford. How neere is he Mistris Page?
1934  Mist.Pag.  Hard by, at street end; he wil be here anon.
1935  Mist.Ford.  I am vndone, the Knight is heere.
1936  Mist.Page.  Why then you are vtterly sham’d, & hee’s
1937   but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with
1938   him, away with him: Better shame, then murther.
1939  Mist.Ford.  Which way should he go? How should I
1940   bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?
1941   Fal.  No, Ile come no more i’th Basket:
1942   May I not go out ere he come?
1943  Mist.Page.  Alas: three of Mr. Fords brothers watch
1944   the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: other-wise
1945   you might slip away ere hee came: But what make
1946   you heere?
1947   Fal.  What shall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.
1948  Mist.Ford.  There they alwaies vse to discharge their
1949   Birding- peeces: creepe into the Kill- hole.
1950  Fal.  Where is it?
1951  Mist.Ford.  He will seeke there on my word: Neyther
1952   Presse, Coffer, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath
1953   an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes
1954   to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the
1955   house.
1956  Fal.  Ile go out then.
1957  Mist.Ford.  If you goe out in your owne semblance,
1958   you die Sir John, vnlesse you go out disguis’d.
1959  Mist.Ford.  How might we disguise him?
1960  Mist.Page.  Alas the day I know not, there is no wo-mans
1961   gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might
1962   put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape.
1963  Fal.  Good hearts, devise something: any extremite,
1964   rather then a mischiefe.
1965  Mist.Ford.  My Maids Aunt the fat woman of Brain-ford,
1966   has a gowne aboue.
1967  Mist.Page.  On my word it will serue him: shee’s as
1968   big as he is: and there’s her thrum’d hat, and her muffler
1970  Mist.Ford.  Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistris Page and
1971   I will looke some linnen for your head.
1972  Mist.Page.  Quickie, quickie, wee’le come dresse you
1973   straight: put on the gowne the while.
1974  Mist.Ford.  I would my husband would meete him
1975   in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brain-ford;
1976   he swears she’s a witch, forbad her my house, and
1977   hath threatned to beate her.
1978  Mist.Page.  Heauen guide him to thy husbands cud-gell:
1979   and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.
Mist. Ford. But is my husband coming?
Mist. Page. I in good sadness is he, and talkes of the
basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.
Mist. Ford. We'll 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.
Mist. Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere presently: let's go
dresse him like the witch of Brainford.
Mist. Ford. Ile first direct my men, what they
shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for
him straight.
Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet,
We cannot misuse enough:
We'll leaue a prooue by that which we will doo,
Wiues may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not acte that often, iest, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.
Mist. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your
shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you
set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch.
1 Ser. Come, come, take it vp.
2 Ser. Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.
1 Ser. I hope not, I had liefe as beare so much lead.
Ford. I, but if it prove true (Mr. Page) haue you any
way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket
villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket:
Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe,
a conspiracie against me: Now shall the diuel be sham'd.
What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what ho-nest   
[E4
cloathes you send forth to bleaching.
Page. Why, this passes M[aster]. Ford: you are not to goe
loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.
Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a
mad dogge.
Shall. Indeed M[aster]. Ford, this is not well indeed.
Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither Mistris Ford, Mi-stris
Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the vertu-ous
creature, that hath the iealous foole to her husband:
I suspect without cause (Mistris) do I?
Mist. Ford. Heauen be my witnesse you doe, if you
suspect me in any dishonesty.
Ford. Well said Brazon- face, hold it out: Come forth
sirrah.
Page. This passes.
Mist. Ford. Are you not asham'd, let the cloths alone.
Ford. I shall finde you anon.
Eua. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take vp your wiues 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 con-uay’d out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there agaime, in my house I am sure he is:

my Intelligence is true, my iealousie is reasonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

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

Page. Heer’s no man.

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

Euans. Mr Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealousies.

Ford. Well, hee’s not heere 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 euer be your Table- sport: Let them say of me, as iealous as Ford, that search’d a hollow Wall- nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch with me.

M.Ford. What hoa (Mistris Page,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M.Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of Brainford.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane:

Haue I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands do’s she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what’s brought to passe vnder the profession of Fortune- telling.

She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th’ Figure, & such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know no-thing.

Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.

Mist.Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentle-men, let him strike the old woman.


Ford. Ile Prat- her: Out of my doore, you Witch,
you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion,

out, out: Ile coniure you, Ile fortune- tell you.

Mist.Page. Are you not asham’d?

I thinke you haue kill’d the poore woman.
2072  Mist.Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite
2073    for you.
2074  Ford. Hang her witch.
2075  Eua. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch in-deede:
2076    I like not when a o’man has a great peard; I spie
2077    a great peard vnder his muffler.
2078  Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you fol-low:
2079    see but the issue of my iealousie: If I cry out thus
2080    vpon no traile, neuer trust me when I open againe.
2081  Page. Let’s obey his humour a little further:
2082  Come Gentlemen.
2083  Mist.Page. Trust me he beate him most pittifully.
2084  Mist.Ford. Nay by th’ Masse that he did not: he beate
2085    him most vnpiittfully, me thought.
2086  Mist.Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow’d, and hung
2087    ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious seruice.
2088  Mist.Ford. What thinke you? May we with the war-rant
2089    of woman- hood, and the witnesse of a good consci-ence,
2090    pursue him with any further reuenge?
2091  M.Page. The spirit of wantonnesse is sure scar’d out
2092    of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee- simple, with
2093    fine and recovery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of
2094    waste, attempt vs againe.
2095  Mist.Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue
2096    ser’d him?
2097  Mist.Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to scrape
2098    the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find
2099    in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight shall be
2100    any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the mini-sters.
2102  Mist.Ford. Ile warrant, they’l haue him publiquely
2103    sham’d, and me thinkes there would be no period to the
2104    iest, should he not be publikely sham’d.
2105  Mist.Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it:
2106    I would not haue things coole. Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

2108  Enter Host and Bardolfe.
2109  Bar. Sir, the Germane desires to haue three of your
2110    horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court,
2111    and they are going to meet him.
2112  Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly?
2113    I heare not of him in the Court: let mee speake with the
2114    Gentlemen, they speake English?
Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you.
Host. They shall haue my horses, but Ile make them pay: Ile sauce them, they haue had my houses a week at commaund: I haue turn’d away my other guests, they must come off, Ile sawce them, come. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, and Euans.
Eua. ’Tis one of the best discretions of a o’man as e-uer I did looke vpon.
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 y wilt: I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold,
Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand   [E4v (In him that was of late an Heretike)
Page. ’Tis well, ’tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues
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’ll meete him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he’ll neuer come.
Eu. You say he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and has bin greeuously peaten, as an old o’man: me- thinkes there should be terrors in him, that he should not come:
Page. Me- thinkes his flesh is punish’d, hee shall haue no de-sires.
M.Ford. Deuise but how you'l vse him whe[n] he comes,
Page. So thinke I too.
M.Ford. Deuise but how you’l vse him whe[n] he comes,
And let vs two deuise to bring him thether.
Mis.Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the Hunter (sometime a keeper heere in Windsor Forrest)
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight Wald round about an Oake, with great rag’d- hornes,
There he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch- kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine
In a most hideous and dreadfull manner.
You haue heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
Page 49

The superstitious idle-headed Eld
Receiu’d, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.

In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake:
But what of this?

Mist.Ford. Marry this is our devise,
That Falstaffe at that Oake shall meete with vs.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he’ll come,
And in this shape, when you haue brought him thether,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?
Mist.Pa. That likewise haue we thought vpon: & thus:

Nan Page (my daughter) and my little sonne,
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; vpon 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 vncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
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.

Mist.Page. The truth being knowne,
We’ll all present our selues; dis- horne the spirit,
And mocke him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis’d well to this, or they’ll neu’r doo’t.
Eua. I will teach the children their behauiours: and I
will be like a lacke- an- Apes also, to burne the Knight
with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them vizards.
Mist.Page. My Nan shall be the Queene of all the
Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.
Page. That silke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M[aster]. Slender steale my Nan away,
And marry her at Eaton: go, send to Falstaffe straight.

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of Broome,
Hee’l tell me all his purpose: sure hee’l come.
2204    Mist. Page. Feare not you that: Go get vs properties
2205    And tricking for our Fayries.
2206    Euans. Let vs about it,
2207    It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaueries.
2208    Mist. Page. Go Mist[ris]. Ford,
2209    Send quickly to Sir John, to know his minde:
2210    Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
2211    And none but he to marry with Nan Page:
2212    That Slender (though well landed) is an Ideot:
2213    And he, my husband best of all affects:
2214    The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
2215    Potent at Court: he, none but he shall haue her,
2216    Though twenty thousand worthier come to craue her.

Scena Quinta.

2218    Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Euans,
2219    Caius, Quickly.
2220    Host. What wouldst thou haue? (Boore) what? (thick
2221    skin) speake, breathe, discusse: breefe, short, quicke,
2222    snap.
2223    Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir John Falstaffe
2224    from M[aster], Slender.
2225    Host. There’s his Chamber, his House, his Castle,
2226    his standing- bed and truckle- bed: ’tis painted about
2227    with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new: go, knock
2228    and call: hee’l speake like an Anthropophaginian vnto
2229    thee: Knocke I say.
2230    Simp. There’s an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp
2231    into his chamber: Ile be so bold as stay Sir till she come
2232    downe: I come to speake with her indeed.
2233    Host. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb’d:
2234    Ile call. Bully- Knight, Bully Sir John: speake from thy
2235    Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Host, thine
2236    Ephesian cals.
2237    Fal. How now, mine Host?
2238    Host. Here’s a Bohemian- Tartar taries the comming
2239    downe of thy fat- woman: Let her descend (Bully) let
2240    her descend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priua-cy?
2241    Fie.
2242    Fal. There was (mine Host) an old- fat- woman euen
2243    now with me, but she’s gone.
2244    Simp. Pray you Sir, was’t not the Wise- woman of
2245    Brainford?
Fal. I marry was it (Mussel-shell) what would you with her?

Simp. My Master (Sir) my master Slender, sent to her seeing her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whether one Nim (Sir) that beguil’d him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry she says, that the very same man that beguil’d Master Slender of his Chaine, cozon’d him of it.

Sim. I would I could haue spoken with the Woman [E5 her selfe, I had other things to haue spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let vs know.

Host. I: come: quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Host. 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 haue her, or no.

Fal. ’Tis, ’tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue 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 tydings.

Host. Thou art clearkly: thou art clearkly (Sir Iohn) was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine Host) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn’d before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my lear-ning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Host. Where be my horses? speake well of them var-letto.

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 slough of myre; and set spurres, and away; like three Germane-duels; three Doctor Fau-stasses.

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

Euan. Where is mine Host?

Host. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen- Iermans, that has cozen all the Hosts of Reading,
of Maidenhead; of Cole-brooke, of horses and money: I
tell you for good will (looke you) you are wise, and full
of gibes, and vlouting-stocks: and 'tis not conuenient
you should be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver’ is mine Host de Iarteere?
Host. Here (Master Doctor) in perplexitie, and doubt-full
delemma.

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

Host. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: assist me Knight, I
am vnDONE: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vn-done.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I
haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it should come
to the care of the Court, how I haue beene transformed;
and how my transformation hath beene washd, and
cudgeld, they would melt mee 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 dride- peare: I neuer prosper’d, since I
forswore my selfe at Primero: well, if my winde were
but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come
you?

Qui. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the
other: and so they shall be both bestowed; I haue suf-fer’d
more for their sakes; more then the villanous in-constancy
of mans disposition is able to beare.

Qui. And haue not they suffer’d? Yes, I warrant; spe-ciously
one of them; Mistris Ford (good heart) is beaten
blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about
her.

Fal. What tell’st thou mee of blacke, and blew? I
was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Raine-bow:
and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch
of Braineford, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit,
my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer’d
me, the knaue Constable had set me ith’ Stocks, ith’ com-mon
Stocks, 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 serue heauen well, that you are so
cross’d.
Fal. Come vp into my Chamber. Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talke not to mee, my minde is
heavy: I will giue ouer all.

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

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

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you
With the deare loue I beare to faire Anne Page,
Who, mutually, hath answer’d my affection,
(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chooser)
Euen to my wish; I haue a letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter,
That neither (singly) can be manifested
Without the shew of both: fat Falstaffe
Hath a great Scene; the image of the iest
Ile show you here at large (harke good mine Host:)
To night at Hernes- Oke, iust ’twixt twelue and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Faerie- Queene:
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise
While other iests are something ranke on foote,
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, (euen 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 habit, 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 deuote her to the Doctor;
For they must all be mask’d, and vizarded)
That quaint in greene, she shall be loose en- roab’d,
With Ribonds- 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 giuen consent to go with him.

\textit{Host}. Which meanes she to deceiue? Father, or Mo-ther.
\textit{Fen}. Both (my good Host) to go along with me:
And heere it rests, that you’l procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, ’twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

\textit{Host}. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Besides, Ile make a present recompence. \textit{Exeunt}

\textbf{Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.}

\textit{Enter Falstoffe, Quickly, and Ford.}
\textit{Fal}. Pre’thee no more pratling: go, Ile hold, this is
the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers:
Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odde Numbers,
either in nativity, chance, or death: away.
\textit{Qui}. Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can
to get you a paire of hornes.
\textit{Fall}. Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head &
mince. How now M[aster] \textit{Broome}? Master \textit{Broome}, the mat-ter
will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the
Parke about midnight, at Hernes- Oake, and you shall
see wonders.
\textit{Ford}. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told
me you had appointed?
\textit{Fal}. I went to her (Master \textit{Broome}) as you see, like a
poore- old- man, but I came from her (Master \textit{Broome})
like a poore- old- woman; that same knaue (\textit{Ford} hir hus-band)
hath the finest mad diuell of iealousie in him (Ma-ster
\textit{Broome}) that euer gouern’d Frensie. I will tell you,
he beate me greeuously, in the shape of a woman: (for in
the shape of Man (Master \textit{Broome}) I feare not Goliath
with a Weavers beame, because I know also, life is a
Shuttle) I am in hast, go along with mee, Ile tell you all
(Master \textit{Broome}) since I pluckt Geese, plaide Trewant,
and whipt Top, I knew not what ’twas to be beaten, till
lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this
knaue Ford, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I
will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, straunge
things in hand (M[aster]. 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 son Slen-der,
my
Slen. I forsooth, I haue spoke with her, & we haue
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 be-come
it wel: Heauen prosper our sport. No man means
euill but the deuill, and we shal know him by his hornes.
Lets away: follow me. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist.Page, Mist.Ford, Caius.
Mist.Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when
you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her
to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into
the Parke: we two must go together.
Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.
Mist.Page. Fare you well (Sir:) my husband will not
reioyce so much at the abuse of Falstaffe, as he will chafe
at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But ’tis no mat-ter;
better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.
Mist.Ford. Where is Nan now? and her troop of Fai-ries?
and the Welch- deuill 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
scena quarta.

2473 Enter Euans and Fairies.
2474 Euans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I giue the watch-’ords, do as I pid you: Come, come, trib, trib. Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

2479 Enter Falstaffe, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Euans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistoll.
2482 Fal. The Windsor- bell hath stroke twelue: the Mi-nute drawes- on: Now the hot- bloodied- Gods assist me: Remember Ioue, thou was’t a Bull for thy Europa, Loue set on thy horns. O powerfull Loue, that in some re-spects makes a Beast a Man: in som other, a Man a beast. You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the loue of Leda: O [E6 omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the com-plexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a beast, (O Ioue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on’t (Ioue) a fowle- fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what shall poore men do? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the fattest (I thinke) i’th Forrest. Send me a coole rut- time (Ioue) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?
2497 M.Ford. Sir Iohn? Art thou there (my Deere?)
2499 My male- Deere?
2501 Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-sleeues, haile- kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let there come a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee heere.
M. Ford. Mistris Page is come with me (sweet hart.)
Fal. Diuide 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 bequeath your
husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like Herne
the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience,
he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.
M. Page. Alas, what noise?
M. Ford. Heauen forgiue our sinnes.
Fal. What should this be?
Fal. I thinke the diuell wil not haue me damn’d,
Least the oyle that’s in me should set hell on fire;
least the oyle that’s in me should set hell on fire;
He would neuer else crosse me thus.
Enter Fairies.
Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone- shine reuellers, and shades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob- goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.
Pist. Elues, list your names: Silence you aiery toyes.
Cricket, to Windsor- chimnies shalt thou leape;
Where fires thou find’st vnra’d, and hearths vnswept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill- berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.
Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,
Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes must eie.
Eu. Wher’s Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said,
Raise vp the Organs of her fantasie,
Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancie,
But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, sides, & shins.
Qu. About, about:
Search Windsor Castle (Elues) within, and out.
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome,
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,
In state as wholsome, as in state ’tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The seuerall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre
With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre,
Each faire Instalment, Coate, and seu’rall Crest,
With loyall Blazon, euermore 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 Sot Qui Mal-y- Pence, write
In Emrold- tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire- pearle, and rich embroderie,
Buckled below faire Knight- hoods bending knee;
Fairies vse Flowres for their characterie.
Away, disperse: But till ’tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke
Of Herne the Hunter, let vs not forget.
Euan. Pray you lock hand in hand: your selues in order |
And twenty glow- wormes shall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.
Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheese.
Pist. Vilde worme, thou wast ore- look’d euen in thy
birth.
Qu. With Triall- 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 hart.
Pist. A triall, come.
Eua. Come: will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh.
Qui. 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 sinnefull phantasie: Fie on Lust, and Luxurie:
Lust is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaste desire,
Fed in heart whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do 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, & Star- light, & Moone- shine be out.
Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we haue watcht you
now: Will none but Herne the Hunter serue your
turne?
M.Page. I pray you come, hold vp the iest no higher.
Now (good Sir John) how like you Windsor wiues?
See you these husband? Do not these faire yoakes
Become the Forrest better then the Towne?
Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now?
Mr Broome, Falstaffes a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue,
Heere are his hornes Master Broome:
And Master Broome, he hath enioyed nothing of Fords,
but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Mr Broome, his horses are arrested for it, Mr Broome.

M. Ford. Sir Iohn, we haue had ill lucke: wee could neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe, but I will always count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Asse.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are ex-tant.

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, droue the grossenesse of the fop-pery into a receiu’d beleefe, in despight of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a jacke- a- Lent, when ’tis vpon ill employment.

Euans. Sir Iohn Falstaffe, serue Got, and leaue your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said Fairy Hugh.

Euans. And leaue you your iealouzies too, I pray you. [E6v

Ford. I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Haue I layd my braine in the Sun, and dri’d it, that it wants matter to preuent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak’d with a peece of toasted Cheese.

Eu. Seese is not good to giue putter; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seese, and Putter? Haue I liu’d to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is e-nough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

Mist. Page. Why Sir Iohn, do you thinke though wee would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scru-ple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Mist. Page. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither’d, and of intollerable en-trailes?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes,
and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings
and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?
Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the start of
me, I am deiected: I am not able to answer the Welch
Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vse me
as you will.
Ford. Marry Sir, wee’l bring you to Windsor to one
Mr Broome, that you haue cozon’d of money, to whom
you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you
haue suffer’d, I thinke, to repay that money will be a bi-ting
affiction.
Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a pos-set
to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh
at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her Mr Slen-der
hath married her daughter.
Mist.Page. Doctors doubt that;
If Anne Page be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour
Caius wife.
Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father Page.
Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne,
Haue you dispatch’d?
Slen. Dispatch’d? Ile make the best in Glostershire
know on’t: would I were hang’d la, else.
Page. Of what sonne?
Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry Mistris Anne
Page, and she’s a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene
i’th Church, I would haue swing’d him, or hee should
haue swing’d me. If I did not thinke it had beene Anne
Page, would I might neuer stirre, and ’tis a Post- masters
Boy.
Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.
Slen. What neede you tell me that? I think so, when
I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him,
(for all he was in womans apparrell) I would not haue
had him.
Page. Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter,
By her garments?
Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and
she cride 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 in-deede
she is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and
there married.
Cai. Ver is Mistris Page: by gar I am cozoned, I ha
married oon Garsoon, a boy; oon pesant, by gar. A boy,
it is not An Page, by gar, I am cozened.
M.Page. Why? did you take her in white?
Cai. I bee gar, and ’tis a boy: be gar, Ile raise all
Windsor.
Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?
Page. My heart misgiues me, here comes Mr Fenton.
How now Mr Fenton?
Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon
Page. Now Mistris:
How chance you went not with Mr Slender?
M.Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?
Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it,
You would haue married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in loue:
The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolue vs:
Th’ offence is holy, that she hath committed,
And this deceit looses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or vnduteous title,
Since therein she doth euitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed houres
Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.
Ford. Stand not amaz’ed, here is no remedie:
In Loue, the heauens themselues do guide the state,
Money buyes Lands, and wiues are sold by fate.
Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a special stand
to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc’d.
Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heauen giue thee
joy, what cannot be eschew’d, must be embrac’d.
Fal. When night- dogges run, all sorts of Deere are
chac’d.
Mist.Page. Well, I will muse no further: Mr Fenton,
Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let vs euerie one go home,
And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie 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

FINIS.

Merry Wiues of Windsor.