THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, *Sir* Hugh Evans, *Master* Page, Falstoffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, *Mistresse* Ford, *Mistresse* Page, Simple.

Shallow.

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

Slen. In the County of *Glocester* Justice of Peace and

Shal. I (Cosen *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum.*

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

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

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

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

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

Shal. The Luse is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish,is an old Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may,by marrying.

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

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes per-lady : if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple conjectures ; but that is all one : if Sir *John Falstaffe* have committed disparagements unto you,I am of the Church and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make attonements and compremises betweene you.

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

Evan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot : there is no feare of Got in a Riot : The Councell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot : take your visaments in that.

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

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

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

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

Slen. Did her Grand-sire leave her seaven hundred pound?

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

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

Evan. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel,let us see honest Mr *Pag:e* is *Falstaffe* there?

Evan. 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 *John* is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers : I will peat the door for Mr. *Page.* What hoa? Got-plesse your howse heere.

Mr.Page. Who's there?

Evan. Here is go't's plessing and your friend, and Justice *Shallow,* and heere yong Master *Slender :* that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Mr.Page. I am glad to see your Worships well : I thanke you for my Venison Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page,* I am glad to see you : much good doe it your good heart : I wish'd yourVenison 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 judg'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.

M.Pa. A Cur,Sir.

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

M.Pa. Sir, hee is within : and I would I could do a good office be tweene you.

Evan. 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.

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

Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir *John.*

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

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

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a piu: this shall be answer'd.

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

Shal. The Councell shall know this.

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

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

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

Slen. Marry sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching 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.

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

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

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

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

Evan. Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistoll.

Pist. He heares with eares.

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

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

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

Fal. Is this true, *Pistoll?*

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

Pist. Hi, thou mountaine Forreyner : Sir *John,* 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 gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd sir, and passe good humours : I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor 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 *John?*

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

Ev. It is his five sences : fie,what the ignorance is.

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

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

Evan. 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 heaven : 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 have a hot Venison pasty to dinner ; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drinke downe all unkindnesse.

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

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

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

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

Shal. Nay,but understand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Evan. Give 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 Justice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here.

Evan. But that is not the question : the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Ev. Marry is it : the very point of it, to Mi. *An Page.*

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

Ev. But can you affection the 'o-man, let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips : for divers Philosophers hold,that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore precisely, cā you carry your good wil to y[e] maid?

Sh. Cosen *Abraham Slender,* can you love her?

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

Ev. Nay,got's Lords,and his Ladies, you must speake possitable,if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must :
Will you, (upon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I wil doe a greater thing then that, upon your request (Cosen) in any reason.

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

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

Ev. It

Ev. It is a fery discetion-answere ; save the fall is in the ‘ord, dissolutely : the ort is (according to our meaning) resolutely : his meaning is good.

Sh. I : I thinke my 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.*)

Ev. Od’s plessed-wil:I wil not be absēce at the grace.

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

Sl. No,I thank you forsooth,hartely;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 upon my Cosen *Shallow :* a Justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend,for a Man ; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, til my Mother be dead : but what though, yet I live 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 thanke you) I bruiz’d my shin th’other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three veneys for a dish of stew’d Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meate since. Whe doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares ith’ Towne?

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

Sl. I love the sport well, but I 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 have seen *Saskerson* loose, twenty times,and have taken him by the Chaine : but (I warrant you) the women have so cride and shrekt at it,that it past : But women indeed, cannot abide’em, they are very ill-favour’d rough things.

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

Sl. 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.

Ma.Pa. Come on, Sir.

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

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

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

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. Ile rather be unmannerly,then troublesome: you doe your selfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Evans, and Simple.

Ev. 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.

Ev. Nay, it is petter yet : give her this letter ; for it is a'oman that altogeathers acquaintāce with Mistris *Anne Page ;* and the Letter is to desire, and require her to solicite your Masters desires, to Mistris *Anne Page :* I pray you be gon : I will make an end of my dinner ;ther's Pippins 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.

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

Fal. Bardolfe, follow him : a *Tapster* is a good trade : an old Cloake,makes a new Jerkin: a wither'd Servingman, a fresh Tapster : goe, adew.

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

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

Ni. He was gotten in drink:is not the humor cōceited?

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

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

Pist. Convay : the wise it call : Steale? foh : a fico for the phrase.

Fal. Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles.

Pist. Why then let Kibes insue.

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

Pist. Yong Ravens must have 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 about thrift) briefely : I doe meane to make love to *Fords* wife : I spie entertainment in her : shee discourses : shee carves : shee gives the leere of invitation : I can construe the action of her familiar stile,& the hardest voice of her behavior (to be english'd rightly)is,*I am Sir John 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 divels entertaine: and to her Boy say I.

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

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her : & here another to *Pages* wife, who even now gave mee good eyes too;examind my parts with most judicious illiads:sometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote : sometimes my portly belly.

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

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O she did so course o're my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to scorch me up like a burning-glasse : here's another letter to her : She beares the 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 thrive (lads) we will thrive.

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

Ni. I will run no base humor : here take the humor-Letter ; I will keepe the havior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha,beare you these Letters [t]ightly,
Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores.
Rogues,hence,avaunt,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 have in pouch when thou shalt lacke,
Base *Phrygian* Turke.

Ni. I have opperations,
Which be humors of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.

Pist. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, I:
I will discusse the humour of this Love to *Ford*

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold
How *Falstaffe* (varlet vile)
His Dove will prove ; his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

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

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malcontents :* I second thee : troope on. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Quarta.

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

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

Ru. Ile goe watch.

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

Si. I : for fault of a better.
Qu. And Master *Slender's* your Master?
Si. I forsooth.
Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glovers pairing-knife ?
Si. No forsooth : he hath but a little wee-face ; with a little yellow Beard : a Caine coloured Beard.
Qu. A softly-sprighted man,is he not?
Si. I forsooth : but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head : he hath fought with a Warrener.
Qu. How say you : oh, I should remember him : do's he not hold up his head (as it were?) and strut in his gate?
Si. Yes indeede do's he.
Qu. Well, heaven send *Anne Page,* no worse fortune: Tell Master Parson *Evans,* I will doe what I can for your Master : *Anne* is a good girle, and I wish—
Ru. Out alas: here comes my Master.
Qu. We shall all be shent : Run in here,good young man : goe into this Closset : he will not stay long: what *John Rugby? John :* what *John* I say? goe *John,* goe enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home : *(and downe ,downe,adowne'a,&c.*
Ca. Vat is you sing? I doe not like des-toyes : pray you goe and vetch me in my Closset,unboyteene verd; a Box,a greene-a-Box : do intend vat I speake? a greene-a-Box.
Qu. I forsooth ile fetch it you:
I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the yong man he would hve bin horne mad.
Ca. Fe fe fe, fe,mai foy,if fait for ebando, Je man voi a le Court la grand affaires.
Qu. Is it this Sir?
Ca. Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly: Vere is dat knave *Rugby?*
Qu. What *John Rugby,John?*
Ru. Here Sir.
Ca. You are *John Rugby,* [aad] you are *Jacke 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 ai je oublie :* dere is some Simples in my Closset, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave 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 that 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 Mistres *Anne Page* for my Master 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.

Qu. I

Qui. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin throughly moved,you should have heard him so loud,and so melancholly : but notwithstanding man, Ile doe yoe your Master what good I can: anmd the very yea, & the no is, [ye] French Doctor y 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 under one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you shall finde it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late: but notwithstanding,(to tell you in your eare, I wold have no words of it) my Master himselfe is in love with Mistris *Anne Page:* but notwithstanding that I kniw *Ans* mind,that's neither heere not there.

Caius. You, Jack 'Nape : give-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh,* by gar it is a shallenge : I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scurvy 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 have 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 have *Anne Page* for my selfe ? by gar, I will kill the Jack-Priest : and I have appointed mine Host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon: by gar, I wil my selfe have *Anne Page.*

Qui. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall bee well : We must give folkes leave to prate : what the good-[i]er.

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

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

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 heaven for it.

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

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

Fen. Yes marry have I, what of that?

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

Fen. Well: I shall see her to day : hold, there's money for thee : Let mee have 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 have 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* loves hiim not: for I know *Ans* minde as well as another do's : out upon't: what have I forgot. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

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

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

Aske me no reason why I love you,for though Love use Reason for his precisian,hee admits him not for his Counsailour : 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 love sacke, and so do I : would you desire better simpathie? Let it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least if the Love of Souldier can suffice, that I love thee : I will not say pitty mee , 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase; but I say, love 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 *Jurie* is this? O wicked,wicked world: One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To show himselfe a yong Gallant ? What an unwaied Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with The Devills name) out of my conversation,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: (heaven forgive mee:) why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men: how shall I be reveng'd on him ? for reveng'd I will be ? as sure as his guts are made of puddings.
Mis Ford. Mistris Page, trust me,I was going to your house.
Mis.Page. And trust me,I was comming to you: you looke very ill.
Mis. Ford. Nay,Ile nere [beleeee] that ; I have 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*, give me some counsaile.
Mis.Page. What's the matter, woman?
Mi.Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect,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 article of thy Gentry.
Mi.Ford. Wee burne day-light : heere, read,read: perceive how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens liking : and yet hee would not sweare :

praise

praise womens modesty: and gave such orderly and wel-behaved reproofe to al uncomelinesse, that I would have sworne his disposition would have 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-sleeves : What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale,(with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'shoare at Windsor? How shall I bee revenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his owne greace : Did you e-ver 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 never shall : I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blancke-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 us two : I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye under Mount *Pelion*: Well ; I will find you twen-tie lascivious Turtles ere one chaste man.

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

Mis. Page. Nay I know not : it makes me almost rea-die to wrangle with mine owne honesty : Ile entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall : for sure unlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would never have boorded me in this furie.

Mi.Ford. Boording,call you it ? Ile be sure to keepe him above decke.

Mi.Page. So will I : if hee come under my hatches, Ile never to Sea againe : Let's bee reveng'd on him : let's appoint him a meeting : give 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 my villany against him,that may not sully the charinesse of our honesty : oh that my husband saw this Letter : it would give eternall food to his jealousie.

Mis.Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too : hee's as farre from jealousie, as I am from gi-ving him cause, and that (I hope) is an unmeasurable 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 *John* 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 loves the Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

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

Ford. What name Sir?

Pist. The horne I say : Farewell:
Take heed,have open eye,for theeves doe foot by night.
Take heed,ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.
Away sir Corporall *Nim:*
Beleeve it (*Page)* he speakes sense.

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 have borne the humour'd Letter to her : but I have a sword : and it shall bite upon my necessitie : he loves your wife; There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*: I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim:* and *Falstaffe* loves your wife: adieu, I love not the humour 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 never heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it : well.

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

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow : well.

Page. How now *Meg?*

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

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

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

Mis.Ford. Faith,thou hast some crochets in thy head, Now: wil l you goe, *Mistris Page?*

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

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

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

Qui. Iforsooth : and I pray how do's good Mistresse *Anne?*

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

Page. How now Master Ford?

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

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

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

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

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

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

Page. I marry do's he : if hee should intend this voyage 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 confident : I would have nothing lye on my head : I cannot be thus satisfied.

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

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

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

Host. Tell him Caveleiro-Justice : tell him Bully-Rooke.

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

Ford. Good

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

Host. What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke?

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

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight[s'] my guest-Cavaliere?

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

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

Shall. Have with you mine Host.

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

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

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

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

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmely on his wives frailty ; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion 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 have a disguise, to sound *Falstaffe*; if I finde her honest,I loose not my labor : if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. *Exeunt.*

Scoena 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 have beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne : I have grated upon my good friends for three Repreeves for you , and your Coach-fellow *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 upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

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

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

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

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

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

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not so and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. Ile be sworne,
As my mother was the first houre I was borne.

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

Qui. Shall I 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.Doctor *Caius:*

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

Qui. Your worship saies very true : I pray your worship come a little neerer this waies.

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares : mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they so ? heaven-blesse them, and make them his Servants.

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

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

Fal. Mistresse *Ford:* come, Mistresse *Ford.*

Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it : you have brought her into such a Canaries , as 'tis wonderfull : the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windsor*) could never have brought her to such a Canarie : yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches ; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly ; all Muske, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silke and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and suger of the best, and the fairest, that would have wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-winke of her : I had my selfe twentie Angels given 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 never 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 receiv'd your Letter : for the which she thankes you a thousand times ; and she gives you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

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

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

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

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

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

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't.

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

Qui. That were a jest indeed : they have not so little grace I hope,that were a tricke indeed : But Mistris *Page* would desire you to send her your little Page of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little Page : and truely Master *Page* is an honest man : never a wife in *Windsor* leades 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 deserves 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 have a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde , and the Boy never neede to understand any thing ; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes : olde folkes you know, have 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 : up with your sights:
Give fire : she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

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

Bar. Sir *John*,there's one Master *Broome* below would faine speake with you,and be acquainted with you ; and hath sent 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 Mistresse *Page*, have I encompas'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 preparation upon you.

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

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

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

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

better plight for a Lender, then you are : the which hath something emboldened me to this unseason'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 have a bag of money heere troubles me : if you will helpe to beare it Sir *John*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

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

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

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

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

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

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

Fal. Well Sir.

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

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

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

Ford. Never.

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

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your love then ?

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

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

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

Fal. O Sir.

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

give

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

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

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

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

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience : who saies this i improvident jealousie : my wife hath sent to him , the howre is fixt , the match is made : would any man have thought this ? see the hell of having a false woman : my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I shall not onely receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong : Termes, names : *Amaimon* sounds well: *Lucifer,* well: *Barbason,* well : yet they are Divels additions,the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittol, Cuckold ? the Divell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an Asse, a secure Asse ; hee will trust his wife , hee will not be jealous : I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter , Parson *Hugh* the *Welshman* with my Cheese, an *Irish-man* with my Aqua-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 devises : and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect ; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heaven bee prais'd for my jealousie : eleven o'clocke the howre, I will prevent this, detect my wife, bee reveng'd on*Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a mynute too late :fie, fie, fie : Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

[*Exti.*]

Scena Tertia.

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

Caius. Jacke Rugby.

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, *Jack.*

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

Cai. By gar, he has save his soule,dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come : by gar (*Jack 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, the herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him : take your Rapier, (*Jacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare : heer's company.

Host. 'Blesse thee,bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you Mr. Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. 'Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you one,too,tree,fowre,come for?

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

Cai. By gar,he is de Coward-Jack-Priest of de vorld: he is not show his face.

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

Cai. I pray you beare witnesse, that me have stay, sixe or seven, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiser man [(M.Docto)rhe] is a curer of soules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight,you goe against the haire of your professions : is it not true , Master *Page*?

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

Shal. Body-kins M. *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. *Page*) wee have some salt of our youth in us, we are the sons of women (M. *Page.*)

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow.*

Shal. It will be found so,(M.*Page*:) M.Doctor *Caius,* I am come to fetch you home : I am sworn of the peace: you have show'd your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath showne himselfe a wise and patient Churchman : you must goe with me, M.Doctor.

Host. Par-

Host. Pardon, Guest-Justice ; a Mounseur Mocke-water.

Cai. Mock-water? vat is dat?

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

Cai. By gar, then I have as much Mock-vater as de Englishman : scurvy-Jack-dog-Priest : by gar, mee vill cut his eares.

Host. He will Clapper-claw the tightly(Bully.)

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

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar,me vill have it.

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

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Host. And moreover , (Bully) but first, Mr. Ghuest, and M. *Page,* & eeke Cavaleiro *Slender,* goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore.*

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

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

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M. Doctor.

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

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

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

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

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

Host. Let us wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles,*Jack Rugby.*

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

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

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

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

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

Sim. I will sir.

Evan. 'Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of minde : I shall be glad if he have deceived me : how melancholies I am ? I will knog his Vrinalls a-bout his knaves costard, when I have good opportunities for the orke : 'Plesse my soule : *To shallow Ruiers 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-blion : and a thousand vagram Posies. To shallow, &c.

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

Evan. Hee's welcome: *To shallow Rivers, to whose fals:* Heaven prosper the right : what weapons is he?

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

Evan. Pray you give 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 Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah sweet *Anne Page.*

Page. 'Save you, good Sir *Hugh.*

Evan. '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?

Evan. There is reasons, and causes for it.

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

Evan. Ferry-well : what is it?

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

Shal. I have lived foure-score yeeres, and upward : I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Evan. What is he?

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

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

Page. Why?

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

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

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page.*

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

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

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

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

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

Evan. Pray you use your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Jack dog : John Ape.

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

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

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

Jpst. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaule,French & Welch,* Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

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

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

Slen, O sweet *Anne Page.*

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

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

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

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

Scena Secunda.

Mist.Page, Robin,Ford,Page,Shallow,Slender,Host, Evans, Caius.

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

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.

M.Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'l be a

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 never hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my goodman, and he : is your Wife at (home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

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

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no use of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelve score: hee peeces out his wives inclination :he gives her folly motion and advantage : and now she's going to my wife,& *Falstaffes* boy with her : A man may heare this showre sing in the winde; and *Falstaffes* boy with her : good plots, they are laide, and our revolted wives share damnation together: Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so-seeming Mist. *Page,* divulge *Page* himselfe for a secure and

wilfull *Acteon,* and to these violent proceedings all my neighors shall criy aime. The clocke gives me my Qu, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall find *Falstaffe :* I shall be rather praisd for this, then mock'd, for it is as possitive, 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 have good cheere at home,and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself Mr. *Ford.*

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

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

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

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

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is love-a-me : my nursh-a-Quickly tell me so 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 Gentleman is of no having, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and *Points* : 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 have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

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

Shal. Well,fare you well:
We shall have 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. Have with you, to see this Monster. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

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

Mist. Ford. What *John,* what *Robert.*

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

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

Mis.Page. Come, come, come.

Mist, Ford. Heere,set it downe.

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

M.Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (*John & 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: [yt] done, trudge with it in all hast, and carry it among the Whitsters in *Dotchet* Mead,and there empty it in the muddie ditch,close by the Thames side.

M.Page. You will do it? (direction.

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

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

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

Mist.Ford. How now my Eyas-Musket, what newes

*Rob.*My M.Sir *John* is come in at your backe doore (Mist.*Ford,* and requests your company.

M.Page. You little Jack-a-lent,have you bin true to us

Rob. I, Ile be sworne : my Master knowes not of your being heere : and hath threatned to put me into everlasting 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 doublet and hose. Ile go hide me.

Mi.Ford. Do so : go tell thy Master, I am alone: Mistris *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 use this unwholsome humidity, this grosse-watry Pumpion ; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jayes.

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

Mist.Ford. O sweet Sir *John.*

Fal. Mistris *Ford,* I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Mist. *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 browes become nothing else,nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firme 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.*Beleeve me, ther's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that perswade thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee : Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-manie of these lisping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and smell like. Bucklers-berry in simple time : I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee : and thou deserv'st it.

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

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

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

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deserve it.

Mis.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 wildely, 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 have you done?
You'r sham'd, y'are overthrowne, y'are undone for ever.
M.Ford. What's the matter,good mistris *Page?*
M.Page. O weladay,mist. *Ford,*having an honest man to your husband,to give him such cause of suspition.
M.Ford. What cause of suspition?
M.Page. What cause of suspition? Out upon 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 Gentleman, that he sayes is heere now in the house; by your consent to take an ill advantage of his absence : you are undone.
M.Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.
M.Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man heere : but 'tis most certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to fetch for such a one, I come before to tell you : If you know your selfe cleere, why I am glad of it : but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for ever.
M.Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much, as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the house.
M.Page. For shame, never stand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of some conveyance : in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking : Or is it 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't:
Ile in, Ile in : Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.
M.Page. What Sir *John Falstaffe ?* Are these your Letters, Knight?
Fal. I love thee, help mee away : let me creepe in heere : ile never-----
M.Page. Helpe to cover your master (Boy:) Call you men (Mist.*Ford*.) You dissembling Knight.
M.Ford. What *John, Robert, John* ; Go,take up these cloathes heere,quickly : Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in Datchet mead : quickly, come.
Ford. 'Pray you come nere:if I suspect without cause,
Why then make sport at me,then let me be your jest,
I deserve it : How now? Whether beare you this?
Ser. To the Landresse forsooth?
M.Ford. Why, what have you to doe whether they beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.
Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my selfe of [ye]Buck:
Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke : I warrant you Bucke,
And of the season too ; it shall appeare.
Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame : heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seeke, finde out : Ile warrant wee'le unkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first : so,now uncape.
Page. Good master *Ford,* be contented:
You wrong your selfe too much.
Ford. True (master *Page*) up Gentlemen,
You shall see sport anon:

Follow

Follow me Gentlemen.

Evans. This is fery fantasticall humors and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France :
It is not jealous 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 deceived,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 have neede of washing : so throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

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

Mist.Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspition of *Falstaffs* being here : for I never saw him so grosse in his jealousie till now.

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

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

Mist.Page. We will do it : let him be sent for to morrow eight a clocke to have amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compasse.

Mis.Page. Heard you that?

Mis.Ford. You use me well,M.*Ford*? Do you?

Ford. I, I do so.

M.Ford. Heaven make you better then your thoghts

Ford. Amen.[i]

Mi.Page. You do your selfe mighty wrong (M.*Ford*)

Ford. I, I : I must beare it.

Ev. If there be any pody in the house,& in the chambers,and in the coffers, and the presses : heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement.

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

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

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

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

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

Ford. Well, I promisd you a dinner:come,come,walk in the Parke,I pray you pardon me: I wil hereafter make knowne to you why I have done this. Come wife, come Mi.*Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

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

Ford. Any thing.

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

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

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

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

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

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

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Mist. Page.

Fen. I see I cannot get thy Fathers love,
Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)
Anne. Alas, how then ?
Fen. Why thou must be thy selfe.
He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Besides these, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots past, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.
An. May be he tels you true.
*[F]*No, heaven so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee (*Anne:*)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then stampes in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges :
And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
That now I ayme at.
An. Gentle M.*Fenton,*
Yet seeke my Fathers love, 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 a ventu-
Shal. Be not dismaid. (ring.
Slen. No, she shall not dismay me :
I care not for that, but that I am affeard.
*Qui.*Hark ye, M.*Slender* would speak a word with you
An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:
O what a world of vilde ill-favour'd faults
Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?
Qui. And how do's good Master *Fenton?*
Pray you a word with you.
Shal. Shee's comming ; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadst a father.
Slen. I had a father (*M.An*)my uncle can tel you good jests of him : pray you Uncle,tel Mist.*Anne* the jest how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen,good Uncle.
Shal. Mistris *Anne,*my Cozen loves you.
Slen. I that I do, as well as I love any woman in Glocestershire.
Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.
Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, under the degree of a Squire.
Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds joynture.
Anne. Good Maister *Shallow* let him woo for himselfe.
Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it : I thanke you for that good comfort : she cals you (Coz) Ile leave you.
Anne. Now Master *Slender.*
Slen. Now good Mistris *Anne.*
Anne. What is your will?
Slen. My will ? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie jest indeede : I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heaven:) I am not such a sickely creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I meane (M.*Slender*) what wold you with me?
Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you : your father and my uncle hath made motions : if it be my lucke,so ; if not, happy man 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* ; Love him daughter *Anne.*
Why how now? What does Mr. *Fenter* 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.
Mist.Page. Good M.*Fenton.* come not to my child.
Page. She is no match for you.
Fen. Sir, will you heare me?
Page. No, good M. *Fenton.*
Come M.*Shallow:* Come sonne *Slender,* in;
Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M.*Fenton*,)
Qui. Speake to Mistris *Page.*
Fen. Good Mist. *Page*,for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce,against all checkes,rebukes,and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.
An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.
Mist.Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.
Qui. That's my master,M.Doctor.
An. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.
Mist.Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M. *Fenton,* I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I finde her, so am I affected:
Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry.
Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris : farewell *Nan.*
Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you cast away your childe on a Foole, and a physitian: Looke on M.*Fenton*, this is my doing.
Fen. I thanke thee : and I pray thee once to night,
Give my sweet *Nan* this Ring : there's for thy paines.
Qui. Now heaven send thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath : a woman would run through fire & water for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister had Mistris *Anne,* or I would M. *Slender* had her: or (in sooth) I would M. *Fenton* had her ; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promisd, and Ile bee as good as my word, but speciously for M. *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.
Have I liv'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be serv'd such another tricke, Ile have my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and give them to a dogge for a New-yeare's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drown'de a

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

Bar. Here's M.*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 snowbals, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

Qui. By your leave: I cry you mercy?
Give 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 M. *Ford.*

Fal. Mist.Ford? I have had Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford ; I have my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault : she do's so take on with her men ; they mistooke their erection. (promise.

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

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, betweene eight and nine : I must carry her word quickely, 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 judge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betweene nine and 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 mervaile 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. *Broome,* you come to know
What hath past betweene me, and *Fords* wife.

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

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

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. very ill-favouredly M. *Broome.*

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

*Fal.*No(M.*Broome*)but the peaking Curnuto her husband(M.*Broome*)dwelling in a continual larum of jelousie, 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 companions,thither provoked and instigated by his distamper, and (forsooth)to serch his house for his wives Love.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

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

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would have it, comes in one *Mist. Page,* gives intelligence of *Fords* approch : and in her invention, and *Fords* wives distraction, they convey'd me into a bucke-basket.

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 ever offended nostrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master *Broome*) what I have sufferd, to bring this woman to evill, for your good : Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaves, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Mistris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet-Lane :* they tooke me on their shoulders: met the jealous knave their Master in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare least the Lunitique Knave would have 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 severall deaths : First, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a jealious rotten Bell-weather : Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be stopt in like a strong distillation with stinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease : thinke of that, a man of my Kidney ; thinke of that, that am as subject to heate as butter ; a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw : it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutch-dish) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that serge like a Horse-shoo; thinke of that ; hissing hot : thinke of that (Master *Broome.*)

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

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

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to my appointment : Come to mee at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speede : and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her : adiew : you shall have 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 have Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher : hee is at my house : hee cannot scape me : 'tis impossible hee should : hee cannot creepe into a half-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-Boxe: But least the Divell that guides him, should aide him , I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot avoide; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I have hornes, to make one mad, let the proverbe goe with me, Ile be horne-mad. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mistris Page,Quickly,William,Evans.

Mist.Pag. Is he at M.*Fords* already think'st thou ?

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

Mist.Pag. 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?

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

Qui. 'Blessing of his heart.

Mist.Pag. Sir *Hugh,* my husband saies my sonne profits nothing in the world at this Booke: I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

Ev. Come hither *William;* hold up your head;come.

Mist.Pag. Come*[-]*on Sirha ; hold up your head ; answere your Master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truly, I thought there had bin one Number more,because they say od'sNownes.

Eva. Peace,your tatlings. What is (*Faire) William ?*

Will. Pulcher.

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

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

Will. A Stone.

Eva. And what is a Stone (William?)

Will. A Peeble.

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

Will. Lapis.

Eva. 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.*

Eva. Nominatiuo hig,hag,hog: pray you marke : *genitivo huius:* Well. what is your *Accusative-case?*

Will. Accusatiuo hinc.

Eva. I pray you have your remembrance (childe) *Accusativo hing,hang,hog.*

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

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

Will. O,Vocativo, O.

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

Qu. And that's a good roote.

Eva. O'man,forbeare.

Mist.Pag. Peace.

Eva: What is your *Genitive case plurall* (*William*?)

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. I.

Will. Genitive horum,harum,horum.

Qu. 'Vengeance of Ginyes case ; fie on her; never name her (childe) if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame o'man.

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

Evans. O'man, art thou Lunaties ? Hast thou no understandings for thy Cases, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mi.Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

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

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

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

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

Ev. He is a good sprag-memory:Farewel *Mis.Page.*

Mis.Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh:*
Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstoffe, Mist.Ford, Mist.Page, Servants,Ford, Page,Caius,Evans, Shallow.

Fal. Mi.Ford, Your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I professe requitall to a haires bredth, not onely Mist. *Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accutrement, complement, and ceremony of it :But are you sure of your husband now?

Mis.Ford. Hee's a birding(sweet Sir *John.*)

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

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

Mis.Page. How now (sweete heart) whose at home besides your selfe ?

Mis Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Mis.Page. Indeed ?

Mis.Ford. No certainly : Speake louder.

Mist.Pag. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mist.Ford. Why ?

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

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

Mist.Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was caried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket : Protests to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspition: But I am glad the Knight is not heere ; now he shall see his owne foolerie.

Mist.Ford. How neere is he Mistris *Page?*

Mist.Pag. Hard by,at street end ; he wil be here anon.

Mist.Ford. I am undone, the Knight is heere.

Mist.Page. Why then you are utterly sham'd,& hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him : Better shame, then murther.

Mist.Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him ? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

Mist.Page. Alas :three of Mr.*Fords* brothers watch the doore with Pistols. that none shall issue out : otherwise you might slip away ere hee came : But what make you heere?

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

Mist.Ford. There they alwaies use to discharge their Birding-peeces : creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mist.Ford. He will seeke there on my word : Neyther Presse, Coffer, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places,and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. Ile go out then.

[*Mist.Ford.* If you goe out in your owne semblance, you die Sir *John*, unlesse you go out disguis'd.

Mist.Ford. How might we disguise him ?]

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

Fal. Good hearts, devise something : any extremitie, rather then a mischiefe.

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

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

Mist.Ford. Go,go, sweet Sir *John: Mistris Page* and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mist.Page. Quicke,quicke, wee'le come dresse you straight : put on the gowne the while.

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

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

Mist.Ford. But is my husband comming ?

Mist.Page. I in good sadnesse is he, and talkes of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

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

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

Mist.Ford. Ile first direct [direct] my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe up,Ile bring linnen for him straight.

Mist.Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet,
We cannot misuse enough:
We'll leave a proofe by that which we will doo,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too :
We do not acte that often, jest and laugh,
'Tis old,but true,Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Mist Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket again 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 up.

2 *Ser.* Pray heaven 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*) have you any way then to unfoole 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 divel be sham'd. What wife I say : Come, come forth : behold what honest

nest cloathes you send forth to bleaching.

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

Evans. Why, this is Lunaticks : this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed *M.Ford,* [thi is] not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither Mistris *Ford*, Mistris *Ford,* the honest woman, the modest wife,the vertuous creature, that hath the jealious foole to her her husband: I suspect without cause (Mistris)do I?

Mist. Ford. Heaven 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.

Eva. 'tis unreasonable;will you take up your wives cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I say.

M.Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convay'd out of my house yesterday in this basket : why may not he be there againe, in my house I am sure he is: my Intelligence is true, my jealousie 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.

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

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 ever be your Table-sport : Let them say of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more,once more 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: Have I not forbid her in my house. She comes of errands do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's brought to passe under the profession of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.

Mist.Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him strike the old woman.

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

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her : Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out : Ile conjure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Mist.Page. Are you not asham'd?
I think you have kill'd the poore woman.

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

Ford. Hang her witch.

Eva. By yea,and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede : I like not when a o'man has a great peard ; I spie a great peard under his muffler.

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

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

Mist.Page. Trust me he beate him most pittifully.

Mist.Ford. Nay by th'Masse that he did not: he beate him most unpittifully, me thought.

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

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

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

Mist.Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have serv'd him?

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

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

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

Scena Tertia.

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

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

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

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but Ile make them pay: Ile sauce them, they have had my houses a week at command : I have 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 Evans,

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

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

*Mist.Page. VV*ithin a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what [yu] wilt:
I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold,
Then thee with wantonnes : Now doth thy honor stand (In

(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith.
Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more :
Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward : Let our wives
Yet once againe (to make us publike sport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.
Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.
Page. How? to send him word they'll meete him in the Parke at midnight ? Fie,fie,he'll never come.
Ev. You say he has bin throwne in the Rivers : and has bin greevously peaten, as an old o'man : me-thinkes there should be terrors in him,that he should not come: Me-thinkes his flesh is punish'd, hee shall have no desires.
Page. So thinke I too.
M.Ford. Devise but how you'l use him whē he comes,
And let us two devise 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
Walke round about an Oake,with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milck-king yeeld blood,and shakes a chaine
In a most hideous and dreadfull manner.
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed-Eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.
Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
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 us.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape, when you have brought him thether,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?
Mist.Pa. That likewise have we thoght upon:& thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little sonne,
And three or foure more of their growth,wee'll dresse
Like Urchins,Ouphes,and Fairies,greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; ypon a sodaine,
As *Falstaffe,* she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song :Upon their sight
We two, in great amazednesse will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the uncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Revell,
In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread
In shape prophane.
Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed Fairies pinch him, sound,
And burne him with their Tapers.
Mist.Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all present our selves; dis-horne the spirit,
And mocke him home to Windsor.
Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll nev'r doo't.
Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours: and I will be like a Jacke-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.*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.
Mist.Page. Feare not you that : Go get us properties And tricking for our Fayries.
Evans. Let us about it,
It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaveries.
Mis.Page. Go *Mist. Ford,*
Send quickly to Sir *John,* to know his minde:
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*:
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot :
And he, my husband best of all affects :
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court : he, none but he shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Evans, Caius, Quickly.

Host. What wouldst thou have? (Boore) what? (thick skin) speake,breathe, discusse : breefe, short, quicke, snap.
Simple. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir *John Falstaffe* from M. *Slender.*
Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed : 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new:go,knock and call : hee'l speake like an Anthropophaginian unto thee : Knocke I say.
Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber : Ile be so bold as stay Sir till she come downe : I come to speake with her indeed.
Host. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd: Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *John* : speake from thy Lungs Military : Art thou there ? It is thine Host, thine Ephesian cals.
Fal. How now, mine Host ?
Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming downe of thy fat-woman : Let her descend (Bully) let her descend : my Chambers are honourable : Fie, privacy? Fie.
Fal. There was (mine Host) and old-fat-woman even now with me, but she's gone.
Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wise-woman of *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 sayes she, I pray Sir?
Fal. Marry she sayes, that the very same man that beguil'd Master *Slender* of his Chaine,cozon'd him of it.
Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman her

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

Fal. What are they? let us know.

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 have her,or no.

Fal. 'Tis,'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

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

Sim. May I be bold to say so Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worship: I shall make my Master glad with these tydings.

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

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

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

Host. Where be my horses? speake well of them varletto.

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

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

Evan. Where is mine *Host?*

Host. What is the matter Sir?

Evan. Have a care of your entertainments : there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Iermans,that has cozend all the *Hosts* of *Readins,* 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 convenient you should be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver'is mine *Host de Jarteere*?

Host. Here(Master *Doctor*)in perplexitie,and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat : but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamanie:* 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 undone : fly, run : huy, and cry (villaine) I am undone.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozoned, for I have beene cozond and beaten too : if it should come to the eare of the Court,how I have 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 never 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 Divell take one partie, and his Dam the other. and so they shall be both bestowed; I have suf-

fer'd more for their sakes ; more then the villanous inconstancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

Qui. And have not they suffer'd? Yes,I warrant; speciously 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 Rainebow : 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 deliver'd me,the knave Constable had set me ith'Stocks,ith' common 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: (goodhearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together ? Sure, one of you do's not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Host.

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

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

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

Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you
With the deare love I beare to faire *Anne Page,*
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chooser)
Even to my wish ; I have 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 jest
Ile show you here at large (harke good mine *Host:)*
To night at *Hernes-Oke,* just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet *Nan* present the *Faerie-Queene:*
The purpose why,is here : in which disguise
VVhile other Jests 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,(even strong against that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the *Deanry,*where a *Priest* attends
Strait marry her : to this her Mothers plot
She seemingly obedient) likewise hath
Made promise to the *Doctor :* Now, thus it rests,
Her Father meanes she shall be all in white :
And in that 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 devote her to the *Doctor*;
For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)

That

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 given consent to go with him.

Host. Which meanes she to deceive? Father, or Mother.

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 twelve,and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

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

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

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Falstoffe, Quickly, and Ford.

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 Divinity in odde Numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death : away.

Qai. Ile provide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

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

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

Fal. I went to her (Master *Broome*) as you see, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master *Broome*) like a poore-old-woman ; that same knave (*Ford* hir husband) hath the finest mad divell of jealousie in him (Master *Broome*) that ever govern'd Frensie. I will tell you, he beate me greevously, in the shape of a woman: (for in the shape of Man (Master *Broome*) I feare not Goliah with a Weavers beame, because I know also, life is a Shuttle) I am in hast, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Master *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 knave *Ford,* on whom to night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand . Follow, straunge things in hand (M.*Broome*) follow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

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

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

---

we know one another.

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

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it wel :Heaven prosper our sport. No man means evill but the devill,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 have to do, adieu.

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

Mist.Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch-devill Herne?

Mist.Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaffes* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mist.Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mist.Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd : If he be amaz'd,he will every way be mock'd.

Mist.Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Mist. Page. Against such Lewdsters,and their lechery, Those that betray them, do no treachery.

Mist.Ford. The houre drawes-on : to the Oake, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib Fairies : Come, and remember your parts : be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you : Come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford,Evans, Anne Page, Fairies,Page,Ford,Quickly, Slender ,Fenton,Caius,Pistoll.

Fal. The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelve : the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-blooded-Gods assist me: Remember Jove, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*,Love set on thy hornes. O powerfull Love, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man :in som other,a Man a beast. You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omnipotent

omnipotent Love, how nere the God drew to the complexion of a Goose : a fault done first in the forme of a beast,(O Jove, a beastly fault:) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Jove) a fowle-fault. When Gods have 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 (Jove) or who can blame me to pisse my tallow ? Who comes here ? my Doe?

M.Ford. Sir *John*? Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut ? Let the skie raine Potatoes : let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-sleeves, haile-kissing Comfits and snowe Eringoes : Let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter mee heere.

M.Ford. Mistris *Page* is come with me(sweet hart.)

Fal. Divide 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. Heaven forgive our sinnes.

Fal. What should this be?

M.Ford.M.Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the [diveli] wil not have me dam'd,
Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire;
He would never else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-shine revellers,and shades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names : Silence you aiery toyes.
Cricket, to Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leape ;
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
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.

Ev. Wher's *Bede*?Go you,and where you find a maid
That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up 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(Elves) within,and out.
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on every 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 severall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre
With juyce of Balme ; and every precious flowre,
Each faire Instalment, Coate, and sev'rall Crest,
With loyall Blazon, evermore be blest.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing
Like to the *Garters*-Compasse, in a ring,
Th'expressure that it beares : Greene let it be,
Mote fertile-fresh then all the Field to see:
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence,* write
In Emerald-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew,and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie,

Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee ;
Fairies use 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 us not forget. (set :
Evan. Pray you lock hand in hand:your selves 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. Heavens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheese.
Pist. Vilde worme,thou wast ore-look'd even 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.
Eva. 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 unchaste 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 have watcht you now: VVill none but *Herne* the Hunter serve your turne?
M.Page. I pray you come,hold up the jest no higher.
Now (good Sir *John)* how like you *Windsor* wives?
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 Knave, a Cuckoldy knave,
Heere are his hornes Master *Broome*:
And Master *Broome,* he hath enjoyed nothing of *Fords,* but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Mr *Broome,* his horses are arrested for it, Mr. *Broome.*
M.Ford. Sir *John,* we have had ill lucke : wee could never meete : I will never take you for my Love againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.
Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Asse.
Ford. I, and an Oxe too : both the proofes are extant.
Fal. And these are not Fairies:
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine surprize of my powers, drove the grossenesse of the foppery into a receiv'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 upon ill imployment.
Evant. Sir *John Falstaffe,* serve Got, and leave your desires,and Fairies will not pinse you.
Ford. VVell said Fairy *Hugh.*
Evans. And leave you your jealouzies too, I pray you.

Ford.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to prevent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I have a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheese.

Ev. Seese is not good to give putter; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seese, and Putter? Have I liv'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 *John,* do you thinke though wee would have thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given our selves without scru-ple to hell that ever the devill could have made you our delight?

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

Mis.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 Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evan. And given to Fornications, and to Tavernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables ?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame : you have the start of me, I am dejected : I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, use me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one Mr. *Broome,* that you have cozon'd of money, to whom you should have bin a Pander : over and above that you have suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a bi-ting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerfull Knight: thou shalt eat a pos-set to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes 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,
Have 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 have swing'd him, or hee should have swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne Page,* would I might never stirre,and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.
Slen. What neede you to 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 have 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 indeede 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. VVhy? 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 misgives 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 have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love :
The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us:
Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed,
And this deceit looses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title,
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed houres
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.
Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
In Love, the heavens themselves do guide the state,
Money buyes Lands, and wives are sold by fate.
Fal. I am glad, though you have tane a special stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.
Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton,* heaven give thee joy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.
Fal. When nightdogges run, all sorts of Deere are chac'd.
Mist.Page. Well, I will muse no further: Mr *Fenton,*
Heaven give you many, many merry dayes :
Good husband, let us every 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*

F I N I S.