THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

A new primus, Scena prima.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, Pittiboll, Anne Page, Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, Simple.

Shall. Sir Hugh, persuade me not: I will make a sure Chambre matter of it, if here be twenty Sir John Falstaff, he shall not abide. Robert Shallow, Esquire.

(Coram, Sten. In the County of Gloucester, Justice of Peace and Shal. I, (Cofen Slender) and Ouff-alarmus.

Sten. I, and Rate lassen too; and a Gentleman borne (Mater Parson) who writes himselfe Armigerous, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armigerous.

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time theee three hundred yeeres.

Sten. All his SUCCESSORS (gone before him) hath done: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may give the dozen white Lucies in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Ewan. The dozen white Lowles doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well with a man and signifies Love.

Shal. The Luf is the first fish; the salt-fish is an old Coate.

Sten. I may quarter (Cox). Shal. You may by marryng.

Ewan. It is marrieing indeed, if he quarter it. Shal. Not a whit.

Ewan. Yes peradventure: if he ha a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your falle, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaffe have committed dispragments unto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromizes betweene you.

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

Ewan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Rote; there is no seate of God in a Rite: The Councell (broke you) shall desyre to heare the forme of you, and not to heare a Rite: take your wise men in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, I were young againe, the sword should end it.

Ewan. It is better that friends is the sword, and end it, and there is also another duty in my priuate, which peradventure prigs goo dispositions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thobsides Page, which is pretty virginity.

Sten. Mistress Anne Page? she has brownie haires, and speaks small like a woman.

Ewan. It is that feyry person for all the world, as jolly as you will devise, and leene hundred poundes of Moneyes, and Gold, and Siluer, in her Grand-fire upon her deaths-bed, (Got deuier in a soyled refurrection) give, when she is able to oueroke fourteen yeeres old. It were a good motion, if we leave our pripples and prables, and devise a marriage betwene Master Abraham, and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her Grand-fire lease her feaste hundred poundes?

Ewan. It is her father is make her a petter penty.

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

Ewan. Seven hundred poundes, and possibillities, is good gifts.

Shal. We'll let vs see honest Mr Page: it is Falstaff there.

Ewan. Shall I tell you a thing? I doe despise a lyer; as a doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir John is there, and I believe you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peir the doore for Mr. Page. What has? Got-plesse your house heart.

M. Page. Who's there?

Ewan. Here is go's pleasing and your friend, and Justice Shalow and heere yong Master Slender: that peradvertisment shall tell you another tale, if it matters growe to your liking.

M. Page. I am glad to see your Worship well: I thank you for my Visiton Master Shalow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good doe you in your good heart: I will'd your Visiton better, it was ill bred. how doth good Mistress Page? I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

M. Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yes, and no I doe.

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

Shal. How do your fellow Greyhound, Sir I heard say he was out-run on Coffin.

M. Pa. It could not be tid'd Sir.

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

Ewan. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good doge.

M. Pa. A Cat, Sir.

Shal. Sir, thee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more faid? he is good, and there is Sir John Falstaffe here?

M. Pa. Sir, he's in within; and I would I could doe a good office to beware you.

Ewan. It is spake as a Christians ought to speake.

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

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it.

Shal.
Shal. 1, you spare in Latten then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll drink whilst I have again, but in honest, ciuil, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the hear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Euan. So go and take me, that's a vertuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters din'd, Gentlemen; you hear it.

M. Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, we'll drink within.

Fal. Oh heavens! This is Misstress Anne Page.

M. Page. How now Misstress Ford?

Fal. Misstress Ford, by your truth you are very well met; by your ease good Missis.

Mrs. Page. Wife, bid the gentlemen welcome; come, we have a hot Venison patty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drink downe all vnkindnelle.

Sten. I had rather then forty fillings I had my booke of songs and Sonnets here: How now Simple, where have you bee? I must wait on my selfe, mistris? you have not the booke of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to Alice Short-eek upon Alh worms last, a fortnight ago Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Cos, come Cos, we play for you; a word will pass, shall we marry this; Coser, there is as 'were a tender, a kind of tender, made a farce-off by Sir Hugh here; do you understand me?

Sten. 1 Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Sten. So I doe Sir.

Euan. Give ease to his motions; (M. Slenor) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Sten. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen Shaloon faires; I pray you pardon me, he's a jutice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here.

Euan. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. 1, there's the point Sir.

Euan. Married is she; she very point of it, to M. Am. Page. Sir, I am to say I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Euan. But, can you affection the 'oman, let's command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore precely, can you carry your good will to $ maid?

Sten. Cofen Abraham Slenor, can you love her?

Sten. I hope Sir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

Euan. Nay, god's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake poistable, if you can carry her your desires towards her,

Shal. That you must:

Will you, (upon good dowry) marry her?

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

Sten. Oh, conceit me, conceite me, (sweet Cos): what do I do to please you (Cosen); can you lose the maid?

Sten. I will marry her (Sir) at your request; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another; I hope upon familarity will grow more content:

But if you say marry-her, I will marry-her, that I am freely discouled, and dissolutely.

Euan. It
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, Huf, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Page.


Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week. Fal. Thou art an Emperor (Cesur, Kesur and Pleasure) I will entertaine Bardolph: he shall deale with thou captall: I well (bully Hesur?)

Fal. Doe fo (good mine Huf). Fal. I have spoket his master, yet I shall let me see first frooth, and blu: I am at a word: a follow.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him: a Tapfer is a good trade: an old Cloose, makes a new Jerkin: a wheather Sculling, man, a fresh Tapfer: goe, adew.

Fal. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive. Pistol, O base hungarian wight, wilt thou the spight wight. Noli, He was gotten in drink: is not the humor cocket? Fal. I am glad I am so acquitt of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open: his Bitching was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not time.

Fal. The good humor is to feale at a minutes reft. Pistol. Convey the wife it call: Steale sb: a fico for the phrase.


Fal. Yong Ranens must hate poole.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this Towne? Fal. I ken the wight: the is of substance good. Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Fal. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now Pistol: (Indeeme I am in the wade two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrife) briefly: I doe mean to make loue to Ford's wife: I like entertainment in her: there discourses: these causes: she gives the leere of imititation: I can continue the action of her familer fite, & the hardest voice of her behaviour (to be engilish'd rightly) is I am Sir John Falstaff.

Pistol. He hath studied her will and translated her will: out of honesty into English.

Fal. The Anchor is deep: will that humor passe?

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

Pistol. As many diuiles entertaines: and to her Boy Say I. Noli. The humor rieth: it is goodhumor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: & here another to Page wife, who even now gave mee good eyes to examind my parts with most judicious illands; sometimes the beame of her view, guided my fooe: sometimes my poesly belly.

Exit.
Scena Quinta.

Enter Miftis Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor, Celia, Featon.

Q. What, John Rugby? I pray thee go to the Cafe- 
ment, and tell, if you can, the Mafter, Mafter Doctor 
comparing; if he doe (Tramah) and finde any body 
in the house, he will be an old abusing of Gods pa- 
ience, and the Kings English.

R. Ille goe watch.

Q. Geo, and we'll have a postle for to come at night, 
(in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honett, 
willings, kindes fellow, as ever (fellow) shall come in houfe 
within: and I warrant you, no tel-cite, nor no breede 
back. Th' honett, willings, is, that he is gien to prayer; 
bee is something peeches that way: but no body but has his 
fruit: but let that paie. Peter Simple, you say your 
name is?
Quo. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had bin throughly mewed, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy; but notwithstanding, many. He doeth your Matter what good I can, and the very yea, & the no is. I am a French Doctor, Mr. Mally, (I may call him Mafft, look ye to), I was his house, and I wash, ring, brew, bake, cook, dress meate and drinks, make the beds, and doe all my work.)

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

Quo. Are you a man; do you think you shall find me a great charge; and to be very early, and down later but notwithstanding, I tell you in your care, I shall have no words of it; my Mafft himself is in love with Miftirs Anne Page: but notwithstanding that I know Ann in mind, that's neither here nor there.

Cain. You, Jack Nape: give this letter to Sir Hugh, by gar, by gar, the dog is a challenge: I will cut his troth and the Parke, and I will reach a strong Jack Nape: Priet in the meddle, or make:— you may be gone: in, in your good, you carry there: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog.

Quo. Alas: he speaks but for his friend.

Cain. It is no matter; nor you tell a man that I shall have Anne Page for my wife? by gar, I will kill de Jack Priet: and I have appointed mine Hoit of de dog. I will not to make our weapon: by gar, I will my wife shall have Anne Page.

Quo. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: We must give folkles leave to prate: what the good-lier.

Cain. Rugby, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door: follow my hekely, Rugby.

Quo. You shall be Anne Overhead of your own.

No, I know you mind: that: never a woman in Wodswor knowes more of Ann in mind then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thank heauen.

Font. Who's with in there, hoo?

Quo. Who's there, I troa: Come come the house I pray you.

Fel. How now (good woman) how doth thou then?

Quo. The better that it pleases your good Worship to ask?

Fel. What newes? how do's pretie Miftirs Anne?

Quo. In truth Sir, and thee is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaen for it.

Fel. Shall I do any good thine? thou shall I not look for?

Quo. Troth Sir, all is in his hands about: but notwithstanding (Maiter Fontow) I'll be fororne on a book thee loves you; have you not your Worship a want above your eye?

Fel. Yes marry have I, what of that?

Quo. Well, there hangs a tale: a good faith, it is such another New: (but I deteft) an honest maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that warse: I shall neither laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) thee is given too much to Allichely and musing: but for you well— go too.

Fel. Well I'll fée her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou keeffor beoreme, commend me.

Quo. Will I? faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Warke, the next time we have confidence, and of other woeers.
The Merry Wines of Windsor.

praise womans modestly: and gauze such ordely and well-behaved reproves to al vnoemelinselye, that I would have sower his disposicion would have gane to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Planes to the tune of Greenflees: What tempest (I trost) throw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) Niohore at Windsor? How shall I bee reigned on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of luft have melted him in his owne grace: Did you euer hear the like?

Miss. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs: to the great comfort of this mystery of ill opinions, here be's the twain-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blanket-space for different names (true more); and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the preffe, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Gaiettce, and ly under Mount Pewin. Well, I will find you twentie laudatious Turtles ere one catshel man.

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

Miss. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost reade to wrangle with mine ownne honesty: Ie entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sence nolle shee know sence frame in mee, that I know not my selfe, she would never have boorded me in this furie.


Miss. Page. So will I: if hee come under my hatches, Ie never to Sea againe: Let's bee reeng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: give him a shoue of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine basted delay, till hee hath pawns'd his hopes to mine Hoof of the Garter.

Miss. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act my villany against him, that may not fully the charitie of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would give eternal food to his jealoulie.

Miss. Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as faire from jealoulie, as I am from giv-ing him cause, and that (Hope) is so unmeasurable distance.

Miss. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Miss. Page. Let's confute together against this greafe Knight. Come hitch.

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

Puff. Hope is a curiallog in some affaires.

Sir John affe the thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Puff. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (Ford) he loutes the Gally-mawfry (Ford) preepend.

Ford. Loute my wife?

Puff. With liuer, burning hot: present: Or goe thou like Sir Ateme he, with

Ring nail a thy heele: O olious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Puff. The borne I say: Farewell.

Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night, Take heed ere former comes, or Cuckoo-buds do fing.

Away sir Corporall Num:

Believe it (Page) he speakes sense.

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

Num. And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: hee hath wronged mee in some houers: I shold have borne the humor'd Letter to her: but I have a sword: and it shall bine upon my necessitie: he louses your wife; there's the ship and the long: My name is Corporall Num: I speak, and I asseu: lis true: my name is Num, and Fallasse loves your wife: adds, I loose not the humour of bread and cheese: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quotha?) here's a fellow frits Englishe out of his wires.

Ford. I will seeke out Fallasse.

Page. None heard such a drawing-affeeting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not perceive such a Cataint, though the Priet o'Thowne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good fentible fellow: well.

Page. How now M'eg?

Miss. Page. Whether goe you (Georg) harke you.

Miss. Ford. How now (sweet Frank) why art thou meandering.

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy:

Get you home: goe.

Miss. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head, Now: will you goe, Missifs Page?

Miss. Page. Haue with you: you'll come to dinner.

Georg. Look who comes yonder: see shall bee our Melinger to this patrisie Knight.

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

Miss. Page. You are come to see my daughter, Anne?

Quin. Horlooth: and I pray how do's good Mistresse Ann?

Miss. Page. Go in with vs and fee; we haue an heares

talks with you.

Page. How now Master Ford?

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

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

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Ford. Hang'em flaues: I do not thinke the Knight

would offer it: but these that accule him in his intent

towards our wines, are a yoke of his diercared men: ver-

ye rouges, now they be out of servise.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Many were they.

Ford. Like it never the better for that,

Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voya-
gage towards 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 do not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confiden-
t: I would have nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting. Hoof of the Garter

comes: there is euyther liquore in his pate, or mony in his

purie, when hee looke to merrily: How now mine Hoof.


Shall. I follow, (mine Hoof) I follow: Good-even,

and twenty (good Master Page,) Master Page, will you go

with vs: we haue sport in hand.

Hoof. Tell him Caueliero-Jutishce: tell him Bully-

Rooke.

Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir

Hugh the Welsh Priet, and Cinne the French Dotor.

Ford. Good
Ford. Good mine Hoft o’th’Ganter: a word with you.
Hoft. What said you, my Bully-Rooke?
Shad. Will you go with vs to behold it? My merry Hoft hath the measuring of their weapons; and, (I think) hath appointed them contrary places: so far (be-leave mee) I hear the Patron is no Jeffer: hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.
Hoft. Halt thou no suit against my Knightmy guett-Canaille?
Shad. None, I protest: but Ile give you a pottle of burn’d toasts, to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Breave: only for a sall.
Hoft. My hand, (Bully;) thou shalt have egræfle and regræfle, (said I well?) and thy name shall be Breave. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heares?
Shad. Hauce with you mine Hoft.
Page. I have heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.
Shad. Tut sir: I could have told you more: in these times you stand on distance; your Paffes, Stoccoado’s, and I know not what: tis the heart (Matter Page) tis herke, tis here: I have seen the time, with my long-ward: I would have made you growe fall fellows skippe like Rattes.
Hoft. Are they here boyes, heres, heres: shall we wag?
Page. Hauce with you: I had rather hear them fall, then fight.
Ford. Though Page be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his winces frailty; yet, I cannot put off my opinion so easilly: she was in his company at Page’s house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I’ll looke further into’t, and have a difguise, to found Fall’aifes; if I find her honest, I loose not my labor: if the be otherwise, ‘tis lawre well bestowed.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaff, Puffol, Robyn, Quickly, Bardolph, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.
Puff. Why then the world’s mine Oyster, which I, with fword will open.
Fal. Not a penny! I have bene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne: I have grated vp- on my good friends for three Repræctes for you, and your Coach-fellow Nymor; else you had look’d through the grate, like a Gentry of Baboones: I am damn’d in hell, for favering to Gentlemen your friends, you were good Soulidiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Miftriffle Brag left the handle of her Fan, I took upon mine hono- nor, thou hadst not it.

Fal. Didst not thou fraze? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think thou I endanger my soule gratis? at a word, hang no more about me. I am no gibbet for you: goe, a short knife, and a thong, to your Maimor of Piecke-hatch: goe, you’ll not beare a letter for me rogue! you fancy upon your honor: why, (thou unconfoundable balefticke) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the remeys of my honoron precise: I, I, my felie sometime, leaving the feast of beaen on

the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to suffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you rogue, will enforce your raggs; your Car-ta-Moun- taine-lookes, your red-lattice plates, and your bold beaung-oathes, under the shelter of your honor, if you will not doe it you?

Fal. I doe relencet: what would thou more of man?
Robyn. Sir, here’s a woman would speake with you.
Fal. Let her approach.
Qwi. Give your worship good morrow.
Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.
Qwi. Not so and plesse your worship.
Fal. Good mair then.
Qwi. Ile be forwone.

As my mother was the first host I was borne,
Fal. I do beleue the sweare: what with me?
Qwi. Shall I vouch-saie your worship a word, or two?

Fal. Two thousand (fine woman) and ile vouchsafe the hearing.
Qwi. There is one Miftriffle Ford, (Sir) I pray come a little nearer this waies: I my selfe dwell with M.Doctoress.

Fal. Well, on; Miftriffle Ford, you say.
Qwi. Your worship faile very true: I pray your worship come a little nearer this waies.
Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.
Qwi. Are they so? heauen-blesse them, and make them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; Miftriffle Ford, what of her?
Qwi. Why, Sir; she’s a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worship’s a common: well: heauen forgive you, and all of vs, I pray—


Qwi. Marry this is the floure, and the long of it: you have brought her into such a Cantrisies, as ‘tis wonderfull: the bell Courter of them all (when the Court lay at Windefer) could never have brought her to such a Cantris; yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gent-lemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, feasting so freely: all Muske, and fo rustling, I warrant you, in silke and golde, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and inanger of the bell, and the fairest, that would have wonne any womens heart: and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-winke of her: I had my felieventy Angies given me this morning, but I defile all Angies (in any fuch fort, 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 prowdcest of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: may, (which is more) Petitioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

But what failes thee to mee? be briefes my good fere. Meresour.

Qwi. Marry, the lashe receiv’d your Letter: for the which the thankes you a thousand times; and the gives you to notifye, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and eleuen.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Qwi. Iforfooth: and then you may come and fee the picture (the tayles) that you worit: Maitser Ford her husband will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; she’s a very samplous man, she leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

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

**Fri.** Why, you fay well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistrefles Page hath her heartie commendations to you: and let me tell you in your care, she's as faithfull a maid as ever wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor evening prayes, as any is in Windsor, who bee the other: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is fel-
dome from home, but the hope therof will come a time. I never knew a woman to goe upon a man; surely I think you have charmes, if not in yours.

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

**Fri.** Blessing on your heart fort.

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

**Fri.** That were a sheet indeed: they have not for little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Mistrefles Page would desire you to send her your little Page of al loves: her husband has a marvellous inclination to the little Page: and truly Master Page is as honest man uner a wife in Windsor: for a better life then the doe: doke what she will, lay what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she list, rife when she list, all as she list: and truly she deferres it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one: you must send her your Page, no remedy.

**Fal.** Why, will I.

**Fri.** Nay, but do to thine, and looke you, hee may come and goe between you both; and in all care have a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy never neede to understand anything: for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes: olders folks 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 debt: Boy, goe along with this woman, this never disapproves mee.

**Fri.** This Punchke is one of Conduits Carriers, Clap on more sailes, pursuie ye with your flights: Gite fire: fire is my prize, or Ocean whelm them all.

**Fal.** Saith thou in (old) Tacke: go thy wayes: I make more of thy old body then I have done: will they yet looke after thee? with thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gain? good body. I thank thee: let them lay thy gibes told on, to be faire told on, no matter.

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

**Fal.** Brooke is his name?

**Bar.** Sir.

**Fal.** Call him in, if such Brooke are welcome to mee, that one flouses such liquors as he, Mistrefles Ford and Mistrefles Page, have I encompass'd you? goe to: goe.

**Ford.** Blessed you sir.

**Fal.** And you sir, would you speake with mee?

**Ford.** I make bold, to preffe, with fo little prepara-
tion upon you.

**Fal.** You're welcome, what's your will? gite vs leave Printer.

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

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

**Ford.** Good Sir John, I use for yours; not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I thinke myself in better plight for a Lender, then you are; the which hath something emboldened me to this venison of intution: for they lay, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

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

**Ford.** Truth, and I have a bag of money: here troubles me: if you will help to bear it: (Sir John) take all, or halfe, for eating me of the carriage.

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

**Ford.** I will tell you sir, if you will give mee the hea-
ting.

**Fal.** Speak (good Master Brooke) I shall be glad to be your Servant.

**Ford.** Sir, I hear see 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 felte acquainted with you. I shall discove a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own in-
perfection: but (good Sir John) as you have one eye up-
on my follies, as you have them unfold, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reproffe the easer, fits you your felte 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 lou'd her, and I protest to you, be-
towsed much on her: followed her with a doating obe-

crance: Ingras'd opportunities to meete her: fed e-
evry slight occasion that could but niggardly give mee fight of her: not onely bought many pretents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what floor would haue gues: briefly, I haue purr'd her, as Lone hath pursu'd mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my minde, or in my meane, meede I am sure I haue receiv'd none, vULSE Experience is a levell, that I have purchas-
ed at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to lay this,

"Lone like a shadow flees when substance Lone pursu'rs, Pur'fying that does flees, and flying what pursu'rs.

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

**Ford.** Neuer.

**Fal.** Have you importuned her to such a purpuse?

**Ford.** Neuer.

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

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

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

**Ford.** For, when I have told you that, I have told you all: Some fay, that though the appere be honest to mee, yet in other places thee enlarges her minde to saire, that there is thred constriction made of her. Now (Sir John) there is the heart of my purpuse: you are a gentleman of ex-
cellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admis-
sance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

**Fal.** O Sir.

**Ford.** Beleste it, for you know it is: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more, spend all I have, only
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hnf. Caius, Jack Ruggle.

Rug. Sir.

caius, Vatis is the clock, Jack.

caius, This is the hour (Sir) that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

caius, By gar, he has fuse his fuse, dat he is no-com.; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-com.; by gar (Jack Ruggle) he is dead already, he be come.

caius, By gar, he is wife Sir; she knew your worship would kill him if he come.

caius, By gar, de heering is no dead, so I will kill him; take your Rapier, (Jack) I will tell you how I will kill him.


Caius, Take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbear, here's company.

Hnf. Baffe thee, bully, Doctor.

Caius, Shave you Mr. Doctor Caius.

Caius, Now good Mr. Doctor.

Rug. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius, Vart be all you two, tree, towre come for?

Hnf. To see thee fight, to see thee fight, to see thee this, to see thee his.

Caius, If he is dead, my Ethiopian ! Is he dead, my Francisco? haBully? what lies my Filiusquos? my Gallician's heart of Eldere? is he dead bully, Stella? is he dead?

Caius, By gar, he is de Coward-Jack-Priest of the world; he is not show his face.

Hnf. Thou art a Catholic-king, Virginius! Helen of Greece (my Boy).

Caius, I pray you bear witness, that me have flay, fixe or fezen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-com.

Caius, He is the wiser man (M. Doctor) he is a cutter of ines, and you a cutter of bodhes; if you should fight, you go against the hir of your professions! is it not true?

Hnf. Page.

Caius, Matter Shallow; you have your selle beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Hnf. 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 we are Jurispru, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. Page) we have some fide of our youth in us, we are the fide of women (M. Page).

Page. Tis true, Mr. Shallow.

Hnf. It shall be found so (M. Page), M. Doctor Caius.

I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace: you have howd your selle a wife Physicion, and Sir Hugh hath throne him selfe a wife and patient Churchman; you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hnf. Par.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Enter Haw, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoit, Caiss, Rugby.

Hoit. Pardon, Guelt-Jusftice, a Mouneur Mockewater.
Cal. Mock-water? vat is dat?
Hoit. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour.

Cal. By gar, then I have as much Mock-water as de Englishmen; fearey-lack-dog-Priest: by gar, me will cut his ears.
Hoit. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)
Cal. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?
Hoit. That is, he will make thee amends.
Cal. By-gar, me doe looks he'll clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me will have it.
Hoit. And me will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.
Cal. Me tuack you for dat.
Hoit. And moreover, (Bully) but first, Mr. Glueflet, and Me. Page, & cke Cauleleo Slender, got you through the Towne to Fogramore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?
Hoit. He is there, see what humor he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it do well?
Hoit. We will do it.
Cal. Adieu, good M. Doctor.
Cal. By-gar, me will kill de Prieft, for he speake for a Jack-an-Ape to Anne Page.
Hoit. Let him die: thes the institution: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with me through Fogramore, I will bring thee where Miftris Anne Page is, at a Farm-house: a Reading: and thou shalt woor he: Cricket, said I well?
Cal. By-gar, mee danke you vor dat: by gar I love you: and I shall procure 'a you de good Geagle de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.
Hoit. For the which, I will be thy aduocasy towards Anne Page: said I well?
Cal. By-gar, 'tis good: well said.
Hoit. Let us vas then.
Cal. Come at my heccles, Jack Rugby.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Mellowsitts birds song Madrigale: — When as I sit in Pabilen: and a thousand vragam Potes, To shallow, eft.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh. Eman, Hee's welcome: To shallow Rivers, to whose falls: Heauen professor the right: what weapons is he?
Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr. Shalloon, and another Gentleman; from Fragment, out the file, this way.

Eman. Pray you give mee my gowne, or elle keepe it in your arms.
Shal. How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir Hugh: keepe a Gamester from the dirc, and a good Student from his bookes, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah sweet Anne Page.
Page. "Sate you, good Sir Hugh.
Eman. "Plesee you from his merry-fake, all of you.
Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?
Do you study them both, Mr. Parson?
Page. And youthful full, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rusticke day?
Eman. There is reasons, and causeth for it.
Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parson.

Eman. Fery well: what is it?
Page. Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne gravity and patience, that eruer you saw.
Shal. I have loued four-score yeeres, and upward: I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.
Eman. What is he?
Page. I think you know him: Mr. Doctor Cains the renowned French Physician.
Eman. God's-will, and his passion of my heart: I bad as liefe you would tell me of a messe of porridge.

Page. Why.
Eman. He has no more knowledge in Hibcrates and Galen, and he is a knave besides: a cowardly knave, as you would desiers to be acquitted withall.
Page. I warrant you, he's the man soule fight with him.

Sim. O sweee Anne Page.
Sim. It appeares to by his weapons: keep them a funder: here comes Doctor Cains.
Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keepe in your weapon.
Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.
Hoit. Disforme them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and have our English.
Cal. I pray you let a-mee speake a word with your ears; therefore will you not meet a me?
Eman. Pray you vie your patience in good time.
Cal. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Jack dog: John Ape.

Eman. Pray you let us not be laughing-frocks to other mens humorus: I defire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will know your Vtial about your knownes Cog-a-combe.

Cal. Dieux! Jack Rugby: mine Hoit de letteres, haue I notstay for him, to kill him? haue I not as place I did appoint?

Eman. As I am a Christians-soule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile bee judgement by mine Hoit of the Garter.

Scena Secunda.

M. Page, Robin Ford, Page, Shallot, Slender, Hoist, Evans, Gauze.

M. Page. Nay keep 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 matters hectic?

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

M. Pa.). You are a flattering boy, now I see you’re a Ford. Wilt not mistis Page, whether go you.

Mr. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is the at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as the may hang together for want of company: I think 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-coke?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (she diktens) his name is my husband had him of; what do you call your Knights name?


M. Pa. He, he, he, can never hit on’s name; there is such a league between my Goodman, and he: is your Wife at Ford. Indeed he is. (home indeed?

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

Ford. Has Page any business? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure they flithee, he hath no wits of them: why this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as cac, as a Canon will shoot point-blank twelve score: see peas out his wits inclination: he gives the folly motion and advantage: and now she’s going to my wife, Falstaff boy with her: A man may hear this flower sing in the wind: and Falstaff boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our revolted wits share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed tail of my lady: from the footing Mist. Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and

Scena Tertia.

Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Servants, Robin Falstaff, Ford, Page, Evans, Gauze.


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


M. Ford. Heere, set it downe.

M. Pa. 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-bouse, & when I so-fall-ly call any, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: I done, trudge with it in all halle, and carry it among the Whifters in Docthor Meard, and there empty it in the muddle ditch, close by the Thames side.

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

M. Ford. 1 ha told them over and over, they lacke no
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Be gone, and come when you are call'd. M. Page. Here comes little Robin. (with you? M. Mist. Ford. How now my Eyas-Musket, what newest news? M. Page. My Sir John is come in at your backe doore (M. Mist. Ford, and requests your company. M. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you bin true to vs Rob. I, Ibe the wrong: my Master knowes not of your being here: and hath threatened to put me into extasie liberty, if I tell you of it: for he fears he'll turne me away.

M. Mist. Ford. Thou'rt a good boy: this secret of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and that, make thee a new doublet and hose. He go hide me.

M. Ford. Do so: I go tell thy Master, I am alone: Mistrius Page, remember you your Qu. M. Mist. Ford. I warrant thee, if I do not set it, lisse me.

M. Mist. Ford. Go-too then: we'll se this nowholome humiditie, this grove-wary Pumpleon; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Lavers.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Jewell? Why, now let me die, for Haue I lust'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour.


Fal. Mistrius Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (M. Ford) now shall I fin in my with; I would thy Husband were dead, Ie speake is before the beft Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

M. Mist. Ford. If your Lady Sir John? Also, I should be a pitfull Lady.

Fal. Let the Count of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emuliate the Diamond: Thou haft the right arched-beauty of the browe, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tye of Venetian admittance.


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

M. Mist. Ford. Beleeue me, there's no fuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that preivade thee. That's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a manic of these liping-baunthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in simples time; I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou defendt it.

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

Fal. Thou mightfit as well lye, I loue to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me, as the secke of a Lime-kille.

M. Mist. Ford. Well, heauen knows how I love you, And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keep in that mind, I lice defendt it.

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

Fal. Mistrius Ford, Mistrius Ford: here's Mistrius Page at the door, jwast in, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speake with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me, I will entice mee behind the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you do so, she's a very taling woman, What the matter? How now?
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shalow, Steward, Quickly, Page, Mift. Page.

Few. I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue, Therefore no more turne meto him (Sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Few. Why thou must be thy selfe, He doth obied, I am too great of birth, And that my state being gai'd with my expence, I seek to heale it onely by his wealth.

Besides these, other barres he layes before me, My Riots past, my wilde Societies, And tells me 'tis a thing impossible I should lose thee, but as a property,

An. May he be told you true.

No, heaven so speed me in my time to come; Although I will confess, thy Fathers wealth Was the first motiue that I would thee (An.)

Yet woeing thee, I found thee of more value Yet flamens in Gold, or damnes in fealed bagges: And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe, That now I syne at.

An. Gentle M. Fenton,

Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seake it sith, If opportunity and humble beseuche

Cannot attain it, why then hast ke you bittier.

Shal. Break the talar by Miftirs Quickly,

My Kindness shall speake for himselfe.

Shem. He make a shaft or a bolt on't, Ast, sixt but ventu-

Shal. Be not disdain'd, (ring.)

Shem. No, the shaft not disdain me: I care not for that, but that I am afraid.

Quickly, y' M. Shrewsbury would speake a word with you, An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:

O what a world of wilde ill-fauned faults

Lookes handome in three hundred pounds a yeere? Quick. And how do's good Master Fenton?

Pray you a word with you.

Shem. She's coming; this to her Coz: O boy, thou hadst a father,

Shem. I had a father M. An. my uncle can tell you good

Loves and love, and the best of wealth: 

Shem. My Cousin loves me. I assure you.

Shem. I that I do, as well as I love any woman in Glo
cettershire.

Shem. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Shem. I that I will, come cut and long-tailed, under the

degree of a Squire.

Shem. He will make you an hundred and fiftie pounds

Joseph. Good Master Shalow let him woo for himselfe.

Shem. Marie I thank you for it: I thank you for that good comfort: the care you (Coz) he leave you.

Anne. Now Master Steward.

Shem. Now good Miftirs Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Shem. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie

Do you remember to morrow on the

Lowly knave, mine Hoft.

Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

Gus. A Lowly knave, to hau his gibes, and his
corneries.

Exeunt.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Anne. I mean (M. Slender) what wold you with me?

Slender. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle hath made motion: if it be my fortune, so I will not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may ask your father, here he comes.

Page. Now M. Slender; Looke him daughter Anne.

Why how now? What does M. Fenton here?

You wrong me Sir, thus full to hunt my houfe.

I told you Sir, my daughter is disposs'd of.

Fen., Nay Mr. Page, be not impatient.

Miss. Page. Good M. Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fed. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M. Fenton.

Come M. Shallow: Come comme Slender, in 4.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me (M. Fenton.)

Q. Speak to M. Fenton.

Fed. Good M. Fenton, Page, for that I love your daughter.

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love,

And not retire. Let me have your good will.

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

Miss. Page. I mean it not, I theeke you a better husband.

Fed. That's my matter M. Doctor,

So alas! I had rather be yet quick than death,

And bow'd to death with Turnips.

Miss. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M. Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy.

My daughter will I question how the loves you,

And as I finde her, to am I affected:

Till then, farewell Sir, the much needes goe,

Her father will be angry.


Q. This is my doing now: Nay, faide I, will you cast away your children a foole, and a Physitian:

Looke on M. Fenton, this is my doing.

Fed. I thanke thee; and I pray thee once to night,

Gite my sweet Nan this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Q. Now heaven send thee good fortune, a kinde heart, she hath a woman, would run through fire & water for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Master had Miftis Anne, or I would M. Slender had her; (in sooth) I would M. Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised, and ile bee as good as my word, but speciûcular for M. Fenton. Well, I must of another earred to Sir John Falstaffe from my two Miftisbee: what a beast am I to lacke it.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolph, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolph I say.

Bar. Here Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toft in't.

Have I had to be carri'd in a Basket like a barrel of butchers Offal? and to be thrown in the Thames Wel, if I be fent such another tricke, Ile leave my brains 'tune out and butter'd, and glue them to a dogge for a New-year's gift. The rogues flighted me into the river, with as little remorse, as they would have drown'd a

blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i th' litter; and you may know by my fixe, that I have a kinde of alacrity in fucking; if the butte was as deep as hell, I should down, I had beene drown'd, but that the floor was fishly and shallow: a death that I absore for the water welleth a man; and what a thing should I have bene, when I had beene swell'd? I should have beene a Mountain of Mummie.

Bar. Here's M. Quickly Sir to speake with you.

Fal. Come, let me pourc in some Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had allowed snowballs, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

Q. By your leave I cry you mercy!

Gite your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these Challiaces:

Go, brew me a bottle of Sacke finely.

Bardolph. With Egges Sir.

Fed. Simply of selfe: Ile no Pullet-Sperine in my breweage. How now?

Q. Sirry, Sir, I come to your worship from M. Ford.

Fal. Mifs. Ford? I have had Ford enough, I was thrown into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.

Q. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault: she do's to take on with her men; they mislike their election.

Fed. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish Woman.

Q. Well, the 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, betwene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you amend I warrant you.

Fed. Well, I will vist her, tell her so; and bidde her know what a man is: Let her consider his fraility, and then judge of her merit.

Q. I will tell her.

Fed. Do do. Between nine and ten saith thou?

Q. Eight and nine Sir.

Fed. Well, be gone: I will not mische her.

Fed. Peace be with you Sir.

Fed. I merueail I hear not of M. Bourne: he lent me word to stay within: I like his money well. I have my heart be constant.

Fed. Bette you Sir.

Fed. Now M. Bourne, you come to know

What hath past betweene me, and Ford; wife.

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

Fed. M. Bourne I will not lyee to you,

I was at her house the house she appointed me.

Ford. And spied you Sir?


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

Fed. No (M. Bourne) but the pearking, Cunnute her husband (M. Bourne) dwelling in a continual larue of seleuce, comes me in the inlant of our encounter, after we had embrassed, kiss'd, professed, &c., and she spake the prologue of our Comedy; and at his hecules, a rable of his companions, thither pronounced and inflagitated by his dintemper, and his (sooth) to fetch his house for his wives. Loue, Ford.

Fed. What! While you were there?

Fed. While I was there.

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

Fed. You shall here. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one Night Page: gives intelligence of Ford's approch: and in her invention, & Ford's assiduou action, they couenye'd me into a bucke-basket.
Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yes: a buck-basket: 'ram'd mee in with foule shirts and smocks, socks, foule stockings, greasie napkins, that (Mater Browne) there was the ranklet compound of villainous smell, that ever offended no-

tall.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear (Mater Browne) what I have suffered, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his Hinde, were call'd forth by their Mistris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloaths to Dr. Chute's lane: they took mee on their shoulders: me theoulous knave their Mater in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket? I quak'd for feare leaft the Lunatique Knave would have search'd it: but Fate (fordaining he should be a Buck(*)kold) held his hands: well, on went her, for a search, and away gone I for foule Cloaths: But mark ye, the Quevall (Mater Browne) I suffer'd the pangs of those generall deaths: first, an insolvant struggle, to be detected with a tealous rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compass'd like a good Bilboe in the circumference of a Pecke, hill to point, heele to head. And then to be stopp'd in like a strong dilution with thinking Cloaths, that were set on in their owne greafe: think of that, my child: and to that, that was labord to bear as butter, a man of continual disolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to escape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more than half strew'd in grease (like a Dutch-dish)) to be thrownne into the Thames, and could, glowing-hot, in that sarge like a Horse-flouth: think of that; hifting hot: think of that (Mater Browne).

Ford. In good fadness Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you have suffered all this. My fate then is desperate: you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Mater Browne: I will be throwne into Eina, as I have beene into Thames, ere I will leave her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I have receiv'd from her another ambassade of meeting: *twixt eight and nine is the hour (Mater Browne).

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address mee to your appointment: Come to mee at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speeded: and the consistion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her: adieu: you shall have her (Mater Browne) Mater Browne, you shall cuckold Ford.

Ford. Humzha? Is this a vision? Is this a dream? doe I sleepe? Mster Ford awake, awake Mster Ford: there's a hole made in your best coaste (Mater Ford): this 'tis to be marrie'd; this 'tis to have Luyne, and Buck-baskets: We'll, I will proclaime my felte what I am: I will take the Leacher: hee is at my house: he cannot escape me: its impossible here: hee cannot creep into a half-penny pufle, nor into a Pepper-box: But least the Duild that guides him, should side him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot avoice: yet to be what I would not, afft not make me same: If I haue horses, to make one mad, let the procurer goe with me, hee be homed-

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly William, Evans.

Mistris. Is he at M. Ford's already thinkst thou?

Evans. Sire, he is: by this; or will be presently: but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwinge into the water. Mistris Ford defyes you to come lo-
dainely.

Mistris. Ile he with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong-niece here to Schoole: looke where his Mater comes; its a playing day: I see: how now Sir Hugh, no Schoole to day?

Evans. No: Mistris Stander is let the Boys leave to play.

Sir Hugh. Blessing of his heart.

Mistris. Sir Hugh, my husband faies my fonnes profits nothing in the world at his Bookere: I pray you ask him some questions in his Accidence.

Evans. Come hither William; hold vp your head: come.

Mistris. Come on Sir; hold vp your head: an-
swer your Mater, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Evans. Truly, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they say'd 5-Nownes.


Evans. So. Powleats there are faire things then: Powleats, sure.

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

Will. A Stone.

Evans. And what is a Stone (William)

Will. A Pecule.

Evans. No; it is (Lapins) I pray you remember in your prime.

Will. Lapins.

Evans. That is a good (William); what is he(William) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronounne; and be thus declined. Singulariter nominatim hic haec hoc, Nominatim hic, haec, hoc, praeponesque; quis est? quis est hic, haec, hoc? Acce-
ptum hic: Quis est hic, haec, hoc? Acce-
ptum hic.

Evans. I pray you haue your remembrance (child) Acceptum hic, haec, hoc.

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

Evans. Leave your prables (O man) What is the Facia-

ta (William)?

Will. O, Vocation, O.

Evans. Remember William, Vocation, is care.

Will. That's a good core.

Evans. O, man, forebear.

Mistris. Pace.

Evans. What is your Gentest cafe for all (William)?

Will. Genteste cafe.

Evans. Ie.

Will. Genteste horum, horum, horum.

Evans. Vengeance of Gentes cafe; see on her; never name her (child) if the be a where.

Evans. For shame o'man.

Will. You doe ill to teach the child such words: hee teaches him to hie, and to hie; which they'll doe fast enough of themselves, and so call horum; see upon you.

Evans. Oman.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaff, Mst. Ford, Mst. Page, Servants; Ford Page, Caiss, Enam, Shallow.

Fal. Mst. Ford, you sorrow hath eaten vp my sufferance: I see you are obsequious in your louse, and I professe requitall to a hairs breadth, not onely Mst. Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accrettiments, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you fare of your husband now?

Mst. Ford. He's a birding (sweet Sir John.)


Mst. Page. How now (tweeteth) whose at home besides your lady?


Mst. Page. Indeed?

Mst. Ford. No certainly: Speaketh louder.

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

Mst. Ford. Why?

Mst. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he is taken on yonder with his wife, so rables against all married mankind: so cureth all Enter daughters, of what complexion soever; and so butters himselfe on the forehead crying, peace out, peace out, that any madman I ever yet beheld, seem'dt but tame-nelle, civillity, and patience to this his disturber he is in now: I am glad the sweet Knight is not here.

Mst. Ford. Why do's he taketh of him?

Mst. Page. Of none but him, and sweetes he was caried out the last time heres fear'd for him, in a basket: Prouertis to my husband he is now here, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his spitefull: But I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall see his owne foolerie.


Mst. Page. Hard by, at street end: he will be here anon.

Mst. Ford. I am sure one the Knight is here.

Mst. Page. Why then is she not here, she's but a dead man: What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better than then, then murder.

Mst. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I beflow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Fal. No, Ile come no more 'ch Basket: May I not go out ere he come?
unt clothes you fend forth to bleaching.

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

Everet. Why, this is Lunatics: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed M. Ford, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither Miftis Ford, Miftis Ford, the honet woman, the modest wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the jealous foole to her husband: I suspect without caufe (Miftis) do I?

Miftis. Ford. Heauen be my wittnesse you dee, if you suspect me in any dishonestly.

Ford. Well said Brason-face, hold it out: Come forth forth.

Page. This pasfes.

Miftis. Ford. Are you not affam'd, let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Euen. 'Tis unreasonable, will you take vp your wives clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empey the basket I say.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my house yesteray in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my house I am sure he is: my Intelligence is true, my iceloufie is reasonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

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

Page. Here's no man.

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

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

Ford. Well hee's not here I fecke for.

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

Ford. Help me to search my house this one time I find not what I fecke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-sport: Let them say of me this, as jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow Wall-out for his wives Leman. Satisfae me once more, once more ferche with me.

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

Ford. Old woman? what old women 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 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 Charms, by Spels, by th'o Figure, & such dawbry as this, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.

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

Miftis Page. Come mother Prue, Come giue me your hand.


Miftis Page. Are you not affam'd?

I think you have kill'd the poore woman.

Miftis Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

(As if he was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith.
Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not so extreme in submision, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wives.
Yes, once again to (make vs publick 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 meet him in
the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.
Eun. You say he has bin thowne in the Riveres: and
has bin greenvously pearen, as an old o'man: me-thinks
there shold be terror in him, that he should not come.
Me-thinks his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no de-

Page. So think I too.
Ford. Deute but how you'll开采 him wh't he comes,
And let vs two deute to bring him thereth.
Miss/Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the
Hunter (Some time a keeper here in Windsor Forest)
Dost all the winter time, at still midnight
Walk round about an Oake, with great rag'd-homes,
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milk-chine yeald blood, and makes a chaine
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed-Eid

Ford. And shall deliver to our charge.
Page. This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.
Page. Why yet you want not many that do fare
In deep of night to walke by this Herne Oak: But what of this?
Miss/Ford. Marry this is our deute,
That Falstaff at that Oak shall meete with vs.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape, when you have brought him thereth,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?
Miss. This is the case and such.

Now/Page (my daughter) and my little fome, and
And three or foure more of their growth, we'd drewe
Like Vrchnes, Ourphes, and Faireies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
And rattle in their hands, upon a sonate,
As Falstaffe, thee, and I are newly met,
I let them from forth a few-pit raft at once
With some dimmed note; Vpon their sight
Weto, in great amasedsselfe will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairie-like to pinch the vnclene Knight;
And ask him why that hourse of Fairy Reuell,
In their so facred paths, he dares to tread
In shape prophan.
Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the suppos'd Faires pinch him, found,
And burne him with their Tapers.

Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all present our felves; all-horne the spirit,
And mocke him home to Windsor.
Ford. The children must
Be prepared well to this, or they'll not do's.
Eun. I will teach the children their behaviour: and I
will be like a Jacke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight
with my Taper.
Ford. That will be excellent,
He goe buy them wizards.

Miss/Page. My Now shall be the Queene of all the
Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.
Page. That like will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M.Slenor fleece my Now away,
And marry her at Easton: go, send to Falstaffe straight.
Ford. Nay, Ile go to him againe in name of Broune,
He'll tell me all his purporses: sure he'll come.
Miss/Page. Fear not you that: Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fairies.
Eun. Let vs about it,
It is admirable pleasures, anderry honessth knaueries.

Miss/Page. Go M.Sord.
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 Now Page:
That Slenor (though well landed) is an Ideot;
And he, my husband belt of all affects:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potency at Court: he, none but he shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to cruse her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoft, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Euntes,
Cause, Quickly.

Hoft. What wouldst thou have? (Boore) what (thick
skin) speak, breathe, discuss: breve, short, quicke,

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir Iohn Fal-
staff from M. Slenor.

Hoft. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castie,
his flound-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about
with the story of the Prodigall, firth and newe, knock
and call: he'll speake like an Antichristian Vnrio
there: Knock I say.
Simp. There's an old waine, a fat woman gone vp
into his chamber: He be so bold as say Sir till she come
downe: I come to speake with her indeed.

Hoft. Ha! A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd:
Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir Iohn: speake from thy
Lungs Military Art thou there? It is thine Hoft, thine
Epiflan cald.

Fal. How now, mine Hoft?
Hoft. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarrying the comming
downe of thy fat-woman: Let her defend (Bully) let
her defend; my Chambers are honourable: Fie, prouy-
cy Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Hoft) an old-fat-woman even
now with me, but she's gone.
Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Woman of
Braunford?

Fal. I marry was it (Musel-shell) what would you
with her?
Simp. My Mafter (Sir) my mafter Slenor sent to her
seeking her go thorough the streete, to know (Sir) whether
one Nim (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the
Chaine, or no.

Fal. I speake with the old woman about it.
Simp. And what fayres the, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry fice fayres, that the very fame man that
beguil'd Mafter Slenor of his Chaine, cooz'd him of it,
Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

her felle. Had other things to have spoken with her too, for him.

Fal. What are they? Let us know.

Holo. I come, quack.

Fal. I may not conceal them (Sir).

Holo. Conceal them, or thou di' it.

Sim. Why fur, they were nothing but about Miftis 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; lay the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so Sir?

Fal. I sir, like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship; I shall make my Master glad with these tidings.

Holo. Thou art clearly; thou art clearly (Sir John) was there a wife woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was mine Holo. gone that hath taught me more wit, then ever I learnt before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

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

Holo. Where be your horses? speak well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of myres; and set spurrens, and away; like three Germanes-dielues; three Dollar Faulfla"es.

Holo. They are gone but to mete the Duke (villaine) does not say they be fled: Germans are honest men.

Enam. Where is mine Holo?

Holo. What is the matter Sir?

Enam. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tells mee there is three Cozen-Itamans, that has cozened all the Holo. of Randal's, of Maidhead, of Colebrooke, of horses and money: I tell you for good will (look on you) you are wife, and full of gibes, and vowing-flocks: and tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well.

Cai. Vei's mine Holo. de laurtese?

Holo. Here (Mater Dollar) 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 laumennye: by my troth: der is no Duke that the Couris know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu,

Holo. Huy and ey, (villaine) goe: affirft me Knight. I am undone: fly, run huy, and ey (villaine) I am undone.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozon'd, for I have beene cozened and beaten too: if it should come to the ear of the Couris, how I have beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene wafflied, and engulphed, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and lipt their Filletmens-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their five wits, till I were as creft-bane as a dride-pere; I never prosper'd, since I forswore my feet at Primrose; well, if my wind were but long enough, I would repent: Now? Whence come you?

Quo. From the two parties forth.

Fal. The Deuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and so they shall be both bewitched; I have forrd more for their fakes; more then the villanous inconstancy of mans disposition is able to bear.

Quo. And have you they fet fur? Yes; I warrant jeuppiciously one of them; Miftis Forde's good heart, it is eaten blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What cell fit thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my felle into all the colours of the Rainebow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of Brainesford, but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterefting the action of an old woman deliver'd me, the know Contable had set me forth Stocks, of her common Stocks, for a Witch.

Quo. Sir: let me speake with you in your Chamber, you shall hear how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will say somewhat: (good-hearts) what a doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do not sure heaven well, that you are to croft.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

[Exeunt.]

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Holo.

Holo. Master Fenton, talk not to mee, my minde is heavy: I will glee over all.

Fen. Yet heare me speak: affirft me in my purpose, and (as I am a gentleman) let me theee a hundred pound in gold, more then your losse.

Holo. I will heare you (Master Fenton) and I will (at the least) keep you your counsell.

Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you With the deare foute I begre to fay Anne Page, Who, mutually, hath affwer'd my affection, (So fure forth, as her felle might be her chooser) Even to my wife; I have a letter from her Of such contents, as you will wonder at; The ninth wherefo; to his deed with my matter, That neither (foologly) can be manifestfled Without the fiew of both; for Holo.

Holo. Hath a great Scene; the image of the left.

Fen. He show you here at large (harke good mine Holo.)

To night at Heroes-Ole, uit 'twixt twelve and one.

Mist my sweet New prefer the Faerie-Scene;

The purpose why, is here: in which disguife

VWhite other lefts are something ranke on foote,

Her father hath command'd her to flip Away with slender, and with him, at Eaton

Immediately to marry: She hath confent: Now Sirs,

Her Mother (even strong against that match

And frame for Doctor Caius) hath appointed

That he shall like wiseuffle her away,

While other sports are taking of their minde,

And at the Deawer, where a bride attends

Srait marry her: to this her Mothers plot

She seemingly obeys, but to this haste

Made promise to the Dollar: Now, thus it reft,

Her Father means she shall be all in white;

Aand in that hab, when slender see's his time

To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,

She fittst goe with him: her Mother hath intended

(The better to devote her to the Dollar;

For they inst all be mislaid, and vizarded)

That
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

That quaint in green, she shall be loose en rosb'd,
With Ribonde-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage pipe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token.
The maid hath given content to go with him.

If it Which meaneth she to decease? Father, or Moth-
er.

Fen. Both (my good Hope) to go along with me:
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve, and one;
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To glue our hearts united ceremony.

Hope. Well, husband your devise, Ilie to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall nor lack a Priest.

Fen. So shall I eternally be bound to thee;
Besides, Ile make a present recompence.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Falstaff, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre thee no more praising; go, Ile hold, this is
the third time: I hope good luck lies in odd numbers:
Away, go, they say there is Dintinity in odd Numbers,
either in nativity, chance, or death: away.

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

Fall. Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head &
mince. How now M. Broome? Maiter Broome, the mat-
ter will be knowne to night, or never. Bee you in the
Parke about midnight, at Henres-Oake, and you shall
see wonder.

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

Fal. I went to her (Maiter Broome) as you see, like a
poore-old-man, but I came from her (Maiter Broome)
like a poore-old-woman; that fame knaue (Ford his hus-
band) hath the finest mail disseal of excellence in him(Ma-
ter Broome) that ever genius'd Fenice. I will tell you,
he beare me greetuely, in the shape of a woman, (for in
the shape of Man (Maiter Broome) I farest) not Goliath
with a Wegueras beame, because I know also, life is a
Shuttle) I am in hait, go along with mee, Ile tell you all
(Maiter Broome) since I pluckt Geefe, plaide Trevant,
and whipt Top, I know not what 'twas to be beaten, till
lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this
knaue Ford, upon whom to night I will be retenged, and I
will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, strange
things in hand (M.Broome) follow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: we'll conjoch i'th Cattle-ditch,
till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember for Slen-
der, my

Slen. I forsooth, I have spake with her, & we have
a new 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 needs either your
Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well
enough. It hath brooke ten a'elocks.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will be-
come it well: Heauen prosper our sport. No man means
euill but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns.
Let's away: follow me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.


Mist. Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when
you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her
to the Deasterie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into
the Parke: we two must go together.

Ca. I know what I have to do, aside.

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

Mist. Ford. Where is now our tour of Fair-
ies, and the Welch-dewill Herne?

Mist. Page. They are all conch'd in a pickard by Henres
Oak, with obier'd Lights; which at the very incontinent
of Falstaff and our meeting, they will at once display to
the night.

Mist. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

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

Mist. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mist. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lecher-
ye, Tho'te that betray them, do no treachery.

Mist. Ford. The hour draws on: to the Oak, to the
Oake.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaff, Mist. Page, Mist. Broome, Evans,
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Cais, Titbell.

Fall. The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelve: the Mi-
nute draws on: Now the hot-blooded-Gods stiiffen:
Remember Louis, thou was a Bull for thy Europes,
Lous et on thy horns. O powerful Love, that in some re-
spects makes a Beast a Man: in some other, a Man a beast.
You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the love of Leda: O
omnipotent
omnipotent Loue, how were the God drew to the complection of a Goose; a fault done first in the forme of a beast (O Loue, a beastly fault;) and their another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle, think on't (Loue) a fowl's fault. When Gods have hot backes, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windor Stagge, and the fairest (I think) I th'Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time (Loue) or who can blame me to pifie my Tallow? Who comes here e my Doe? 

(M.Ford.) Sir Edwrt Art thou there (my Loue?}
My male Deere?
Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Pottacies: let it thunber, to the tone of Greene-slewes, hailes-kissing Conifies, and snow Eringoes: Let there come a tempest of prouocation, I will fliter mee heree.
M.Ford. Mistres Page is come with me (sweet hart.) Fal. Divide me like a bibr-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my sides to my felye, my shoulders for the following of this walk; and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like Herne the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of confidence, he makes refutation. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

Fal. I thinke the divel will not have me damn'd, Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire; He would never eile croffe me thus.

Enter Fairies.
Qwi. Fairies blacke, grey, green, and white, You loose thine resellers, and shades of night, You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality,
Crier Hob-goblin, make the Fairie Oyes.
Pif. Elues, lift your names: Silence you airy toyes.
Cricket, to Windor-chimonies shal thou leape; Where fires thou find't withk'd, and heards vnwep't,
There pinch the Mouts as blew as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluty, and Sluyterry.
Elues. They are Fairies, he says that findes to them shall die,
Ile winke, and couches: No man their workes mii eie.
En. Where's Bedela! Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere the slepe has thrice her prayers saied,
Raisse vp the Organ of her fantasie,
Sleepe she as found as carelesse infantice,
But though she sleepe, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them saies, leges, bages, sholders, sides, & thin.

QW. About, about,
Search Windor Castle (Elues) within, and out,
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on evry faced room,
That it may stand till the perpetuell doome,
In flate as wholforme, as in flate'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner in the
The Salibera Chaires of Order, locke you knowuere 
With joyce of Bame; and euerly precious floweres,
Each faire Infaliment, Coate, and furcial Cref, 
With loyall Blazon, euermore be bleft.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you finge 
Like to the Gartners-Compaile, in a ring,
Th'exprefure that it beares: Greene let it be,
More fertile-fresh, then all the Field to see:
And, How Sayt Qui Mally. Peace, write 
In Enmroid-tuffles, Floweres purplet, blew, and white,
Like Sapphire-pearle, and rich embroderei.

Buckled below faire Knight-hoods breading knee; 
Fairies w Florence for their charitie.
Away, dispere: But till 's one a clocke, 
Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke 
Of Herne the Hunter, let vs not forget.
(See.)
Sweet. Pray you lock hand in hand your felaxes in order
And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lantnorbes bee 
To guide our Measure round about the Tree,
But fay, I fell a man of middle eather.
Fal. Heauen defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
Least he transforme me to a piece of Cheele.
Pif. Vulde worrne, thou wilt one-look'd euen in thy birth.

2n. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end;
If he chaffe, the flame shall backe defend
And turne him to no paine: but if he flarte,
It is the fleth of a corrupted hart.
Pif. A triall, come, 
En. Come: will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh.
Qwi. Corrupt, corrupt, and taint in desire,
About him (Fairies) sing a fearefull rime,
And as you trip, till pinch him to your time.

Fal. Page. Nay do not fife, I thinke we haue watcht you now: 
WVill none but Herne the Hunter ferue your turnes?
M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the left no higher.
Now (good Sir John) how like you winding wises?
See you thef husband do not thefe faire yokes
Become the Forrest better then the Towne?
Fal. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now?
M. Brome, Cuckoldia, a Knave, a Cuckoldia knave,
Here are his horses Master Brome. 
And Master Brome, he hath enjoyed nothing of Fordi,
But his Buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money,
Which must be paid to Mr Brome, his horses are arrestt for it, Mr Brome.
M. Ford. Sir John we hadill lucke: wee could never meere: I will never take you for my Loue againe,
but I will always count you my Deere.
Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Asse.
Forl. I, and an Ox too: both the proofs 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 fashioned
surprise of my powers, drowe the grosseness of the fopp
in me, and receiv'd beleefe, in delight of the teeth of all time and reason, that they were Fairies. 

(See.)
En. Sir John Fallaffel, ferre Got, and leave your desires, and Fairies will not pine you.
Forl. WElle fayd Fairy too.
En. And leave you your lieuatques too; I pray you.

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

Fal. Have I laid my brains in the Sun, and d’ye do it, that it wants matter to present to greene ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shall I have a Cokcombe of Prize? This time I was chos’d with a piece of roasted Cheefe.

En. Seefe is not so good to give putters; your belly is all putters.

Fal. Seefe, and Putter? Have I li’d to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is eno’ough to be the decay of luft and late-walking through the Realme.

Misc. Page. Why Sir John, do you think though wee would have thrut verve out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given our felure without creme to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What a hodge-pudding? A bag of flux?

Misc. Page. A putt man?

Page. Old, cold, wither’d, and of intolerable entrailles?

Ford. And one that is as flanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poone as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Enou. And given to fortifications, and to Tauement, and Sacke, and Wine, and Methegins, and to drinkings and swerings, and staines; Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Thame: you have the start of me, I am deject; I am not able to anfver the Welch Flumell. Ignorance is felicity in an humour o’er me, vie me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we’ll bring you to Windsor to one Mr. Broome, that you haue cozen’d of money, to whom you should haue bin a Pander: out and about that you have duffer’d, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting afflication.

Page. Yet be cheerful: Knight: thou shall eat a potte to night at my house, when I will define thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Mr. Slenor hath married her daughter.

Misc. Page. Doctors doubt that;
If Anne Page be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctor Cawne’s wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father Page.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now, Sonne, Have you dispatch’d it?

Slen. Dispatch’d? I’ll make the best in’ Groffershire know on’t; would I were hang’d in, else.

Page. Of what some?

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry Missis Anne Page, and she’s a great lubberly boy. If it had not been’t Church, I would have swing’d him, or hee should have swing’d me. If I did not thinke it had been Anne Page, would I might never, flirre, and ’tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Upon my life then, you take the wrong.

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I think fo, when I took a Boy for a Girl: If I had benn married to him, (for all he was in womans apparel) 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 grene, and cried Mum, and the cribe budget, as an Anne and I had appointed, and yet it was not an Anne, but a Post-masters boy.

Misc. Page. Good George by not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn’d my daughter into white, and indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Missis Page: by gar I am cozened, I ha married oon Garfoon, a boy, oon petain, by gar. A boy, it is not an Anne, by gar, I am cozened.

Misc. Page. Why did you take her in white?

Cai. Bee gar, and ‘tis a boy: be gar, Ie raile all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgies me, here comes Mr. Fenton.

How now Mr. Fenton?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Missis: How chance you went not with Mr. Slenor?

Misc. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fox. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it, You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in loue: The truth is, the and I (long since contracted) Are now so farre that nothing can dissolve vs; Thoffence is holy, that the hath committed, And this deceit looses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or vnduteous title, Since wherein the doth eustate and flun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours Which forced marriage would have brought upon her. Ford. Stand not amaze’d, here is no remedy.

In Loue, the heavenes themselues do guide the harte, Money buys Lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have tune a special fland to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc’d.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven giueth thee joy, what cannot be efchew’d, must be embrac’d.

Fal. When night-doggles run, all sorts of Decre are chace’d.

Misc. Page. Well, I will mue no further: Mr. Fenton, Heaven giue you many, many merry days: Good husband, let vs every one go home, And laugh this sport ove by a Countriesfire, Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be fo (Sir John.) To Mafter Broome, you yet shall hold your word. For he, to night, shall lye with Missis Ford. 

FINIS.