<title type="statement">The Merrie Wiues of Windsor from Mr. William Shakespeare's comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
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Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616. Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies. Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, tragedies.

First Folio

London, England:

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke

1623

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

S111228

015592789

ESTC, S111228

Greg, III, p. 1109-12

Pforzheimer, 905

STC (2nd ed.), 22273

Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30
<note type="citation"/>

<note type="citation"/>

The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA⁶ (πA1+1) [πB²], ²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-g⁶ χgg⁶ h-v⁹ x⁴ χ1.2 [para.-]2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ aa-ff⁶ hh⁶ kk-bbb⁶; 2. West: πA⁶ (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.-]2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶ 2k-2v⁶ x⁶ 2y-3b⁶.

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droecho imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

Predominantly printed in double columns.

Text within simple lined frame.


With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p>
</additions>
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Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero’s "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
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</origin>
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<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer</p>
</acquisition>
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<title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p>
After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (Oxford, 1905).<p>
For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.<p>

Digital facsimile images available at: <ref target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</ref>.<p>
Second Servant
2 Ser.
All
All.
Anne Page, Mistress Page's daughter
Anne.
Bardolph, sharper attending on Falstaff
Barr.
Bard.
Doctor Caius, a French physician
Cai.
Caius.
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh parson
Euans.
Euant.
Falstaff, Sir John Falstaff
Fal.
Fall.
Fenton, a gentleman
Fen.
Fenton.
Ford, a gentleman dwelling at Windsor
For. Ford.

Host, host of the Garter Inn

Ho. Host.

Ho. Host.

Page, a gentleman dwelling at Windsor

M. Pa. M. Page.

M. Pa.

M. Pa.

M. Pa.

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M. Pa.

M. Pa.
Hostess Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap

Qu. Qui.

Robin, page to Falstaff

Ru. Rug.

Rugby, servant to Doctor Caius

Ru. Rug.

Robert Shallow, country Justice

Sh. Shall.

Slender, cousin to Shallow

Sl. Slen.

William Page, a boy, son to Page

Will.
Actus primus, Scena prima. 

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Master Page, Falstoffer, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, Simple. 

Shallow. 

S Ir 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. 

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

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

Slen. I (Cosen Slender) and Cust-alorum. and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselfe Armigero, in any Bill, Warrant, Quitance, or Obligation, Armigero.
Slen.

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

Shal.

It is an olde Coate.

Euans.

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

Shal.

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

Slen.

I may quarter (Coz).

Shal.

You may, by marrying.

Euans.

It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal.

Not a whit.

Shal.

Yes perlady: 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 Iohn Falstaffe haue committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonements and compromises betweene you.
The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

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 viza&x2011;ments in that.

Ha; o' my life, if I were yong againe, the sword shou’d end it.

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

Did her Grand’sire leaue her seuen hundred pound?
<speaker rend="italic">Euan.</speaker>
<p>I, and her father is make her a petter penny.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
<speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker>
<p>I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good <lb/>gifts.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
<speaker rend="italic">Euan.</speaker>
<p>Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is <lb/>goot gifts.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sha">
<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
<p>Wel, let vs see honest M<hi rend="superscript">r</hi>: is <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi> there? <lb/></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
<speaker rend="italic">M<hi rend="superscript">r</hi>. Page.</speaker>
<p>Who's there?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
<speaker rend="italic">Euan.</speaker>
<p>Here is go't's plessing and your friend, and <lb/>stice <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>, and heere yong Master <hi rend="italic">Slender</hi>: that perad&<lb/>uentures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to <lb/>your likings.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
<speaker rend="italic">M<hi rend="superscript">r</hi>. Page.</speaker>
<p>I am glad to see your Worships well: I <lb/>thanke you for my Venison Master <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>.</p>
</sp>
Shal.

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

M.Page.

Sir, I thanke you.

Shal.

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

M.Pa.

I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen.

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

M.Pa.

It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

Slen.

You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse.

Shal.

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

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 Iohn Falstaffe here?
Sir, he is within: and I would I could doe a good office betweene you.

It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

He hath wrong'd me (Master.)

Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

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

But not kiss'd your Keepers daughter?
<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker><br />
<l>Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.</l><br />
</sp><br />
<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker><br />
  <l>I will answere it strait, I haue done all this:</l><br />
  <l>That is now answer'd.</l><br />
</sp><br />
<sp who="#F-wiv-sha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker><br />
  <l>The Councell shall know this.</l><br />
</sp><br />
<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker><br />
  <p>'Twere better for you if it were known in coun&lt;x00AD;cell: &lt;lb&gt;you'll be laugh'd at.&lt;/p&gt;</p><br />
</sp><br />
<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eu.</speaker><br />
  <l>Pauca verba&lt;/hi&gt;; (Sir &lt;hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi&gt;) good worts.&lt;/l&gt;</l><br />
</sp><br />
<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker><br />
  <p>Good worts? good Cabidge; &lt;hi rend="italic">Slender&lt;/hi&gt;, I broke</p>
</sp><br />
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker><br />
  <p>Marry sir, I haue matter in my head against you, &lt;lb&gt;and against your cony&lt;x2011;catching Rascalls, &lt;hi rend="italic">Bardolf&lt;/hi&gt;, &lt;hi rend="italic">Nym&lt;/hi&gt;, &lt;lb&gt;and &lt;hi rend="italic">Pistoll&lt;/hi&gt;.&lt;/p&gt;</p><br />
</sp><br />
<sp who="#F-wiv-bar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker><br />
  <l>You Banbery Cheese.&lt;/l&gt;</l><br />
</sp><br />
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker><br />
  <l>I, it is no matter.&lt;/l&gt;</l><br />
</sp><br />
<sp who="#F-wiv-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker><br />
  <l>How now, &lt;hi rend="italic">Mephostophilus&lt;/hi&gt;?&lt;/l&gt;</l><br />
</sp><br />
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker>
I, it is no matter.

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

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

Where's Master Page (fidelicet Master Page,) & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and fi&amp;x00AD;nally) mine Host of the Gater.

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

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

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

The Teuill and his Tam: what phrase is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations.
rend="italic">Slenders</hi> purse?\</l>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
<speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker>
<p>I, by these gloues did hee, or I would I might \neuer come
in mine owne great chamber againe else, of \seauen
groates in mill\&#x2011;sixpences, and two \Edward
rend="italic">Sho\&#x0AD;uelboords, \that cost me two shilling and
two pence a \peece of \Yead Miller</hi>: by these gloues.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<p>Is this true, \Pistoll</hi>?\</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
<speaker rend="italic">Euan.</speaker>
<p>No, it is false, if it is a picke</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-pis">
<speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
<p>Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir \John</hi>, and \Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine
Bilboe: \word of deniall in thy \labras</hi> here; word of denial; froth, \and scum thou liest.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
<speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker>
<p>By these gloues, then 'twas he.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-nym">
<speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
<p>Be auis'd sir, and passe good humours: I will \say
marry trap with you, if you runne the nut\&#x2011;hooks hu\&#x0AD;mor \on me, that is the very note of it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
<speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker>
<p>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.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
What say you Scarlet, and Iohn? Who wiv bar.

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

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

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

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

Euan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuo u's minde.

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

M<sup>r</sup>Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Mistresse Anne Page.
How now Mistris Ford?

Fal.

Mistris Ford, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leave good Mistris.

Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Come gentle men, I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse.

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

Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to Alice Short cake vpon Alhallowmas last, a fortnight a fore Michaelmas.

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

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

Alhallowmas last, a fortnight a fore Michaelmas.

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

So I doe Sir.

Slen.

Nay, I will doe as my Cozen saies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Justice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here.

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

I, there's the point Sir.

Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mr. An Page.

Why if it be so; I will marry her vpon any demands.

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, you carry your good wil to your maid?
Sh. Cosen, can you love her?

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

Nay, get's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

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

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

Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (sweet Coz): What I doe is to pleasure you (Coz:) can you loue the maid?

I will marry her (Sir) at your request; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occasion to know one another:

I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say mary her, I will mary her, that I am freely dissolued, and dissolutely.
It is a very discretion-answere; saue the fall is in the 'ord, dissolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) resolutely: his meaning is good.

I think my Cosen meant well.

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

Here comes faire Mistris Anne; would I were young for your sake, Mistris Anne.

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

I will wait on him, (faire Mistris Anne.)

Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir?

No, I thank you forsooth, hartely; I am very well.

The dinner attends you, Sir.
I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon 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, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet

I'faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

I pray you Sir walke in.

I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my shin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dag: 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. Why doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares ith' Towne?

I indeede Sir.

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

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

Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir: come, come.

Nay, pray you lead the way.

Mistris: your selfe shall goe first.

Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

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

I pray you Sir.

Mistris: your selfe shall goe first.
Ile rather be vnmanerly, then troublesome: you doe your selfe wrong indeede.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Eu.

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

Si.

Well Sir.

Nay, it is petter yet: giue her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogeathers acquaintance with Mistris Anne Page; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to sollicit your Masters desires, to Mistris Anne Page: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pip pins and Cheese to come.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

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

Fal.

Mine Host of the Garter?

Ho.

Nay, it is petter yet: giue her this letter; for it is a

Haynes

with Mistris Anne Page; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to sollicit your Masters desires, to Mistris Anne Page: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pip pins and Cheese to come.

Exeunt.

Garter

Haynes

of the Garter?

Truely mine Host; I must turne away some of my followers.

I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

Doe so (good mine Host).

I haue spoke; let him follow: let me see the froth, and liue: I am at a word: follow.

Bardolfe, follow him: a Tapster is a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a new Lerkin: a wither'd Seruing­-­man, a fresh Tapster: goe, adew.

It is a life that I haue desir'd: I will thriue.
the spigot wield."
</sp>

"O base hungarian wight: wilt you
rend="superscript">u</rend>
He was gotten in drink: is not the humor
<choice><abbr>c&#x014D;eited</abbr><expan>conceited</expan></choice>?"
</sp>

"I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox: his
Thefts were too open: his filching was like an
vnskilfull
Singer, he kept not time."</p>

"The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest."</p>

"Conuay: the wise it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phrase."</p>

"Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles."</p>

"Why then let Kibes ensue."</p>

"There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must
shift."</p>

"Yong Rauens must haue foode."</p>

"Which of you know <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi> of this Towne?"</p>

"I ken the wight: he is of substance good."
My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

No quips now: (Indeede I am in the waste: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make loue to Fords.

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

The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

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

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

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

I haue writ me here a letter to her: here ano&#x00AD;&lt;lb&gt;ther to Pages wife, who euen now gaue
mee good eyes <lb/>too; examind my parts with most
iudicious illiads: some times the beame of her
view, guilded my foote: some times my portly
belly.</p>

Then did the Sun on dung‑hill shine.

I thanke thee for that humour.

O she did so course o're my exteriors with such
a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme
to scorch me vp like a burning‑glass:
here's another letter to her: She beares the Purse
too: She is a Region in Guiana:
all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to
them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they
shall be my East and
West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe,
beare thou this Letter to Mistris Page;
and thou this to Mistris Ford: we will thriue (Lads) we
will thriue.</p>

And by my side weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

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

Hold Sirha, beare you these Letters tightly,
Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, aunt, vanish like haile;
Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe: seek shelter, packe:

Falstaffe will learne the honor of the age,

French & thrift, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirted Page.

Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore,

Tester ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lacke,

Base Phrygian Turke.

I haue opperations, Which be humors of reuenge.

By Welkin, and her Star.

And I to shall eke vnfold How Falstaffe (varlet vile)

His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

My humour shall not coole: I will incense Ford.
Ford

to deal with poison: I will possesse him with yallow ness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous:

that is my true humour.

Thou art the Mars of Malecontents: I second thee: troope on.

Exeunt.

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

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

Ile goe watch.

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

I for fault of a better.
And Master <hi rend="italic">Slender</hi>’s your Master?"/

Si. I forsooth."

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

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

A softly sprighted man, is he not?"

Yes indeeede do's he."/

Well, heauen send <hi rend="italic">Anne Page</hi>, no worse fortune:"/

Tell Master Parson <hi rend="italic">Euans</hi>, I will doe what I can for your"/

Master: <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi> is a good girle, and I wish;"
Out alas: here comes my Master.

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

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

Is it this Sir? Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for ehando, le man voi a le

Court la grand affaires.

Is it this Sir?

Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de speech quickly:

Vere is dat knaue Rugby? What Iohn Rugby, Iohn?
Here Sir.

You are Iohn Rugby, and you are Iacke Rugby:

Come, take your Rapier, and come after my heele

to the Court.

'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

By my trot: I tarry too long: od's me: que ay ie: dere is some Simples in my Closset, dat I vill not

for the varld I shall leaue behinde.

Ay, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

O Diable, Diable: vat is in my Closset?

Villanie, La roone: Rugby, my Rapier.

Good Master be content.

Wherefore shall I be content?

The yong man is an honest man.
<speaker rend="italic">Ca.</speaker>

What shall de honest man do in my Closset: dere is no honest man dat shall come in my Closset.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <p>I beseech you be not so flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parson</p>
</sp>

<hi rend="italic">Hugh</hi>.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ca.</speaker>
  <l>Vell.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Si.</speaker>
  <l>I forsooth: to desire her to</l>&#x2014;</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <l>Peace, I pray you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ca.</speaker>
  <l>Peace ‑ your tongue: speake</l>&#x2013;a<br>your Tale.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sim">
  <speaker rend="italic">Si.</speaker>
  <p>To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to Mistris</p>
  <hi rend="italic">Anne Page</hi>, for my Ma&amp;x00AD;&lt;lb/&gt;ster in the way of Marriage.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
  <p>This is all indeed&amp;x2011;la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ca.</speaker>
  <p>Sir</p>
  <hi rend="italic">Hugh</hi> send&amp;x2011;a you? &lt;hi rend="italic">Hugh</hi>, ballow mee some paper: tarry you a littell&amp;x2011;while.&lt;/p>
</sp>

<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight"><hi rend="italic">Qu.</hi></fw>

<p>&lt;pb facs="FFimg:axc0063-0.jpg" n="43"/></p>
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

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

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

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

Caius. You, Jack'Nape: giue 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 scuruy Jack'a-nap Priest to meddle, or make: you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by gar, he shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge.
Alas: he speakes but for his friend.

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

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

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

Who's with in there, hoa?

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

Who's with in there, hoa?
How now (good woman) how dost thou?

 Qui.

The better that it pleases your good Worship to aske?

 Fen.

What newes? how do's pretty Mistris Anne?

Qui.

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

Fen.

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

Qui.

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

Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Nan; (but (I detest) an honest maid as euer broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I shall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (in) shee is giuen too much to Allicholy and musing: but for you well; goe too; but for mo;
for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if

thou seest her before me, commend me. &

Worship

more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>

Fare­well to your Worship: truely an honest Gentleman: but Anne loues him not: for I know Ans

minde as well as another do's: out vpon't: what haue I forgot.</p>
</sp>
</div>
</div>
</div>

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

[Act 2, Scene 1]

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

Aske me no reason why I loue you, for though Loue vse Rea­son for his precisian, hee admits him not for his Counsailour: you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's sympathie: you are merry, so am I: ha, ha, then there's more sympathie: you loue sacke, and so do I: would you desire better sympathie? Let
it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least if
the Loue of Souldier can suffice, that I loue thee:
I will not say pitty mee, tis not a
Souldier-like phrase; but I say, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or
Or any kinde of light, with all his
For thee to fight. Iohn
Falstaffe.

What a Herod of Iurie is this? O wicked, wicked world:
One that is well nyne worne to peeces with age
To show himselfe a yong Gallant? What an vnwaied
Behauoir hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with
The Deuils name) out of my conuersation, that he dares
In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice
In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then
Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee:) why Ile
Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe
of men: how shall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd
I
will be? as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

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

And trust me, I was comming to you: you
looke very ill.

Nay Ile nere beleeee that; I haue to shew
to the contrary.

Faith but you doe in my minde.

Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew to the
contrary: O Mistris Page, giue mee
some counsaile.

What's the matter, woman?

O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, Ile neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reueng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: giue him a show of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.
Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the charinesse of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would giue eternall food to his iealousie.

Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from iealousie, as I am from giuing him cause, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurable distance.

You are the happier woman.

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

Well: I hope, it be not so.

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

Why sir, my wife is not young.

He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor, one with another (Ford) he loves the

Gally&mawfry (Ford) perpend.
<speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
</sp>

<l>Loue my wife?</l>

<sp who="#F-wiv-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <l>With liuer, burning hot: preuent:</l>
  <l>Or goe thou like Sir <hi rend="italic">Acteon</hi> he, with</l>
  <l>Ring&amp;#x2011;wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <l>What name Sir?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <l>The horne I say: Farewell: Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night.</l>
  <l>Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo&amp;#x2011;birds do sing.</l>
  <l>Away sir Corporall <hi rend="italic">Nim</hi>: I like not the humor of lying: hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I sho</l>
  <l>uld haue borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I haue a sword: and it shall bite vpon my necessitie: he loues your wife; There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall</l><lb/>
  <hi rend="italic">Nim</hi>: I speak, and I awooch; 'tis true: my name is <hi rend="italic">Nim</hi>: <lb/>Falstaffe loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the hu</lb><lb/>
  <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi> loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the hu
</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-wiv-nym">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nim.</speaker>
  <p>And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: <lb/>hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should haue <lb/>borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I haue a sword: <lb/>and it shall bite vpon my necessitie: he loues your wife; <lb/>There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall</lb><lb/>
  <hi rend="italic">Nim</hi>: I speak, and I awooch; 'tis true: my name is <hi rend="italic">Nim</hi>: <lb/>Falstaffe loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the hu</lb><lb/>
</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-pag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
  <l>The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights English out of his wits.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <l>I will seeke out</l><hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi>.<lb/>
</sp>
I neuer heard such a drawling and affecting rogue.

If I doe finde it: well.

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

'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Whether goe you (Meg?) harke you. Now: will you goe, (Mistris Page?) how now (sweet Frank) why art thou melancholy? I am not melancholy: Get you home: goe.

Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head. Now: will you goe, Mistris Page? Haue with you: you'll come to dinner yonder: shee shall bee our
Messenger to this paltrie Knight.</p>

Mis.Ford. I thought on her: shee'll fit it.

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

I forsooth: and I pray how do's good Mistresse Anne?

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

How now Master Ford?

Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

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

Were they his men?
<speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>

Marry were they.</sp>

Ford.</speaker>

I like it neuer the beter for that,</l>

Do's he lye at the Garter?</l>

I marry do's he: if hee should intend this
voy&amp;x00AD;&lt;lb/&gt;age
toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him; &lt;lb/&gt;and
what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it &lt;lb/&gt;lye
on my head.&lt;/p&gt;

Ford.</speaker>

I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee &lt;lb/&gt;loath to
turne

them together: a man may be too confi&amp;x00AD;&lt;lb/&gt;dent: I
would

haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot &lt;lb/&gt;be thus
satisfied.&lt;/p&gt;

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?&lt;/p&gt;

Tell him Caueleiro Iustice: tell him
Bully&amp;x2011;Rooke.

How now Bully&amp;x2011;Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman</l>

Caueleiro Iustice, I say.&lt;/l&gt;

I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good&amp;#x2011;euen, &lt;lb/&gt;and
twenty (good Master &lt;hi rend="italic">Page&lt;/hi&gt;.)
Master &lt;hi rend="italic">Page&lt;/hi&gt;, wil you go &lt;lb/&gt;with
vs? we haue sport in hand.&lt;/p&gt;

Tell him Cauleiro&amp;x2011;Justice: tell him
Bully&amp;x2011;&lt;lb/&gt;Rooke.&lt;/l&gt;

I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good&amp;#x2011;euen, &lt;lb/&gt;and
twenty (good Master &lt;hi rend="italic">Page&lt;/hi&gt;.)
Master &lt;hi rend="italic">Page&lt;/hi&gt;, wil you go &lt;lb/&gt;with
vs? we haue sport in hand.&lt;/p&gt;
Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betwixt Sir Hugh the Welsh Priest, and Caius the French Doctor. Good Ford. The Merry Wives of Windsor. Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I think) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleeve me) I hear the Parson is no Jester: harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be. Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight? my guest Caualeire? Shal. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burn'd sacke, to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Broome: only for a Jest. Host. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt have egress and regresse, (said I well?) and thy name shall be Broome. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An&heires? Shal.
Haue with you mine Host.

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

Tut sir: I could haue told you more: In these times you stand on distance: your Passes, Stoccado’s, and I know not what: ‘tis the heart (Master Page) ‘tis here, ‘tis here: I haue seene the time, with my long sword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattles.

Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

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

Though Page be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wiues 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 haue a disguise, to sound Falstaffe; if I finde her honest, I loose not my labor: if she be other wise, ‘tis labour well bestowed.

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

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

Fal. Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vp on my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and your Coach; 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; And when Mistresse Briget; lost the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadst it not.

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 roague? you stand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfinable basenesse) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honor precise: I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to shufflle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en sconce your raggs; your
Cat\textsuperscript{a} - Moun\textsuperscript{a&amp;#x00AD;} taine\textsuperscript{a} - lookes, your red\textsuperscript{a} - lattice phrases, and your bold\textsuperscript{a} - beating\textsuperscript{a} - oathes, vnder the shelter of your honor? you \textsuperscript{a} - will not doe it? you?\textsuperscript{a} -
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  \textit{I doe relent: what would thou more of man?}</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-rob">
  <speaker rend="italic">Robin.</speaker>
  \textit{Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.}</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  \textit{Let her approach.}</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
  \textit{Giue your worship good morrow.}</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  \textit{Good\textsuperscript{a} - morrow, good\textsuperscript{a} - wife.}</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
  \textit{Not so, and't please your worship.}</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  \textit{Good maid then.}</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
  \textit{Ile be sworne,}</l>
  \textit{As my mother was the first houre I was borne.}</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  \textit{I doe beleeue the swearer; what with me?}</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
  \textit{Shall I vouch\textsuperscript{a} - safe your worship a word, or two?}</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  \textit{Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe</l>
</sp>
hearing.<l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
  <p>There is one Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>, (Sir) I pray come a <lb/>little neerer this waies: I my selfe dwell with M. Doctor <lb/>
  <hi rend="italic">Caius</hi>:</p>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <l>Well, on; Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>, you say.</l>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
  <p>Your worship saies very true: I pray your worship a little neerer this waies.</p>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <p>I warrant thee, no bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people</p>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
  <p>Are they so? heauen blesse them, and make them his Seruants.</p>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <l>Well; Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>, what of her?</l>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
  <p>Why, Sir; shee's a good creature; Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton: well: heauen forgive you, and all of vs, I pray.</p>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <l>Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>: come, Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<br/>
<p>Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you have brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonder and full: the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at Windsor) could never have brought her to such a
</p>

yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Genlemen, 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 terms, 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 of her: I had my selfe twenty 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 proudest of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.</p>

But what saies she to mee? be briefe my good shee Mercurie.

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

Ten, and eleuen.

Woman

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

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

Qui.

Why, you say well: But I haue another messenger to your worship: Mistresse hath her heartie commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your eare, shee's as fartuous a ciuill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who ere bee the other: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is sel'd: dome from home, but she hopes there will come a time.

I neuer knew a woman so doate vpon a man; surely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth.

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

That were a iest indeed: they haue not so little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Mistris Pages wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

That were a iest indeed: they haue not so little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Mistris Page's wife has a maruellous
infection to the little Page: and truly

Master Page is an honest man: never a wife in

Windsor leads a better life than she does: doe what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one: you must send her your Page, no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, he may come and goe betwenee you both: and in any case haue a nay¬word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neede to understand any thing; for tis not good that children should know any wickednes: olde folkes you know, haue discretion, as they say, and know the world.

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

This Puncke is one of Cupids Carriers,

Clap on more sailes, pursue: vp with your fights:

Give fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Saist thou so (old Iacke) go thy waies: Ile make more of thy olde body then I haue done: they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke
thee: let <lb/>them say 'tis grossely done, so it bee fairely done, no <lb/>matter.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-bar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, there's one Master <hi rend="italic">Broome</hi> below would <lb/>faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and <lb/>hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Call him in: such <hi rend="italic">Broomes</hi> are welcome to mee, <lb/>that ore'flowes such liquor: ah ha, Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi> and Mi&amp;#x00AD;&lt;lb/>stresse <hi rend="italic">Page</hi>, haue I encompass'd you? goe to, <hi rend="italic">via</hi>.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>'Blesse you sir.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>And you sir: would you speake with me?</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue</p>

&lt;lb&gt;Drawer.&lt;/l&gt;
Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much, my name is Broome. Good Master Broome, I desire more acquaintance of you.

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

Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me,
though I had neuer so good means as desire, to make my self acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne perfection: but (good Sir) as you haue one eye vp on my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, 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.

Very well Sir, proceed.

There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is

I haue long lou'd her, and I protest to you, be stowed much on her: followed her with a doating obseruance: Ingross'd opportunities to meete her: fee'd every slight occasion that could but nigardly giue mee sight of her: not only bought many presents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what shee would haue giuen: briefly, I haue pursu'd her, as Loue hath pursued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I haue receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a Iewell, that I haue purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,

a shadow flies, when substance Loue pursues,

Haue you receiu'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?
Neuer.

Of what qualitie was your loue then?

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

To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me?

When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: Some say, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in other places shee 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 admitance, tance, authenticie in your place and person, generally allowd for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.

Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I haue, onely giue
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

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

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Me thinkes you prescribe to yourself 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 itself: she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves, I could drive her from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattaild against me: what say you too't, Sir?

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. O good Sir.

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.
Want no money (Sir Iohn) you shall want none.

Who wiv 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 assi: stant, or goe betweene, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen: for at that time the iealous rascally knaue her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Who wiv for

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

Who wiv fal

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

Who wiv for

I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might a: uoid him, if you saw him.

Who wiv fal

Hang him, mechanicall salt butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits: I will awe him with my cud gell: it shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Master Broome, thou shalt know, I will predominate
the peasant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night: Ford's a knaue, and I will aggrava\te his stile: thou (Master Broome) shalt know him for a knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

What a damn'd Epicurian Rascal is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who saies this is improuident iealousie? my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man haue thought this? see the hell of hauing a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputati\on gnawne at, and I shall not onely receiue this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names: Amaimon sounds well: Lucifer, well: Barbason, well: yet they are Diuells additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himself hath not such a name. Page is an Asse, a secure Asse; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be iealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name. Welsh\n& Irish\n- man with my Aqua- bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then she plots, then shee rumi\ates, then shee deuises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee eleuen o'elocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on Falstaffe, and laugh at Page. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a my nute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

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

Caius. Iacke Rugby.

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, Iack.

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

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

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

Caius. Villaine, take your Rapier.

Rug.

Forbeare: heer's company.

Host.

'Blesse thee, bully

Shal.

'Saue you Mr. Doctor.

Page.

Slen.

'Giue you good

Caius.

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

Bully?

what saies my Esculapius? my Galien? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully?

Caius.

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

By gar, he is de Coward-Priest of de world: he is not show his face.
Cai. I pray you beare witnesse, that me haue stay, sixe or seuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no more come.

Shal. He is the wiser man (M. Doctor) he is a curer of soules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you goe against the hair of your professions: is it not true, Master Page?

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

Shal. Bodykins 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 Churchmen (M. Page:) wee haue some salt of our youth in vs, we are the sons of women (M. Page.)

Shal. 'Tis true, M. Doctor Page, I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace: you haue showd your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir Hugh hath shoune himselfe a wise and patient Churchman: you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

Host. Par.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Host.

Pardon, Guest; Justice; a Mounseur Mocke;

Mock-vater? vat is dat?

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

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

That is, he will make thee amends.

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

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

Me tanck you for dat.
<speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
<p>And moreouer, (Bully) but first, M<hi rend="italic">r</hi>.</p>

Ghuest,
<lb/>and M. <hi rend="italic">Page</hi>, &amp; eeke

Caualeiro
<hi rend="italic">Slender</hi>, goe you through <lb/>the

Towne

to <hi rend="italic">Frogmore</hi>.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-pag">
<speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
<l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Hugh</hi> is there, is he?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-hos">
<speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
<l>He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will <lb/>bring the
Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sha">
<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
<l>We will doe it.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-all">
<speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
<l>Adieu, good M. Doctor.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
<speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>
<l>By&#x2011;gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for
a <lb/>lack&#x2011;an &#x2011;Ape to <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>
Page</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-hos">
<speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
<p>Let him die: sheath thy impatience: throw cold <lb/>water on
thy
Choller: goe about the fields with mee <lb/>through <hi rend="italic">Frogmore</hi>, I will bring thee where
Mistris <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>
Page</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
<speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>
<p>By&#x2011;gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue
<lb/>you:
and I shall procure 'a you de good Guest: de Earle,
de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

For the which, I will be thy aduersary toward Anne Page: said I well?

By gar, 'tis good: vell said.

Let vs wag then.

Come at my heeles, Iack Rugby.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

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

Shallow, Slender, Host, Caius, Rugby.

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

Marry Sir, the pittie ward, the Parke ward: euery way: olde Windsor way, and euery way but the Towne way.

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

<lb>
Sim. I will sir.

Euan. 'Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trembling of minde: I shall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues costard, when I haue good opportunities for the orke: 'Plesse my soule: To shallow Riuers to whose falls: melodious Birds sings Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow, &c.

Hugh. Hee's welcome: To shallow Riuers, to whose falls: Heauen prosper the right: what weapons is he?

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

Euan. Pray you giue mee my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes.

Shal. Shallow, &c.
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.

Ah sweet Anne Page.

'Saue you, good Sir Hugh.

Euan. There is reasons, and causes for it.

We are come to you, to doe a good office, M Parson?

Fery well: what is it?

Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman; who (be like) hauing receiued wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you saw.
Shal. I haue liued foure & #2011; score yeeres, and vpward: I heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Euan. What is he?

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

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

Page. Why?

Euan. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, and hee is a knaue besides: a cowardly knaue, 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 M<e rend="italic">r</e>. Parson, keepe in your weapon.<l/>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
   <l>So doe you, good M<e rend="superscript">r</e>. Doctor.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-hos">
   <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
   <l>Disarme them, and let them question: let them <lb/>keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>
   <p>I pray you let&amp;#x2011;a&amp;#x2011;mee speake a word with your</p>
</sp>

<lb/>are; vherefore vill you not meet&amp;#x2011;a me?</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
   <speaker rend="italic">Euan.</speaker>
   <p>Pray you use your patience in good time.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>
   <p>Pray you let vs not be laughing&amp;#x2011;stocks to other</p>
</sp>

<lb/>mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one
<lb/>way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinal
<lb/>about your knaues Cogs&amp;#x2011;combe.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>
   <p>I should be disarmed, and let them question: let them <lb/>keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>
   <p>I pray you let vs not be laughing&amp;#x2011;stocks to other</p>
</sp>

<lb/>mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one
<lb/>way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinal
<lb/>about your knaues Cogs&amp;#x2011;combe.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
   <speaker rend="italic">Euan.</speaker>
   <p>As I am a Christians&amp;#x2011;soule, now looke you:
<lb/>this is the place appointed, Ile bee judgement by mine</p>
</sp>

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praines together to be revenge on this same
scall's
uy's companion the Host of the Garter.</p>
</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>
  <p>By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is
  <hi rend="italic">Anne Page</hi>: by gar he deceiue me too.</p>
</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
  <speaker rend="italic">Euan.</speaker>
  <p>Well, I wil smite his noddles: pray you follow.</p>
</sp>
</sp>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Euans, Caius.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mist.Page.</speaker>
    <p>Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a
      follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had your rather
      lead mine eyes, or eye your ma's sters heeles?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wiv-rob">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
    <p>I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
    <speaker rend="italic">M. Pa.</speaker>
    <p>O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wiv-for">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
    <p>Well met mistris <hi rend="italic">Page</hi>, whether go you.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
    <speaker rend="italic">M. Pa.</speaker>
    <p>Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?</p>
  </sp>
</div>
I, and as idle she may hang together for want of company: I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Where had your this pretty weather cocke?

I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had of, what do you call your Knights name (sirrah?)

Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

He, he I can neuer hit on's name: there is such a league between my goodman, and he: is your Wife at home indeed?

Has any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no use of
them: why this boy will carry a letter twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee pee ces out his wiues inclination: he gives her folly motion and advantaige: and now she's going to my wife, 

**Falstaff** boy with her: A man may heare this showre sing in the winde; and **Falstaffe** boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiues share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so ming Mist. 

**Page**, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and willfull **Acteon**, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aime. The clocke giues my Qu, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde: I shall be rather praisd for this, then mock'd, for it is as possitiue, as the earth is firme, that **Falstaffe** is there: I will go.

**Shal. Page &c.**

Well met M**r**. 

**Ford.**

Trust me a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

**Shal.**

I must excuse my selfe M**c**.

**Slen.**

And so must I Sir,

**Anne**

And I would not breake with her for more mony then Ile speake of.

**Shal.**

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

I hope I haue you r good will Father Page. You haue Mr. Slender, I stand wholly for you, But my wife (Mr. Doctor) is for you altogether.

I be‑gar, and de Maid is loue‑a: my nursh‑a, Quickly tell me so mush.

What say you to yong Mr. Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verses, hee speaks holliday, he smels April and May, he wil carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no hauing, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and Pointz: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I haue waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.
I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall haue sport, I will shew you a monster: M<sup>c</sup> Doctor, you shal go, so shall you Mr <hi rend="italic">Page</hi>, and you Sir <hi rend="italic">Hugh</hi>, anon.</p> <p>Well, fare you well: We shall haue the freer woing at M<sup>c</sup> Pages.</p> <p>Go home <hi rend="italic">Iohn Rugby</hi>, I come anon.</p> <p>Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi>, and drinke Canarie with him.</p> <p>I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe⁻wine first with <hi rend="italic">him</hi>, Ile make him dance. Will you go Gentles?</p> <p>Haue with you, to see this Monster.</p> <div type="scene" n="3"> <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head> <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head> <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter M.Ford, M.Page, Servants, Robin, Falstaffe, <hlb>Ford, Page, Caius, Euans.</stage> <sp who="#F-wiv-mfo"> <speaker rend="italic">Mist.Ford.</speaker> <l>What <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, what <hi rend="italic">Robert</hi>?</l> </sp> <sp who="#F-wiv-mpa"> <speaker rend="italic">M.Page.</speaker> <l>Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck&amp;#x2011;basket&amp;#x2014;!</l> </sp>
I warrant. What Robin I say.

Come, come, come.

Heere, set it downe.

Giue your men the charge, we must be briefe.

Marrie, as I told you before (Iohn & Robert) be ready here hard; by in the Brew house, & when I so; dainly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: y done, trudge with it in all hast, and carry it among the Whit sters in Dotchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, close by the Thames side.

You will do it?

I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no <lb> direction. <pc> The Merry Wiues of Windsor. <cb>

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.
Mist. Ford.  
How now my Eyas-Musket, what newes with you? 

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

Mist. Ford.  
Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: Mi-stris Page, remember you your Qu. 

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

Fal.  
Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let
me die,
for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blessed houre.

Mist.Ford.
O sweet Sir Iohn
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.
A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir: 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 foot, would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mist.Ford.
Beleeue me, ther's no such thing in me.
Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a manie of these lisping hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and smell like Bucklers berry in sim ple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deseru'st it.

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

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

Rob. Mistris Ford, Mistris: heere's Mistris Page at the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speake with you presently.
Pray you do so, she's a very tatling woman.

What's the matter? How now?

O mistris Ford what haue you done?

You'r sham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

What's the matter, good mistris Page?

O weladay, mist. Ford, hauing an honest man to your husband, to giue him such cause of suspition.

What cause of suspition? Out vpon you: How am I mistooke in you?

'Tis reason agent extent = 1

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 aduantage of his absence: you are vndone.
Pray heauen it be not so, that you haue such a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's coming, with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

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

Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to Datchet.

He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

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

What Sir John Falstaffe? Are these your Letters, Knight?
Fal.

I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer& #x2E3A;

M.Page.

Helpe to couer your master (Boy:) Call your men (Mist. Ford.) You dissembling Knight.

M.Ford.

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

Ford.

'Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause,

Why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest,

I desarue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

To the Landresse forsooth?

M.Ford.

Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were best meddle with buck washing.

Ford.

Buck? I would I could wash my selfe of y Buck:

Bucke, bucke, bucke, I warrant you Bucke,

And of the season too; it shall appeare.

Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now vncape.
Good master Ford, be contented: You wrong your selfe too much.

True (master Page) vp Gentlemen,

You shall see sport anon:

This is fery fantastical humors and jealouysies.

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

It is not iealous in France.

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

Is there not a double excellency in this?

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

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

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

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

Mist. Ford.

I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspicion of Falstaffs being heere: for I neuer saw him so grosse in his jealousie till now.

Mist. Page.

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

Mis. Ford.

Shall we send that foolishion Carion, Mist. Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and giue 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 haue amends.

Ford.

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

Mis. Page.

Heard you that?

Mist. Ford.

You vse me well, M. Ford? Do you?

Ford.

I, I do so.

M. Ford.

I, I do so.
Heauen make you better then your thoughts.

Amen.

You do your selfe mightly wrong (M. Ford.)

I, I: I must beare it.

If there be any pody in the house, & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses: heauen for giue my sins at the day of iudgement.

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

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

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

You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among fiue thou & sand, and fiue hundred too.

By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

What spirit, what diuell suggests this imagination? I wold not ha your distemper in this kind, for welth of Windsor castle.
Well, I promised you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make knowne to you why I have done this. Come wife, come Mi. Page, I pray you pardon me. Pray heartily pardon me.

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

Any thing.

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

If there be one, or two, I shall make a turd.

Pray you go, M.

I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowsie knaue, mine Host.

Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

A lowsie knaue, to have his gibes, and his moc: keries.

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

Fen. I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou must be thy selfe.
He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seeke to heale it onely by his w
Besides these, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots past, my wilde Societies,
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible,
I should loue thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tels you true.
No, heauen so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth
Was the first motiue that I woo'd thee (Anne):
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew,
Then stampes in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges,
And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
That now I ayme at.

Shal. Breake their talke Mistris Quickly,
Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it sir,
If opportunity and humblest suite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

Shal. Breake their talke Mistris Quickly.
My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.

*Ile make a shaft or a bolt on't, slid, tis but ventu*<lb rend="turnunder"/><pc rend="turnunder">ring.</pc>

Be not dismayed.

No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afffeard.

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

I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:

O what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

And how do's good Master *Fenton*?

Pray you a word with you.

Shee's comming; to her Coz:

O boy, thou hadst a fathere.

I had a father (<hi rend="italic">M. An</hi>) my vnckle can tel you good iests of him:

pray you Vncre, tel Mist. *Anne* the iest how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vnckle.

Mistris *Anne*, my Cozen loues
you.

I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Gloucestshire.

He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

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

He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.

Good Maister Shallow let him woo for himself.

Now good Mistris Anne.

What is your will?

My will? Odd's heart, that's a prettiest indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen) I am not such a sickely creature, I giue Heauen praise.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

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

Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vnkle 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.

Now Mr Slender; Loue 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.

Sir, will you heare me?

No, good M. Fenton, come not to my child.
<l>Come M. <hi rend="italic">Shallow</hi>, Slender</hi>, in;</l>

Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. <hi rend="italic">Fenton</hi>).</sp>

Qui. <sp rend="italic">Speake to Mistris</sp> Page</hi>, for that I loue your daughter</l>

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I must aduance the colours of my loue, And not retire. Let me haue your good will.</l>

Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.
I meane it not, I seeke you a better band.</l>

Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.
Come, trouble not your selfe good M.<hi rend="italic">Fenton</hi>, I will not be your friend, nor enemy;</l>

My daughter will I question how she loues you,
And as I finde her, so am I affected;
Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry.</l>

Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell <hi rend="italic">Fenton</hi>.
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.

Qui. Now heauen send thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and 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 haue 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

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. I say.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Hauye send thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and 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 haue 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.
Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a tost in't. Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be seru'd such another tricke, Ile haue my braines tane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a New Year's gift.

The rogues slighted me into the riuer with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'de a blind bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my size, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in sink-ing: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I shold down. I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was sheluy and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water swelles a man; and what a thing should I haue beene, when I had beene swel'd? I should haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie.

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

Come in woman.

By your leaue: I cry you mercy? Giue your worship good morrow.

Take away these Challices: Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

With Egges, Sir?
Fal.

Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet

Qui.

Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. Ford.

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

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

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

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, tweene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bidde her thinke what a man is: Let her consider his frailety, and then iudge of my merit.

Do so. Betweene nine and ten saist thou?
Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

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

Oh, heere he comes.

Blesse you Sir.

Now M. Broome, you come to know

What hath past betweene me, and Fords wife.

That indeed (Sir John) is my businesse.

I was at her house the houre she appointed me.

I will not lye to you.

I was at her house the houre she appointed me.
Ford. How so sir, did she change her determination?

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

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

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

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one Mist. Page, giues intelligence of Fords ap proch: and in her inuention, and Fords wiues distraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke basket.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.
Fal.  

Yes: a Buck & a Basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie Napkins, that (Master Broome) there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that euer offended no still.

Ford.  

And how long lay you there?

Fal.  

Nay, you shall heare (Master Broome) what I haue reason suffered, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of Fords knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Mistress, 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 Lunatique Knaue would haue search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, 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 jealous rotten Bell & weather: Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, 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 that, that am as subject to heate as butter; a man of contiuall 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 cooled, glowing hot, in that serge

like

a Horse: shoo; thinke of that; hissing hot: thinke of that (Master)

Broome)

</p>
<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <l>My suite then is desperate: You'll undertake her no more?</l>
</sp>

Ford.

</p>
<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <p>Master Broome: I will be throwne into Etna, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leave her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I haue receiued from her another ambassie of mee: 'twixt eight and nine is the hour (Master)

Broome)

</p>
<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <p>Is it? I will then address mee to my appoint; Come to mee at your conuenient leisure, and you shall know how I speede: and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adiew: you shall haue her (Master Broome) Master

rend="italic">Broome), you shall cuckold hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>.</p>
</sp>

Ford.

</p>
<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <p>Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame? doe I sleepe?

Master awake, awake Master: ther's a hole made in your best coate (Master

rend="italic">Ford): this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck baskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will
now take the Leacher: he is at my house: he cannot escape me: 'tis impossible he should: he can not creepe into a halfe; nor into a Pepper: But least the Diuell that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot aoid: yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I haue horns, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, Ille be horne mad.

Exeunt.
Blessing of his heart.

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

Come hither William; hold vp your head; come.

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

William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Two.

Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats, sure.

William?!

Pulcher.

Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats, sure.
You are a very simplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (Lapis)? William?

And what is a Stone (William)? A Peeble.

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

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

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

Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog: pray you marke: geni, tiuo huius: Well: what is your Accusatue??
Will.

Accusatio hinc.

I pray you haue your remembrance (childe)

Acusation hing, hang, hog.

Leaue your prables (o'man) What is the Focus & tiue case (William)?

O, Vocatio, O.

Remember William, Focus, caret,

And that's a good roote.

O'man, forbeare.

Peace.

What is your Genitiue case plurall (William)?

William.
Genitiue case?

I.

Genitiue horum, haru m, horum.

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

For shame o'man.

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

'Ohman, art thou Lunaties? Hast thou no understandings for thy Cases, & the numbers of the Gen&ders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

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

Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Shew me now (William) some declensions of
your Pronouns.

Forsooth, I haue forgot.

It is Quies, your Quod, and your Quod, you must be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

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

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

Mi. Ford, Your sorrow hath eaten vp my suffrance; I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I pro fesse requitall to a haires bredth, not onely Mist. Ford in the simple office of loue, but in all the accustrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?
Hee's a birding (sweet Sir John.).


Step into th'chamber, Sir John.

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

Why none but mine owne people.

Indeed?

Why?

Truly, I am so glad you haue no body here.

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 Eues daughters, of what complexion soeuer; and so buffettes himselfe on the for head: crying peere, peere, that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem'd but tame neesse, 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?

Of none but him, and sweares he was ca\&#x00AD;ried 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 foo\&#x2E17;lerie.

Mist. Page.

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

Mist. Ford.

I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Mist. Page.

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

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

No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:

May I not go out ere he come?

Alas: three of Fords\brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: other\&#x00AD;wise
you might slip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

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

Mist. Ford. There they alwaies vse to discharge their Birding pieces: 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.

Ile go out then.

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

How might we disguise him?

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

Good hearts, deuise something: any extremitie, rather than
a mischiefe.

My Maids Aunt the fat woman of Brainford, has a gowne aboue.

On my word it will serue him: shee's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir Iohn.

Go, go, sweet Sir Iohn: Mistriis Page and I will looke some linnen for your head.

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

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 threatened to beate her.

Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

But is my husband comming?

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

I will 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.”

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

Ile first direct direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him straight.

Hang him dishonest Varlet, We cannot misuse enough: We'll leaue a proofe by that which we will doo, We do not acte that often, iest, and laugh, 'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

Come, come, take it vp. I hope not, I had liefe as beare so much lead.

I, but if it proue true (Mr. Page) haue you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket:

Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe,
a conspiracie against me: Now shall the diuel be sham'd.<l>
What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what hο&#x00AD; <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">nest</fw>

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.</fw>

nest cloathes you send forth to bleaching.</l>

Page.</l>

Why, this passes M. <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>: you are not to
go loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.</l>

Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a <lb/>mad dogge.</l>

Shall.</l>

Indeed M. <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>, this is not well indeed.</l>

So say I too Sir, come hither Mistris <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>, the honest woman, the modest wife, the vertu&#x00AD;</l>

her husband: <lb/>I suspect without cause (Mistris) do I?"</p>

Mist.Ford.</l>

Heauen be my witnesse you doe, if you <lb/>suspect me in any dishonesty.</p>

Well said Brazon&amp;#x2011;face, hold it out: Come forth <lb/>sirrah.</p>

This passes.</l>
Mist. Ford.

Are you not ashamed, let the cloths alone.

Ford.

I shall finde you anon.

Eua.

'Tis unreasonable; will you take vp your wiues cloathes? Come, away.

Ford.

Empty the basket I say.

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, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is
iealousies.</p>

<p>Well, hee's not heere I seeke for.</p>

<p>No, nor no where else but in your braine.</p>

<p>Help to search my house this one time: if I find what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-sport: Let them say of me, as iealous: as Ford, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiuues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch with me.</p>

<p>What hoa (Mistris Page,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.</p>

<p>A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's brought to passe vnder the profession of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know no thing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.</p>
<speaker rend="italic">Mist.Ford.</speaker>

Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentle

let him

strike the old woman.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mist.Page.</speaker>
    <l>Come mother <hi rend="italic">Prat</hi>, Come giue me your</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
    <p>Ile <hi rend="italic">Prat</hi>&#x2011;her: Out of my doore, you
    Witch, <lb/>you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion,
</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mist.Page.</speaker>
    <l>Are you not asham'd?
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
    <p>Ile <hi rend="italic">Prat</hi>&#x2011;tell you.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mist.Page.</speaker>
    <l>Are you not asham'd?
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mfo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mist.Ford.</speaker>
    <l>Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
    <l>Hang her witch.</l>
</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eua.</speaker>
    <p>By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch in&<lb/>deede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I spie <lb>a
great peard vnder his muffler.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
    <p>Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you</p>
</sp>

fol&#x00AD;<lb>/low:

    see but the issue of my jealousie: If I cry out thus <lb>/vpon no traile, neuer trust me when I open againe.</p>
</sp>
Let's obey his humour a little further:

Come Gentlemen.

Trust me he beate him most pittifully.

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

Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious seruice.

What thinke you? May we with the war­rant of woman­hood, and the witnesse of a good consci­ence, pursue him with any further reuenge?

The spirit of wantonnesse is sure scar'd out of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee­simple, with fine and recouery, he will neue (I thinke) in the way of waste, attempt vs againe.

Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue seru'd him?

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 vnueruous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the mini­sters.

Ile warrant, they’l haue him publiquely
sham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the iest, should he not be publikely sham'd.

I would not have things coole.

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.

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?

They shall have my horses, but Ile make them pay: Ile sauce them, they have had my houses a week at commaund: I turned away my other guests, they must come off, Ile sawce them, come.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, and Euans.
<speaker rend="italic">Eua.</speaker><br/>

’Tis one of the best discretions of a o’man as e&amp;#x00AD;&lt;lb/>&egrave; I did looke vpon.&lt;/l&gt;

&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who="#F-wiv-pag">&lt;/sp&gt; &lt;speaker rend="italic">Page.&lt;/speaker&gt;

And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?&lt;/l&gt;

&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">&lt;/sp&gt; &lt;speaker rend="italic">Mist.Page.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Within a quarter of an houre.&lt;/l&gt;

&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who="#F-wiv-for">&lt;/sp&gt; &lt;speaker rend="italic">Ford.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what y<u rend="superscript">u</u> wilt:&lt;/l&gt;

I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold.&lt;/l&gt;

Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand.&lt;/l&gt;

&lt;fw type="catchword" place="footRight">(In)&lt;/fw&gt;

&lt;pb facs="FFimg:axc0076-0.jpg" n="56"/&gt;

&lt;fw type="rh">The Merry Wiues of Windsor.&lt;/fw&gt;

As firme as faith.&lt;/l&gt;

(In him that was of late an Heretike)&lt;/l&gt;

As firme as faith.&lt;/l&gt;

&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who="#F-wiv-pag">&lt;/sp&gt; &lt;speaker rend="italic">Page.&lt;/speaker&gt;

’Tis well, ’tis well, no more: &lt;l&gt;&lt;/l&gt;

Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence.&lt;/l&gt;

But let our plot go forward: Let our uiues&lt;/l&gt;

Yet once againe (to make vs publike sport)&lt;/l&gt;

Appoint a meeting with this old fat&amp;#x2011;fellow,&lt;/l&gt;

Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.&lt;/l&gt;

&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who="#F-wiv-for">&lt;/sp&gt; &lt;speaker rend="italic">Ford.&lt;/speaker&gt;

There is no better way then that they spoke of.&lt;/l&gt;

&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who="#F-wiv-pag">&lt;/sp&gt; &lt;speaker rend="italic">Page.&lt;/speaker&gt;

How? to send him word they’ll meete him in &lt;lb/&gt;the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he’ll neuer come.&lt;/l&gt;

&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who="#F-wiv-eva">&lt;/sp&gt; &lt;speaker rend="italic">Eu.&lt;/speaker&gt;

You say he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and &lt;lb/&gt;has bin greeeuously peaten, as an old o’man: me&amp;#x2011;thinkes &lt;lb/&gt;there should be terrors in him, that he should not come: &lt;lb/&gt;Me&amp;#x2011;thinkes his flesh is punish’d, hee
Page shall have no de

So thinke I too.

Deuise but how you'l vse him when he comes,

And let vs two deuise to bring him thereth.

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 milch kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine

In a most hideous and dreadfull manner.

You haue heard of such a Spirit, and well you know The superstitious idle headed Eld Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.

Why yet there want not many that do feare In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake:

But what of this?

Marry this is our deuise,

That Falstaffe at that Oake shall meete with vs.

Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,

And in this shape, when you haue brought him thereth,

What shall be done with him? What is your plot?
That likewise haue we thought upon: & 

Nan Page (my daughter) and my little sonne,

And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dresse

Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white,

And rattles in their hands; vpon a sodaine,

As Falstaffe, she, and I, are newly met,

Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once

With some diffused song: Vpon their sight

Then let them all encircle him about,

And Fairy-like to pinch the vnclene Knight;

In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread

In shape prophane.

The truth being knowne,

We'll all present our selues; dis-horne the spirit,

And mocke him home to Windsor.

The children must

Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'ur doo't.

I will teach the children their behauiours: and I will be like a lacke & Apes also, to burne the Knight

with my Taber.
Mist. Page.

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

That silke will I go buy, and in that time shall M. Slender steal my Nan away, and marry her at Eaton: go, send to Falstaffe straight.

Nay, I will to him againe in name of Broome, he'll tell me all his purpose: sure he'll come.

Feare not you that: Go get vs properties and tricking for our Fayries.

Let us about it, it is admirable pleasures, and very honest knaueries.

Go <hi>Miss</hi>. <hi>Nan</hi> Page, Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind: I will to the Doctor, he hath my good will, And none but he to marry with Nan Page.<l>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 craue her.

Ford.

Scena Quinta.
Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Euans, Caius, Quickly.

Host.

What wouldst thou haue? (Boore) what? (thick skin) speake, breathe, discusse: breefe, short, quicke, snap.

Simp.

Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir Iohn Falstaffe from M. Slender.

Host.

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

Simp.

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

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

How now, mine 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, priu & Ephesian; acy? Fie.
Fal. There was (mine Host) an old fat woman euen 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) whe ther one Nim (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what sayes she, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry shee sayes, that the very same man that beguil'd Master Slender of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.
What are they? let us know.

I: come: quicke.

Host. I may not Conceale them (Sir.)

Host. Conceale them, or thou di'st.

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

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

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

Sim. May I be bold to say so Sir?

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

Host. Thou art clearkly: thou art clearkly (Sir Iohn) was there a wise woman with thee?
I that there was (mine italic Host) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learr; diliging.</p>

Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Where be my horses? speake well of them varto.

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

Where is mine Host?

What is the matter Sir?

Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee ther is three Cozen-iermans, that has cozend all the Hosts of Reading, of Maidenhead; of Cole and 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 <lb/>you should be cozoned. Fare you well.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>
  <l>Ver' is mine <hi rend="italic">Host de Iarteere?</hi></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-hos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>Here (Master <hi rend="italic">Doctor</hi>) in perplexitie, and doubt<lb/>full delemma.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>
  <p>I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell&amp;#x2011;a&amp;#x2011;me, dat</p>
  <lb/>you make grand preparation for a Duke <hi rend="italic">de Iamanie</hi>; by <lb/>my trot: der
  is no Duke that the Court is know, to <lb/>come: I tell you for good will: adieu.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-hos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
  <p>Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: assist me Knight, I <lb/>am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am
  vn&amp;#x00AD;<lb/>done.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <p>I would all the world might be cozond, for I <lb/>haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it should come <lb/>to the eare of the Court, how I haue beene transformed; <lb/>and how my transformation hath beene washd, and <lb/>cudgeld, they
  would melt mee out of my fat drop by <lb/>drop, and liquor Fishermens&amp;#2011;boots with me: I warrant <lb/>they would
  whip me with their fine wits, till I were as <lb/>crest&amp;#2011;falne as a dride&amp;#2011;peare: I neuer prosper'd, since I <lb/>forswore my selfe at <hi rend="italic">Primero</hi>: well, if my winde were <lb/>but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come
</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
  <l>From the two parties forsooth.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and so they shall be both bestowed; I haue suf\(\text{2}\)
sfer'd more for their sakes; more then the villainous constancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

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

Fal. What tell'st thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Raine bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of Braineford, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd me, the knaue Constable had set me ith'Stocks, ith'com Stocks, for a Witch.

Qu. Sir: let me speake with you in your Chamber, you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will say somewhat: (good hearts) what a\(\text{2011}\) doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not serue heauen well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.


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

Yet heare me speake: assist me in my purpose,

And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee

A hundred pound in gold, more then your losse.

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

From time to time, I haue acquainted you With the deare loue I beare to faire Anne Page,

Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,

(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chooser)

Euen to my wish; I haue a letter from her

The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter,

That neither (singly) can be manifested

Without the shew of both: fat Falstaffe

Hath a great Scene; the image of the iest

Ile show you here at large (harke good mine Host):

To night at Hernes&#x2011;Oke, iust 'twixt twelue and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the Faerie&Qualifn;Queene:

The purpose why, is here: in which disguise

While other Iests are something ranke on foote,

Her father hath commanded her to slip

Away with Slender, and with him, at Eaton

Immediately to Marry: She hath consented: Now Sir,

Her Mother, (euen strong against that match)

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

thus it rests,

Her Father meanes she shall be all in white;

And in that habit, when Slender sees

his

time

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

She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended

(The better to deuote her to the

Doctor;

For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)

That quaint in greene, she shall be loose

en roab'd,

With Ribonds pendant, flaring 'bout her head;

And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,

To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,

The maid hath giuen consent to go with him.

Which meanes she to deceiue? Father, or

Mo ther.

Both (my good Host) to go along with me:

And heere it rests, that you'l procure the Vicar

To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,

And in the lawfull name of marrying,

To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,

Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

So shall I euermore be bound to thee;

Besides, Ile make a present recompence.

Exeunt
<div><div type="act" n="5"> </div><div type="scene" n="1"> </div><head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.</head><head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head><stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Falstoffe, Quickly, and Ford.</stage><sp who="#F-wiv-fal">Fal.</sp><speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker><p>Pre'thee no more pratling: go, Ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers: Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odde Numbers, either in natuirty, chance, or death: away.</p><sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">Qui.</sp><speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker><p>Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can to get you a paiere of hornes.</p><sp who="#F-wiv-fal">Fall.</sp><speaker rend="italic">Fall.</speaker><p>Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head & mince. How now M. Master Broome, the mater will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes Oake, and you shall see wonders.</p><sp who="#F-wiv-for">Ford.</sp><speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker><p>Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?</p><sp who="#F-wiv-fal">Fal.</sp><speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker><p>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 knaue (hir husband) hath the finest mad diuell of jealousie in him (Ma ster) that euer gouern'd Frensie. I will tell you, he beate me greeuously, in the shape of a woman:
in the shape of Man (Master Broome) I feare not Goliah with a Weauers 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 knaue:

Ford, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, strange things in hand (Master Broome) follow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 5, Scene 2]
Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

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

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

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will be come it wel: Heauen prosper our sport. No man means euill but the deuill, and we shal know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist.Page, Mist.Ford, Caius.

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

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Mist.Ford. Where is Nan now? and her troop of Faires? 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 euery way be mock'd.
Mist. Ford.

We'll betray him finely.

Mist. Page.

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

The houre drawes: to the Oake, to the

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

[Act 5, Scene 4]
Enter Euans and Fairies.

Euans.

Trib, trib Fairies: Come, come, trib, trib.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

[Act 5, Scene 5]
Enter Falstaffe, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Euans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistoll.

Fal.

The Windsor bell hath stroke twelue: the Minitute drawes on: Now the hot bloodied Gods assist me: Remember loue, thou was't a Bull for thy Europa, Loue set on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man: in som other, a Man a beast. You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the loue
of <hi rend="italic">Leda</hi>: O <fw type="catchword">omnipotent</fw>
\[\text{omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the}
\text{complexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the}
\text{forme of a beast, (O Ioue, a beastly fault:)}
\text{and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle,}
\text{thinke or't (Ioue) a fowle fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what shall poore men do? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the fattest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut time (Ioue) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?}
\]

<sp who="#F-wiv-mfo">
<speaker rend="italic">M.Ford.</speaker>
<br>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>? Art thou there (my Deere?)</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<br>My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene sleeves, haile kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let there come a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee heere.</br>
<br></sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mfo">
<speaker rend="italic">M.Ford.</speaker>
<br>Mistris <hi rend="italic">Page</hi> is come with me (sweet hart.)</br>
<br></sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
<br>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 <hi rend="italic">Herne</hi> the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.</br>
<br></sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
<speaker rend="italic">M.Page.</speaker>
<br></sp>
Alas, what noise?

Heauen forgiue our sinnes.

What should this be?

Away, away.

Enter Fairies.

Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone - shine transformers, and shades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Elues, list your names: Silence you aiery toyes.
Cricket, to Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leape;
Where fires thou find'st unrack'd,
and hearths unsvempt,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,
Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes must eie.

Wher's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said
Raise vp the Organs of her fantasies,
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.

About, about:
Search Windsor Castle (Elues) within, and out.
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome,
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,
In state as wholsome, as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The seuerall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre
With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre,
Each faire Instalment, Coate, and seu'rall Crest,
With loyall Blazon, euermore be blest.
And Nightly, Fairies, looke you sing
Like to the Garters—Compass, in a ring
Th'expressure that it beares: Greene let it be,
More fertile—fresh then all the Field to see:
And, Hony Soit Qui Mal—Pence, write
In Emrold—tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire—pearle, and rich embroiderie,
Buckled below faire Knight—hoods bending knee;
Fairies vse Flowres for their caracterie.
Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke
Of Herne the Hunter, let vs not forget.

Pray you lock hand in hand: your selues in order
And twenty glow—wormes shal our Lanthornes bee
to guide our Measure round about the Tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.
Heauens defend me from that Welsh Fairy, least he transforme me to a peece of Cheese.

Vilde worme, thou wast ore look'd euen in thy birth.

A triall, come.

Come: will this wood take fire?

Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.

Lust is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaste desire.

Fed in heart whose flames aspire.

As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.

Lust is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaste desire.

Fed in heart whose flames aspire.

As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.

Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about.

Till Candles, Star, light, Moone shine be out.

The Song.

Luxurie:

Fie on sinnefull phantasie: Fie on Lust, and Lust is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaste desire.

Fed in heart whose flames aspire.

As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.

Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about.

Till Candles, Star, light, Moone shine be out.

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.
Nay do not flye, I thinke we haue watcht you now: Will none but Herne the Hunter serue your turne?

I pray you come, hold vp the iest no higher. Now (good Sir) how like you Windsor wiues? See you these husband? Do not these faire yoakes Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now? Master Broome, he hath enjoyed nothing of Fords, but his Buck basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Broome, his horses are arrested for it, M<c r</c><hi Broome</hi>, his horses 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
surprise of my powers, droue the grossenesse of the fop&<lb>pery into a receiu'd beleefe, in despight of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Lacke&<lb>Lent, when 'tis vpon ill employment.</p>

Euant.

Sir John Falstaffe, serue Got, and leaue your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.</p>

VVell said Fairy Hugh.</p>

And leaue you your iealouzies too, I pray you.</p>

I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.</p>

Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to preuent so grosse ore&<lb>reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheese.</p>

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

Seese, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is e&<lb>nough to be the decay of lust and late&<lb>walking through the Realme.
Mist. Page.

Why Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, do you thinke though wee would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head <lb/>and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scruple: <lb/>ple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our <lb/>delight?<p>


Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable enemies; <lb/>trailes?<p>

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?<p>

Page. And as poore as Iob?<p>

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?<p>

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the start of me, I am deiected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet o're me, vse me as you will.
<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>
Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one <hi rend="superscript">M</hi> Broome, that you haue cozond of money, to whom <lb/>you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you <lb/>haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a bi&<hi>&0020AD;</hi>ting affliction.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-pag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>
Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a pos&<hi>&0020AD;</hi> set to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh <lb/>at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her M<hi>+</hi>Slen<&hi>&0020AD;</hi>der &<hi>&0020AD;</hi> hath married her daughter.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mist.Page.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>
Doctors doubt that; If <hi rend="italic">Anne Page</hi> be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour <lb/>
</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>
Whoa hoe, hoe, Father <hi rend="italic">Page</hi>.&<hi>&0020AD;</hi></p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-pag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>
Sonne? How now? How now Sonne,&<hi>&0020AD;</hi></p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>
Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in Glostershire <lb/>know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-pag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>
Of what sonne?</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>
I came yonder at &<hi>+</hi>Eaton&<hi>&0020AD;</hi> to marry Mistris &<hi>+</hi>Anne &<hi>&0020AD;</hi>, and she's a
great lubberly boy. If it had not bene <hi>&0020AD;</hi>i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him, or hee should <lb/>haue
swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>, would
I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a
Post&masters <lb/>Boy.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-pag">
<speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
<p>Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
<speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker>
<p>What neede you tell me that? I think so, when <lb/>I tooke a
Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him,
(lfor all he was in womans apparrell) I would not haue
had him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-pag">
<speaker rend="italic">Page.</speaker>
<p>Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
<speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker>
<p>I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and <lb/>she cride
budget, as <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi> and I had appointed,
yet <lb/>it was not <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>, but a
Post&masters boy.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
<speaker rend="italic">Mist.Page.</speaker>
<p>Good <hi rend="italic">George</hi> be not angry, I knew of
your purpose:
turn'd my daughter into white, and in&oacute; deede
she is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and
there married.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
<speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>
<p>Ver is Mistris <hi rend="italic">Page</hi>: by gar I am
cozoned, I ha <lb/>married oon Garsoon, a boy; oon pesant, by
gar. A boy, <lb/>it is not <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi> Page, by
gar, I am cozened.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
<speaker rend="italic">M.Page.</speaker>
<p>VVhy? did you take her in white?</p>
</sp>
I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raise all Windsor.

This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

My heart misgiues me, here comes Mr Fenton.

Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Now Mistris: How chance you went not with Mr Slender?

Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

You do amaze her: heare the truth of it,

You would haue married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in loue:

The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolue vs:

Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed,

And this deceit looses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or vntrue title,

Since therein she doth euitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed houres

Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.

Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:

In Loue, the heauens themselues do guide the state,

Money buyes Lands, and wiues are sold by fate.
I am glad, though you haue tane a special stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Well, what remedy? Fenton, heauen giue thee joy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

When night dogges run, all sorts of Deere are chac'd.

Well, I will muse no further: M'sir Fenton, Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes: Good husband, let vs euery one go home, And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire, Sir Iohn and all.

Let it be so (Sir Iohn): To Master Broome, you yet shall hold your word,

For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris Ford.

Exeunt

FINIS.