The Merrie Wives of Windsor from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.
Published according to the true originall copies.
Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.
Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7
Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.
Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630
Condell, Henry, -1627
Droeshout, Martin, 1601
Jaggard, Isaac, -1627
Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632
Jaggard, William, 1569-1623
Smethwicke, John, -1641
Aspley, William, -1640
Bodleian Digital Library Systems and Services
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  <resp>project management</resp>
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<funder>
  <ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for Shakespeare</ref>
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The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.

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Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.</author>

Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.</title>

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&tragedies</title>

First Folio</title>

London</settlement>, England</country>

William Jaggard</persName>, Edward
Blount</persName>, John Smethwicke</persName>

1623</date>

8 November 1623
(entered)</date>

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

S111228

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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


Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30


Bodleian shelfmark, 1906-?]

Arch. F c.13 [superscript z?] [second Bodleian shelfmark, 1624-1664?]

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Arch. F c.13 [superscript z?] [second Bodleian shelfmark, 1624-1664?]


1623

The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA⁶ (πA1+1)

\[2C² a-g⁶ \chi gg⁶ h-v⁶ x⁴ \chi 1.2 [\text{para.}] 2[\text{para.}] 3[\text{para}] 1\ a-a]^{2g}²\ Gg^{6}\]

2. West: πA⁶ (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-

'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.] 2[para.] 3[para] 1 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶

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.

Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
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.

Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".

Editors’ dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.

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.

</additions>

(bindingDesc)


</bindingDesc>

</physDesc>

(history)

(origin)

For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.

</origin>

(acquisition)

<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose 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 Third Folio (1664). 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>.

<person xml:id="F-wiv-ser">Servant</person><br/>
<person xml:id="F-wiv-ser.1">First Servant</person><br/>
<person xml:id="F-wiv-ser.2">1 Ser.</person>
Second Servant
2 Ser.
All
Anne Page, Mistress Page's daughter
Anne.
Anne.
Bardolph, sharper attending on Falstaff
Bard.
Bard.
Bard.
Bardolph.
Doctor Caius, a French physician
Ca.
Caius.
Doctor Caius.
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh parson
Eu.
Euan.
Evans.
Sir Hugh Evans.
Falstaff, Sir John Falstaff
Fa.
Fall.
Falstaff.
Fenton, a gentleman
Fen.
Fenton.
Fenton.
Fenton, a gentleman dwelling at Windsor
<persName type="form">For.</persName>
<persName type="form">Ford.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-wiv-hos">Host, host of the Garter Inn
<persName type="standard">Host, host of the Garter Inn</persName>
<persName type="form">Ho.</persName>
<persName type="form">Host.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-wiv-pag">Page, a gentleman dwelling at Windsor
<persName type="standard">Page, a gentleman dwelling at Windsor</persName>
<persName type="form">Ma. Pa</persName>
<persName type="form">Ma. Pa.</persName>
<persName type="form">Mr. Page.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-wiv-mpa">Mistress Page
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<persName type="form">M. Ford. M. Page.</persName>
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<persName type="form">M. Pa.</persName>
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<persName type="form">Mist. Pag.</persName>
<persName type="form">Mist. Page.</persName>
<persName type="form">Mist. Pa.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-wiv-mfo">Mistress Ford
<persName type="standard">Mistress Ford</persName>
<persName type="form">M. Ford.</persName>
<persName type="form">M. Ford. M. Page.</persName>
<persName type="form">Mi. Ford.</persName>
<persName type="form">Mis. Ford.</persName>
<persName type="form">Mist. Ford.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-wiv-nym">Nym, sharper attending on Falstaff
<persName type="standard">Nym, sharper attending on Falstaff</persName>
<persName type="form">Ni.</persName>
<persName type="form">Nim.</persName>
<persName type="form">Nym.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-wiv-pis">Pistol
<persName type="standard">Pistol</persName>
<persName type="form">Pist</persName>
<persName type="form">Pist.</persName>
Hostess Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap

Robin, page to Falstaff

Rugby, servant to Doctor Caius

Robert Shallow, country Justice

William Page, a boy, son to Page
<div type="act" n="1">
</div>

<cb n="1"/>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Justice <hi rend="roman">Shallow</hi>, Slender, Sir <hi rend="roman">Hugh Euans</hi>, Master <lb/><hi rend="roman">Page, Falstoffs, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, </hi>

<lb/><hi rend="roman">Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.</hi></stage>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shallow.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>
  <c rend="decoratedCapital">S</c>Ir <hi rend="italic">Hugh</hi>, perswade me not: I will make a Star & #x2011; Chamber
  matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir <lb/>
  <hi rend="italic">Iohn Falstoffs</hi>, he shall not abuse <hi rend="italic">Robert Shallow</hi>
</p>

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

<p>
  In the County of <hi rend="italic">Glocester</hi>, Justice of Peace and <lb rend="turnover">(Coram.</lb>
</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>
  I, and <hi rend="italic">Rato lorum</hi> too; and a Gentleman borne <lb/>(Master Parson) who writes himselfe <hi rend="italic">Armigero</hi>, in any <lb/>&#x2011;Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, <hi rend="italic">Armigero</hi>
</p>

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

<p>
  I that I doe, and haue done any time these three <lb/>hundred yeeres.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>
</p>
<speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker> 
<p>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.</p> 
</sp> 
<sp who="#F-wiv-sha"> 
  <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker> 
  <l>It is an olde Coate.</l> 
</sp> 
<sp who="#F-wiv-eva"> 
  <speaker rend="italic">Euans.</speaker> 
  <p>The dozen white Lowses doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Loue.</p> 
</sp> 
<sp who="#F-wiv-sha"> 
  <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker> 
  <p>The Luse is the fresh fish, the salt fish, is an old Coate.</p> 
</sp> 
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle"> 
  <speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker> 
  <l>I may quarter (Coz).</l> 
</sp> 
<sp who="#F-wiv-sha"> 
  <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker> 
  <l>You may, by marrying.</l> 
</sp> 
<sp who="#F-wiv-eva"> 
  <speaker rend="italic">Euans.</speaker> 
  <l>It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.</l> 
</sp> 
<sp who="#F-wiv-sha"> 
  <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker> 
  <l>Not a whit.</l> 
</sp> 
<sp who="#F-wiv-sha"> 
  <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker> 
  <p>Yes per lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple con lectures; but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaffe haue committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attone ments and compromises betweene you.</p> 
</sp>
<p>The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.</p>

<p>It is not meet the Counsell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Counsell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza; in that.</p>

<p>Ha; o' my life, if I were young againe, the sword should end it.</p>

<p>It is better that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my praine, which peraduenture prings good discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.</p>

<p>Did her Grand-sire leave her seven hundred pound?</p>
Euan.

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

Slen.

I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts.

Euan.

Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal.

Wel, let us see honest Mr Page: is Falstaffe there? Got-pleasse your house here.

Euan.

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

Shal.

Who's there?

Euan.

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

Shal.

Who's there?

Euan.

Here is go't's plessing and your friend, and Iu-stice Shallow, and heere yong Master Slender: that perad-uentures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.
Master <hi rend="italic">Page</hi>, I am glad to see you: much good <lb/>doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it <lb/>was ill kill'd: how doth good Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Page</hi>? and I thank <lb/>you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.</p>

Sir, I thanke you.

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

I am glad to see you, good Master <hi rend="italic">Slender</hi>.

How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard <lb/>say he was out run on <hi rend="italic">Cotsall</hi>.

It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

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

That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: <lb>'tis a good dogge.</p>

A Cur, Sir.

You're a good dog, and a faire dog, can there <lb/>be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir <hi rend="italic">John Falstaffe</hi>

heere? <p>
Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office betwenee 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 Wiues of Windsor.

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

But not kiss'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal.
<speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker><br/>
Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.<br/>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
<Fal.><br/>&lt;I&gt;I will answere it strait, I haue done all this:&lt;/I&gt;&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>
That is now answer'd.&lt;/p&gt;

<sp who="#F-wiv-sha">
Shal.&lt;/speaker&gt;&lt;br/>&gt;The Councell shall know this.&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
Fal.&lt;/speaker&gt;&lt;br/>&gt;'Twere better for you if it were known in coun; you'll be laugh'd at.&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
Eu.&lt;/speaker&gt;&lt;br/>&gt;Pauca verba; (Sir) good worts.&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
Fal.&lt;/speaker&gt;&lt;br/>&gt;Good worts? good Cabidge; Slender;&lt;/h&gt;&lt;i&gt; I broke your head: what matter haue you against me?&lt;/i&gt;&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>
Pauca verba&lt;/h&gt;; (Sir &lt;i&gt;Iohn&lt;/i&gt;) good worts.&lt;/p&gt;

<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
Slen.&lt;/speaker&gt;&lt;br/>&gt;Marry sir, I haue matter in my head against you, and against your cony; catching Rascalls, Bardolf,&lt;/h&gt;, &lt;i&gt;Mephostophilus?&lt;/i&gt;&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>

Bar.&lt;/speaker&gt;&lt;br/>&gt;You Banbery Cheese.&lt;/p&gt;

<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
Slen.&lt;/speaker&gt;&lt;br/>&gt;L, it is no matter.&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>

Pist.&lt;/speaker&gt;&lt;br/>&gt;How now, &lt;i&gt;Mephostophilus?&lt;/i&gt;&lt;/p&gt;

Slen.&lt;/speaker&gt;
I, it is no matter.

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

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

Peace, I pray you: now let vs vsnderstand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vsnderstand; that is, Master Page (fidelicet Master Page,) & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and fi"0ADually) mine Host of the Gater.

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

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

He heares with eares.

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

with eare? why, it is affectations.
Slenders? purse?

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 sixpences, and two Edward Shouelboords, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of Yead Miller: by these gloues.

Is this true, Pistoll?

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

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

By these gloues, then 'twas he.

Be auis'd sir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut hooks hu mor on me, that is the very note of it.

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.
What say you Scarlet, and Iohn?

Bar.

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

Bar.

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#x2011;eires.

Slen.

I, you spake in Latten then to: but 'tis no mat#x00AD;er; Ile nere be drunk whilst I liue againe, but in honest, Ile be drunke with those that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Euan.

So got judge me, that is a vertuo u's minde.

Fal.

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

M r. Page.

Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen.

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

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

Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have 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 heere: How now Simple, where haue you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

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.
Nay, but understand me.

So I doe Sir.

I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

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 reasonable demands.

But can you affection the 'o man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth. therefore precisely, you carry your good wil to y maid?
<sp who="#F-wiv-sha"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Sh.</speaker>
  <l>Cosen <hi rend="italic">Abraham Slender</hi>, can you loue her?\</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker>
  <p>I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one that <lb/>would doe reason.\</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-eva"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Eu.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake <lb/>possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.\</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sha"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
  <l>That you must: <lb/>Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?\</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker>
  <p>I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your <lb/>request (Cosen) in any reason.\</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sha"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
  <p>Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (sweet Coz): <lb/>What I doe is to pleasure you (Coz:) can you loue the <lb/>maid?\</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Slen.</speaker>
  <p>I will marry her (Sir) at your request; but if <lb/>there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen <lb/>may decrease it vpon better acquaintance, when wee <lb/>are married, and haue more occasion to know one ano&amp;x00AD;\</lb/>ther: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: <lb/>but if you say mary her, I will marry her, that I am freely <lb/>dissolued, and dissolutely.\</p>
</sp>

<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">En. It</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0061-0.jpg" n="41"/>
<fw type="rh">The Merry Wiues of Windsor</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-eva"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Eu.</speaker>
<p>It is a fery discretion answer; saue the fall is in the 'ord, dissolutely: the ort is (according to our mea<nb>AD</nb>);<lb>ning) resolutely: his meaning is good.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sh.</speaker>
  <l>I: I thinke my Cosen meant well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sl.</speaker>
  <l>I, or else I would I might be hang'd (la.)</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sh.</speaker>
  <p>Here comes faire Mistris <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>; would I were yong for your sake, Mistris <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-ann">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your company.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sh.</speaker>
  <l>I will wait on him, (faire Mistris <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>). I were yong for your sake, Mistris <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eu.</speaker>
  <l>Od's plessed: I wil not be at the grace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-ann">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <l>Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sl.</speaker>
  <l>No, I thank you forsooth, hartely; I am very well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-wiv-ann">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <l>The dinner attends you, Sir.</l>
</sp>
Sl. I am not a hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my Cosen

Shallow: a 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

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

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

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

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

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

I indeede Sir.

That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue seene
<hi rend="italic">Saskerson</hi> loose, twenty times, and haue taken him by the <lb/>Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue so cride <lb/>and shrekt at it, that it past: But women indeede, cannot <lb/>abide 'em, they are very ill&amp;#x2011;faour'd rough things.</p>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ma.Pa</speaker>
 <l>Come, gentle M. <hi rend="italic">Slender</hi>, come; we stay for you.</l>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sl.</speaker>
 <l>Il eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.</l>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ma.Pa</speaker>
 <l>By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir: <lb/>come, come.</l>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sl.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, pray you lead the way.</l>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ma.Pa</speaker>
 <l>Come on, Sir.</l>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sl.</speaker>
 <l>Mistris <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>: your selfe shall goe first.</l>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-ann">
 <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
 <l>Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.</l>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-sle">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sl.</speaker>
 <l>Truely I will not goe first: truly&amp;#x2011;la: I will not <lb/>doe you that wrong.</l>
</sp>
<br/>
<sp who="#F-wiv-ann">
 <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
 <l>I pray you Sir.</l>
</sp>
<br/>
Ile rather be vnmannerly, then troublesome: you doe thy selfe wrong indeede.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 1, Scene 2]

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.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[Act 1, Scene 3]

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 'oman that altogea others acquaintance with Mistris Anne Page; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to solici 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.

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

Discard, (bully Hercules) casheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

Thou'rt an Emperor (Cesar, Keiser and Pheazar) I will entertaine Bardolfe: he shall draw; he shall tap; said I well (bully Hector?)

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 Lerkine: a wither'd Seruing man, a fresh Tapster: goe, adew.

It is a life that I haue desir'd: I will thrive.
O base hungarian wight: wilt y\textsuperscript{u} the spigot wield.

He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceited?

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.

The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.


Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles.

Why then let Kibes ensue.

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

Yong Rauens must haue foode.

Which of you know Ford of this Towne?

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

No quips now: Pistoll: (Indeede I am in the waste: two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefly: I doe meant 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; other to Pages wife, who euen now gaue
mee good eyes too; examind my parts with most
iudicious illiads: some times the beame of her
view, guilded my foote: some times my portly
belly.

Then did the Sun on dung®hill shine.

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.

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, aunaut, vanish like haile®stones;
Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe: seeke shelter, packe:

Falstaffe will leaare 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 & poor,

Tester ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lacke,

Base Phrygian Turke.

I haue opperations,

Which be humor of reuenge.

By Welkin, and her Star.

And I to Page 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.
to deale with poyson: I will possesse him with yallownesse, for the reuolt of mine is
dangerous: that is my true humour.

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

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.

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

Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Goe, and we'll haue a posset for't soone at night,
Qu. And Master Slender's your Master?

Si. I forsooth.

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

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

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

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Qu. Well, heaven send Anne Page, no worse fortune:

Tell Master Parson Euans, I will doe what I can for your Anne is a good girle, and I wish.
Out alas: here comes my Master.

I shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Closet: he will not stay long: what John Rugby? John: what John I say? goe and vetch me in my Closet, vnboytene verd; a Box, a greene a Box: do intend vat I speake? a greene a Box.

Vat is you sing? I doe not like des toys: pray you goe and vetch me in my Closet, vnboytene verd; Court la grand affaires.

Is it this Sir? Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de speech quickly: Vere is dat knaue John Rugby John Rugby, John John:
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 oublie: dere is some Simples in my Closset, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leaue behinde.

Ay me, 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.
What shall de honest man do in my Closset: dere is no honest man dat shall come in my Closset.

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

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

This is all indeed: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

Sir Rugby, ballow mee some paper: tarry you a littell while.

Rugby, I forsooth: to desire her to—

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

I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin through & AD; ly moued, you should haue heard him so loud, and so me& AD; lancholly: but notwithstanding man, Ile doe yoe your Master what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, y & 0364; 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, (to tell you in your eare, I wold haue no words of it) my Master himselfe is in loue with Mistris Anne Page: but notwithstanding that I know mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Caius.

You, Jack'Nape: giue 'a this Letter to Sir Hugh, by gar it is a shallege: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scuruy Jack'a this Letter to Jack'a this Letter to 2011: a this Letter to Jack'a this Letter to Jack'a this Letter to Jack'a this Letter to Jack'a this Letter to & 2011: 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 that 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 wil my selfe haue Anne Page.

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

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 is there?
How now (good woman) how dost thou?<p><sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
</sp>
The better that it pleases your good Worship to ask? </p><sp who="#F-wiv-fen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fen.</speaker>
</sp>What newes? how do's pretty Mistris Anne? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
</sp>What newes? how do's pretty Mistris Anne? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-fen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fen.</speaker>
</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
</sp>What newes? how do's pretty Mistris Anne? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-fen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fen.</speaker>
</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
</sp>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. </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-fen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fen.</speaker>
</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-fen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fen.</speaker>
</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
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</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
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</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-fen">
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</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-fen">
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</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
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</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-fen">
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</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-fen">
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</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
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</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-fen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fen.</speaker>
</sp>Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>
</sp>Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue: but notwithstanding (Master Fenton) Ile be sworne on a booke shee loues you: haue not your Worship a wart aboue your eye? </sp><sp who="#F-wiv-fen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fen.</speaker>
</sp>Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Nan; (but (I detest) an honest maid as euuer broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I shall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (in deed) shee is giuen too much to Allicholy and musing: but for you well; goe too &quot;
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.

Gentleman: but Anne loues hiim not: for I know Anne

Gentleman: but Anne loues hiim not: for I know Anne

Mistris Page,

now a subject

for them? let me see?

Aske me no reason why I loue you, for though Loue vse Rea

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
night:
Or any kinde of light, with all his
might,
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 Deuills name) out of my conuersation, that he dares
In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice
In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then
Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee:) why Ile
Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe
of men: how shall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd
I will be? as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

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.
Nay Ile nere beleeee that; I haue to 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?

Wee burne day-light: here, 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

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

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 have melted him in his owne grace: Did you ever hear 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, here's the twin brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, with blank space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye under Mount Pelion: Well; I will find you twen tie lascious 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 withal: for I know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would never have boarded 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: give him a show of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.
Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would give eternall food to his iealousie.

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

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

Well: I hope, it be not so.

He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, <lb/>both yong and old, one with another (hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>) he loues the:

Gally&mawfry (hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>) perpend.
Ford. Loue my wife?

Pist. With liuer, burning hot: preuent:

Acteon he, with

Ring&#x2011;wood at theeles: O, odious is the name.

What name Sir?

The horne I say: Farewell:

Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night.

Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo birds do sing.

Away sir Corporall Nim:

And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I sho should haue borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I haue a sword: and it shall bite vpon my necessitie: he loues your wife; There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall Nim:

Falstaffe loues your wife: adieu, I loue not
  the humour of bread and cheese: adieu.

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

I will seeke out Falstaffe.
I neuer heard such a drawling—affected 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.

How now (sweet Frank) why art thou lancholy?

I 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.

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

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

Qui. 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 wiuies, are a yoake of his discarded men: ve&"x2011; ry rogues, now they be out of seruice.

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

Marry were they.</l>

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

I like it neuer the beter for that,

Do's he lye at the Garter?

I marry do's he: if hee should intend this

toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him; and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head.</p>

I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to

haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.</p>

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

I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good euen, and twenty (good Master Page).)

Master Page, wil you go with vs? we haue sport in hand.</p>

Tell him Cauleiero Justice: tell him Bully Rooke.

Tell him Cauleiero Justice: tell him Bully Rooke.

I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good euen, and twenty (good Master Page).)

Master Page, wil you go with vs? we haue sport in hand.</p>
Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir Hugh the Welch Priest, and Caius the French Doctor.

Good</fw>

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

I heare the Parson is no Iester: harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Hast thou no suit against my Knight? my guest Caualeire?

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

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

Ford. The Merry Wives of Windsor.
Haue with you mine Host.

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

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

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

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

Ford. Though Page be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wiues frailty; yet, I cannot put off my 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 fellow Nim; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall fellowes. And when Mistresse Briget lost the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine ho nour thou hadst it not.

Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteene pence?

Reason, you roague, reason: thinkst thou Ile en danger my soule, gratis? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you:

goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of Pickt hatch: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you stand vpon your honor: why, (thou unconfinable basenesse) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honor precise: I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en scone your raggs; your
Cat&x2011;a&amp;x2011;Moun&amp;x00AD;&lt;lb&gt;taine&amp;x2011;lookes, your
red&amp;x2011;lattice phrases, and your bold&amp;x2011;&lt;lb&gt;
beating&amp;x2011;oathes, vnder the shelter of your honor?
you &lt;lb&gt;will not doe it? you?&lt;/p&gt;

&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who=&"#F-wiv-pis"&gt;
 &lt;speaker rend="italic">Pist.&lt;/speaker&gt;
 &lt;l&gt;I doe relent: what would thou more of man?&lt;/l&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who=&"#F-wiv-rob"&gt;
 &lt;speaker rend="italic">Robin.&lt;/speaker&gt;
 &lt;l&gt;Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.&lt;/l&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who=&"#F-wiv-fal"&gt;
 &lt;speaker rend="italic">Fal.&lt;/speaker&gt;
 &lt;l&gt;Let her approach.&lt;/l&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who=&"#F-wiv-mqu"&gt;
 &lt;speaker rend="italic">Qui.&lt;/speaker&gt;
 &lt;l&gt;Gieue your worship good morrow.&lt;/l&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who=&"#F-wiv-fal"&gt;
 &lt;speaker rend="italic">Fal.&lt;/speaker&gt;
 &lt;l&gt;Good&amp;x2011;morrow, good&amp;x2011;wife.&lt;/l&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who=&"#F-wiv-mqu"&gt;
 &lt;speaker rend="italic">Qui.&lt;/speaker&gt;
 &lt;l&gt;Not so, and't please your worship.&lt;/l&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who=&"#F-wiv-fal"&gt;
 &lt;speaker rend="italic">Fal.&lt;/speaker&gt;
 &lt;l&gt;Good maid then.&lt;/l&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who=&"#F-wiv-mqu"&gt;
 &lt;speaker rend="italic">Qui.&lt;/speaker&gt;
 &lt;l&gt;Ile be sworne,&lt;/l&gt;
 &lt;l&gt;As my mother was the first houre I was borne.&lt;/l&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who=&"#F-wiv-fal"&gt;
 &lt;speaker rend="italic">Fal.&lt;/speaker&gt;
 &lt;l&gt;I doe beleue the swearer; what with me?&lt;/l&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who=&"#F-wiv-mqu"&gt;
 &lt;speaker rend="italic">Qui.&lt;/speaker&gt;
 &lt;l&gt;Shall I vouch&amp;x2011;safe your worship a word, or
 &lt;lb&gt;two?&lt;/l&gt;
&lt;/sp&gt;
&lt;sp who=&"#F-wiv-fal"&gt;
 &lt;speaker rend="italic">Fal.&lt;/speaker&gt;
 &lt;l&gt;Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe &lt;lb&gt;thee the
hearing. 

There is one Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>, (Sir) I pray come a little nearer this ways: I my selfe dwell with M. Doctor <lb/>

Your worship saies very true: I pray your worship a little nearer this ways. 

Well; Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>, what of her? 

Why, Sir; shee's a good creature; Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton: well: heauen forgive you, and all of vs, I pray; 

Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>: come, Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>. 

Are they so? heauen; blesse them, and make 

Seruants. 

Well; on; Mistresse <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>, you say. 

I warrant thee, no bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people 

Are they so? heauen; blesse them, and make them his 

Your worship saies very true: I pray your worship a little nearer this ways.
Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you haue brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at Windsor) could neuer haue brought her to such a Ca

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 termes, and in such wine and suger of the best, and the fairest, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye of her: I had my selfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her so much as sippe on a cup with the prowdest of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

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

Marry, she hath receiu'd your Letter: for the which she thankes you a thousand times; and she giues you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and eleuen.

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

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

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

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

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 Page would desire you to send her your little Page of al loues: her husband has a maruellous
Master Page is an honest man: neuer a wife in 

Windsor leads a better life then she do's: doe what shee will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserues it; for if there be a kinde woman in Windsor, she is one: you must send her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

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

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

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.

Fal. Saist thou so (old ) go thy waies: Ile make more of thy olde body then I haue done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke 
thee:

let them say 'tis grossely done, so it bee fairely done, no matter.

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

Bar.

I Sir.

Call him in: such Broome are welcome to mee, that ore'flowes such liquor: ah ha, Mistrsse and Mistresse Page, haue I encompass'd you? goe to, via.

'Blesse you sir.

'And you sir: would you speake with me?

I make bold, to presse, with so little prepara&tion; you'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leave
Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much, my name is Broome. I desire more acquaintance of you.

Good Master, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think myselfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath emboldned me to this vnseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

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

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 know not how I may deserue to bee your Porter.

I will tell you sir, if you will giue mee the hea\xf0\x9f\xa6 ring.

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 never so good means as desire, to make my self acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own perfection: but (good Sir) as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turne another into the Register of your own, that I may passe with a reproofe the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Very well Sir, proceed.

There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husband's name is Ford.

I have long loved her, and I protest to you, be stowed much on her: followed her with a doating service: Ingross'd opportunities to meet her: fee'd every slight occasion that could but nigardly give me sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as Love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I have receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a jewel, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this,

"Love like a shadow flies, when substance Love pursues,"

"Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."

Haue you receiu'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?
<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <l>Neuer.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <l>Haue you importun'd her to such a purpose?</l>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <l>Of what qualitie was your loue then?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <p>Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <l>To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">For.</speaker>
  <p>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 exellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admitence, tance, authenticie in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.</p>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <p>Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I haue, onely giue</p>
</sp>
giue me so much of your time  
in enchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the  
honesty of this Fords wife: vse your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any  
man may, you may as soone as any.

Would it apply well to the vehemency of your  
affection that I should win what you would enioy? Me thinkes you prescribe to your selfe  
very preposterously.

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

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

O good Sir.

I say you shall.
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&amp;x00AD; stant, or goe&amp;x2011; betweene, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen: for at that time the iealous&amp;x2011; rascally&amp;x2011; 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&amp;x2011; knaue hath masses of money, for the his wife seemes to me well&amp;x2011; faurbed: I will vse her as the key of the Cuckoldly&amp;x2011; rogues Coffer, &amp; ther's my haruest&amp;x2011; home.

Who wiv for

I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might a&amp;x00AD; uoid him, if you saw him.

Who wiv fal

Hang him, mechanicall salt&amp;x2011; butter rogue; I wil stare him out of his wits: I will awe&amp;x2011; him with my cud&amp;x00AD; gell: it shall hang like a Meteor the Cuckolds horns: Master Broome, thou shalt know, I will predominate
the pezant, 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 knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

What a damn'd Epicurian Rascall 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 hauling 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 vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names: Amaimon sounds well: Lucifer, well: Barbason, well: yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name.

Page is an Asse, a secure Asse; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be iealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welsh man with my Cheese, an Irish man with my Aqua vitæ bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then she plots, then shee rumiates, then she deuises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealousie: eleuen o'elocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee rueung'd on Falstaffe, and laugh at Page. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a my nute too late: fier, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.
<div type="scene" n="3">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">
    Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host.
  </stage>
  <sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Caius.</speaker>
    <l rend="italic">Iacke Rugby.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wiv-rug">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rug.</speaker>
    <l>Sir.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Caius.</speaker>
    <hi rend="italic">Iack</hi>.
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wiv-rug">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rug.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir <hi rend="italic">Hugh</hi> promis'd <lb>to meet.</lb></l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Caius.</speaker>
    <p>By gar, he has saue his soule, dat he is no come:
      hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come:
      by <lb>gar</lb>(<hi rend="italic">Iack Rugby</hi>) he is dead already, if he be come.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wiv-rug">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rug.</speaker>
    <p>Hee is wise Sir: hee knew your worship would <lb>kill him if he</lb> came.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Caius.</speaker>
    <p>By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill <lb>him: take your Rapier, (<hi rend="italic">Iacke</hi>) I vill tell you how I vill <lb>kill him.</lb></p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wiv-rug">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rug.</speaker>
    <l>Alas sir, I cannot fence.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
    <speaker rend="italic">Caius.</speaker>
    <l>Villaine, take your Rapier.</l>
  </sp>
</div>
Forbeare: heer's company.

'Blesse thee, bully Doctor.

'Saue you Mr. Doctor. Caius.

Now good Mr. Doctor. Page.

'Giue you good Stale? is he dead?

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

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

Bully? what saies my Esculapius? my Galien? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully; Stale? is he dead?
<speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>

I pray you beare witnesse, that me haue stay, sixe or seuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no come.

<sp who="#F-wiv-sha">
<br>

<sp who="#F-wiv-pag">
<br>

now be old, and of the peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though wee are Justices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. Page:) wee haue some salt of our youth in vs, we are the sons of women (M. Page:).

Tis true, M. Shallow.

It wil be found so, (M. Page:) M. Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace: you haue show'd your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir Hugh hath shou'n himselfe a wise and patient Church-man: you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hugh hath shou'n himselfe a wise and patient Church-man: you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

Host. Par
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Host. Pardon, Guest; Iustice; a Mounseur. Mocke; water.

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

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

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

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

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

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

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.
Host. And moreouer, (Bully) but first, M. Ghuest, and M. Page, &eke Caualeiro Slender, goe you through the Towne to Frogmore.

Sir Hugh is there, is he?

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

We will doe it.

Adieu, good M. Doctor.

By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a Lack-an-Ape to Anne Page. Let him die: sheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through Frogmore. I will bring thee where Mistris Anne Page is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and thou shalt woee her: Cride-game, said I well?

By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue 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.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, 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.

Euan.
I will sir.

Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Hee's welcome: To shallow Riuers, to whose fals: Melodious birds sing Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow, &c. 'Mercie on mee, I haue a great dispositions to cry. &c.

Melodious birds sing Madrigalls: When as I sat in Pabilon: and a thousand vagram Posies.

To shallow, &c.

Shallow, and another Gentleman; from Frogmore, ouer the stile, this way.

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

No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, M<s rend="superscript">r</s>.
How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir: 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 gravuity and patience, that euer you saw.

Shal.

What? the Sword, and the Word?

Euan.

Page.

Page.

Slen.

Euan.

Page.
I have liued foure-score yeeres, and vpward: I heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

What is he?

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

Why?

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.

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

O sweet Anne Page, and it appeares so by his weapons: keepe them a-sunder: here comes Doctor Caius.
Nay good M<rend="italic">r</rend>. Parson, keepe in your weapon.

Shal.<speaker rend="italic">So doe you, good M<rend="superscript">r</rend>. Doctor.</speaker>

Host.<speaker rend="italic">Disarme them, and let them question: let them <lb/>keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English.</speaker>

Cai.<speaker rend="italic">I pray you let&amp;#x2011;a&amp;#x2011;mee speake a word with your eare; vherefore vill you not meet&amp;#x2011;a me?</speaker>

Euan.<speaker rend="italic">Pray you vse your patience in good time.</speaker>

Cai.<speaker rend="italic">By&amp;#x2011;gar, you are de Coward: de Iack dog: John</speaker>

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

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

Host.

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

Cai.

I, dat is very good, excellant.

Host.

Peace, I say: heare mine Host of the Garter, Am I politicke? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiuell? Shall I loose my Doctor? No, hee giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbs. Giue me thy hand (Celestial) so: Boyes of Art, I haue deceiu'd you both: I haue directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: Come, lay their swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow.

Shal.

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

Slen.

O sweet Anne Page.

Cai.

Ha' do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-sot of vs, ha, ha?

Eua.

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

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

Well, I wil smite his noddles: pray you follow.

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
sters heeles?

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

O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a

Well met mistris Page, whether go you.

Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?
company: I think if your husbands were dead, you two would
marry.</l>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
  <speaker rend="italic">M.Pa.</speaker>
  <l>Be sure of that, two other husbands.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <l>Where had your this pretty weather cocktail?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
  <speaker rend="italic">M.Pa.</speaker>
  <l>I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had of, what do you call your Knights name</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-rob">
  <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
  <l>Sir John Falstaffe.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <l>Sir John Falstaffe.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
  <speaker rend="italic">M. Pa.</speaker>
  <l>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?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <l>Indeed she is.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mpa">
  <speaker rend="italic">M.Pa.</speaker>
  <l>By your leave sir, I am sicke till I see her.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <p>Has any braines? Hath he any eies?</p>
</sp>

<p>Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no use of
them: why this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easy, as a Canon will shoot point blanke twelue score: hee pee ces out his wiues inclination: hee giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now she's going to my wife, boy with her: A man may heare this showre sing in the winde; and 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 Falstaffe: 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.

Well met Mr. Trust me a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me. I must excuse my selfe Mr. And so must I Sir; We haue appointed to dine with Mistris. And I would not breake with her for more mony Then Ile speake of. And then Ile speake of.
<p>We haue linger'd about a match betweene Shal., and my cozen Slender, and this day wee shall haue our answer.</p>

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-me: my nursh-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 speakes holliday, he smels April and May, he wil carry't, he will 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.</p>

Page's Doctor is for you altogether. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-me: my nursh-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 speakes holliday, he smels April and May, he wil carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

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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>cr</sup> Doctor, you shal go, so shall you Mr <hi rend="italic">Page</hi>, and you Sir <hi rend="italic">Hugh</hi>.

Well, fare you well: We shall haue the freer woing at M<sup>cr</sup> Pages.

Go home <hi rend="italic">Iohn Rugby</hi>, I come anon.

Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi>, and drinke Canarie with him.

I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with <lb/>him, Ile make him dance. Will you go Gentles?

Haue with you, to see this Monster.

Exeunt.
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: you 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 direction.

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

Here comes little Robin.
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, and requests your company.  

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

Rob.  
I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerla - sting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne me away.  

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

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

M. Page.  
I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me.  

Mist. Ford.  
Go too then: we'l vse this vnwholsome humidity, this grosse - watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.  

Fal.  
Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let
me die,

for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blessed houre."

</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mfo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mist.Ford.</speaker>
  <l>O sweet Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <l>Mistris <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Mist.<lb/>
  <hi rend="italic">Ford</hi>) now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband <lb/> were dead, Ile speake it before the best Lord, I would <lb/> make thee my Lady.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mfo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mist.Ford.</speaker>
  <l>I your Lady Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>? Alas, I should bee a</l>
</sp>

<lb/>pittifull Lady.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <l>Let the Court of France shew me such another:
  <lb/>I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou
  <lb/>hast the right arched & #2011; beauty of the brow, that becomes <lb/> the Ship & #2011; tyre, the
  Tyre & #2011; valiant, or any Tire of Venetian
  <lb/> admittance.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mfo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mist.Ford.</speaker>
  <l>A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>:<l/>
  <l>My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <p>Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make <lb/> an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy
  foote, <lb/> would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi & #2011; <lb/> circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if
  Fortune thy <lb/> foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not <lb/> hide it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mfo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mist.Ford.</speaker>
  <l>Beleeue me, ther's no such thing in me.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal"/>
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 simple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

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

Page: Well, heauen knowes how I loue you, and you shall one day finde it.

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

Rob. Mistрис Ford, Mistريس Ford: heere's Mistريس Page at the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speake with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me, I will ensconce mee behind the Arras.
Pray you do so, she's a very tatling woman.

O mistris Ford, what haue you done?

You're 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?

Why (alas) what's the matter?.

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.
ot so, I hope.<l>

heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's com\&\#x00AD;&lt;lb/&gt;ming, with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such &lt;lb/&gt;a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe &lt;lb/&gt;cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here, &lt;lb/&gt;conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your &lt;lb/&gt;senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to &lt;lb/&gt;your good life for euer.&lt;/p&gt;

and I feare not mine owne shame so much, &lt;lb/&gt;as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were &lt;lb/&gt;out of the house.&lt;/p&gt;

Oh,

how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a &lt;lb/&gt;basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe &lt;lb/&gt;in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were &lt;lb/&gt;going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by &lt;lb/&gt;your two men to &lt;hi rend="italic">Datchet</hi>&amp;\#x2011;Meade.&lt;/p&gt;

He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?&lt;/l&gt;

Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't:&lt;/l&gt;

Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.&lt;/l&gt;

What Sir &lt;hi rend="italic">John Falstaffe</hi>? Are these your Let\&\#x00AD;&lt;lb/&gt;ters, Knight?&lt;/l&gt;
Fal.

I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in here: ile neuer &

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 here, quickly: Wher's the Cowle staffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in Dat&cheth mead: quickly, come.

Ford.

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

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

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

Ser.

To the Landresse forsooth?

M.Ford.

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

M.Ford.

Buck? I would I could wash my selfe of y; Buck: I want you Buck, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke,

And of the season too; it shall appeare.

Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'l 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) vp Gentlemen, you shall see sport anon:

Follow The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Follow me Gentlemen.

This is fery fantastical humors and iealousies.

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 rascall: I would all of the same straine, were in the same distresse.

Mist. Ford.

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

Mist. Page.

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

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?

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

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

Heard you that?

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

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 judgement.

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.
<speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
<p>Well, I promisd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I wil hereafter make you why I haue done this. Come wife, come Mi. Page, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.</p>

<lb>knowne</lb> to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come

rend="italic">Page</hi>, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-pag">
<speaker rend="italic">Page</speaker>
<p>Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'l mock him: I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the bush. Shall it be so:</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
<speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
<l>Any thing.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
<speaker rend="italic">Eu.</speaker>
<l>If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
<speaker rend="italic">Ca.</speaker>
<l>If there be one, or two, I shall make &amp;x2011;a&amp;x2011;theturd.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
<speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
<l>Pray you go, M. Page</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
<speaker rend="italic">Eu.</speaker>
<l>I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowsie knaue, mine Host.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">
<speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>
<l>Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
<speaker rend="italic">Eu.</speaker>
<l>A lowsie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his moc&amp;x00AD;</l></sp>

<sp>kersies.</sp></sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<div type="scene" n="4">
  <head rend="italic center">Scœna Quarta.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Fenton, Anne, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page.</stage>

Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Mist.Page.

<br n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fen.</speaker>
  <l>I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue,</l>
  <l>Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-ann">
  <speaker rend="italic">Anne.</speaker>
  <p>Alas, how then?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fen.</speaker>
  <l>Why thou mus</l>
  <l>He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,</l>
  <l>And that my state being gall'd with my expence,</l>
  <l>I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.</l>
  <l>Besides these, other barres he layes before me,</l>
  <l>My Riots past, my Wilde Societies,</l>
  <l>And tels me 'tis a thing impossible</l>
  <l>I should loue thee, but as a property.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-ann">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <l>May be he tels you true.</l>
  <l>No, heauen so speed me in my time to come,</l>
  <l>Albeit I will confess, thy Fathers wealth</l>
  <l>Was the first motiue that I woo'd thee (</l>
  <l>And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,</l>
  <l>That now I ayme at.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-ann">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <l>Gentle M. Fenton</l>
  <l>Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it sir,</l>
  <l>If opportunity and humblest suite</l>
  <l>Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-sha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shal.</speaker>
  <l>Breake their talke Mistris</l>
  <l>Quickly</l>
</sp>
My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.

Ile make a shaft or a bolt on't, slid, tis but ventu

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

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

And how do's good Master Fenton?

Pray you a word with you.

Shee's comming; to her Coz:

I had a father (M. An) my vnckle can tel you good iest of him:

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

Mistris Anne, my Cozen loues
you.

Slen. I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

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

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort: she calls you (Coz) I leaue you.

Anne. Now Master Slender.

Slen. Now good Mistris Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie jest indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke 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 vncle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

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.

Nay Mr Page, be not impatient. Good M. Mist. Page, come not to my child.
Come M. Shallow: Come sonne Slender, in; Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. Fenton.)

Qui. Speake to Mistris Page. for that I loue your daughter... Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my loue, And not retire. Let me haue your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole. I meane it not, I seeke you a better band. That's my master, M. Doctor. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth, And bowl'd to death with Turnips.

Mist.Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M. Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy: My daughter will I question how she 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.

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell
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.

I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night, Giue my sweet Nan this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Now heauen send thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister had Mistris Anne, or I would M. Slender had her; or (in sooth) I would M. Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I 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 give them to a dogge for a New&'yeares gift.

The rogues slighted me into the riuier with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my size, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in sink­ing: 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, let me poure in some Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snow bals, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

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

With Egges, Sir?
Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet Spersme in my brewage. How now?

Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. 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. (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, beмежду eight and nine: I must carry her word quickely, 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.

I will tell her.

Do so. Betweene nine and ten saith 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 M. he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.

Oh, heere he comes.

Ford. Blesse you Sir.

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

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. very ill-fauouredly M. I will not lye to you, I was at her house the houre she appointed me.
<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <l>How so sir, did she change her determination?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <p>No (M. <hi rend="italic">Broome</hi>) but the peaking hus band (M. <hi rend="italic">Broome</hi>) 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>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <l>What? While you were there?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <l>While I was there.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">For.</speaker>
  <l>And did he search for you, & could not find you?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>
  <p>You shall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one </p>
</sp>

<hi rend="italic">Mist. Page</hi>, giues intelligence of <hi rend="italic">Fords</hi> ap & proch: and in her inuention, and <hi rend="italic">Fords</hi> wiues distraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke & basket.</p>

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

<cf n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker>
  <l>A Buck</l>
</sp>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0073-0.jpg" n="53"/>

<fw type="rh">The Merry Wuiues of Windsor.</fw>
Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie Napkins, that (Master Broome)

Fal. Yes: a Buck &*basket: ram'd mee in with foule there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that euer offended no strill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master Broome)

what I hau\gap reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/ sufferd, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of Fords knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Mi\stris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to Datchet lane: they tooke me on their shoulders: met the iealous knaue their Master in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Bas\ket? I quak'd for feare least the Lunatique Knaue would haue search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for a search, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the sequell (Master Broome) I suffered the pangs of three seuerall deaths: First, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a iealious rotten Bell\weather: Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be stopt in like a strong distillation with stink\ing Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease: think of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, an am as subject to heathe as butter; a man of conti\nuall dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in
grease (like a Dutch dish) to be throwne into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that serge like a Horse: shoo; thinke of that; hissing hot: thinke of that (Master Broome.)

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

Master Broome: I will be throwne into Etna, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I haue receiued from her another ambassie of mee: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Master Broome.)

Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame? doe I sleepe?

Master Ford awake, awake Master Ford: ther's a hole made in your best coate (Master Ford:) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck baskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will
now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee cannot scape me: 'tis impossible hee should: hee can not creepe into a halfe penny purse, nor into a Pepper Boxe: But least the Diuell that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, Ile be horne mad.

Exeunt.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Euans.

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

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

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

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

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

Qui.
'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&'s Master, be not afraid.

William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?!

Two.

Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats, sure.

William?!
You are a very simplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (Lapis) William? A Stone. I pray you remember in your praine. That is a good William: what is he 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&<x00AD>; tiuo huius: Well: what is your Accusatue&<x2011;}
<speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>

<hi rend="italic">Accusatiuo hinc</hi>.</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eua.</speaker>
  <l>I pray you haue your remembrance (childe)
  
  <hi rend="italic">Ac</hi>cusatiuo hing, hang, hog</l>.</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eua.</speaker>
  <l>I pray you haue your remembrance (childe)
  
  <hi rend="italic">Ac</hi>cusatiuo hing, hang, hog</l>.</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-wil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
</l>

<sp who="#F-wiv-wil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
</l>

<hi rend="italic">O, Vocatiuo, O</hi>.</sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eua.</speaker>
  <l>Remember <hi rend="italic">William</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Focatiue</hi>, is <hi rend="italic">caret</hi></l></sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
</l>

<sp who="#F-wiv-eva">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eua.</speaker>
  <l>O'man, forbeare.</l></sp>

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

<sp who="#F-wiv-evp">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eua.</speaker>
  <l>What is your <hi rend="italic">Genitiue case plurall</hi> (</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-wiv-wil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
</l>
Genitiue case?

I.

Genitiue horum, harum, 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 do fast enough of themselues, and to call horum; fie vpon you.

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

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

Pre'thee hold thy peace.

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

Will.

Forsooth, I haue forgot.

Eu.

It is Qui, que, Quies, your Ques, and your Quods, 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 Iohn.)


Step into th'chamber, Sir Iohn.

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

Why none but mine owne people.

Indeed?

No certainly: Speake louder.

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 soever; and so buffettes himselfe on the for head: crying peere out, peere out, that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem'd but tame ness, civility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.
Mist. For."
"Why, do's he talke of him?"

Mist. Pag.
"Of none but him, and sweares he was ca\textad;\ltb\text;ried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket:
\ltb\text;Protests to my husband he is now heere, \&amp; hath drawne \ltb\text;him and the rest of their company from their sport, to \ltb\text;make another experiment of his suspition: But I am glad \ltb\text;the Knight is not heere; now he shall see his owne foo\textx2e17;\ltb\text;lerie."

Mist. Ford.
"How neere is he Mistris \uhb\text;Page?"

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

Mist. Ford.
"I am vndone, the Knight is heere."

Mist. Pag.
"Why then you are vtterly sham'd, \& hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with \ltb\text;him, away with him: Better shame, then murther."

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

Mist. Pag.
"Alas: three of M\textsuperscript;r. \uhb\text>Fords\uhb\text;brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: other\textad;\ltb\text;wise
you might slip away ere he came: But what make <lb/>you heere?

Fal.

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

Mist.Ford.

There they alwaies vse to discharge their Birdings pieces: creepe into the Kill hole.

Mist.Ford.

He will seeke there on my word: Neyther Press, 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.

Mist.Ford.

He will seeke there on my word: Neyther Press, 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.

If you goe out in your owne semblance, you die Sir Iohn, vnlesse you go out disguis'd.

How might we disguise him?

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

Good hearts, devise something: any extremitie, rather then
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 duell 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 again, to meet him at the doore with it, as they did last time.</p>
</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">Mist.Page.</speaker>
Nay, but hee'l be heere presently: let's go dresse him like the witch of Brainford.

<speaker rend="italic">Mist.Ford.</speaker>
Ile first direct direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him straight.

<speaker rend="italic">Mist.Page.</speaker>
Hang him dishonest Varlet, We cannot misuse enough: We'll leaue a proofe by that which we will doo, Wues may be merry, and yet honest too: We do not acte that often, iest, and laugh, 'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

<speaker rend="italic">Mist.Ford.</speaker>
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.

<speaker rend="italic">1 Ser</speaker>. Come, come, take it vp.

<speaker rend="italic">2 Ser</speaker>. Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

<speaker rend="italic">1 Ser</speaker>. I hope not, I had liefe as beare so much lead.

<speaker rend="italic">Ford.</speaker> I, but if it proue true (M<r rend="superscript">r</r>) haue you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket:

<l>Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe,
a conspiracie against me: Now shall the diuel be sham'd.

What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what nest cloathes you send forth to bleaching.

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

Indeed M. Ford, this is not well indeed.

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

Heauen be my witnesse you doe, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Well said Brazon-face, hold it out: Come forth sirrah.

This passes.
Are you not ashamed, let the cloths alone.

I shall find you anon.

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

Empty the basket I say.

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

Heer's no man.

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

you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is
Call me not "braggart," though I seeke for that search'd a hollow Wall for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch with me."

"A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's brought to passe vnder the profession of Fortune, telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know no thing."

Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say."
Mist. Ford.

Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentleman, let him strike the old woman.

Come mother Prat, Come give me your hand.

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

Are you not ashamed? I thinke you have killed the poor woman.

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

Hang her witch.

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

Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you to follow the issue of my jealousie: If I cry out thus upon no train, never trust me when I open again.

Hearing this, the page was taken aback.
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 or 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 fee simple, 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
<lb>sham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the iest, should he not be publikely sham'd.</lb>
</sp>

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

<lb>haue things coole.</lb>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-wiv-hos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
</sp>

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

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

<sp who="#F-wiv-hos">
  <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
</sp>
Eua.<br>
'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man<br>as e&amp;#x00AD;&lt;lb/>&nbsp;uer I did looke vpon.&lt;/l&gt;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You say he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and &lt;lb/>&nbsp;has bin greeuously peaten, as an old o'man: me&amp;#x2011;thinkes &lt;lb/>&nbsp;there should be terrors in him, that he should not come: &lt;lb/>&nbsp;Me&amp;#x2011;thinkes his flesh is punish'd, hee
shall haue no de\textcopyright{1600};sires

So thinke I too.

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

And let vs two deuise to bring him thether.

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 horns,

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 thether,

What shall be done with him? What is your plot?
That likewise haue we thougth vpon: & thuses:

Nan Page (my daughter) and my little sonne,

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

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

With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,

And rattles in their hands; vpon a sodain e,

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

Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once

With some diffused song: Vpon their sight

We two, in great amazednesse will flye:

Then let them all encircle him about,

And Fairy-like to pinch the vnicleane 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 neu'r doo't.

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

That will be excellent,

Ile go buy them vizards.
Mist. Page.

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

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

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

Let vs about it, It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaueries.

Go <hi>Miss</hi>. <hi>Nan</hi> Page,

That <hi>Slender</hi> (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 haue her,

Though twenty thousand worthier come to craue her.
Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Euans, Caius, Quickly.


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 bed: '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 Iohn: 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: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priu&; Fie, Fie.
Fal. There was (mine Host) an old\&#x111;fat\&#x111;woman even with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wise\-woman of Brainford?/</l>

Fal. I marry was it (Mussel\&#x111;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./</p>

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what sayes she, I pray Sir?/</l>

Fal. Marry shee sayes, that the very same man that beguil'd Master\-Slender of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it./</l>

Simp. I would I could haue spoken with the Woman\-the Merry Wiues of Windsor./</p>

<cb n="1"/>her selfe, I had other things to haue spoken with her too, from him./</p>
What are they? let vs know.

I: come: quicke.

I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Conceale them, or thou di'st.

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

'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

What Sir?

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

May I be bold to say so Sir?

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

Thou art clearkly: thou art clearkly (Sir) was there a wise woman with thee?
I that there was (mine Host) one that hath taught me more wit, than euer I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Where be my horses? speake well of them varletto.

Run away with the cozoners: for so soone as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a slough of myre; and set spurre, and away; like three Germane diuels; three Doctor Fau staffes.

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

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 there is three Cozen Lermans, that has cozend all the Hosts of Reading, of Maidenhead; of Cole brooke, of horses and money:

I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wise, and full of gibes, and vlouting stocks: and
'tis not convenient you should be cozoned. Fare you well.</p>  

</sp>  

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">  

<speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>  

</sp>  

<sp who="#F-wiv-hos">  

<speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>  

</sp>  

<p>Here (Master <hi rend="italic">Doctor</hi>) in perplexitie, and doubt full delemma.</p>  

</sp>  

<sp who="#F-wiv-cai">  

<speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>  

</sp>  

<p>I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell me, dat 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 come: I tell you for good will: adieu.</p>  

</sp>  

<sp who="#F-wiv-hos">  

<speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>  

</sp>  

<p>Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: assist me Knight, I am vn done: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vn done.</p>  

</sp>  

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">  

<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>  

</sp>  

<p>I would all the world might be cozond, for I haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it should come to the ear of the Court, how I haue beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene washd, and cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fishermens boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest a dride pears: I neuer prosper'd, since I forswore my selfe at Primero: well, if my winde were but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come you?</p>  

</sp>  

<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu">  

<speaker rend="italic">Qui.</speaker>  

</sp>  

<p>From the two parties forsooth.</p>  

</sp>  

<sp who="#F-wiv-fal">  

<speaker rend="italic">Fal.</speaker>  

</sp>
The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and so they shall be both bestowed; I haue suffered more for their sakes; more then the villanous constancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

Qui. And haue not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; scurvily 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 in the Stocks, for a Witch.

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

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

Exeunt.
minde is <lb/>heauy: I will giue ouer all.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fen"

<speaker rend="italic">Fen.</speaker>
<p>Yet heare me speake: assist me in my purpose,</p>
<p>And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee</p>
<p>A hundred pound in gold, more then your losse.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-hos"

<speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
<p>I will heare you (Master <hi rend="italic">Fenton</hi>) and</p>
<p>I will (at <lb/>the least) keepe your counsell.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-fen"

<speaker rend="italic">Fen.</speaker>
<p>From time to time, I haue acquainted you</p>
<p>With the deare loue I beare to faire <hi rend="italic">Anne</hi>,<br/>
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my</p>
<p>affection,</p>
<p>(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chooser)</p>
<p>Euen to my wish; I haue a letter from her</p>
<p>Of such contents, as you will wonder at;</p>
<p>The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter,</p>
<p>That neither (singly) can be manifested</p>
<p>Without the shew of both: fat <hi rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi></p>

</p>

<p>Hath a great Scene; the image of the iest</p>
<p>Ile show you here at large (harke good mine <hi rend="italic">Host</hi>:)</p>
<p>To night at <hi rend="italic">Hernes</hi>-#x2011;Oke</hi>, iust</p>
<p>'twixt twelue and one,</p>
<p>Must my sweet <hi rend="italic">Nan</hi> present the <hi rend="italic">Faerie</hi>-#x2011;Queene</hi>:</p>
<p>The purpose why, is here: in which disguise</p>
<p>While other Iests are something ranke on foote,</p>
<p>Her father hath commanded her to slip</p>
<p>Away with <hi rend="italic">Slender</hi>, and with him, at</p>
<p>Immediately to Marry: She hath consented: Now Sir,</p>
<p>Her Mother, (euen strong against that match</p>
<p>hath appointed</p>
<p>That he shall likewise shuffle her away,</p>
<p>While other sports are tasking of their mindes,</p>
<p>And at the <hi rend="italic">Deanry</hi>, where a <hi rend="italic">Priest</hi>

</p>

<p>attends</p>
<p>Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot</p>
She seemingly obedient) likewise hath thus it rests,
Made promise to the Doctor: Now, his time,
Her Father meanes she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time,
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended (The better to devote her to the Doctor;)
For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)
That quaint in greene, she shall be loose en
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
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
Prima.</div>

<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Falstaffe, Quickly, and Ford.</stage>

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

<p>Pre'thee no more pratling: go, Ile hold, this is <lb/>the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers:<lb/>Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odde Numbers,<lb/>either in natiuity, chance, or death: away.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-mqu" rend="italic">Qui.</sp>

<p>Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can <lb/>to get you a paire of hornes.</p>

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

<p>Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head &amp; mince. How now M <hi rend="italic">Broome</hi>? Master <hi rend="italic">Broome</hi>, the mat&amp;#x00AD;<lb/>ter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the <lb/>Parke about midnight, at Hernes&amp;#x2011;Oake, and you shall <lb/>see wonders.</p>

<sp who="#F-wiv-for" rend="italic">Ford.</sp>

<p>Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told <lb/>me you had appointed?</p>

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

<p>I went to her (Master <hi rend="italic">Broome</hi>) as you see, like a <lb/>poore&amp;#x2011;old&amp;#x2011;man, but I came from her (Master <hi rend="italic">Broome</hi>) <lb/>like a poore&amp;#x2011;old&amp;#x2011;woman; that same knaue (<hi rend="italic">Ford</hi> hir hus&amp;#x00AD;<lb/>band) hath the finest mad diuell of jealousie in him (Ma&amp;#x00AD;<lb/>ster <hi rend="italic">Broome</hi>) that euer gouern'd Frensie. I will tell you, <lb/>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 (M. 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

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

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

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

Scena Tertia.  

[Act 5, Scene 3]  

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 Fairies? and the Welch-deuill Herne?  

Mist.Page.  

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

Mist.Ford.  

That cannot choose but amaze him.  

Mist.Page.  

If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.
We'll betray him finely.

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

The houre drawes on: to the Oake, to the Oake.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

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

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

The Windsor bell hath stroke twelue: the minute 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 Leda: O omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the complexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a beast, (O Ioue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what shall poore men do? For me, I am heere 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?

M.Ford.

Sir Iohn? Art thou there (my Deere?)

My male Deere?

Fal.

Diuide me like a brib'd Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like Herne the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

M.Page.
Alas, what noise?

M. Ford. Heauen forgiue our sinnes.


I thinke the diuell wil not haue me damn'd, Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire; He would neuer else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

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

Elues, list your names: Silence you aiery toyes. Cricket, to Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leape; Where fires thou find'st vnrak'd, and hearths vnswept, 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 fantasie,
Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancie,
But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, sides, \& shins.

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 wholesome, 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 floower,
Each faire Instalment, Coate, and seu'llall Crest,
With loyall Blazon, euermore be blest.
And Nightly Fairies, looke you sing
Like to the Garters Compasse, in a ring
Th'expressure that it beares: Greene let it be,
More fertile fresh then all the Field to see:
And, Hony Soit Qui Mal'y Pence, write
In Emrold\&\#2011;tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire pearle, and rich embroidered,
Buckled below faire Knight\&\#2011;hoods bending knee;
Fairies vse Flowres for their characterie.
Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke
Of Herne the Hunter, let vs not forget.

Pray you lock hand in hand: your selues in order
And twenty glow\&\#2011;wormes shal our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Euan.
Euan.
Euan.
Euan.
Euan.
Euan.
Euan.
Euan.
Euan.
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.

Oh, oh, oh.

Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.

Luxurie:

Lust is but a blody 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, &amp; Star, light, &amp; Moone shine be out.

The Song.

Fie on sinnefull phantasie: Fie on Lust, and Lust is but a blody 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, &amp; Star, light, &amp; Moone shine be out.
Page.</p>

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

M.Page.</p>

I pray you come, hold vp the iest no higher. Now (good Sir) how like you Windsor wiuies?</p>

See you these husband? Do not these faire yoakes Become the Forrest better then the Towne?</p>

Ford.</p>

Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now? Mr. Broome, a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue, Heere are his hornes Master Broome, he hath enjoyed nothing of Buck basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to M Broome, his horses are arrested for it, M Broome, his Oxe too: both the proofes are ex tant.

Sir, we haue had ill lucke: wee neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe, but I will always count you my Deere.</p>

Sir</p>

I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Asse.<br />

And Master Broome, he hath enioyed nothing of Fords basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to M Broome, his horses are arrested for it, M Broome, his Oxe too: both the proofes are ex tant.

I was three or four times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltinessse of my minde, the sodaine
surprise of my powers, droue the grossenesse of the fop
derry into a receiu'd beleefe, in despit of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a lacke: Lent, when 'tis vpon ill employment.</p>

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

Seese, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is eough to be the decay of lust and late: walking through the Realme.
Why Sir <hi rend="italic">John</hi>, do you thinke though wee would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

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

A puft man?

Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable en\textsuperscript{tr}ailes?

And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

And as poore as Iob?

And as wicked as his wife?

And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

Well, I am your Theame: you haue the start of me, I am deiected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vse me as you will.
Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one 
Broome, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a bi-ting affection.

Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a pos-set to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Slender hath married her daughter.

Doctors doubt that; If Anne Page be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him, or hee should haue
swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene Anne Page, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post&masters Boy.

Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong. Slen.

What neede you tell me that? I think so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparrell) I would not haue had him.

Why this is your owne folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments?

I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as Anne and I had appointed, and yet it was not Anne, but a Post&masters boy.

Good George be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and in&AD; she is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married.

Ver is Mistris Page: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garsoon, a boy; oon pesant, by gar. A boy, it is not An Page, by gar, I am cozoned.

Why did you take her in white?
I see gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raise all Windsor.

This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

My heart misgues 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 vndueous 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.
Fal.

I am glad, though you haue tane a special stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page.

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

Fal.

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

Mist.Page.

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

Ford.

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.