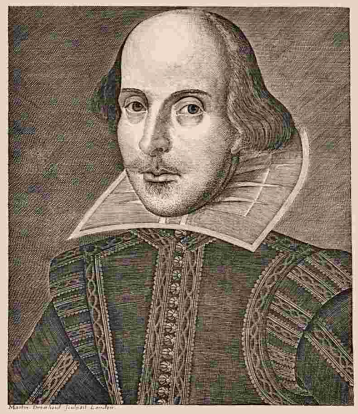
The Merry Wives of Windsor

MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



LONDON
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Merry Wives of Windsor

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Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there?
Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

* * * * *

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Michael S. Hart
Project Gutenberg
Executive Director

* * * * *

Scanner's Notes:

What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of
Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in
ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

David Reed

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The Merry Wiues of Windsor

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Master Page,
Falstoffe,
Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, Mistresse Ford, Mistresse
Page, Simple.

Shallow. Sir Hugh, perswade me not: I will make a StarChamber
matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir
Iohn Falstoffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow
Esquire

Slen. In the County of Glocester, Iustice of Peace and Coram

Shal. I (Cosen Slender) and Custalorum

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

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

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

Shal. It is an olde Coate

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

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

Slen. I may quarter (Coz)

Shal. You may, by marrying

Euans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it

Shal. Not a whit

Euan. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple coniectures; but that is all one: if Sir Iohn Falstaffe haue committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremises betweene you

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 vs see honest Mr Page: is Falstaffe there? Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lyer, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir Iohn is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for Mr. Page. What hoa? Got-plesse your house heere

Mr.Page. Who's there? Euan. Here is go't's plessing and your friend, and Iustice Shallow, and heere yong Master Slender: that peraduentures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings

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

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

M.Page. Sir, I thanke you

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

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

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

M.Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir

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

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

M.Pa. A Cur, Sir

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir Iohn Falstaffe heere? M.Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office betweene you

Euan. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master Page.)
M.Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it

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

Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir Iohn

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complaine of me to the King?
Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keepers daughter?
Shal. Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd

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

Shal. The Councell shall know this

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

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir Iohn) good worts

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; Slender, I broke your head: what matter haue you against me? Slen. Marry sir, I haue matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls, Bardolf, Nym, and Pistoll

Bar. You Banbery Cheese

Slen. I, it is no matter

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?
Slen. I, it is no matter

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

Slen. Where's Simple my man? can you tell, Cosen? Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderstand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderstand; that is, Master Page (fidelicet Master Page,) & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Garter

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

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

Fal. Pistoll

Pist. He heares with eares

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

Fal. Pistoll, did you picke M[aster]. Slenders purse? Slen. I, by these gloues did hee, or I would I might 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

Fal. Is this true, Pistoll?
Euan. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse

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

Slen. By these gloues, then 'twas he

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

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an asse

Fal. What say you Scarlet, and Iohn?
Bar. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his fiue sentences

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

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

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

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

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

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

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Mistresse Anne Page

Mr.Page. How now Mistris Ford?
Fal. Mistris Ford, by my troth you are very wel met:
by your leaue good Mistris

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

Slen. I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now Simple, where haue you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you? Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to Alice Short-cake vpon Alhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir Hugh here: doe you vnderstand me? Slen. I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason

Shal. Nay, but vnderstand me

Slen. So I doe Sir

Euan. Giue eare to his motions; (Mr. Slender) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it

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

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

Shal. I, there's the point Sir

Eu. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi[stris]. An Page

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

Eu. But can you affection the 'oman, 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: therfore precisely, ca[n] you carry your good wil to y maid? Sh. Cosen Abraham Slender, can you loue her? Slen. I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason

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

Shal. That you must:
Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?
Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your request (Cosen) in any reason

Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (sweet Coz): What I doe is to pleasure you (Coz:) can you loue the maid? Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your request; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occasion to know one another: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely dissolued, and dissolutely

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

Sh. I: I thinke my Cosen meant well

Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang'd (la.)
Sh. Here comes faire Mistris Anne; would I were yong for your sake, Mistris Anne

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

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Mistris Anne.)
Eu. Od's plessed-wil: I wil not be abse[n]ce at the grace

An. Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir?
Sl. No, I thank you forsooth, hartely; I am very well

An. The dinner attends you, Sir

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my Cosen Shallow: a Iustice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne

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

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

An. I pray you Sir walke in

Sl. I had rather walke here (I 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? An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of

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

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

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

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir

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

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way

Ma.Pa. Come on, Sir

Sl. Mistris Anne: your selfe shall goe first

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on

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

An. I pray you Sir

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

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

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

Si. Well Sir

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

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

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter?
Ho. What saies my Bully Rooke? speake schollerly,
and wisely

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

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

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (Cesar, Keiser and Pheazar)
I will entertaine Bardolfe: he shall draw; he shall tap; said
I well (bully Hector?)
Fa. Doe so (good mine Host.)
Ho. I haue spoke; let him follow; let me see thee froth,
and liue: I am at a word: follow

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

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

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

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor co[n]ceited?
Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox: his
Thefts were too open: his filching was like an vnskilfull
Singer, he kept not time

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

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

Fal. Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue

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

Pist. Yong Rauens must haue foode

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this Towne?
Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about

Pist. Two yards, and more

Fal. No quips now Pistoll: (Indeede I am in the waste two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefely: I doe meane to make loue to Fords wife: I spie entertainment in her: shee discourses: shee carues: she giues the leere of inuitation: I can construe the action of her familier stile, & the hardest voice of her behauior (to be english'd rightly) is, I am Sir Iohn Falstafs

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

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?
Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her
husbands Purse: he hath a legend of Angels

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

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

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

Pist. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour

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

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

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

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you these Letters tightly,
Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, auaunt, vanish like haile-stones; goe,
Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe: seeke shelter, packe:
Falstaffe will learne the honor of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirted Page

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and
Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore,
Tester ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lacke,
Base Phrygian Turke

Ni. I haue opperations,
Which be humors of reuenge

Pist. Wilt thou reuenge?
Ni. By Welkin, and her Star

Pist. With wit, or Steele?
Ni. With both the humors, I:
I will discusse the humour of this Loue to Ford

Pist. And I to Page shall eke vnfold
How Falstaffe (varlet vile)
His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile

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

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

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

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

Qu. What, Iohn Rugby, I pray thee goe to the Casement, 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

Ru. Ile goe watch

Qu. Goe, and we'll haue a posset for't soone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as euer seruant shall come in house withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breedebate: 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? Si. I: for fault of a better

Qu. And Master Slender's your Master?
Si. I forsooth

Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a
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. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as
any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with
a Warrener

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

Qu. Well, heauen send Anne Page, no worse fortune:
Tell Master Parson Euans, I will doe what I can for your
Master: Anne is a good girle, and I wish -
Ru. Out alas: here comes my Master

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

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

Qu. I forsooth ile fetch it you: I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the yong man he would haue bin horne-mad

Ca. Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for ehando, Ie man voi a le
Court la grand affaires

Qu. Is it this Sir?
Ca. Ouy mette le au mon pocket, depeech quickly:
Vere is dat knaue Rugby?
Qu. What Iohn Rugby, Iohn?
Ru. Here Sir

Ca. You are Iohn Rugby, and you are Iacke Rugby: Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch

Ca. By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: que ay ie oublie: dere is some Simples in my Closset, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leaue behinde

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

Ca. O Diable, Diable: vat is in my Closset?
Villanie, Laroone: Rugby, my Rapier

Qu. Good Master be content

Ca. Wherefore shall I be content-a?
Qu. The yong man is an honest man

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

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

Ca. Vell

Si. I forsooth: to desire her to -
Qu. Peace, I pray you

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale

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

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

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

Qui. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin throughly moued, you should haue heard him so loud, and so melancholly: but notwithstanding man, Ile doe yoe your Master what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, y French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe.) Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand

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

Caius. You, Iack'Nape: giue-'a this Letter to Sir Hugh, by gar it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scuruy Iackanape Priest to meddle, or make:- you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by gar, he shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge

Qui. Alas: he speakes but for his friend

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

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

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

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

Fenton. Who's with in there, hoa?
Qui. Who's there, I troa? Come neere the house I pray you

Fen. How now (good woman) how dost thou?
Qui. The better that it pleases your good Worship to aske?
Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Mistris Anne?
Qui. In truth Sir, and shee is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heauen for it

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue: but notwithstanding (Master Fenton) Ile be sworne on a booke shee loues you: haue not your Worship a wart aboue your eye? Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that? Qui. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Nan; (but (I detest) an honest maid as euer broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I shall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) shee is giuen too much to Allicholy and musing: but for you - well - goe too - Fen. Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou seest her before me, commend me. - Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now

Qui. Fare-well to your Worship: truely an honest Gentleman: but Anne loues him not: for I know Ans minde as well as another do's: out vpon't: what haue I forgot.

Enter.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

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

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

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

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

Mis.Ford. Nay Ile nere beleeue that; I haue to shew
to the contrary

Mis.Page. 'Faith but you doe in my minde

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

Mis.Page. What's the matter, woman?
Mi.Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect,
I could come to such honour

Mi.Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour:
what is it? dispence with trifles: what is it?
Mi.Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall
moment, or so: I could be knighted

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

Mi.Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read: 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 womens modesty: and gaue such orderly and welbehaued reproofe to al vncomelinesse, that I would haue sworne his disposition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalms to the tune of Greensleeues: What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'shoare at Windsor? How shall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust haue melted him in his owne greace: Did you euer heare the like? Mis.Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs: to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine neuer shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blancke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye vnder Mount Pelion: Well; I will find you twentie lasciuious Turtles ere one chaste man

Mis.Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of vs?
Mis.Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost readie to wrangle with mine owne honesty: Ile entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure vnlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would neuer haue boorded me in this furie

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

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

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

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

Mis.Ford. You are the happier woman

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

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not so

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

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ford. I will seeke out Falstaffe

Page. I neuer heard such a drawling-affecting rogue

Ford. If I doe finde it: well

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

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well

Page. How now Meg?
Mist.Page. Whether goe you (George?) harke you

Mis.Ford. How now (sweet Frank) why art thou melancholy?
Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home: goe

Mis.Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head,
Now: will you goe, Mistris Page?
Mis.Page. Haue with you: you'll come to dinner
George? Looke who comes yonder: shee shall bee our
Messenger to this paltrie Knight

Mis.Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: shee'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?
Mis.Page. Go in with vs and see: we haue an houres
talke with you

Page. How now Master Ford?
For. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?
Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?
Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?
Pag. Hang 'em slaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of seruice

Ford. Were they his men?
Page. Marry were they

Ford. I like it neuer the beter for that, Do's he lye at the Garter? Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him; and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied

Page. Looke where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when hee lookes so merrily: How now mine Host? Host. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Caueleiro Iustice, I say

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

Host. Tell him Caueleiro-Iustice: tell him Bully-Rooke

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

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

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

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight? my guest-Caualeire?
Shal. None, I protest: but Ile giue you a pottle of burn'd sacke, to giue me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Broome: onely for a iest

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

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

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

Host. Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?
Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them scold,
then fight

Ford. Though Page be a secure foole, and stands so firmely 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 otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Pistoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny

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

Fal. Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon 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 honour thou hadst it not

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteene pence? Fal. Reason, you roague, reason: thinkst thou Ile endanger my soule, gratis? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of Pickt-hatch: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you stand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfinable basenesse) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honor precise: I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to shufflle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phrases, and your boldbeating-oathes, vnder the shelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

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

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

Fal. Let her approach

Qui. Giue your worship good morrow

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife

Qui. Not so, and't please your worship

Fal. Good maid then

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

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

Qui. Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or two?

Fal. Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe thee the hearing

Qui. There is one Mistresse Ford, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my selfe dwell with M[aster]. Doctor Caius:

Fal. Well, on; Mistresse Ford, you say

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

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

Qui. Are they so? heauen-blesse them, and make them his Seruants

Fal. Well; Mistresse Ford, what of her?

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

Fal. Mistresse Ford: come, Mistresse Ford

Qui. 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 Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all Muske, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silke and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and suger of the best, and the fairest, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my selfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her so much as sippe on a cup with the prowdest of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her

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

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

Fal. Ten, and eleuen

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

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.
Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her

Qui. 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 seldome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman so doate vpon a man; surely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth

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

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't

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

Qui. That were a iest indeed: they haue not so little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Mistris Page would desire you to send her your little Page of al loues: her husband has a maruellous infectio[n] to the little Page: and truely Master Page is an honest man: neuer a wife in Windsor leades a better life then she do's: doe what shee will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she 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

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

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

Pist. This Puncke is one of Cupids Carriers,
Clap on more sailes, pursue: vp with your sights:
Giue fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all

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

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

Fal. Broome is his name?

Bar. I Sir

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

Ford. 'Blesse you sir

Fal. And you sir: would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation vpon you

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue Drawer

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

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

Ford. Good Sir Iohn, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you vnderstand, I thinke my selfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this vnseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open

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

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

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

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

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

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer so good means as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir Iohn) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reproofe the easier, sith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed

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

Fal. Well Sir

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

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

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to such a purpose?
Ford. Neuer

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?
Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground,
so that I haue lost my edifice, by mistaking the place,
where I erected it

Fal. To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me? For. 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 Iohn) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations

Fal. O Sir

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

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

Ford. O, vnderstand my drift: she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it selfe: 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-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are tootoo strongly embattaild against me: what say you too't, Sir Iohn? Fal. Master Broome, I will first make bold with your money: next, giue mee your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enioy Fords wife

Ford. O good Sir

Fal. I say you shall

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

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

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

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

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

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who saies this is improuident iealousie? my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man haue thought this? see the hell of hauing a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I shall not onely receiue this villanous 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 Welshman with my Cheese, an Irish-man with my Aqua-vitae-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then she plots, then shee ruminates, then shee deuises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealousie: eleuen o' clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on Falstaffe, and laugh at Page. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a mynute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Enter.

Scena Tertia.

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

Caius. Iacke Rugby

Rug. Sir

Caius. Vat is the clocke, Iack

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

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

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

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him: take your Rapier, (Iacke) I vill tell you how I vill kill him

Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence

Cai. Villaine, take your Rapier

Rug. Forbeare: heer's company

Host. 'Blesse thee, bully-Doctor

Shal. 'Saue you Mr. Doctor Caius

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor

Slen. 'Giue you good-morrow, sir

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for? Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee trauerse, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy puncto, thy stock, thy reuerse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha Bully? what saies my Esculapius? my Galien? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead? Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iack-Priest of de vorld: he is not show his face

Host. Thou art a Castalion-king-Vrinall: Hector of Greece (my Boy)
Cai. I pray you beare witnesse, that me haue stay, sixe or seuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is nocome

Shal. He is the wiser man (M[aster]. Doctor) he is a curer of soules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you goe against the haire of your professions: is it not true, Master Page? Page. Master Shallow; you haue your selfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace

Shal. Body-kins M[aster]. Page, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though wee are Iustices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M[aster]. Page) wee haue some salt of our youth in vs, we are the sons of women (M[aster]. Page.) Page. 'Tis true, Mr. Shallow

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

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

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?
Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour (Bully.)
Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-vater as de Englishman: scuruy-Iack-dog-Priest: by gar, mee vill cut his eares

Host. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)
Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?
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, Mr. Ghuest, and M[aster]. Page, & eeke Caualeiro Slender, goe you through the Towne to Frogmore

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

All. Adieu, good M[aster]. Doctor

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a Iack-an-Ape to Anne Page

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

Host. For the which, I will be thy aduersary toward Anne Page: said I well?
Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell said

Host. Let vs wag then

Cai. Come at my heeles, Iack Rugby.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

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

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

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

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

Sim. I will sir

Euan. 'Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of minde: I shall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues costard, when I haue good oportunities for the orke: 'Plesse my soule: To shallow Riuers to whose falls: melodious Birds sings Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow: 'Mercie on mee, I haue a great dispositions to cry. Melodious birds sing Madrigalls: - When as I sat in Pabilon: and a thousand vagram Posies. To shallow, &c

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

Euan. Hee's welcome: To shallow Riuers, to whose fals: Heauen prosper the right: what weapons is he?
Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr. Shallow, and another Gentleman; from Frogmore, ouer the stile, this way

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

Shal. How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir Hugh: keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull

Slen. Ah sweet Anne Page

Page. 'Saue you, good Sir Hugh

Euan. 'Plesse you from his mercy-sake, all of you

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word? Doe you study them both, Mr. Parson?
Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumaticke day?
Euan. There is reasons, and causes for it

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

Euan. Fery-well: what is it? Page. Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you saw

Shal. I haue liued foure-score yeeres, and vpward: I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect

Euan. What is he?
Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor Caius the renowned French Physician

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

Page. Why?
Euan. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen , and hee is a knaue besides: a cowardly knaue, as you would desires to be acquainted withall

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

Slen. O sweet Anne Page

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius

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

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor

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

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your
eare; vherefore vill you not meet-a me?
Euan. Pray you vse your patience in good time

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iack dog: Iohn
Ape

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

Cai. Diable: Iack Rugby: mine Host de Iarteer: haue I not stay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint? Euan. As I am a Christians-soule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile bee iudgement by mine Host of the Garter

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? my Sir Hugh? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celestiall) 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, 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 scuruy-cogging-companion the Host of the Garter

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

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

Scena Secunda.

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

Mist.Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles? Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe

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

Ford. Well met mistris Page, whether go you

M.Pa. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?
Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry

M.Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?
M.Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name sirrah?
Rob. Sir Iohn Falstaffe

Ford. Sir Iohn Falstaffe

M.Pa. He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at home indeed?
Ford. Indeed she is

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

Ford. Has Page any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no vse of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee peeces out his wiues inclination: he giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now she's going to my wife, & Falstaffes boy with her: A man may heare this showre sing in the winde; and Falstaffes boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiues share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so-seeming Mist[ris]. Page, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and wilfull Acteon, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aime. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde 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

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Mr Ford

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

Shal. I must excuse my selfe Mr Ford

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

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

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father Page

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

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

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

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The 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

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

Shal. Well, fare you well:
We shall haue the freer woing at Mr Pages

Cai. Go home Iohn Rugby, I come anon

Host. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight
Falstaffe, and drinke Canarie with him

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with
him, Ile make him dance. Will you go Gentles?
All. Haue with you, to see this Monster.

Scena Tertia.

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

Mist.Ford. What Iohn, what Robert

M.Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket -
Mis.Ford. I warrant. What Robin I say

Mis.Page. Come, come, come

Mist.Ford. Heere, set it downe

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

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

M.Page. You will do it?
M.Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no direction.
Be gone, and come when you are call'd

M.Page. Here comes little Robin

Mist.Ford. How now my Eyas-Musket, what newes with you?
Rob. My M[aster]. Sir Iohn is come in at your backe doore
(Mist[ris]. Ford, and requests your company

M.Page. You litle Iack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs Rob. I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerlasting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne me away

Mist.Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shal make thee a new doublet and hose. Ile go hide me

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

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

Mist.Ford. Go-too then: we'l 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

Mist.Ford. O sweet Sir Iohn

Fal. Mistris Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Mist[ris]. Ford) now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile speake it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady

Mist.Ford. I your Lady Sir Iohn? Alas, I should bee a pittifull Lady

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance

Mist.Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir Iohn:
My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semicircled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it

Mist.Ford. Beleeue me, ther's no such thing in me

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

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

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

Mis.Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you,
And you shall one day finde it

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deserue it

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

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

Fal. She shall not see me, I will ensconce mee behinde
the Arras

M.Ford. Pray you do so, she's a very tatling woman.
Whats the matter? How now?
Mist.Page. O mistris Ford what haue you done?
You'r sham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer

M.Ford. What's the matter, good mistris Page?
M.Page. O weladay, mist[ris]. Ford, hauing an honest man
to your husband, to giue him such cause of suspition

M.Ford. What cause of suspition? M.Page. What cause of suspition? Out vpon you: How am I mistooke in you? M.Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter? M.Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentleman, that he sayes is heere now in the house; by your consent to take an ill aduantage of his absence: you are vndone

M.Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope

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

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

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

M.Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?
Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't:
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in

M.Page. What Sir Iohn Falstaffe? Are these your Letters,
Knight?
Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in
heere: ile neuer -
M.Page. Helpe to couer your master (Boy:) Call
your men (Mist[ris]. Ford.) You dissembling Knight

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

Ford. 'Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause,
Why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest,
I deserue 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

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my selfe of y Buck: Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke, And of the season too; it shall appeare. Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now vncape

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

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

Euans. This is fery fantasticall humors and iealousies

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France:
It is not iealous in France

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

Mist.Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?
Mist.Ford. I know not which pleases me better,
That my husband is deceiued, or Sir Iohn

Mist.Page. What a taking was hee in, when your husband askt who was in the basket? Mist.Ford. I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of washing: so throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit

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

Mist.Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall 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 scarse obey this medicine

Mis.Ford. Shall we send that foolishion Carion, Mist[ris]. Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another punishment? Mist.Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends

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

Mis.Page. Heard you that?
Mis.Ford. You vse me well, M[aster]. Ford? Do you?
Ford. I, I do so

M.Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoghts
Ford. Amen

Mi.Page. You do your selfe mighty wrong (M[aster]. Ford)
Ford. I, I: I must beare it

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

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

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

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M[aster]. Page) I suffer for it

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

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

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

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'l mock him: I doe 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:
Ford. Any thing

Eu. If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie
Ca. If there be one, or two, I shall make-a-theturd

Ford. Pray you go, M[aster]. Page

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

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart

Eua. A lowsie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

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

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

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

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

An. Gentle M[aster]. Fenton,
Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it sir,
If opportunity and humblest suite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither

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

Slen. Ile make a shaft or a bolt on't, slid, tis but venturing

Shal. Be not dismaid

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

Qui. Hark ye, M[aster]. Slender would speak a word with you
An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:
O what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?
Qui. And how do's good Master Fenton?
Pray you a word with you

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadst a father

Slen. I had a father (M[istris]. An) my vncle can tel you good iests of him: pray you Vncle, tel Mist[ris]. Anne the iest how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vnckle

Shal. Mistris Anne, my Cozen loues you

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

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman

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

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

Anne. Good Maister Shallow let him woo for himselfe

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

Anne. Now Master Slender

Slen. Now good Mistris Anne

Anne. What is your will? Slen. My will? Odd's-hartlings, that's a prettie iest indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen:) I am not such a sickely creature, I giue Heauen praise

Anne. I meane (M[aster]. Slender) what wold you with me? Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vncle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes

Page. Now Mr Slender; Loue him daughter Anne.
Why how now? What does Mr Fenten here?
You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.
I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of

Fen. Nay Mr Page, be not impatient

Mist.Page. Good M[aster]. Fenton, come not to my child

Page. She is no match for you

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?
Page. No, good M[aster]. Fenton.
Come M[aster]. Shallow: Come sonne Slender, in;
Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M[aster]. Fenton.)
Qui. Speake to Mistris Page

Fen. Good Mist[ris]. Page, for that I loue your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I must aduance the colours of my loue,
And not retire. Let me haue your good will

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

Mist.Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband

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

An. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips

Mist.Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M[aster].
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 Nan

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian: Looke on M[aster]. Fenton, this is my doing

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

Qui. Now heauen send thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister had Mistris Anne, or I would M[aster]. Slender had her: or (in sooth) I would M[aster]. Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I haue promisd, and Ile bee as good as my word, but speciously for M[aster]. Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir Iohn Falstaffe from my two Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I say

Bar. Heere Sir

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a tost in't. Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be seru'd such another tricke, Ile haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues slighted me into the riuer with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my size, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in 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

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

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snowbals, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in

Bar. Come in woman

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

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

Bard. With Egges, Sir?
Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet-Spersme in my brewage. How now?
Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M[istris]. Ford

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

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

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

Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickely, she'll make you amends I warrant you

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

Qui. I will tell her

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

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

Qui. Peace be with you Sir

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

Ford. Blesse you Sir

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

Ford. That indeed (Sir Iohn) is my businesse

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

Ford. And sped you Sir?
Fal. Very ill-fauouredly M[aster]. Broome

Ford. How so sir, did she change her determination? Fal. No (M[aster]. Broome) but the peaking Curnuto her husband (M[aster]. Broome) dwelling in a continual larum of ielousie, coms me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wiues Loue

Ford. What? While you were there?
Fal. While I was there

For. And did he search for you, & could not find you? Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one Mist[ris]. Page, giues intelligence of Fords approch: and in her inuention, and Fords wiues distraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket

Ford. A Buck-basket?
Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule
Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie
Napkins, that (Master Broome) there was the rankest
compound of villanous smell, that euer offended nostrill

Ford. And how long lay you there? Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master Broome) what I haue sufferd, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of Fords knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Mistris, 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 Basket? I quak'd for feare least the Lunatique Knaue would haue search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, 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 stinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am as subiect to heate as butter; a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutch-dish) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that serge like a Horse-shoo; thinke of that; hissing hot: thinke of that (Master Broome.) Ford. In good sadnesse Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you haue sufferd all this. My suite then is desperate: You'll vndertake her no more? Fal. Master Broome: I will be throwne into Etna, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I haue receiued from her another ambassie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Master Broome.) Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to my appointment: Come to mee at your conuenient leisure, and you shall know how I speede: and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enioying her: adiew: you shall haue her (Master Broome) Master Broome, you shall cuckold Ford

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame? doe I sleepe? Master Ford awake, awake Master Ford: ther's a hole made in your best coate (Master Ford:) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buckbaskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee cannot scape me: 'tis impossible hee should: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a PepperBoxe: 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 hornemad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Euans.

Mist.Pag. Is he at M[aster]. Fords already think'st thou?
Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but
truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing

into the water. Mistris Ford desires you to come sodainely

Mist.Pag. Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Master comes; 'tis a playing day I see: how now Sir Hugh, no Schoole to day? Eua. No: Master Slender is let the Boyes leaue to play

Qui 'Blessing of his heart

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

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

Mist.Pag. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; answere your Master, be not afraid

Eua. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?
Will. Two

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

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

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

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

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

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

Will. Lapis

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

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

Eua. Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog: pray you marke: genitiuo huius: Well: what is your Accusatiue-case?
Will. Accusatiuo hinc

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) Accusatiuo hing, hang, hog

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

Eua. Leaue your prables (o'man) What is the Focatiue
case (William?)
Will. O, Vocatiuo, O

Eua. Remember William, Focatiue, is caret

Qu. And that's a good roote

Eua. O'man, forbeare

Mist.Pag. Peace

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

Will. Genitiue horum, harum, horum

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

Eua. For shame o'man

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

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

Mi.Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace

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

Will. Forsooth, I haue forgot

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

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

Eu. He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel Mis[tris]. Page

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

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstoffe, Mist.Ford, Mist.Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius,
Euans,
Shallow.

Fal. Mi[stris]. Ford, Your sorrow hath eaten vp my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I professe requitall to a haires bredth, not onely Mist[ris]. 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? Mis.Ford. Hee's a birding (sweet Sir Iohn.) Mis.Page. What hoa, gossip Ford: what hoa

Mis.Ford. Step into th' chamber, Sir Iohn

Mis.Page. How now (sweete heart) whose at home
besides your selfe?
Mis.Ford. Why none but mine owne people

Mis.Page. Indeed?
Mis.Ford. No certainly: Speake louder

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

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

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

Mist.Ford. How neere is he Mistris Page?
Mist.Pag. Hard by, at street end; he wil be here anon

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

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

Mist.Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe? Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket: May I not go out ere he come? Mist.Page. Alas: three of Mr. Fords brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere hee came: But what make you heere? Fal. What shall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney

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

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

Fal. Ile go out then

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

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

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

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

Mist.Page. 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

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

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

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

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

Mist.Ford. But is my husband comming?
Mist.Page. I in good sadnesse is he, and talkes of the basket too, howsoeuer he hath had intelligence

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

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

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

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

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

1 Ser. Come, come, take it vp

2 Ser. Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe

1 Ser. I hope not, I had liefe as beare so much lead

Ford. I, but if it proue true (Mr. Page) haue you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conspiracie against me: Now shall the diuel be sham'd. What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what honest cloathes you send forth to bleaching

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

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

Shall. Indeed M[aster]. Ford, this is not well indeed

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither Mistris Ford, Mistris Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the iealious foole to her husband: I suspect without cause (Mistris) do I? Mist.Ford. Heauen be my witnesse you doe, if you suspect me in any dishonesty

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

Page. This passes

Mist.Ford. Are you not asham'd, let the cloths alone

Ford. I shall finde you anon

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

Ford. Empty the basket I say

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

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

Page. Heer's no man

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

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

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I seeke for

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

Ford. Helpe to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-sport: Let them say of me, as iealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch with me

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

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?
M.Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of Brainford

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's brought to passe vnder the profession of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th' Figure, & such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say

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

Mist.Page. Come mother Prat, Come giue me your
hand

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

Mist.Page. Are you not asham'd?
I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman

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

Ford. Hang her witch

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

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow: see but the issue of my iealousie: If I cry out thus vpon no traile, neuer trust me when I open againe

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

Mist.Page. Trust me he beate him most pittifully

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

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

Mist.Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witnesse of a good conscience, pursue him with any further reuenge? M.Page. 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 neuer (I thinke) in the way of waste, attempt vs againe

Mist.Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue seru'd him? Mist.Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the ministers

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, and Euans.

Eua. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as euer
I did looke vpon

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an
instant?
Mist.Page. Within a quarter of an houre

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what y wilt:
I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold,
Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand
(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues
Yet once againe (to make vs publike sport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of

Page. How? to send him word they'll meete him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come

Eu. You say he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and has bin greeuously peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes there should be terrors in him, that he should not come: Me-thinkes his flesh is punish'd, hee shall haue no desires

Page. So thinke I too

M.Ford. Deuise but how you'l vse him whe[n] he comes,
And let vs two deuise to bring him thether

Mis.Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the
Hunter (sometime a keeper heere in Windsor Forrest)
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight
Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine
In a most hideous and dreadfull manner.
You haue heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed-Eld
Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake:
But what of this?
Mist.Ford. Marry this is our deuise,
That Falstaffe at that Oake shall meete with vs

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape, when you haue brought him thether,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?
Mist.Pa. That likewise haue we thoght vpon: & thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little sonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dresse
Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; vpon a sodaine,
As Falstaffe, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: Vpon their sight
We two, in great amazednesse will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread
In shape prophane

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed Fairies pinch him, sound,
And burne him with their Tapers

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

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll neu'r doo't

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

Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them vizards

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

Page. That silke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M[aster]. Slender steale my Nan away,
And marry her at Eaton: go, send to Falstaffe straight

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

Mist.Page. Feare not you that: Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries

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

Mis.Page. Go Mist[ris]. Ford,
Send quickly to Sir Iohn, to know his minde:
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with Nan Page:
That Slender (though well landed) is an Ideot:
And he, my husband best of all affects:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he shall haue her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to craue her.

Scena Quinta.

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

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

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir Iohn Falstaffe from M[aster]. 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

Host. 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

Fal. How now, mine Host? Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming downe of thy fat-woman: Let her descend (Bully) let her descend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priuacy? Fie

Fal. There was (mine Host) an old-fat-woman euen now with me, but she's gone

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wise-woman of Brainford? Fal. I marry was it (Mussel-shell) what would you with her? Simp. My Master (Sir) my master Slender, sent to her seeing her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whether one Nim (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it

Sim. And what sayes she, I pray Sir?
Fal. Marry shee sayes, that the very same man that beguil'd Master Slender of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it

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

Fal. What are they? let vs know

Host. I: come: quicke

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)
Host. Conceale them, or thou di'st

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

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune

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

Sim. May I be bold to say so Sir?
Fal. I Sir: like who more bold

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

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

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage

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

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

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

Euan. Where is mine Host? Host. What is the matter Sir? Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has 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 conuenient you should be cozoned. Fare you well

Cai. Ver' is mine Host de Iarteere?
Host. Here (Master Doctor) in perplexitie, and doubtfull delemma

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

Host. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: assist me Knight, I am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vndone

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

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

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

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

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

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Host.

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

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

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

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you
With the deare loue I beare to faire Anne Page,
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chooser)
Euen to my wish; I haue a letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter,
That neither (singly) can be manifested
Without the shew of both: fat Falstaffe
Hath a great Scene; the image of the iest
Ile show you here at large (harke good mine Host:)
To night at Hernes-Oke, iust 'twixt twelue and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Faerie-Queene:
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise
While other Iests are something ranke on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him, at Eaton
Immediately to Marry: She hath consented: Now Sir,
Her Mother, (euen strong against that match
And firme for Doctor Caius) hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the Deanry, where a Priest attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She seemingly obedient) likewise hath
Made promise to the Doctor: Now, thus it rests,
Her Father meanes she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended
(The better to deuote her to the Doctor;
For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)
That quaint in greene, she shall be loose en-roab'd,
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen consent to go with him

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

Fen. Both (my good Host) to go along with me:
And heere it rests, that you'l procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,

And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony

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

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Falstoffe, Quickly, and Ford.

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

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

Fall. Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head & mince. How now M[aster]. Broome? Master Broome, the matter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall see wonders

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed? Fal. I went to her (Master Broome) as you see, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master Broome) like a poore-old-woman; that same knaue (Ford hir husband) hath the finest mad diuell of iealousie in him (Master Broome) that euer gouern'd Frensie. I will tell you, he beate me greeuously, in the shape of a woman: (for in the shape of Man (Master Broome) I feare not Goliath 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 deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, straunge things in hand (M[aster]. Broome) follow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son Slender, my Slen. I forsooth, I haue spoke with her, & we haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that we know one another

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist.Page, Mist.Ford, Caius.

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

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu

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

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

Mist.Ford. Wee'll betray him finely

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

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

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

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

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

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

Fal. The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelue: the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods assist me: Remember Ioue, 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 (Iupiter) 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 a Windsor Stagge, and the fattest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me

a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe? M.Ford. Sir Iohn? Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere? Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greenesleeues, haile-kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let there come a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee heere

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

M.Page. Alas, what noise?
M.Ford. Heauen forgiue our sinnes

Fal. What should this be?
M.Ford. M.Page. Away, away

Fal. 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.

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

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

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

Eu. Wher's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said,
Raise vp the Organs of her fantasie,
Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancie,
But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, sides, & shins

Qu. About, about:
Search Windsor Castle (Elues) within, and out.
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome,
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,
In state as wholsome, as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The seuerall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre
With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre,

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

Euan. Pray you lock hand in hand: your selues in order set:
And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth

Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheese

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

Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaste, the flame will backe descend
And turne him to no paine: but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted hart

Pist. A triall, come

Eua. Come: will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.
About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull rime,
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on sinnefull phantasie: Fie on Lust, and Luxurie:
Lust is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaste desire,
Fed in heart whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-shine be out

Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we haue watcht you now: Will none but Herne the Hunter serue your turne? M.Page. I pray you come, hold vp the iest no higher. Now (good Sir Iohn) how like you Windsor wiues? See you these husband? Do not these faire yoakes Become the Forrest better then the Towne? Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now? Mr Broome, Falstaffes a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue, Heere are his hornes Master Broome: And Master Broome, he hath enioyed nothing of Fords, but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Mr Broome, his horses are arrested for it, Mr Broome

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

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

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant

Fal. And these are not Fairies: I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine surprize of my powers, droue the grossenesse of the foppery into a receiu'd beleefe, in despight of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill imployment

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

Ford. Well said Fairy Hugh

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

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

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

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

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

Mist.Page. Why Sir Iohn, do you thinke though wee would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?
Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?
Mist.Page. A puft man?
Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?
Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?
Page. And as poore as Iob?
Ford. And as wicked as his wife?
Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

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

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one Mr Broome, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction

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

Mist.Page. Doctors doubt that;
If Anne Page be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour
Caius wife

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father Page

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne,
Haue you dispatch'd?
Slen. Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in Glostershire
know on't: would I were hang'd la, else

Page. Of what sonne? Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry Mistris Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him, or hee should haue swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene Anne Page, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong

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

Page. Why this is your owne folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments? Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as Anne and I had appointed, and yet it was not Anne, but a Post-masters boy

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

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

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

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?
Page. My heart misgiues me, here comes Mr Fenton.
How now Mr Fenton?
Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon
Page. Now Mistris:
How chance you went not with Mr Slender?

M.Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?
Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it,
You would haue married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in loue:
The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolue vs:
Th' offence is holy, that she hath committed,
And this deceit looses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or vnduteous title,
Since therein she doth euitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed houres
Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her

Ford. Stand not amaz'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 ioy, 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.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR ***

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