



THE Merry Viues of Windsor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstoffs, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Anne Page, Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.

Shallow.

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

Slender. In the County of Gloucester, Iustice of Peace and
Shal. I (Cosen Slender) and Cust-alorum.

Slender. I, and Rato lorum 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.

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

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Evans. The dozen white Lowfes 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.

Slender. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

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

Shal. Not a whit.

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

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

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

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

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

Slender. *Mistresse Anne Page*? she has browne haire, and speakes small like a woman.

Evans. 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-fire vpon his death-bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull resurrection) giue, when she is able to ouertake seuateene 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*.

Slender. Did her Grand-fire leaue her seauen hundred pound?

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

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

Evans. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest Mr Page: is *Falstaffe* there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despite a lye, as I doe despite one that is false, or as I despite one that is not true: the Knight Sir *John* is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well willers: I will peat the doore for Mr. *Page*. What ha's? Got-pleffe your house heere.

Mr. Page. Who's there?

Evans. Here is got's plesing and your friend, and Iustice *Shallow*, and heere yong Master *Slender*: that perad- uentures 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 kill'd: how doth good Mistresse *Page*? and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

Mr. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

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

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

Slender. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on *Corsall*.

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

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

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

Mr. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

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

Mr. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office be twene you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master *Page*.)

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

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Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (*Mr. 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 *John*.

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 kill'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pinethis shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it itrait, 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.

En. Panceruiba; (*Sir John*) 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 *Pistol*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheefe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

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

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

Ena. 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 Gater.

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

Enan. 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. *Pistol*.

Pist. He heares with eares.

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

Fal. *Pistol*, did you picke *M. 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 *Tead Miller*: by these gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistol*?

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

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

Slen. By these gloues, then 'twas he.

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

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

Fal. What say you *Scarlet*, and *John*?

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

En. It is his five fences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being sap, sir, was (as they say) casheerd: and so conclusions past the *Cár-eires*.

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

Enan. 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 Mistrisse *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 Allhallowmas 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 faire-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.

Enan. 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.

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

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

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

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

En. But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore precisely, can you carry your good wil to y maid?

Sh. *Cofen Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

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

En. 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 (*Cofen*) 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 marry-her, I will marry-her, that I am freely dissolued, and dissolutely.

En. It

Eu. It is a fery discession-answer; saue the fall is in the'ord, dissolurely: 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 young for your sake, Mistris Anne.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your worship's company.

Sh. I will wait on him. (saie Mistris Anne.)

Eu. Od's pless'd-wil: I wil not be absēce at the grace.

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

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

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my Cosen *Shallow*: a lustice 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 lue 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 brui'd my thint'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three venys for a dish of Rew'd Prunes) and by my truth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meate since. Why doe your dogs barke for? be there Beares in th' Towne?

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

Sl. I lue the sport well, but I shall as soone quartell 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 *Sackerfon* 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 pass: But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

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

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

An. I pray you Sir.

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

Scena Secunda.

Enter Evans, and Simple.

Eu. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Cain* 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 altogethers acquaintance with Mistris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire, and requir: her to sollicite 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, Pistol, Page.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter?

Ho. What saies my Bully Rooke? speake schollecly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly 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, tap, I well (bully *Heller*?)

Fa. Doe so (good mine Host)

Ho. I haue spokt, let him follow; let me see thee fro h, and lue: I am at a word: follow.

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

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

Pist. O bate hungarian wight: wilt thou the top got world.

No. He was gotten in drinke: is not the humor conceited?

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

No. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

Pist. Conuay: the wise it call: Steale? fol: 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 soode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

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

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Pistol*: (Indeede I am in the walle two yards about: but I am now about no walle: I am about thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make loue to *Feras* 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 behavior (to be english'd rightly) is, *I am Sir Iohn Falstaffe*.

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; examin'd my parts with most iudicious illiads: sometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote: sometimes my portly belly.

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Pist.

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 Parle 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 thrue (Lads) we will thrue.

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, auant, 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 telic, and skited *Page*.

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

Ni. I haue operations, 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 yellownesse, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

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

Scœna Quarta.

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

Qu. What, *Iohn Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Cafe-ment, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Caius* coming: 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 posslet 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 breeder-hate. his wor^d is that he is giuen to prayer; hee is something peeuish that way: but no body but has his to let that passe. *Peter Simple*, you say your

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 sought 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 *Emaus*, 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 Clofset: 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 ling? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Clofset, vnboyteene verd; a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake? a greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forsoothile 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, ma, fey, si fast for ebando, le man voi a le Curi la grand affaires.

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. O my mite le au mon pocket, de-pesch quickly: Vetch that 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 is oublie: dere is some Simple in my Clofset, 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 Clofset? Villanie, La-roone: *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Master be content.

Ca. Wherefore shall I be content—a?

Qu. The yong man is an honest man.

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

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-lar: 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 thoroughly mused, 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, French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe.)

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

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

Caius. You, lack 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, lack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make: — you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by gar, he shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas: he speakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter a ver dar: do not you tell-a-me dat I shall haue Anne Page for my selfe? by gar, I will kill de Jack-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 good-ier.

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 about your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Wel; thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another *Naw*, & but (I dereft) 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 Alligholy and musing: but for you — well — goe this —

Fen. Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let mee habashly voice in my behalfe: & if thou seest her before this, command me.

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the *Wans*, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wondrous things.

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

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

Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

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

Mist. Page. What, haue scrap'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 Counsaillour: you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's sympathie: you are merry, so am I: ha, ha, then there's more sympathie: you loue sacke, and so do I: would you desire better sympathie? Let it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least if the Loue of Souldier can suffice, that I loue thee: I will not say pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase; but I say, loue me:

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

What a Herod of Iuris is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To shew himselfe a yong Gallant? What an vnwaied Behaviour 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 forgieue mee:) why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Palliament 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.

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

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

Mist. Ford. Nay, Ile nere belcece that; I haue to shew to the contrary.

Mist. Page. Faith but you doe in my minde.

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

Mist. Page. What's the matter, woman?

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

Mist. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour: what is it? dispenche with trifles: what is it?

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

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

Mist. 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

praise womens modesty: and gaue such orderly and well-behaued reproofe to al vncomelineffe, 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 Psalmes 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 inherite first, for I protest mine neuer shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye vnder Mount *Pelion*: Well; I will find you 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 ready to wrangle with mine owne honesty: He 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 boarded me in this furie.

Ms. Ford. Boarding, call you it? He bee sure to keepe him aboue decke.

Ms. Page. So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, He 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.

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

Mis. Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from ialousie, 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 *John* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

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

Ford. Loue my wife?

Pist. With liuer, burning hot: preuent: Or goe thou like Sir *Alcon* 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 Cuckon-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 humor of bread and cheefe: 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 *Catian*, though the Priest o' th' Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

Mis. 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 fir it.

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

Qui. It sooth: and I pray how do's good Mistrisse *Anne*?

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

Page. How now Master *Ford*?

Ford. 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?

Page. Hang 'em slaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But theie 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 Cauceiro 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 Cauceiro-Iustice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

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

Ford. Good

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

Host. What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with 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-Cavaleire?

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 egressse and regressse, (said I well?) and thy name shall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight: will you goe Au-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-tword, 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 firmly on his wines 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 will 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.

Scœna 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 Reprecues 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 Braget* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadst it not.

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

Fal. Reason, you rogue, 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 *Picket-batch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you rogue? you stand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfinable baseness) 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 taine to shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phrales, and your bold-beating-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. 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-bleste 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 forgieue 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 sugar 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 proudest of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pensioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what saies shee to mee? be briefe my good shee-*Mistresse*.

Qui. Marry, she hath receiu'd your Letter: for the which she thanks 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 leads an ill life with him: hee's a very ielousie-man; she leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Woman

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 care, shee's as fatuous 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 seldom 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 ; letting 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 *Ford's* 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 trick indeed : But Mistresse *Page* would desire you to send her your little *Page* of all loutes : her husband has a maruellous infection to the little *Page* : and truly Master *Page* is an honest man : neuer a wife in *Windsor* leades a better life then shee do's : doe what shee will, say what shee will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when shee list, rise when shee list, all is as shee will : and truly shee 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.

Qui. 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 *Cypids* Carriers, Clap on more sailes, pursue : vp with your fights : Giue fire : shee is my prize, or Oceanwhelme them all.

Fal. Saist thou so (old *Lucke*) go thy waies : He 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 fairly done, no matter.

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

Fal. *Broome* is his name ?

Bar. I Sir.

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

Ford. Blessie 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 *John*, 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 *John*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

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

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 discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection : but (good Sir *John*) 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 : Ingros'd opportunities to meete her : fee'd euery slight occasion that could but ingardly 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 whatlocuer I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I haue receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a Jewell, 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 ?

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

Fal. O Sir.

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

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

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy ? Methinks 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 suite dares not present it selfe : shee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand ; my desires had instance and argument, to commend themselves, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattaild against me : what say you to't, Sir *John* ?

Fal. Master *Broome*, I will first make hold with your money : next, giue mee your hand : and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

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

Fal. Want no *Mistresse Ford* (*Master Broome*) you shall want none : I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, euen as you came into me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me : I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleven : for at that time the iealous-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 he is iealous wittolly-knaue hath mistics of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well-fauour'd : I will vie her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coff'r, & the's my hardest-bome.

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

Fal. Hang him, me, haue call-salt-butter rogue ; I will stare him out of his wits : I will awe-him with my euaggell : it shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns : Master *Broome*, thou shalt know, I will predominate ouer the pezzant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night : *Ford's* a knaue, and I will aggravate 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 gnaw'd at, and I shall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but stand vnder the adoption of abominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong : Termes, names : *Amaimon* sounds well ; *Lucifer*, well ; *Barbason*, well : yet they are Duells additions, the names of fiends : But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold ? the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an Ass, a secure Ass : hee will trust his wife, hee will not be iealous : I will rather trust a *flaming* with my butter, *Parson Hugh* the *Wells* man with my Cheefe, an *Irish-man* with my *Aqua-vitæ* bottle, or a *Theefe* to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then shee pisse, then shee rumi-

uates, 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 : ~~deuise e' clocke the howre~~, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will showe it, better three houres too soone, then a minute too late : sic, sic, sic : Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exi.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Caino*, *Rugby*, *Page*, *Shallow*, *Slender*, *Hoff*.

Caino, *Iacke Rugby*.

Rug. Sir.

Caino. 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 be is no-come : hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come : by gar (*Iacke 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 will kill him : take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I will tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare : heer's company.

Hoff. 'Blesse thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Saue you Mr. Doctor *Caino*.

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. 'Giue you good-morrow, sir.

Caino. Vat be all you one, two, tree, so we, come for ?

Hoff. To see thee fight, to see thee fougne, to see thee traue, 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 *Esculapino* ? my *Calendary* heart of Elder ? ha ? is he dead bully *Stale* ? is he dead ?

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

Hoff. Thou art a Castalion king-Vrinal : *Hellor of Grece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witness, that me haue say, fixe or seuen, two tree howies for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wisest man (*M. 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 Mr. *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. Page*) wee haue some fall of our youth : we are the sons of women (*M. Page*).

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

Shal. It will be found so, (*M. Page*) *M. Doctor Caino*, I am come to fetch you home : I am sworn of the peace : you haue shew'd your selfe a wife Physician, and *Sir Hugh* hath shew'd himselfe a wife and patient Church-man : you must goe with me, *M. Doctor*.

Hoff. Par.

Hof. Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Mounseur Mock-water.

Cai. Mock-water? vat is dat?

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

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-water as de Englishman: scurvy-lack-dog-Priest: by gar, mee vill cut his eares.

Hof. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

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

Hof. 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.

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

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hof. And moreouer, (Bully) but first, Mr. Ghuest, and M. Page, & eeke Canaleiro Slender, goe you through the Towne to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

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

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M. Doctor.

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

Hof. 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 Mistress Anne Page is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and thou shalt woe 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.

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

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

Hof. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, Jack Rugby.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

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

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

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

Evans. I most fehermently desire you, you will also looke that way.

Sim. I will sir.

Evans. 'Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trembling of minde: I shall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues costard, when I haue good oportunities for the orke: 'Plesse my soule: To shallow Riuer, to whose falls: melodious Birds sing 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 Babylon: and a thousand vngain Posies. To shallow, &c.

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

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

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

Evans. 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 Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slender. Ah sweet Anne Page.

Page. 'Sauc you, good Sir Hugh.

Evans. 'Plesse you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?

Do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumaticke day?

Evans. There is reasons, and causes for it.

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

Evans. 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 vward: I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Evans. What is he?

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

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

Page. Why?

Evans. 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.

Slender. 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.

Hof. 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; wherefore vill you not meet-a-me?

Evans. Pray you vse your patience in good time.

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

Evans. 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 Vrinall about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diable. Jack Rugby: mine Hof de Iarster: haue I not stay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians-soule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, He bee iudgement by mine Hof of the Garter.

Hof. Peace, I say, Gallie and Gault, French & Welch, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say: heare mine Host of the Garter, Am I politike? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiuel? 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-verbs. Giue me thy hand (Celestial) so: Boyes of Art, I haue deceiu'd you both: I haue directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnies are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the illic: Come, lay their swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

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

Slender. O sweet *Anne Page*,

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

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

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

Eua. Well, I will imite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

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

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

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

M. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a Ford. Well met mistress *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?

Rob. Sir *John Falstaffe*. (sirrah?)

Ford. Sir *John 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. (home indeed?)

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

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no 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 wiuers 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 shrowe sing in the winde; and *Falstaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiuers share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vail of modestie from the so-seeming *Mist. Page*, divulge *Page* himselfe for a secure and

wilfull *Alteon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry ayme. The clocke giues me my Quene, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde *Falstaffe*: I shall be rather prais'd for this, then mock'd, for it is as possitue, 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*.

Slender. And so must I Sir, We haue appointed to dine with Mistris *Anne*, And I would not breake with her for more money Then lie speake of.

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

Slender. I hope I haue your good will Father *Page*.

Page. 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-nie: my nursh-a-Quickly tell me so much.

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 *Pompey*: 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 shall go, so shall you Mr *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We shall haue the freer wiong at Mr *Pages*.

Cai. Go home *John Rugby*, I come anon.

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

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him, He make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to see this Monster. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

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

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

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

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

Mist. Page. Come, come, come.

Mist. Ford. Heere, let it downe.

M. Pa. Giue your men the charge, we must be brieue.

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

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

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no

E

He

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

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

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

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

(*Mist. Ford.* and requests your company.

M. Page. You little lack-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 cuerlasting 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: *Mist. Page*, remember you your *Qu.*

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

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

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heavenly 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 *John*.

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

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

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

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

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would 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 lipping-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 lone *M. Page*.

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

Mist. 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. *Mist. Ford*, *Mist. Ford*: heere's *Mist. 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 enscounce mee behinde the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you do so, she's a very tatling woman. Whats the matter? How now?

Mist. Page. O *mist. Ford* what haue you done? You'r sham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good *mist. Page*?

M. Page. O weladay, *mist. 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 you: 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? I o'oke, 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 whitening time, send him by your two men to *Datchet-Meade*.

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

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

M. Page. What Sir *John* *Ensigne*? 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. Ford*.) You dissembling Knight.

M. Ford. What *John*, *Robert*, *John*; Go, take vp these cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle staffer? 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. Bucke? I would I could wash my selfe of y Bucke, 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'll vnkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now vacape.

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

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

Follow

Follow me Gentlemen.

Enam. This is very fantastical humors and jealousies.

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

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

Mist. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this ?

Mist. Ford. I know not which pleases me better,
That my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

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

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

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

Mist. Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspicion of *Falstaffe* being heere : for I neuer saw him so grosse in his ielousie till now.

Mist. Page. I will lay a plouto try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falstaffe* : his dissolute diseale will scarce obey this medicine.

Mist. Ford. Shall we tend that foolishion Carion, *Mist. Quickly* to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another punishment ?

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

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

Mist. Page. Heard you that ?

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

Ford. I, I do so.

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

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

Ford. I, I : I must beare it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ford. Well, I promis'd 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 *Mist. Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'll 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.

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

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

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

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

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

Ena. A lowlie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries.

Exeunt.

Scena 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 obiekt, 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 stamper in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges :
And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
That now I ayme at.

An. Gentle *M. Fenton*,
Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it fir,
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. He make a shaft or a bolt on't, slid, tis but ventu-
Shal. Be not dismayd. (ring.)

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

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

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice :
O what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere ?

Qui. And how do's good Master *Fenton* ?
Pray you a word with you.

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

Slen. I had a father (*M. An*) my vnckle can tel you good iests of him : pray you Vnckle, tel *Mist. 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 Gloucestershire.

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) He leaue you.

Anne. Now Master *Slender*.

Slen. Now good Mistris *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will ?

Slen. My will ? Odd's-bart-linge, 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.

Exeunt.

An.

Anne. I meane (*M. Slender*) what wold you with me?
Slender. Truly, 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*; Loe him daughter *Anne*. Why how now? What does *Mr. Fenton* here? You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house. I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of.

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

Mist. Page. Good *M. Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good *M. Fenton*.

Come *M. Shallow*: Come sonne *Slender*, in; Knowing my minde, you wrong me (*M. Fenton*.)

Qui. Speake to *Mist. Page*.

Fen. Good *Mist. Page*, for that I loue your daughter In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, 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. Doctor*.

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

Mist. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good *M. Fenton*, I will not be your friend, nor enemy: My daughter will I question how she loues you, And as I finde her, so am I affected: Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in, Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle *Mist. Page*: farewell *Nan*.

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

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

Qui. Now 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 *Mist. Anne*, or I would *M. Slender* had her: or (in sooth) I would *M. Fenton* had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I haue promised, and hee bee as good as my word, but speciously for *M. Fenton*. Well, I must of another strand to sit *John Falstaffe* from my two Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. *Bardolfe* I say.

Bard. Heere Sirs

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? Well, if I be seru'd such another trick, he haue my braines 'cane 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, fiftene 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 downe, 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.

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

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

Bard. Come in woman.

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

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

Bard. With Egges Sir?

Fal. Simple of it like: He no Pullet-Sperme in my brewage. How now?

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

Fal. *Mist. 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 to take on with her men; they mistooke their erection. (promise.)

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

Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a budging; she desires you once more to come to her, betwene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly, 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 frailty, and then iudge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betwene 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 am asle I heare not of *Mr. Broome*: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. Oh, heere he comes.

Ford. Bless you Sir.

Fal. Now *M. Broome*, you come to know What hath pass'd betwene me, and *Ford's* wife.

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

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

Ford. And sped you Sir?

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

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

Fal. No (*M. Broome*) but the peaking Curnuto her husband (*M. Broome*) dwelling in a continual larum of ielousie, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kiit, prestled, & (as it were) ipoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his herles, a rabble of his companions, thither promoued and infliged by his distemper, and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wiues Loue.

Ford. While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

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

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

Ford

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 Lnaue 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 searcho'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for a searcho, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the sequell (Master Broome) I suffered the pangs of three severall deaths: First, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a iealous 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 stopp'd 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: adieu: 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 Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee cannot scape me: 'tis impossible hee should: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-Boxe: But least the Diuell that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, lie be hornemad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Evans.

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

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

Mist. Pag. He be with her by and by: He 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.

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

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

Eua. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

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

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

Will. Pulcher.

Qui. Powlicats? there are fairer things then Powlicats, 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 Pronoun; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominatio hic hac, hoc.*

Eua. *Nominatio hic, bag, hog*: pray you marke: *genitio huius*: Well, what is your *Accusative-case*?

Will. *Accusatio hinc.*

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (*childe*) *Accusatio hinc, hang, hog.*

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

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

Will. O, *Vocatio*, O.

Eua. Remember *William*, *Focative*, is *care*.

Qui. And that's a good roote.

Eua. O'man, forbear.

Mist. Pag. Peace.

Eua. What is your *Gentive case plurali* (*William*)?

Will. *Genitive case*?

Eua. I.

Will. *Genitive horum, harum, horum.*

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

Eua. For shame o'man.

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

E 3

Eua. O'man

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

Mist. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

En. Shew me now (William) some declarations of your Promises.

Will. Forsooth, I haue forgot.

En. It is *Qui, qui, qui*; if you forget your *Qui*, your *Que*, and your *Quid*, you must be preacher; Goe your way: and play, go.

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

En. He is a good sprag-memery: Farewell *Mist. Page.*

Mist. Page. Adieu good Sir Iohn:

Get you home boy, Come wot'ay so long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaff, Mist. Ford, Mist. Page, Servants, Ford, Page, Anne, Anne, Shallow.

Fal. *Mist. Ford.* Your sorrow hath eaten vp my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requitall to a haire's breadth, not onely *Mist. Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?

Mist. Ford. Hee's a birding (sweet Sir Iohn.)

Mist. Page. What hoa, gossip Ford: what hoa.

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

Mist. Page. How now (sweet heart) whose at home besides your selfe?

Mist. Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Mist. Page. Indeed?

Mist. Ford. No certainly: Speake louder.

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

Mist. Ford. Why?

Mist. Page. Way woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he to takes on yonder with my husband, so railes against all married mankind; so curses all *Enns* daughters, of what complexion soeuer; and so buffets himselfe on the forehead: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem'd but tame-nesse, civility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

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

Mist. Page. Of none but him, and swears he was carried 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 suspicion: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he shall see his owne foolerie.

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

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

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

Mist. Page. Why then you are vterly sham'd, & hee's but a deadman. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better shame, then murder.

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

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

Mist. Page. Alas: three of *Mr. Ford*'s 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? He creepe vp into the chimney.

Mist. Ford. There they alwaies vie 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, Coffin, 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. He 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 woman's 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 mischief.

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

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: *Mist. Page* and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'll 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 swears 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 coming?

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

Mist. Ford. Wee'll try that: for he 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. He first direct direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, he bring linnen for him straight.

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet, We cannot misle enough:

We'll leaue a prooffe by that which we will doo,

Wines may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not ake 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 Matter 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 lief 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 Pandery 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

nest cloathes you send forth to bleaching.

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

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

Shall. Indeed M. 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 virtuous creature, that hath the icalious foole to her husband: I suspect without cause (Mistris) do I?

Mist. Ford. Heaven be my witnesse you doe, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

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

Page. This passes.

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

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

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

Ford. Empry 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 ieaiousie is reasonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

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

Page. Heer's no man.

Shall. 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 ieaiousies.

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 ieaious as Ford, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiuers Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch with me.

M. Ford. What ho! (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. He Prat-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulsat, you Runnion, out, out: He coniure you, He 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 ieaiousie: It I cry out thus vpon no trale, 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 vn-pittifully, me thought.

Mist. Page. He 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. He warrant, they'l haue him publicly sham'd, and methinkes there would be no period to the iest, should he not be publicly 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? He call him to you.

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

(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 wiuues
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.

En. You say he has bin throwne in the Riuer: 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 de-
sires.

Page. So thinke I too.

M. Ford. Deuise but how you'll vse him whē he comes,
And let vs two deuise to bring him thether.

Mist. 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 thought vpon: & thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little sonne,
And thire or foure more of their growth, wee'll 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 Fanny-like to pinch the vnclane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fanny 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 neuer doe't.

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

Ford. That will be excellent,
He 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 filke will I go buy, and in that time
shall *M. Slender* steale my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*: go, send to *Falstaffe* straight.

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

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

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

Mist. Page. Go *Mist. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his minde:
Ile to the Doctore, 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 Doctore 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 *Hofst*, *Simple*, *Falstaffe*, *Bardolfe*, *Enans*,
Caine, *Quickly*.

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

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir *John Fal-
staffe* from *M. Slender*.

Hofst. 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'll speake like an *Anthrophaginian* 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.

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

Fal. How now, mine Hofst?

Hofst. 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, priua-
cy? Fie.

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

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wise-woman of
Bramford?

Fal. I marry was it (*Musfel-shell*) what would you
with her?

Simp. My Master (*Sir*) my master *Slender*, sent to her
seeing her go thorough the streets, to know (*Sir*) whe-
ther one *Nim* (*Sir*) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the
chaine, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what sayes she, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry shee sayes, that the very same man that
beguil'd Master *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could haue spoken with the Woman
her

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

Fal. What are they? let vs know.

Hof. I: come: quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Hof. 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.

Hof. Thou are clearkly (Sir John) was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine Hof) 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.

Hof. 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-duels; three Doctor Falstaffes.

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

Euan. Where is mine Hof?

Hof. 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 Hofes of Readins, of Maidenhead; of Cole-brooke, of horses and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wise, and full of gibes, and vlouting-stocks: and 'tis not conuenient you should be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver's mine Hof's de Iartee?

Hof. Here (Master Doctor) in perplexitie, and doubtfull dilemma.

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.

Hof. 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 care 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 suf-

fer'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 Raine-bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of Braine-ford, 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.

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

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hof.

Hof. 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.

Hof. 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, to larded with my matter, That neither (singly) can be manifested Without the shew of both: for Falstaffe Hath a great Scene; the image of the iest Ile show you here at large (harke good mine Hof:) 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 VVhile other Iests are something ranke on soote, 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 I'o 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

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.

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

Fen. Both (my good Hof) 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 id the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Hof. 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. Scena Prima.

Enter Falstoffs, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prating: 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.

Fal. Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head &
mince. How now M. Broome? Master Broome, the mat-
ter 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 his hus-
band) hath the finest mad diuell of iocalousie in him (Ma-
ster Broome) that euer govern'd Frensie. I will tell you,
he beate me greuously, in the sharpe 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, strange
things in hand (M. 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 *Slen-*
der, 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 be-
come it wel: Heauen prosper our sport. No man means
cuill 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 *Falstoffs*, as he will chafe
at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no mat-
ter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-
breake.

Mist. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fai-
ries? 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 *Falstoffs* 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 Lewdfsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them, do no treachery.

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

Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

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

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Falstoffs, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Evans,
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,
Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistol.*

Fal. The Windfor-bell hath stroke twelue: the Mi-
nute 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 re-
spects 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

omnipotent I am, how nere the God drew to the complexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a beast, (O loue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (loue) a fowle-fault. When Gods haue hot backs, 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 (loue) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

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

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

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

Fal. Diuide me like a bul'd. Bucke each a Haunch: I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the fellow of this waile; and my hornes I bequeath your husbands. And 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 forgive our finnes.

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 reuelers, and shades of night, You Orphan heires of fix'd destiny, Attend your office, and your quality. Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pist. Elues, list your names: Silence you aery toyes. Cricker, to Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leape: Where flies thou find'st vntrac'd, and hearths vnswapt, 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 cie.

Eu. Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a maid I hat 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, backs, shoulders, sides, & shins.

Qui. About, about: Search Windsor Castle (Elues) within, and out. Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome, That it may stand till the perpetuall doome, In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit, Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it. The seuerall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious 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 *Carter's-Compass*, in a ring, Th'expressure that it beares: Greene let it be, More fertile-fresh then all the Field to see: And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write In Emroid-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.

(set:

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

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

Pist. Wilde worme, thou wait ore-look'd euen in thy birth.

Qui. 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.

Euans. 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 vchaste 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-lights, & Moone shine be out.

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

M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the iest no higher. Now (good Sir *John*) 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 heines 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 *John*, 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 Ass.

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 soppery into a receiud beleefe, in despite of the teeth of all time and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a lacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill employment.

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

Ford. VVell said Fairy *Hugh*.

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

Ford.

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 Cheefe.

En. Seefe is not good to giue putter; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seefe, 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 puffed 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?

Enan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tanneries, and Sacke, and Wine, and Methegins, and to drinkings and swearings, and itarings? Pables and pables?

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

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one *Mr. Broome*, that you haue cozoned 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, when I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: I tell her *Mr. Slender* hath married her daughter.

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

Slender. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne, Haue you dispatch'd?

Slender. Dispatch'd? He make the best in' Glostershire know on't: would I were hang'd la, elle.

Page. Of what sonne?

Slender. I came yonder at *Elton* to marry *Mistress 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 bene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

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

Slender. What neede you tell me that? I thinke so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girl: 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?

Slender. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budger, 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.

Car. Verily *Mistress Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garloot, a boy; oon pesant, by gar. A boy it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozoned.

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

Car. I bec gar, and 'tis a boy. Be gar, He raile all Windsor.

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

Page. My heart milgiues me, here comes *Mr. Fenton*.
How now *Mr. Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now *Mistress*:

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, face conuasted)
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve vs.
Th' offence is holy, that she hath committed,
And this decent looses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or vnlutuous rule,
Since therein she doth euntate and shun
A thousand irreigious cursed hours
Which forced marriage would haue braue'd vpon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
In Loue, the heauens the afflictions do guide the state,
Money buyes Lands, and wifes are sold by fate.

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

Page. Well, what remedie? *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 mure 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 Countie 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 *Mistress Ford*: *Exeunt*

FINIS.