

This is ANYONE's Script

ACT I SCENE 0.

SHALLOW O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay
all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

FALSTAFF No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

SHALLOW Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

FALSTAFF She lives, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW She never could away with me.

FALSTAFF Never, never; she would always say she
could not abide Master Shallow.

SHALLOW By the mass, I could anger her to the heart.
She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

FALSTAFF Old, old, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old;
certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork .
by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn

FALSTAFF We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW That we have, that we have, that we have;
in faith, Sir John, we have:
Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:
Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

Enter SHALLOW and FALSTAFF

Exeunt

ACT I SCENE 1. Windsor. Before PAGE's house.

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, SIMPLE, and SIR HUGH

SHALLOW Sir Hugh, persuade me not; if he were twenty Sir John
Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

SIR HUGH If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto
you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my
benevolence to make atonements and compromises
between you.

SHALLOW Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

SIR HUGH It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it:
and there is also another device in my prain, which
peradventure prings goot discretions with it: there
is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas
Page, which is pretty virginity.

SLENDER Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair,
and speaks small like a woman.

SIR HUGH It is that fery person for all the orld
It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles
and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master
Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

SLENDER I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

SIR HUGH Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

SHALLOW Is Sir John Falstaff here?

PAGE Sir, he is within

SHALLOW He hath wronged me, Master Page.

PAGE Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

SHALLOW If it be confessed, it is not redress'd: is not that
so, Master Page?
Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

PAGE Here comes Sir John.

FALSTAFF Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

SHALLOW Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer,
and broke open my lodge.

FALSTAFF But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

SHALLOW Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

FALSTAFF I will answer it straight; I have done all this.

Enter PAGE

..11b

Enter FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL

	That is now answered.	
	Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?	
SLENDER	Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.	
BARDOLPH	You Banbury cheese!	*
SLENDER	Ay, it is no matter.	
PISTOL	How now, Mephostophilus!	
SLENDER	Ay, it is no matter.	
FALSTAFF	Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?	
SLENDER	Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else	
NYM	Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.	
SLENDER	By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.	
FALSTAFF	What say you, Scarlet and John?	
BARDOLPH	Why, sir, for my part I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.	
SLENDER	I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.	
SIR HUGH	So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.	Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine; MS FORD and ANNE PAGE
FALSTAFF	You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.	..11c
PAGE	Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.	Exit ANNE PAGE
SLENDER	O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.	
PAGE	How now, Mistress Ford!	
FALSTAFF	Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.	Kisses her
PAGE	Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.	Exit all but SHALLOW, SLENDER, SIMPLE, SIR HUGH
SHALLOW	A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz:	..11d
SIR HUGH	The question is concerning your marriage.	
SHALLOW	Ay, there's the point, sir.	
SIR HUGH	Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.	
SLENDER	Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.	
SIR HUGH	But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?	
SHALLOW	Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?	
SLENDER	I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.	
SHALLOW	Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?	
SLENDER	I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance,	

<p>but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her</p> <p>SIR HUGH Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly,</p> <p>SIMPLE Well, sir.</p> <p>SIR HUGH Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page.</p> <p>SHALLOW Here comes fair Mistress Anne. Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!</p> <p>ANNE PAGE The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.</p> <p>SHALLOW I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.</p> <p>SIR HUGH Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.</p> <p>ANNE PAGE Will't please your worship to come in, sir?</p> <p>SLENDER No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.</p> <p>ANNE PAGE The dinner attends you, sir.</p> <p>SLENDER I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth</p> <p>ANNE PAGE I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.</p> <p>SLENDER I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.</p> <p>ANNE PAGE I pray you, sir, walk in.</p> <p>SLENDER Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.</p> <p>ANNE PAGE Not I; pray you, keep on.</p> <p>SLENDER I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome.</p> <p>. ACT I SCENE 3. A room in the Garter Inn.</p> <p>FALSTAFF Mine host of the Garter!</p> <p>HOST What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.</p> <p>FALSTAFF Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.</p> <p>HOST I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?</p> <p>FALSTAFF Do so, good mine host.</p> <p>HOST I have spoke; let him follow. Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow.</p> <p>FALSTAFF Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.</p> <p>BARDOLPH It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.</p> <p>PISTOL O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?</p> <p>NYM He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited?</p> <p>FALSTAFF Which of you know Ford of this town?</p> <p>PISTOL I ken the wight: he is of substance good.</p> <p>FALSTAFF My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.</p> <p>PISTOL Two yards, and more.</p> <p>FALSTAFF No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'</p> <p>PISTOL He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.</p> <p>FALSTAFF I have writ me here a letter to her: and here</p>	<p>Exit SIMPLE</p> <p>..11e Re-enter ANNE PAGE</p> <p>Exeunt SHALLOW and SIR HUGH</p> <p>Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN</p> <p>To BARDOLPH Exit</p> <p>Exit BARDOLPH</p> <p>..13b</p>
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another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious oeillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

PISTOL Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

NYM I thank thee for that humour.

FALSTAFF O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

PISTOL Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

NYM I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter: I will keep the havior of reputation.

FALSTAFF [To ROBIN] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly; Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go; Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

PISTOL Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

NYM I have operations which be humours of revenge.

PISTOL Wilt thou revenge?

NYM By welkin and her star!

PISTOL With wit or steel?

NYM With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

PISTOL And I to Ford shall eke unfold

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

NYM My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

PISTOL Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee: troop on.

ACT I SCENE 4. A room in DOCTOR CAIUS' house.

QUICKLY What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

RUGBY I'll go watch.

QUICKLY Peter Simple, you say your name is?

SIMPLE Ay, for fault of a better.

QUICKLY And Master Slender's your master?

SIMPLE Ay, forsooth.

QUICKLY A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN

..13c

Exeunt

Enter QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY

Exit RUGBY

SIMPLE	Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head;	
QUICKLY	Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish--	Re-enter RUGBY
RUGBY	Out, alas! here comes my master.	
QUICKLY	We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long. What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home. And down, down, adown-a, & c.	Shuts SIMPLE in the closet
DR CAIUS	Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert, a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.	Singing Enter DR CAIUS
QUICKLY	Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.	..14b
DR CAIUS	Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais a la cour--la grande affaire.	Aside
QUICKLY	Is it this, sir?	
DR CAIUS	Oui; mette le au mon pocket: depeche, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?	
QUICKLY	What, John Rugby! John!	
RUGBY	Here, sir!	
DR CAIUS	You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.	
RUGBY	'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.	
DR CAIUS	By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's me! Qu'ai-j'oublie! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.	
QUICKLY	Ay me, he'll find the young man here, and be mad!	
DR CAIUS	O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! larron! Rugby, my rapier!	Pulling SIMPLE out
QUICKLY	Good master, be content.	
DR CAIUS	Wherefore shall I be content-a?	
QUICKLY	The young man is an honest man.	
DR CAIUS	What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.	
QUICKLY	I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.	
DR CAIUS	Vell.	
SIMPLE	To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.	
DR CAIUS	Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, baille me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while.	Writes
QUICKLY	My master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,--that's neither here nor there.	
DR CAIUS	You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in dee park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here. By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog:	
QUICKLY	Alas, he speaks but for his friend.	Exit SIMPLE

DR CAIUS It is no matter-a ver dat: do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon. By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

QUICKLY Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well.

DR CAIUS Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby.

QUICKLY You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

FENTON [Within] Who's within there? ho!

QUICKLY Who's there, I trow! Come near the house, I pray you.

FENTON What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

QUICKLY In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

FENTON Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

QUICKLY Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.

FENTON Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

QUICKLY Will I? i'faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

FENTON Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

QUICKLY Farewell to your worship.
Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon't! what have I forgot?

ACT II SCENE 1. Before PAGE'S house.

MS PAGE What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.
'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,--at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,-- that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase: but I say, love me. By me, Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight, JOHN FALSTAFF'
O wicked world!
Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill

Exeunt DR CAIUS and RUGBY

..14c

Enter FENTON

Exit FENTON

Exit

Enter ANNE PAGE, with a letter

Reads

in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.
You look very ill

MS FORD O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

MS PAGE What's the matter, woman?

MS FORD O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

MS PAGE Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

MS FORD If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

MS PAGE What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

MS FORD We burn daylight: here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

MS PAGE Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names--sure, more,--and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two.

MS FORD Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

MS PAGE Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

MS FORD Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

MS PAGE So will I! If he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

MS FORD Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

MS PAGE Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

Enter MS FORD

..111b

MS FORD	You are the happier woman.	
MS PAGE	Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither.	They retire. Enter FORD with PISTOL, PAGE with NYM
FORD	Well, I hope it be not so.	..111c
PISTOL	Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.	
FORD	Why, sir, my wife is not young.	
PISTOL	He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor, Both young and old, one with another, Ford; He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.	
FORD	Love my wife!	
PISTOL	With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou, O, odious is the name!	
FORD	What name, sir?	
PISTOL	The horn, I say. Farewell. Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night: Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing. Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.	Exit
FORD	[Aside] I will be patient; I will find out this.	
NYM	[To PAGE] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is Nym and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese, and there's the humour of it. Adieu.	Exit
FORD	I will seek out Falstaff.	..111d
PAGE	I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.	
FORD	If I do find it: well.	
PAGE	I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.	
FORD	'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.	
PAGE	How now, Meg!	ANNE PAGE and MS FORD come forward
MS PAGE	Whither go you, George? Hark you.	
MS FORD	How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?	
FORD	I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.	
MS FORD	Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, Mistress Page?	
MS PAGE	Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George. Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.	Aside to MS FORD
MS FORD	[Aside to MISTRESS PAGE] Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.	Enter QUICKLY
MS PAGE	You are come to see my daughter Anne?	
QUICKLY	Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?	
MS PAGE	Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you.	Exeunt ANNE PAGE, MS FORD, and QUICKLY
PAGE	How now, Master Ford!	..111e
FORD	You heard what this knave told me, did you not?	
PAGE	Yes: and you heard what the other told me?	
FORD	Do you think there is truth in them?	
PAGE	If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.	
FORD	I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to	

	turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.	
PAGE	Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily. How now, mine host!	Enter HOST and SHALLOW ..I1f
HOST SHALLOW	How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman. Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.	
FORD	Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.	Drawing him aside
HOST	What sayest thou, my bully-rook?	
SHALLOW	[To PAGE] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places;	
HOST	Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?	
PAGE	Have with you. I would rather hear them scold than fight.	Exeunt HOST, SHALLOW, and PAGE
FORD	Though Page be a secure fool, an stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.	Exit
.	ACT II SCENE 2. A room in the Garter Inn.	Enter FALSTAFF, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH
FALSTAFF	I will not lend thee a penny.	
PISTOL	Why, then the world's mine oyster. Which I with sword will open.	
FALSTAFF	Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.	
PISTOL	Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?	
FALSTAFF	Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!	
PISTOL	I do relent: what would thou more of man?	Enter ROBIN
ROBIN	Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.	..I2b
FALSTAFF	Let her approach.	Enter QUICKLY
QUICKLY	Give your worship good morrow.	
FALSTAFF	What with me?	
QUICKLY	There is one Mistress Ford, sir:--I pray, come a little nearer this ways:--I myself dwell with master Doctor Caius,--	
FALSTAFF	Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,--	
QUICKLY	Your worship says very true: I pray your worship,	

come a little nearer this ways.

FALSTAFF I warrant thee, nobody hears; mine own people, mine own people. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford,--

QUICKLY Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so..

FALSTAFF But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

QUICKLY Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

FALSTAFF Ten and eleven?

QUICKLY Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: he's a very jealousy man:

FALSTAFF Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

QUICKLY Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too:
She bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

FALSTAFF Not I, I assure thee: setting the attractions of my good parts aside I have no other charms.

QUICKLY Blessing on your heart for't!

FALSTAFF But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

QUICKLY That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope: that were a trick indeed! but Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves:

FALSTAFF Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.
Boy, go along with this woman.
This news distracts me!

PISTOL This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights:
Give fire: she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

FALSTAFF Good body, I thank thee. Let them say
tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

FORD I'll give you a pottle of
burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

BARDOLPH Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

FALSTAFF Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor.

FORD Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

FALSTAFF Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN

Exit

..I12c

Enter FORD, disguised

Exit BARDOLPH

..I12d

FORD Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

FALSTAFF Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

FORD Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

FALSTAFF Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

FORD I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

FALSTAFF Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

FORD There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

FALSTAFF Well, sir.

FORD I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or, in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none;

FALSTAFF Of what quality was your love, then?

FORD Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

FALSTAFF To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

FORD When I have told you that, I have told you all. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only 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: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

FALSTAFF Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

FORD O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I could come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive 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 embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

FALSTAFF Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

FORD O good sir!

FALSTAFF I say you shall.

FORD Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

FALSTAFF Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave 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?

FALSTAFF Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

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

FALSTAFF Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night.

FORD What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him; the hour is fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. God be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

. ACT II SCENE 3. A field near Windsor.

DR CAIUS Jack Rugby!

RUGBY Sir?

DR CAIUS Vat is de clock, Jack?

RUGBY 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

DR CAIUS By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

RUGBY He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

DR CAIUS By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

RUGBY Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

DR CAIUS Villany, take your rapier.

RUGBY Forbear; here's company.

DR CAIUS Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

HOST To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy

Exit

..II2e

Exit

Enter DR CAIUS and RUGBY

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE

	distance, thy montant.	
DR CAIUS	I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.	
SHALLOW	He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?	
PAGE	Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.	
SHALLOW	Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.	
PAGE	'Tis true, Master Shallow.	
.	ACT III SCENE 1. A field near Frogmore.	Enter SIR HUGH and SIMPLE
SLENDER	[Aside] Ah, sweet Anne Page!	
PAGE	'Save you, good Sir Hugh!	
SIR HUGH	'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!	
SHALLOW	What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?	
SIR HUGH	There is reasons and causes for it.	
SLENDER	[Aside] O sweet Anne Page!	
DR CAIUS	Vherefore vill you not meet-a me?	Enter DR CAIUS, and RUGBY
	By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.	Fight; Page intercedes
PAGE	Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.	..III1b
SHALLOW	So do you, good master doctor.	
HOST	Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.	
SIR HUGH	[Aside to DOCTOR CAIUS] Pray you let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. I will knog your urinals about your knave's cockscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.	Aloud
DR CAIUS	Diable! Jack Rugby,--mine host de Jarteer,--have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?	
HOST	Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.	
SHALLOW	Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.	
SLENDER	[Aside] O sweet Anne Page!	Exeunt SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and HOST
DR CAIUS	Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?	
SIR HUGH	This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy cogging companion, the host of the Garter.	
DR CAIUS	By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.	

SIR HUGH	Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow.	Exeunt
.	ACT III SCENE 2. A street.	Enter ANNE PAGE and ROBIN
MS PAGE	Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?	
ROBIN	I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.	Enter FORD
FORD	Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?	
MS PAGE	Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?	
FORD	Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.	
MS PAGE	Be sure of that,--two other husbands.	
FORD	Where had you this pretty weather-cock?	
ROBIN	Sir John Falstaff.	
FORD	Sir John Falstaff!	
MS PAGE	Is your wife at home indeed?	
FORD	Indeed she is.	
MS PAGE	By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.	Exeunt ANNE PAGE and ROBIN
FORD	Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. And to these violent proceedings all and our revolted wives share damnation together. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.	..III2b
HOST	Well met, Master Ford.	
FORD	Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.	
SHALLOW	I must excuse myself, Master Ford.	
SLENDER	And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.	
SHALLOW	We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.	
SLENDER	I hope I have your good will, father Page.	
PAGE	You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.	
DR CAIUS	Ay, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.	
HOST	What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttocks; he will carry't.	
PAGE	Not by my consent, I promise you.	
FORD	I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.	
SHALLOW	Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.	Exeunt SHALLOW, and SLENDER
DR CAIUS	Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.	Exit RUGBY
HOST	Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.	
FORD	[Aside] I think I shall drink in pipe wine first	Exit

with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?
All have with you to see this monster.

Exeunt

ACT III SCENE 3. A room in FORD'S house.

Enter MS FORD and ANNE PAGE, JOHN, and ROBERT

MS PAGE Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

MS FORD Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by : and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side. Be gone, and come when you are called.

Exit JOHN and ROBERT

MS PAGE Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN

MS FORD How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

ROBIN My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

MS PAGE You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

ROBIN Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

MS PAGE Thou'rt a good boy: I'll go hide me.

MS FORD Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone.

Exit ROBIN

Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

MS PAGE I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

Exit

FALSTAFF Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Enter FALSTAFF

..III3b

MS FORD O sweet Sir John!

FALSTAFF Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

MS FORD I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

FALSTAFF What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispng hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

MS FORD Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

FALSTAFF Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

MS FORD Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

FALSTAFF Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

MS FORD Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

ROBIN [Within] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

FALSTAFF She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

MS FORD Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.

FALSTAFF hides. Re-enter ANNE PAGE and ROBIN

What's the matter? how now!

..III3c

MS PAGE O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

MS FORD	What's the matter, good Mistress Page?	
MS PAGE	O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!	
MS FORD	What cause of suspicion?	
MS PAGE	What cause of suspicion! Out pon you! how am I mistook in you!	
MS FORD	Why, alas, what's the matter?	
MS PAGE	Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his assence: you are undone.	
MS FORD	What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.	
MS PAGE	For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather:' your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: --send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.	
MS FORD	He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?	
FALSTAFF	[Coming forward] Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.	
MS PAGE	What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?	
FALSTAFF	I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never--	Gets into basket; they cover him with foul linen
MS PAGE	Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!	
MS FORD	What, John! Robert! John!	Exit ROBIN. Re-enter JOHN and ROBERT
	Go take up these clothes here quickly.	...III3d Enter FORD, PAGE, DR CAIUS, and SIR HUGH
FORD	Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now! whither bear you this?	
JOHN	To the laundress, forsooth.	
MS FORD	Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.	
FORD	Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. So, now uncape.	Exeunt JOHN and ROBERT with the basket
PAGE	Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.	
FORD	True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen: you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen.	Locking the door
SIR HUGH	This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.	
DR CAIUS	By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.	
PAGE	Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.	Exit
MS PAGE	Is there not a double excellency in this?	
MS FORD	I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress	Exeunt PAGE, DR CAIUS, and SIR HUGH
		..III3e

Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

MS PAGE We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

FORD I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

MS PAGE [Aside to MISTRESS FORD] Heard you that?

MS FORD You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

FORD Ay, I do so.

MS FORD Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

FORD Amen!

MS PAGE You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

FORD Ay, ay; I must bear it.

SIR HUGH If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

DR CAIUS By gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

FORD Well, I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

PAGE Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast

FORD Any thing.

SIR HUGH If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

DR CAIUS If dere be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

FORD Pray you, go, Master Page.

SIR HUGH I pray you now, remembrance tomorrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

DR CAIUS Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart!

SIR HUGH A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries!

. ACT III SCENE 4. A room in PAGE'S house.

FENTON I see I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

ANNE PAGE Alas, how then?

FENTON Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth--,
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

ANNE PAGE May be he tells you true.

FENTON No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

ANNE PAGE Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then,--hark you hither!

SHALLOW Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, DR CAIUS, and SIR HUGH

..III3f

Exeunt

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE

Converse apart. Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, QUICKLY

..III4b

QUICKLY	Speak for himself.	
ANNE PAGE	Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you. I come to him. This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!	Aside
QUICKLY	And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.	
SHALLOW	Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.	
SLENDER	Ay, that I do	
SHALLOW	He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.	
SLENDER	Ay, that I will	
SHALLOW	He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.	
ANNE PAGE	Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.	
SHALLOW	Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.	
ANNE PAGE	Now, Master Slender,--	
SLENDER	Now, good Mistress Anne,--	
ANNE PAGE	What is your will?	
SLENDER	My will! 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.	
ANNE PAGE	I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?	
SLENDER	Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: They can tell you how things go better	Enter PAGE and ANNE PAGE
PAGE	Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne. Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here? I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.	..III4c
FENTON	Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.	
MS PAGE	Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.	
PAGE	No, good Master Fenton. Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.	Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER
QUICKLY	Speak to Mistress Page.	..III4d
FENTON	Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter In such a righteous fashion as I do, Let me have your good will.	
ANNE PAGE	Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.	
MS PAGE	I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.	
QUICKLY	That's my master, master doctor.	
FENTON	Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan.	Exeunt ANNE PAGE and ANNE PAGE
QUICKLY	Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it!	Exit FENTON
.	ACT III SCENE 5. A room in the Garter Inn.	Exit Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH
FALSTAFF	Bardolph, I say,--	
BARDOLPH	Here, sir.	
FALSTAFF	Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the	Exit BARDOLPH

Thames?

And you may know by my size
that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the
bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had
been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and
shallow,--a death that I abhor; for the water swells
a man; and what a thing should I have been when I
had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH with sack

BARDOLPH Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

FALSTAFF Let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my
belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for
pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

BARDOLPH Come in, woman!

Enter QUICKLY

QUICKLY By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

FALSTAFF Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

BARDOLPH With eggs, sir?

FALSTAFF Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. How now!

Exit BARDOLPH

QUICKLY Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

FALSTAFF Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown
into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

QUICKLY Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault:
she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

FALSTAFF So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

QUICKLY Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn
your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning
a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her
between eight and nine: I must carry her word
quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

FALSTAFF Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her
think what a man is: let her consider his frailty,
and then judge of my merit.

QUICKLY I will tell her.

FALSTAFF Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

QUICKLY Eight and nine, sir.

FALSTAFF Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

QUICKLY Peace be with you, sir.

Exit

FALSTAFF I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word
to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

..III5b

Enter FORD

FORD Bless you, sir!

FALSTAFF Now, master Brook, you come to know what hath passed
between me and Ford's wife?

FORD That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

FALSTAFF Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her
house the hour she appointed me.

FORD And sped you, sir?

FALSTAFF Very ill-favoredly, Master Brook.

FORD How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

FALSTAFF No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto her
husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual
'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our
encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested,
and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy;
and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither
provoked and instigated by his distemper, and,
forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

FORD What, while you were there?

FALSTAFF While I was there.

FORD And did he search for you, and could not find you?

FALSTAFF You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

FORD A buck-basket!

FALSTAFF By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; and away went I for foul clothes.

It was a miracle to scape suffocation.

And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,--hissing hot,--think of that, Master Brook.

FORD In good sadness, I am sorry that for my sake you have sufferd all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

FALSTAFF Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding; I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

FORD 'Tis past eight already, sir.

FALSTAFF Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

FORD Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me: I'll be horn-mad.

Exit

Exit

ACT IV SCENE 1. A street.

Enter MRS PAGE, QUICKLY, and WILLIAM PAGE

MS PAGE Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Enter SIR HUGH

SIR HUGH Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

MS PAGE Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

SIR HUGH What is 'lapis,' William?
 WILL PAGE A stone.
 SIR HUGH And what is 'a stone,' William?
 WILL PAGE A pebble.
 SIR HUGH No, it is 'lapis:' I pray you, remember in your prain.
 WILL PAGE Lapis.
 SIR HUGH That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?
 WILL PAGE Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, haec, hoc.
 SIR HUGH Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?
 WILL PAGE Accusativo, hinc.
 SIR HUGH I pray you, have your remembrance, child, accusative, hung, hang, hog.
 QUICKLY 'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.
 SIR HUGH Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?
 WILL PAGE O,--vocativo, O.
 SIR HUGH Remember, William; focative is caret.
 QUICKLY And that's a good root.
 SIR HUGH 'Oman, forbear.
 MS PAGE Peace!
 SIR HUGH What is your genitive case plural, William?
 WILL PAGE Genitive case!
 SIR HUGH Ay.
 WILL PAGE Genitive,--horum, harum, horum.
 QUICKLY Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.
 SIR HUGH For shame, 'oman.
 MS PAGE Prithee, hold thy peace.
 He is a better scholar than I thought he was.
 SIR HUGH He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.
 MS PAGE Adieu, good Sir Hugh.

ACT IV SCENE 2. A room in FORD'S house.

FALSTAFF Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress 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?
 MS FORD He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.
 MS PAGE [Within] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!
 MS FORD Step into the chamber, Sir John.
 MS PAGE How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?
 MS FORD Why, none but mine own people.
 MS PAGE Indeed!
 MS FORD No, certainly. Speak louder.
 MS PAGE Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.
 MS FORD Why?
 MS PAGE Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband. I am glad the fat knight is not here.
 MS FORD I am undone! The knight is here.
 MS PAGE Why then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!--Away with him, away

Exeunt

Enter FALSTAFF and MS FORD

Exit FALSTAFF. Enter ANNE PAGE

..IV2b

Aside to her

	with him! better shame than murder.	
MS FORD	Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?	Re-enter FALSTAFF
FALSTAFF	No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?	..IV2c
MS PAGE	Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised--	
MS FORD	How might we disguise him?	
MS PAGE	Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler and a kerchief, and so escape.	
FALSTAFF	Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.	
MS FORD	My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.	
MS PAGE	On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrummed hat and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.	
MS FORD	Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.	
MS PAGE	Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.	Exit FALSTAFF
MS FORD	I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house and hath threatened to beat her.	
MS PAGE	Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!	
MS FORD	Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.	Enter JOHN and ROBERT
MS PAGE	Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough. We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too: We do not act that often jest and laugh; 'Tis old, but true, Still swine eat all the draff.	Exit
JOHN	Come, come, take it up.	..IV2d
ROBERT	Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.	Exit JOHN and ROBERT
JOHN	I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.	Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, DR CAIUS, SIR HUGH
FORD	Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!	..IV2e
PAGE	Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.	
SIR HUGH	Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!	
SHALLOW	Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.	
FORD	So say I too, sir. Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?	Re-enter MS FORD
MS FORD	Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.	

FORD	Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah!	Pulling clothes out of the basket
PAGE	This passes!	
MS FORD	Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.	
FORD	I shall find you anon.	
SIR HUGH	'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.	
FORD	Empty the basket, I say!	
MS FORD	If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.	
PAGE	Here's no man.	
SHALLOW	By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.	
FORD	Well, he's not here I seek for.	
PAGE	No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.	
MS FORD	What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.	
FORD	Old woman! what old woman's that?	
MS FORD	Nay, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.	
FORD	A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house?	
MS FORD	Nay, good, sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.	Re-enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, ANNE PAGE
FORD	Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you runyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.	..IV2f
MS PAGE	Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.	Exit FALSTAFF
SIR HUGH	By the yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.	..IV2g
MS PAGE	I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.	
MS FORD	Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?	
MS PAGE	Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains.	They show them the letters
SIR HUGH	'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.	
PAGE	And did he send you both these letters at an instant?	
MS PAGE	Within a quarter of an hour.	
FORD	Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt; I rather will suspect the sun with cold Than thee with wantonness:	
PAGE	'Tis well, 'tis well; no more: Be not as extreme in submission as in offence. But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.	
MS FORD	Devise but how you'll use him when he comes, And let us two devise to bring him thither.	
PAGE	Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come: And in this shape when you have brought him thither, What shall be done with him? what is your plot?	
MS PAGE	Nan Page my daughter and my little son And three or four more of their growth we'll dress Like urchins, ouphes and fairies, green and white, Then let them all encircle him about And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight, And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,	

MS FORD	In their so sacred paths he dares to tread in shape profane. And till he tell the truth, Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound And burn him with their tapers.	
MS PAGE	My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies, Finely attired in a robe of white.	
PAGE	And in that time shall Master Slender steal my Nan away And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.	Aside
FORD	Nay I'll to him again in name of Brook He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he'll come.	
MS PAGE	Fear not you that. Go get us properties And tricking for our fairies.	
SIR HUGH	Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.	Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and SIR HUGH and CAIUS
MS PAGE	Go, Mistress Ford, Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind. I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will, And none but he, to marry with Nan Page. That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot; And he my husband best of all affects. The doctor is well money'd, and his friends Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her, Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.	Exit MS FORD
.	ACT IV SCENE 5. A room in the Garter Inn.	Exit
HOST	What wouldst thou have, boor? what: thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.	Enter HOST and SIMPLE
SIMPLE	Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.	
HOST	Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.	
SIMPLE	There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.	
HOST	Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call. Bully knight! bully Sir John!	
FALSTAFF	[Above] How now, mine host!	
HOST	Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? Fie!	Enter FALSTAFF
FALSTAFF	There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.	
SIMPLE	My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.	
FALSTAFF	'Tis, 'tis his fortune.	
SIMPLE	What, sir?	
FALSTAFF	To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.	
SIMPLE	I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings.	Exit
BARDOLPH	Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!	Enter BARDOLPH
HOST	Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.	..IV5b
BARDOLPH	Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away,	
HOST	They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.	like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

SIR HUGH	Where is mine host?	
HOST	What is the matter, sir?	
SIR HUGH	Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well.	Exit. Enter DR CAIUS
DR CAIUS	Vere is mine host de Jarteer?	
HOST	Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.	
DR CAIUS	I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat the court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu.	Exit
HOST	Hue and cry, villain, go! Assist me, knight. I am undone! Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!	Exeunt HOST
FALSTAFF	been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop and liquor fishermen's boots with me; Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. Now, whence come you?	Enter QUICKLY .IV5c
QUICKLY	From the two parties, forsooth.	
FALSTAFF	The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.	
QUICKLY	And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.	
FALSTAFF	What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow;	
QUICKLY	Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content.	
FALSTAFF	Come up into my chamber.	Exit
.	ACT IV SCENE 6. A room in the Garter Inn.	Enter FENTON and HOST
FENTON	Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.	
BARDOLPH	I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.	
FENTON	Hark, good mine host. To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen; The purpose why, is here: in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented: Now, sir, Her mother, ever strong against that match And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot	

	She seemingly obedient likewise hath Made promise to the doctor.	
BARDOLPH	Which means she to deceive, father or mother?	
FENTON	Both, to go along with me: And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.	
BARDOLPH	Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar: Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.	
FENTON	So shall I evermore be bound to thee; Besides, I'll make a present recompense.	Exeunt
.	ACT V SCENE 2. Windsor Park.	Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER
PAGE	Remember, son Slender, my daughter. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.	Exeunt
.	ACT V SCENE 3. A street leading to the Park.	Enter MS PAGE, MS FORD, and DR CAIUS
MS PAGE	Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the band, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.	
DR CAIUS	I know vat I have to do. Adieu.	
MS PAGE	Fare you well, sir.	Exeunt
.	ACT V SCENE 5. Another part of the Park.	Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Herne
FALSTAFF	The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? My doe?	Enter MS FORD and ANNE PAGE
MS FORD	Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?	..V5b
FALSTAFF	Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart. Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands.	Noise within Enter ANNE, JOHN, and ROBERT, disguised as fairies Enter QUICKLY and PISTOL
MS PAGE	Alas, what noise?	
MS FORD	Heaven forgive our sins	
FALSTAFF	What should this be?	
MS FORD	Away!	
MS PAGE	Away!	They run off
FALSTAFF	I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.	Fairy shtick
QUICKLY	With trial-fire touch me his finger-end: If he be chaste, the flame will back descend And turn him to no pain; but if he start, It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.	
JOHN	A trial, come.	
ROBERT	Come, will this wood take fire?	They burn him with their tapers
FALSTAFF	Oh, Oh, Oh!	...V5c Pinch FALSTAFF. DR CAIUS comes one way, and steals boy in green; SLENDER another way, and steals boy in white; FENTON steals ANN PAGE.
QUICKLY	Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire! About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme; And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time. Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.	Hunting noise. Fairies run away. FALSTAFF rises. Enter PAGE, FORD, ANNE PAGE, and MS FORD

MS PAGE I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?

FORD Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brook,
Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his
horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath
enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his
cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be
paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

MS FORD Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet.
I will never take you for my love again; but I will
always count you my deer.

FALSTAFF I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

SIR HUGH Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your
desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

FORD Well said, fairy Hugh.

SIR HUGH And leave your jealousies too, I pray you.

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

MS PAGE Why Sir John, do you think, though we would have the
virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders
and have given ourselves without scruple to hell,
that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

FALSTAFF Well, I am your theme: Use me as you will.

PAGE Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset
to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to
laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her
Master Slender hath married her daughter.

MS PAGE [Aside] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my
daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

SLENDER Whoa ho! ho, father Page!

PAGE Of what, son?

SLENDER I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page,
and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been
i' the church, I would have swung him, or he
should have swung me.

PAGE Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

SLENDER What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took
a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for
all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

PAGE Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how
you should know my daughter by her garments?

SLENDER I went to her in white, and yet
it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

MS PAGE Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose;
turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is
now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

DR CAIUS Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha'
married un garcon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy;
it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

MS PAGE Why, did you take her in green?

DR CAIUS Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

FORD This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

PAGE My heart misgives me: here comes Master Fenton.
How now, Master Fenton!

...V5d Enter SIR HUGH, HOST, SIMPLE, ROBIN, RUGBY,
Enter BARDOLPH, NYM, SHALLOW, WILLIAM PAGE

Enter SLENDER with JOHN

..V5e

Enter DR CAIUS with ROBERT

..V5f

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE

ANNE PAGE Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!
PAGE Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?
MS PAGE Why went you not with master doctor, maid?
FENTON You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
FORD Stand not amazed; here is no remedy:
In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.
FALSTAFF I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to
strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.
PAGE Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.
MS PAGE Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.
FORD Let it be so. Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word
For he tonight shall lie with Mistress Ford.

Exeunt