

Ford/Page/Pistol/Nym

FORD

Well, I hope it be not so.

humour of bread and cheese, and there's the humour of it. Adieu.

PISTOL

Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Exit

PAGE

'The humour of it,' quoth a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

FORD

Why, sir, my wife is not young.

FORD

I will seek out Falstaff.

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.

PAGE

I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

FORD

Love my wife!

FORD

If I do find it: well.

PISTOL

With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actaeon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:
O, odious is the name!

PAGE

I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest
o' the town commended him for a true man.

FORD

What name, sir?

FORD

'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

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. Away, Sir Corporal Nym!
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