

## Evans/Quickly/William

**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!

**MISTRESS 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.

**MISTRESS FORD**

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

**FALSTAFF**

Let the court of France show 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-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

**MISTRESS 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.

**MISTRESS FORD**

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

**FALSTAFF**

Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

**MISTRESS FORD**

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

*Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE*

What's the matter? how now!

**MISTRESS PAGE**

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

**MISTRESS FORD**

What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

**MISTRESS PAGE**

O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

**MISTRESS FORD**

What cause of suspicion?

**MISTRESS PAGE**

What cause of suspicion! Out pon you! how am I mistook in you!

**MISTRESS FORD**

Why, alas, what's the matter?

**MISTRESS 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.

**MISTRESS 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.

**MISTRESS 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: or--it is whiting-time --send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

**MISTRESS 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.