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Dramatis Personae

- SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
- FENTON a gentleman.
- SHALLOW a country justice.
- SLENDER cousin to Shallow.
- FORD, PAGE } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
- WILLIAM PAGE a boy, son to Page.
- SIR HUGH EVANS a Welsh parson.
- DOCTOR CAIUS a French physician.
- Host of the Garter Inn.
- BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM } sharpers attending on Falstaff.
- ROBIN page to Falstaff.
- SIMPLE servant to Slender.
- RUGBY servant to Doctor Caius.
- MISTRESS FORD
- MISTRESS PAGE
- ANNE PAGE her daughter.
- MISTRESS QUICKLY servant to Doctor Caius.
- Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

Scene: Windsor, and the neighbourhood.

Act 1

Scene 1

Windsor. Before PAGE's house.

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS
SHALLOW

Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.
SLENDER

In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and
'Coram.'
SHALLOW

Ay, cousin Slender, and 'Custalourum.
SLENDER

Ay, and 'Rato-lorum' too; and a gentleman born,
master parson; who writes himself 'Armigero,' in any
bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, 'Armigero.'
SHALLOW

Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three
hundred years.
SLENDER

All his successors gone before him hath done't; and
all his ancestors that come after him may: they may
give the dozen white luses in their coat.
SHALLOW

It is an old coat.
SIR HUGH EVANS

The dozen white louses do become an old coat well;
it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to
man, and signifies love.
SHALLOW

The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.
SLENDER

I may quarter, coz.
SHALLOW

You may, by marrying.
SIR HUGH EVANS

It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.
SHALLOW

Not a whit.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat,
there is but three skirts for yourself, in my
simple conjectures: but that is all one. 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

The council shall bear it; it is a riot.

SIR HUGH EVANS

It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

SHALLOW

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

SIR HUGH EVANS

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 EVANS

It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed--Got deliver to a joyful resurrections! --give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

SLENDER

Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

SIR HUGH EVANS

Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

SLENDER

I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

SIR HUGH EVANS

Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

SHALLOW

Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

SIR HUGH EVANS

Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do
despise one that is false, or as I despise 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 door for Master Page.

Knocks

What, hoa! Got pless your house here!
PAGE

[Within]

Who's there?

Enter PAGE
SIR HUGH EVANS

Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice
Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that
peradventures shall tell you another tale, if
matters grow to your likings.
PAGE

I am glad to see your worships well.
I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.
SHALLOW

Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it
your good heart! I wished your venison better; it
was ill killed. How doth good Mistress Page?--and I
thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.
PAGE

Sir, I thank you.
SHALLOW

Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.
PAGE

I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.
SLENDER

How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he
was outrun on Cotsall.
PAGE

It could not be judged, sir.
SLENDER

You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

SHALLOW

That he will not. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault;
'tis a good dog.

PAGE

A cur, sir.

SHALLOW

Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be
more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John
Falstaff here?

PAGE

Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good
office between you.

SIR HUGH EVANS

It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

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? He hath wronged me; indeed he
hath, at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert
Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

PAGE

Here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL

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.
That is now answered.
SHALLOW

The council shall know this.
FALSTAFF

'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel:
you'll be laughed at.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.
FALSTAFF

Good worts! good cabbage. 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.
NYM

Slice, I say! pauca, pauca: slice! that's my humour.
SLENDER

Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?
SIR HUGH EVANS

Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is
three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that
is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is
myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is,
lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.
PAGE

We three, to hear it and end it between them.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.
FALSTAFF

Pistol!
PISTOL

He hears with ears.
SIR HUGH EVANS

The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? why, it is affectations.
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, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence apiece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.
FALSTAFF

Is this true, Pistol?
SIR HUGH EVANS

No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.
PISTOL

Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and Master mine, I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.
Word of denial in thy labras here!
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!
SLENDER

By these gloves, then, 'twas he.
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 senses.

SIR HUGH EVANS

It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

BARDOLPH

And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.

SLENDER

Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: 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 EVANS

So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

FALSTAFF

You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE, following
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.

Exeunt all except SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS

SLENDER

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of
Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter SIMPLE

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait
on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles
about you, have you?
SIMPLE

Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice
Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight
afore Michaelmas?
SHALLOW

Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with
you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a
tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh
here. Do you understand me?
SLENDER

Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so,
I shall do that that is reason.
SHALLOW

Nay, but understand me.
SLENDER

So I do, sir.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will
description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.
SLENDER

Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray
you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his
country, simple though I stand here.
SIR HUGH EVANS

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

Ay, there's the point, sir.
SIR HUGH EVANS

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 EVANS

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.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak
possitable, if you can carry her your desires
towards her.
SHALLOW

That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?
SLENDER

I will do a greater thing than that, upon your
request, cousin, in any 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, when we are
married and have more occasion to know one another;
I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt:
but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that
I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.
SIR HUGH EVANS

It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in
the ort 'dissolutely:' the ort is, according to our
meaning, 'resolutely:' his meaning is good.
SHALLOW

Ay, I think my cousin meant well.
SLENDER

Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!
SHALLOW

Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!
ANNE PAGE

The dinner is on the table; my father desires your
worships' company.
SHALLOW

I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

Exeunt SHALLOW and SIR HUGH EVANS
ANNE PAGE

Will't please your worship to come in, sir?
SLENDER

No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.
ANNE PAGE

The dinner attends you, sir.
SLENDER

I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go,
sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my
cousin Shallow.

Exit SIMPLE

A justice of peace sometimes may be beholding to his
friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy
yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? Yet I
live like a poor gentleman born.
ANNE PAGE

I may not go in without your worship: they will not
sit till you come.
SLENDER

I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as
though I did.
ANNE PAGE

I pray you, sir, walk in.

SLENDER

I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised
my shin th' other day with playing at sword and
dagger with a master of fence; three veneys for a
dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot
abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your
dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

ANNE PAGE

I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

SLENDER

I love the sport well but I shall as soon quarrel at
it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see
the bear loose, are you not?

ANNE PAGE

Ay, indeed, sir.

SLENDER

That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen
Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by
the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so
cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women,
indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favored
rough things.

Re-enter PAGE

PAGE

Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

SLENDER

I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

PAGE

By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

SLENDER

Nay, pray you, lead the way.

PAGE

Come on, sir.

SLENDER

Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

ANNE PAGE

Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

SLENDER

I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome.
You do yourself wrong, indeed, la!

Exeunt

Scene 2

The same.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE
SIR HUGH EVANS

Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which
is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly,
which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry
nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and
his wringer.

SIMPLE

Well, sir.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Nay, it is petter yet. 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. I pray you, be gone: I will
make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

Exeunt

Scene 3

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN
FALSTAFF

Mine host of the Garter!
Host

What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.
FALSTAFF

Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my
followers.
Host

Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.
FALSTAFF

I sit at ten pounds a week.
Host

Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I
will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall
tap: said I well, bully Hector?
FALSTAFF

Do so, good mine host.
Host

I have spoke; let him follow.

To BARDOLPH

Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow.

Exit
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.
BARDOLPH

It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.
PISTOL

O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Exit BARDOLPH
NYM

He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited?
FALSTAFF

I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox: his
thefts were too open; his filching was like an
unskilful singer; he kept not time.
NYM

The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.
PISTOL

'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico
for the phrase!
FALSTAFF

Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

PISTOL

Why, then, let kibes ensue.

FALSTAFF

There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

PISTOL

Young ravens must have food.

FALSTAFF

Which of you know Ford of this town?

PISTOL

I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

FALSTAFF

My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

PISTOL

Two yards, and more.

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.'

PISTOL

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

NYM

The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

FALSTAFF

Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath a legion of angels.

PISTOL

As many devils entertain; and 'To her, boy,' say I.

NYM

The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

FALSTAFF

I have writ me here a letter to her: and here
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 pinnacle 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.

Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN

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.

Exeunt

Scene 4

A room in DOCTOR CAIUS' house.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY
MISTRESS 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.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in
faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.

Exit RUGBY

An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant
shall come in house withal, and, I warrant you, no
tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is,
that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish
that way: but nobody but has his fault; but let
that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?
SIMPLE

Ay, for fault of a better.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

And Master Slender's your master?
SIMPLE

Ay, forsooth.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Does he not wear a great round beard, like a
glover's paring-knife?
SIMPLE

No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a
little yellow beard, a Cain-coloured beard.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

A softly-sprighted man, is he not?
SIMPLE

Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands
as any is between this and his head; he hath fought
with a warrener.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

How say you? O, I should remember him: does he not
hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?
SIMPLE

Yes, indeed, does he.
MISTRESS 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.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man;
go into this closet: he will not stay long.

Shuts SIMPLE in the closet

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.

Singing

And down, down, adown-a, &c.

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS
DOCTOR 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.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you.

Aside

I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found
the young man, he would have been horn-mad.
DOCTOR CAIUS

Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je
m'en vais a la cour--la grande affaire.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Is it this, sir?
DOCTOR CAIUS

Oui; mette le au mon pocket: depeche, quickly. Vere
is dat knave Rugby?
MISTRESS QUICKLY

What, John Rugby! John!
RUGBY

Here, sir!
DOCTOR 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.
DOCTOR CAIUS

By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's me!
Qu'ai-j'oublie! dere is some simples in my closet,
dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Ay me, he'll find the young man here, and be mad!
DOCTOR CAIUS

O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! larron!

Pulling SIMPLE out

Rugby, my rapier!
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Good master, be content.
DOCTOR CAIUS

Wherefore shall I be content-a?
MISTRESS QUICKLY

The young man is an honest man.
DOCTOR CAIUS

What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is
no honest man dat shall come in my closet.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth
of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.
DOCTOR CAIUS

Vell.
SIMPLE

Ay, forsooth; to desire her to--
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Peace, I pray you.
DOCTOR CAIUS

Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale.
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.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

This is all, indeed, la! but I'll ne'er put my
finger in the fire, and need not.
DOCTOR CAIUS

Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, baille me some paper.
Tarry you a little-a while.

Writes
MISTRESS QUICKLY

[Aside to SIMPLE]

I am glad he is so quiet: if he
had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him
so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding,
man, I'll do you your master what good I can: and
the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my
master,--I may call him my master, look you, for I
keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake,
scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds and do
all myself,--
SIMPLE

[Aside to MISTRESS QUICKLY]

'Tis a great charge to
come under one body's hand.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

[Aside to SIMPLE]

Are you avised o' that? you
shall find it a great charge: and to be up early
and down late; but notwithstanding,--to tell you in
your ear; I would have no words of it,--my master
himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but
notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,--that's
neither here nor there.
DOCTOR CAIUS

You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by
gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his throat 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:

Exit SIMPLE
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Alas, he speaks but for his friend.
DOCTOR 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.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We
must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!
DOCTOR 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.

Exeunt DOCTOR CAIUS and RUGBY
MISTRESS 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!
MISTRESS QUICKLY

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

Enter FENTON
FENTON

How now, good woman? how dost thou?
MISTRESS QUICKLY

The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.
FENTON

What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?
MISTRESS 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?
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but
notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a
book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart
above your eye?
FENTON

Yes, marry, have I; what of that?
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such
another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever
broke bread: we had an hour's talk of that wart. I
shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But
indeed she is given too much to allicholy and
musing: but for you--well, go to.
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.
MISTRESS 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.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Farewell to your worship.

Exit FENTON

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?

Exit

Act 2

Scene 1

Before PAGE'S house.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter
MISTRESS 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.

Reads

'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'
What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behavior hath this Flemish drunkard picked--with the devil's name!--out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? 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 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.

Enter MISTRESS FORD
MISTRESS FORD

Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.
MISTRESS PAGE

And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.
MISTRESS FORD

Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.
MISTRESS PAGE

Faith, but you do, in my mind.
MISTRESS FORD

Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!
MISTRESS PAGE

What's the matter, woman?
MISTRESS FORD

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

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

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

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

Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy

letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I
protest, mine never shall. 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. I had rather be a giantess,
and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you
twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.
MISTRESS FORD

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

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

You are the happier woman.
MISTRESS PAGE

Let's consult together against this greasy knight.
Come hither.

They retire

Enter FORD with PISTOL, and PAGE with NYM
FORD

Well, I hope it be not so.
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,
Like Sir Actaeon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:
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.
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 humour of bread and cheese,
and there's the humour of it. Adieu.

Exit
PAGE

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

I will seek out Falstaff.
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!

MISTRESS PAGE and MISTRESS FORD come forward
MISTRESS PAGE

Whither go you, George? Hark you.
MISTRESS FORD

How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?
FORD

I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.
MISTRESS FORD

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now,
will you go, Mistress Page?
MISTRESS PAGE

Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George.

Aside to MISTRESS FORD

Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger
to this paltry knight.
MISTRESS FORD

[Aside to MISTRESS PAGE]

Trust me, I thought on her:
she'll fit it.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY
MISTRESS PAGE

You are come to see my daughter Anne?
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?
MISTRESS PAGE

Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with
you.

Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and MISTRESS QUICKLY
PAGE

How now, Master Ford!
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

Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would
offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent
towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men;
very rogues, now they be out of service.
FORD

Were they his men?
PAGE

Marry, were they.
FORD

I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at
the Garter?
PAGE

Ay, marry, does he. 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.

Enter Host

How now, mine host!

Host

How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman.
Cavaleiro-justice, I say!

Enter SHALLOW

SHALLOW

I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and
twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go
with us? we have sport in hand.

Host

Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

SHALLOW

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;
for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester.
Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

They converse apart
Host

Hast thou no suit against my knight, my
guest-cavaleire?
FORD

None, I protest: but 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.
Host

My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;
--said I well?--and thy name shall be Brook. It is
a merry knight. Will you go, An-heires?
SHALLOW

Have with you, mine host.
PAGE

I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in
his rapier.
SHALLOW

Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times
you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and
I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis
here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long
sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.
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: she was in his company at Page's
house; and what they made there, I know not. Well,
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

Scene 2

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL
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 have grated upon my
good friends for three reprieves for you and your
coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through
the grate, like a geminy of baboons. 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? At a word, hang no more
about me, I am no gibbet for you. Go. A short knife
and a throng! To your manor of Pickt-hatch! Go.
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, your cat-a-mountain
looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your
bold-beating oaths, 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.
FALSTAFF

Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Give your worship good morrow.
FALSTAFF

Good morrow, good wife.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Not so, an't please your worship.
FALSTAFF

Good maid, then.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

I'll be sworn,
As my mother was, the first hour I was born.
FALSTAFF

I do believe the swearer. What with me?
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?
FALSTAFF

Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee
the hearing.
MISTRESS 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,--
MISTRESS 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 QUICKLY

Are they so? God bless them and make them his servants!
FALSTAFF

Well, Mistress Ford; what of her?
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord Lord! your
worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you and all
of us, I pray!
FALSTAFF

Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford,--
MISTRESS 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
rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in
such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of
the best and the fairest, that would have won any
woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never
get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels
given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in
any such sort, as they say, but in the way of
honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get
her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of
them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which
is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.
FALSTAFF

But what says she to me? be brief, my good
she-Mercury.
MISTRESS 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?
MISTRESS 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: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

FALSTAFF

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

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and 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.

MISTRESS 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?

MISTRESS 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: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

FALSTAFF

Why, I will.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and

go between you both; and in any case have a
nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and
the boy never need to understand any thing; for
'tis not good that children should know any
wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion,
as they say, and know the world.
FALSTAFF

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

Exeunt MISTRESS QUICKLY and ROBIN

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 overwhelm them all!

Exit
FALSTAFF

Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make
more of thy old body than I have done. Will they
yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense
of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I
thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be
fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH
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

Brook is his name?
BARDOLPH

Ay, sir.
FALSTAFF

Call him in.

Exit BARDOLPH

Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such
liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page

have I encompassed you? go to; via!

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised
FORD

Bless you, sir!
FALSTAFF

And you, sir! Would you speak with me?
FORD

I make bold to press with so little preparation upon
you.
FALSTAFF

You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer.

Exit BARDOLPH
FORD

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

Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.
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

Sir, I hear you are a scholar,--I will be brief
with you,--and you have been a man long known to me,
though I had never so good means, as desire, to make
myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a
thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine
own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have
one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded,
turn another into the register of your own; that I
may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you
yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.
FALSTAFF

Very well, sir; proceed.
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; briefly, I have pursued
her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the
wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have
merited, either in my mind or, in my means, meed,
I am sure, I have received none; unless experience
be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite
rate, and that hath taught me to say this:
'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.'
FALSTAFF

Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?
FORD

Never.
FALSTAFF

Have you importuned her to such a purpose?
FORD

Never.
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.
Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in
other places she enlargeth her mirth so far 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, authentic in your
place and person, generally allowed for your many
war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

FALSTAFF

O, sir!

FORD

Believe it, for you know it. 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; even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me: 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's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night.

Exit
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; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Wittol!--Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitae bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself; then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. 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!

Exit

Scene 3

A field near Windsor.

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS and RUGBY
DOCTOR CAIUS

Jack Rugby!
RUGBY

Sir?
DOCTOR CAIUS

Vat is de clock, Jack?
RUGBY

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

DOCTOR 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.
DOCTOR 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.
DOCTOR CAIUS

Villany, take your rapier.
RUGBY

Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE
Host

Bless thee, bully doctor!
SHALLOW

Save you, Master Doctor Caius!
PAGE

Now, good master doctor!
SLENDER

Give you good morrow, sir.
DOCTOR 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
distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is
he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my
AEsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is
he dead, bully stale? is he dead?
DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he

is not show his face.

Host

Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy!

DOCTOR 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

Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of
the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to
make one. 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.

SHALLOW

It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor
Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of
the peace: you have showed yourself a wise
physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise
and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host

Pardon, guest-justice. A word, Mounseur Mockwater.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host

Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de
Englishman. Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me
vill cut his ears.

Host

He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.
DOCTOR CAIUS

Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?
Host

That is, he will make thee amends.
DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me;
for, by gar, me vill have it.
Host

And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.
DOCTOR CAIUS

Me tank you for dat.
Host

And, moreover, bully, --but first, master guest, and
Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you
through the town to Frogmore.

Aside to them
PAGE

Sir Hugh is there, is he?
Host

He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will
bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?
PAGE, SHALLOW, Slender

We will do it.

Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER
DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a
jack-an-ape to Anne Page.
Host

Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold
water on thy choler: go about the fields with me
through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress
Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou
shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?
DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, me dank you for dat: by gar, I love you;
and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl,

de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host

For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne

Page. Said I well?

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host

Let us wag, then.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

Exeunt

Act 3

Scene 1

A field near Frogmore.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE

SIR HUGH EVANS

I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man,
and friend Simple by your name, which way have you
looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

SIMPLE

Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every
way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town
way.

SIR HUGH EVANS

I most fehemently desire you you will also look that
way.

SIMPLE

I will, sir.

Exit

SIR HUGH EVANS

'Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and
trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have
deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knog

his urinals about his knave's costard when I have
good opportunities for the ork. 'Pless my soul!

Sings

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals;
There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow--
Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Sings

Melodious birds sing madrigals--
When as I sat in Pabylon--
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow &c.

Re-enter SIMPLE
SIMPLE

Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.
SIR HUGH EVANS

He's welcome.

Sings

To shallow rivers, to whose falls-
Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he?
SIMPLE

No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master
Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over
the stile, this way.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER
SHALLOW

How now, master Parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh.
Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student
from his book, and it is wonderful.
SLENDER

[Aside]

Ah, sweet Anne Page!

PAGE

'Save you, good Sir Hugh!
SIR HUGH EVANS

'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!
SHALLOW

What, the sword and the word! do you study them
both, master parson?
PAGE

And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this
raw rheumatic day!
SIR HUGH EVANS

There is reasons and causes for it.
PAGE

We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Fery well: what is it?
PAGE

Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike
having received wrong by some person, is at most
odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you
saw.
SHALLOW

I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never
heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so
wide of his own respect.
SIR HUGH EVANS

What is he?
PAGE

I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the
renowned French physician.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as
lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.
PAGE

Why?
SIR HUGH EVANS

He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,

--and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you
would desires to be acquainted withal.

PAGE

I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.
SHALLOW

[Aside]

O sweet Anne Page!
SHALLOW

It appears so by his weapons. Keep them asunder:
here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, DOCTOR CAIUS, and RUGBY
PAGE

Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.
SHALLOW

So do you, good master doctor.
Host

Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep
their limbs whole and hack our English.
DOCTOR CAIUS

I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear.
Wherefore vill you not meet-a me?
SIR HUGH EVANS

[Aside to DOCTOR CAIUS]

Pray you, use your patience:
in good time.
DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.
SIR HUGH EVANS

[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.

Aloud

I will knog your urinals about your knave's cockscomb
for missing your meetings and appointments.

DOCTOR 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?

SIR HUGH EVANS

As I am a Christians soul now, look you, this is the
place appointed: I'll be judgement by mine host of
the Garter.

Host

Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh,
soul-curer and body-curer!

DOCTOR CAIUS

Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host

Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I
politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? 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
DOCTOR CAIUS

Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of
us, ha, ha?

SIR HUGH EVANS

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.

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me
where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow.

Exeunt

Scene 2

A street.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN
MISTRESS 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.
MISTRESS PAGE

O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD
FORD

Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?
MISTRESS 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.
MISTRESS PAGE

Be sure of that,--two other husbands.
FORD

Where had you this pretty weather-cock?
MISTRESS PAGE

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my
husband had him of. What do you call your knight's

name, sirrah?
ROBIN

Sir John Falstaff.
FORD

Sir John Falstaff!
MISTRESS PAGE

He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a
league between my good man and he! Is your wife at
home indeed?
FORD

Indeed she is.
MISTRESS PAGE

By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.

Exeunt MISTRESS 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.
Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as
easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve
score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he
gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's
going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A
man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And
Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots, they are laid;
and our revolted wives share damnation together.
Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck
the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming
Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and
wilful Actaeon; and to these violent proceedings all
my neighbours shall cry aim.

Clock heard

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.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SIR HUGH EVANS, DOCTOR CAIUS, and RUGBY
SHALLOW, PAGE, &C.

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.
DOCTOR 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 will
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 having: he kept company with the wild prince
and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too
much. No, he 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 have waits on
my consent, and my consent goes not that way.
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
DOCTOR 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.

Exit
FORD

[Aside]

I think I shall drink in pipe wine first
with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?
All

Have with you to see this monster.

Exeunt

Scene 3

A room in FORD'S house.

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE
MISTRESS FORD

What, John! What, Robert!
MISTRESS PAGE

Quickly, quickly! is the buck-basket--
MISTRESS FORD

I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket
MISTRESS PAGE

Come, come, come.
MISTRESS FORD

Here, set it down.
MISTRESS PAGE

Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

MISTRESS FORD

Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house: 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 carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

MISTRESS PAGE

You will do it?

MISTRESS FORD

I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

Exeunt Servants

MISTRESS PAGE

Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN

MISTRESS 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.

MISTRESS 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.

MISTRESS PAGE

Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

MISTRESS FORD

Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone.

Exit ROBIN

Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

MISTRESS PAGE

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

Exit

MISTRESS FORD

Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity,
this gross watery pumpion; we'll teach him to know
turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF

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

A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing
else; nor that well neither.

FALSTAFF

By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou
wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm
fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion
to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see
what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature
thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

MISTRESS FORD

Believe me, there is no such thing in me.
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 lispings 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.
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.
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.
MISTRESS FORD

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

FALSTAFF hides himself

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN

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

'Tis not so, I hope.
MISTRESS PAGE

Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man
here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming,
with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a
one. I come before to tell you. If you know
yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you
have a friend here convey, convey him out. Be not
amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your
reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.
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.
MISTRESS 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 the basket; they cover him with foul linen
MISTRESS PAGE

Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men,
Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!
MISTRESS FORD

What, John! Robert! John!

Exit ROBIN

Re-enter Servants

Go take up these clothes here quickly. Where's the
cowl-staff? look, how you drumble! Carry them to
the laundress in Datchet-meat; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, DOCTOR CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS
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?
Servant

To the laundress, forsooth.
MISTRESS 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.

Exeunt Servants with the basket

Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my
dream. 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.

Locking the door

So, now uncape.
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.

Exit
SIR HUGH EVANS

This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.
DOCTOR 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.

Exeunt PAGE, DOCTOR CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS
MISTRESS PAGE

Is there not a double excellency in this?
MISTRESS FORD

I know not which pleases me better, that my husband
is deceived, or Sir John.
MISTRESS PAGE

What a taking was he in when your husband asked who
was in the basket!
MISTRESS FORD

I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so
throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

MISTRESS PAGE

Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

MISTRESS FORD

I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

MISTRESS PAGE

I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

MISTRESS FORD

Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

MISTRESS PAGE

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

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, DOCTOR CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS
FORD

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

MISTRESS PAGE

[Aside to MISTRESS FORD]

Heard you that?

MISTRESS FORD

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

Ay, I do so.

MISTRESS FORD

Heaven make you better than your thoughts!
FORD

Amen!

MISTRESS PAGE

You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.
FORD

Ay, ay; I must bear it.
SIR HUGH EVANS

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!
DOCTOR CAIUS

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

Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What
spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I
would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the
wealth of Windsor Castle.
FORD

'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.
SIR HUGH EVANS

You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as
honest a 'omans as I will desires among five
thousand, and five hundred too.
DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.
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: after, we'll a-birding together; I
have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?
FORD

Any thing.
SIR HUGH EVANS

If there is one, I shall make two in the company.
DOCTOR CAIUS

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

Pray you, go, Master Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS

I pray you now, remembrance tomorrow on the lousy
knave, mine host.
DOCTOR CAIUS

Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart!
SIR HUGH EVANS

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

Exeunt

Scene 4

A room in PAGE'S house.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE
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:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies;
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!

They converse apart

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MISTRESS QUICKLY
SHALLOW

Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall
speak for himself.
SLENDER

I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'slid, 'tis but
venturing.
SHALLOW

Be not dismayed.
SLENDER

No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,
but that I am afeard.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.
ANNE PAGE

I come to him.

Aside

This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!
MISTRESS QUICKLY

And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.
SHALLOW

She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!
SLENDER

I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you
good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress
Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of
a pen, good uncle.
SHALLOW

Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.
SLENDER

Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in
Gloucestershire.
SHALLOW

He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.
SLENDER

Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the
degree of a squire.
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: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be
his dole! They can tell you how things go better
than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE
PAGE

Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.
Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:

I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.
FENTON

Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.
MISTRESS PAGE

Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.
PAGE

She is no match for you.
FENTON

Sir, will you hear me?
PAGE

No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Speak to Mistress Page.
FENTON

Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all cheques, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love
And not retire: let me have your good will.
ANNE PAGE

Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.
MISTRESS PAGE

I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

That's my master, master doctor.
ANNE PAGE

Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth
And bowl'd to death with turnips!
MISTRESS PAGE

Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

FENTON

Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan.

Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE and ANNE PAGE
MISTRESS QUICKLY

This is my doing, now: 'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast
away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on
Master Fenton:' this is my doing.

FENTON

I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Now heaven send thee good fortune!

Exit FENTON

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

Scene 5

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH
FALSTAFF

Bardolph, I say,--
BARDOLPH

Here, sir.
FALSTAFF

Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't.

Exit BARDOLPH

Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a

barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter: 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 MISTRESS QUICKLY
MISTRESS 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.

Exit BARDOLPH

How now!
MISTRESS 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.
MISTRESS 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.
MISTRESS 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.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

I will tell her.
FALSTAFF

Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Eight and nine, sir.
FALSTAFF

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

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.
FORD

And how long lay you there?

FALSTAFF

Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. 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; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,--a man of my kidney,--think of that,--that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: 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.

Exit
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

Act 4

Scene 1

A street.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, and WILLIAM PAGE
MISTRESS PAGE

Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.
MISTRESS PAGE

I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?
SIR HUGH EVANS

No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Blessing of his heart!
MISTRESS 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.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.
MISTRESS PAGE

Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your
master, be not afraid.
SIR HUGH EVANS

William, how many numbers is in nouns?
WILLIAM PAGE

Two.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Truly, I thought there had been one number more,
because they say, 'Od's nouns.'
SIR HUGH EVANS

Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair,' William?
WILLIAM PAGE

Pulcher.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.
SIR HUGH EVANS

You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you peace.
What is 'lapis,' William?
WILLIAM PAGE

A stone.
SIR HUGH EVANS

And what is 'a stone,' William?
WILLIAM PAGE

A pebble.

SIR HUGH EVANS

No, it is 'lapis:' I pray you, remember in your prain.
WILLIAM PAGE

Lapis.
SIR HUGH EVANS

That is a good William. What is he, William, that
does lend articles?
WILLIAM PAGE

Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus
declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, haec, hoc.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark:
genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?
WILLIAM PAGE

Accusativo, hinc.
SIR HUGH EVANS

I pray you, have your remembrance, child,
accusative, hung, hang, hog.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative
case, William?
WILLIAM PAGE

O,--vocativo, O.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Remember, William; focative is caret.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

And that's a good root.
SIR HUGH EVANS

'Oman, forbear.
MISTRESS PAGE

Peace!
SIR HUGH EVANS

What is your genitive case plural, William?
WILLIAM PAGE

Genitive case!
SIR HUGH EVANS

Ay.
WILLIAM PAGE

Genitive,--horum, harum, horum.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name
her, child, if she be a whore.
SIR HUGH EVANS

For shame, 'oman.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

You do ill to teach the child such words: he
teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do
fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum:' fie upon you!
SIR HUGH EVANS

'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no
understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the
genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as
I would desires.
MISTRESS PAGE

Prithee, hold thy peace.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.
WILLIAM PAGE

Forsooth, I have forgot.
SIR HUGH EVANS

It is qui, quae, quod: if you forget your 'quies,'
your 'quaes,' and your 'quods,' you must be
preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.
MISTRESS PAGE

He is a better scholar than I thought he was.
SIR HUGH EVANS

He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.
MISTRESS PAGE

Adieu, good Sir Hugh.

Exit SIR HUGH EVANS

Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long.

Exeunt

Scene 2

A room in FORD'S house.

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD
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?

MISTRESS FORD

He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

MISTRESS PAGE

[Within]

What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!
MISTRESS FORD

Step into the chamber, Sir John.

Exit FALSTAFF

Enter MISTRESS PAGE
MISTRESS PAGE

How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?
MISTRESS FORD

Why, none but mine own people.
MISTRESS PAGE

Indeed!
MISTRESS FORD

No, certainly.

Aside to her

Speak louder.

MISTRESS PAGE

Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

MISTRESS FORD

Why?

MISTRESS PAGE

Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns again:
he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails
against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's
daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets
himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer
out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but
tameness, civility and patience, to this his
distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

MISTRESS FORD

Why, does he talk of him?

MISTRESS PAGE

Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the
last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests
to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn 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 here; now he shall see his own foolery.

MISTRESS FORD

How near is he, Mistress Page?

MISTRESS PAGE

Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

MISTRESS FORD

I am undone! The knight is here.

MISTRESS PAGE

Why then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead
man. What a woman are you!--Away with him, away
with him! better shame than murder.

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?

MISTRESS PAGE

Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door
with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise
you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?
FALSTAFF

What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.
MISTRESS FORD

There they always use to discharge their
birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.
FALSTAFF

Where is it?
MISTRESS FORD

He will seek there, on my word. Neither press,
coffer, chest, trunk, 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.
FALSTAFF

I'll go out then.
MISTRESS PAGE

If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir
John. Unless you go out disguised--
MISTRESS FORD

How might we disguise him?
MISTRESS 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.
MISTRESS FORD

My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a
gown above.
MISTRESS 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.
MISTRESS FORD

Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will
look some linen for your head.

MISTRESS PAGE

Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight: put
on the gown the while.

Exit FALSTAFF

MISTRESS 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.

MISTRESS PAGE

Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the
devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

MISTRESS FORD

But is my husband coming?

MISTRESS PAGE

Ah, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket
too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

MISTRESS FORD

We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the
basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as
they did last time.

MISTRESS PAGE

Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him
like the witch of Brentford.

MISTRESS FORD

I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the
basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight.

Exit

MISTRESS 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

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD with two Servants

MISTRESS 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.

Exit

First Servant

Come, come, take it up.
Second Servant

Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.
First Servant

I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, DOCTOR CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS
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!
PAGE

Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are not to go
loose any longer; you must be pinioned.
SIR HUGH EVANS

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.

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD

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?
MISTRESS 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!
MISTRESS FORD

Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.
FORD

I shall find you anon.
SIR HUGH EVANS

'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's
clothes? Come away.
FORD

Empty the basket, I say!
MISTRESS FORD

Why, man, why?
FORD

Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed
out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may
not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is:
my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.
Pluck me out all the linen.
MISTRESS 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.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the
imaginings of your own heart: this is jealousies.
FORD

Well, he's not here I seek for.
PAGE

No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

FORD

Help to search my house this one time. If I find
not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let
me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of
me, 'As jealous as Ford, Chat searched a hollow
walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more;
once more search with me.

MISTRESS 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?

MISTRESS 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? She comes of errands, does
she? We are simple men; we do not know what's
brought to pass under the profession of
fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells,
by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond
our element we know nothing. Come down, you witch,
you hag, you; come down, I say!

MISTRESS FORD

Nay, good, sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him
not strike the old woman.

Re-enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, and MISTRESS PAGE
MISTRESS PAGE

Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

FORD

I'll prat her.

Beating him

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.

Exit FALSTAFF

MISTRESS PAGE

Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the

poor woman.
MISTRESS FORD

Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you.
FORD

Hang her, witch!
SIR HUGH EVANS

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.
FORD

Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow;
see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus
upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.
PAGE

Let's obey his humour a little further: come,
gentlemen.

Exeunt FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, DOCTOR CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS
MISTRESS PAGE

Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.
MISTRESS FORD

Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most
unpitifully, methought.
MISTRESS PAGE

I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the
altar; it hath done meritorious service.
MISTRESS FORD

What think you? may we, with the warrant of
womanhood and the witness of a good conscience,
pursue him with any further revenge?
MISTRESS PAGE

The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of
him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with
fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the
way of waste, attempt us again.
MISTRESS FORD

Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?
MISTRESS PAGE

Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the

figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

MISTRESS FORD

I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

MISTRESS PAGE

Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool.

Exeunt

Scene 3

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and BARDOLPH
BARDOLPH

Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.
Host

What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?
BARDOLPH

Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.
Host

They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come.

Exeunt

Scene 4

A room in FORD'S house.

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS
SIR HUGH EVANS

'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?
MISTRESS 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: now doth thy honour stand
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm 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 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.
FORD

There is no better way than that they spoke of.
PAGE

How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park
at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.
SIR HUGH EVANS

You say he has been thrown in the rivers and has
been grievously peaten as an old 'oman: methinks
there should be terrors in him that he should not
come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have
no desires.
PAGE

So think I too.
MISTRESS FORD

Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.
MISTRESS PAGE

There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,

Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle
And makes milch-kine yield blood and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received and did deliver to our age
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.
PAGE

Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?
MISTRESS FORD

Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.
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?
MISTRESS PAGE

That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
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,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight,
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.
MISTRESS FORD

And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound
And burn him with their tapers.
MISTRESS PAGE

The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.
FORD

The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.
SIR HUGH EVANS

I will teach the children their behaviors; and I
will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the
knight with my taber.
FORD

That will be excellent. I'll go and buy them vizards.
MISTRESS PAGE

My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.
PAGE

That silk will I go buy.

Aside

And in that time
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away
And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.
FORD

Nay I'll to him again in name of Brook
He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he'll come.
MISTRESS PAGE

Fear not you that. Go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery
honest knaveries.

Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS
MISTRESS PAGE

Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

Exit MISTRESS FORD

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

Scene 5

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE

Host

What wouldst thou have, boor? what: thick-skin?
speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.
SIMPLE

Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff
from Master Slender.

Host

There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his
standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about
with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go
knock and call; hell 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! speak from
thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine
host, thine Ephesian, calls.
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

Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of
Brentford?

FALSTAFF

Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell: what would you with her?

SIMPLE

My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing
her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether
one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the
chain or no.

FALSTAFF

I spake with the old woman about it.

SIMPLE

And what says she, I pray, sir?

FALSTAFF

Marry, she says that the very same man that
beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of
it.

SIMPLE

I would I could have spoken with the woman herself;
I had other things to have spoken with her too from
him.

FALSTAFF

What are they? let us know.

Host

Ay, come; quick.

SIMPLE

I may not conceal them, sir.

Host

Conceal them, or thou diest.

SIMPLE

Why, sir, they were nothing but 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

May I be bold to say so, sir?

FALSTAFF

Ay, sir; like who more bold.

SIMPLE

I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings.

Exit

Host

Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

FALSTAFF

Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH

BARDOLPH

Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

Host

Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

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, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host

They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS

SIR HUGH EVANS

Where is mine host?

Host

What is the matter, sir?
SIR HUGH EVANS

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 DOCTOR CAIUS
DOCTOR CAIUS

Vere is mine host de Jarteer?
Host

Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.
DOCTOR 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 and BARDOLPH
FALSTAFF

I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Now, whence come you?

MISTRESS 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.
MISTRESS 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; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.
FALSTAFF

Come up into my chamber.

Exeunt

Scene 6

Another room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON and Host
Host

Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.
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.
Host

I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the
least keep your counsel.
FENTON

From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the show of both; fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I'll show you here at large. 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. Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white,
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendent, 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 given consent to go with him.
Host

Which means she to deceive, father or mother?
FENTON

Both, my good host, 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.
Host

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 5

Scene 1

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY
FALSTAFF

Prithee, no more prattling; go. I'll hold. This is
the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd
numbers. Away I go. They say there is divinity in
odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away!
MISTRESS QUICKLY

I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to
get you a pair of horns.
FALSTAFF

Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.

Exit MISTRESS QUICKLY

Enter FORD

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter
will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the
Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall
see wonders.
FORD

Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me
you had appointed?

FALSTAFF

I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you: he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow.

Exeunt

Scene 2

Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER
PAGE

Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

SLENDER

Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her and we have 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.

SHALLOW

That's good too: but what needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget?' the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

PAGE

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

Scene 3

A street leading to the Park.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DOCTOR CAIUS

MISTRESS PAGE

Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

DOCTOR CAIUS

I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

MISTRESS PAGE

Fare you well, sir.

Exit DOCTOR CAIUS

My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

MISTRESS FORD

Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

MISTRESS PAGE

They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

MISTRESS FORD

That cannot choose but amaze him.

MISTRESS PAGE

If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

MISTRESS FORD

We'll betray him finely.

MISTRESS PAGE

Against such lewdsters and their lechery
Those that betray them do no treachery.

MISTRESS FORD

The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak!

Exeunt

Scene 4

Windsor Park.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, disguised, with others as Fairies
SIR HUGH EVANS

Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts:
be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and
when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you:
come, come; trib, trib.

Exeunt

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!
Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love
set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some
respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man
a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love
of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew
to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in
the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault! And
then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think
on 't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot
backs, what shall poor men do? 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 MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE
MISTRESS FORD

Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?
FALSTAFF

My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain
potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green
Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let
there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.
MISTRESS FORD

Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.
FALSTAFF

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.
Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter?
Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes
restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

Noise within
MISTRESS PAGE

Alas, what noise?
MISTRESS FORD

Heaven forgive our sins
FALSTAFF

What should this be?
MISTRESS FORD, MISTRESS PAGE

Away, 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.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, disguised as before; PISTOL, as Hobgoblin; MISTRESS QUICKLY,
ANNE PAGE, and others, as Fairies, with tapers
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.
PISTOL

Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.
FALSTAFF

They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

Lies down upon his face
SIR HUGH EVANS

Where's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and shins.
MISTRESS QUICKLY

About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room:
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and white;
Let sapphire, pearl and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: but till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.
FALSTAFF

Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he
transform me to a piece of cheese!
PISTOL

Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.
MISTRESS 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.
PISTOL

A trial, come.
SIR HUGH EVANS

Come, will this wood take fire?

They burn him with their tapers
FALSTAFF

Oh, Oh, Oh!
MISTRESS QUICKLY

Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.
SONG.
Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

During this song they pinch FALSTAFF. DOCTOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; SLENDER another way, and takes off a boy in white; and FENTON comes and steals away ANN PAGE. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and rises

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, and MISTRESS FORD
PAGE

Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?
MISTRESS PAGE

I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes

Become the forest better than the town?

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.

MISTRESS 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.

FORD

Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

FALSTAFF

And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

SIR HUGH EVANS

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

FORD

Well said, fairy Hugh.

SIR HUGH EVANS

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.

FALSTAFF

Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked

with a piece of toasted cheese.

SIR HUGH EVANS

Seese is not good to give putter; your belly is all putter.

FALSTAFF

'Seese' and 'putter'! have I lived 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 realm.

MISTRESS 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?

FORD

What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

MISTRESS PAGE

A puffed man?

PAGE

Old, cold, withered and of intolerable entrails?

FORD

And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

PAGE

And as poor as Job?

FORD

And as wicked as his wife?

SIR HUGH EVANS

And given to fornications, and to taverns and sack and wine and metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

FALSTAFF

Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

FORD

Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money

will be a biting affliction.

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.

MISTRESS PAGE

[Aside]

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

Enter SLENDER

SLENDER

Whoa ho! ho, father Page!

PAGE

Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

SLENDER

Dispatched! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire
know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

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. If I did not think it had
been Anne Page, would I might never stir!--and 'tis
a postmaster's boy.

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 cried 'mum,' and she
cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet
it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.
MISTRESS 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.

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS
DOCTOR 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.
MISTRESS PAGE

Why, did you take her in green?
DOCTOR CAIUS

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

Exit
FORD

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

My heart misgives me: here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE

How now, Master Fenton!
ANNE PAGE

Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!
PAGE

Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?
MISTRESS 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.
The offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title,
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.
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.
FALSTAFF

When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.
MISTRESS 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

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