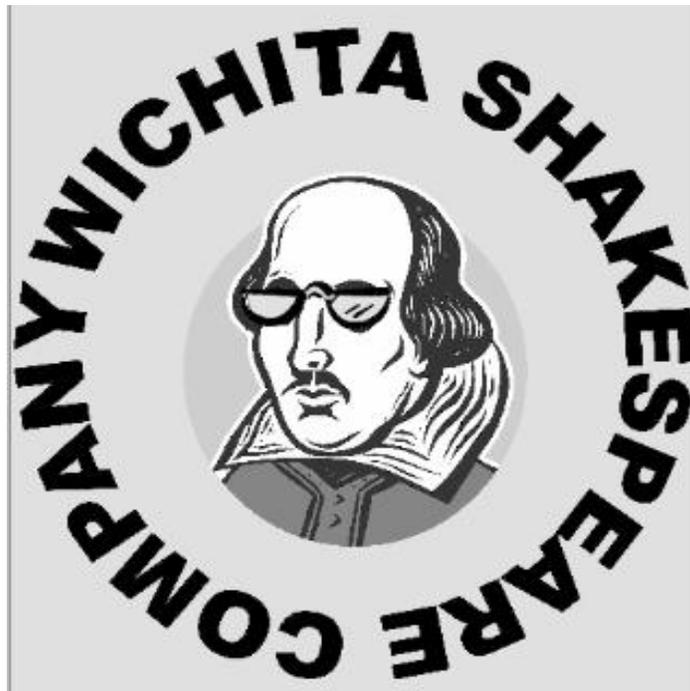


The Merry Wives of Windsor

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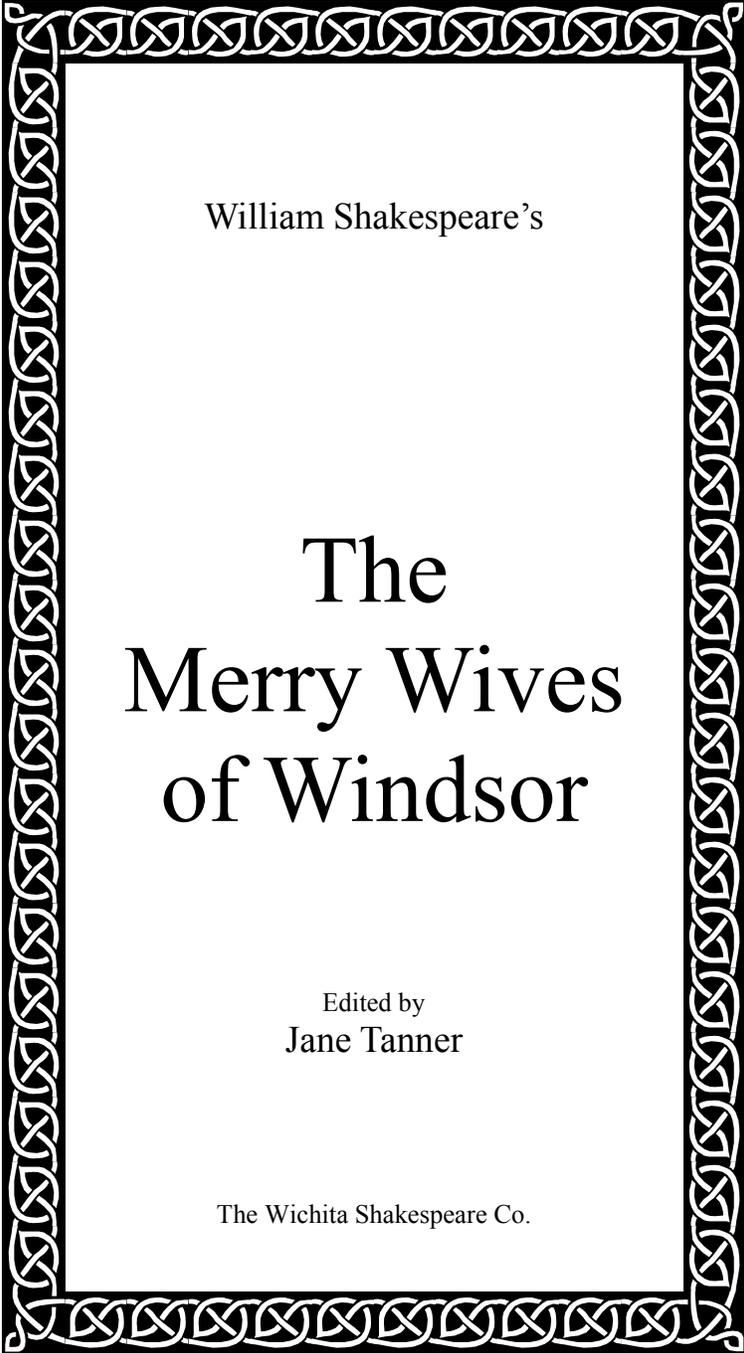
William Shakespeare

Written by

William Shakespeare

Edited by

Jane Tanner



William Shakespeare's

The
Merry Wives
of Windsor

Edited by
Jane Tanner

The Wichita Shakespeare Co.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Dramatis Personae

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

PISTOL *Follower of Falstaff.*

NYM, *Follower of Falstaff.*

ROBIN, *Page to Falstaff.*

MASTER FORD, *Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*

MISTRESS FORD, *His wife.*

MASTER PAGE, *Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*

MISTRESS PAGE, *His wife.*

MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, *Their daughter.*

FENTON, *a young Gentleman.*

SHALLOW, *a Country Justice.*

SLENDER, *Cousin to Shallow.*

SIMPLE, *Servant to Slender.*

SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh Parson.*

DOCTOR CAIUS, *a French Physician.*

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *Servant to Doctor Caius.*

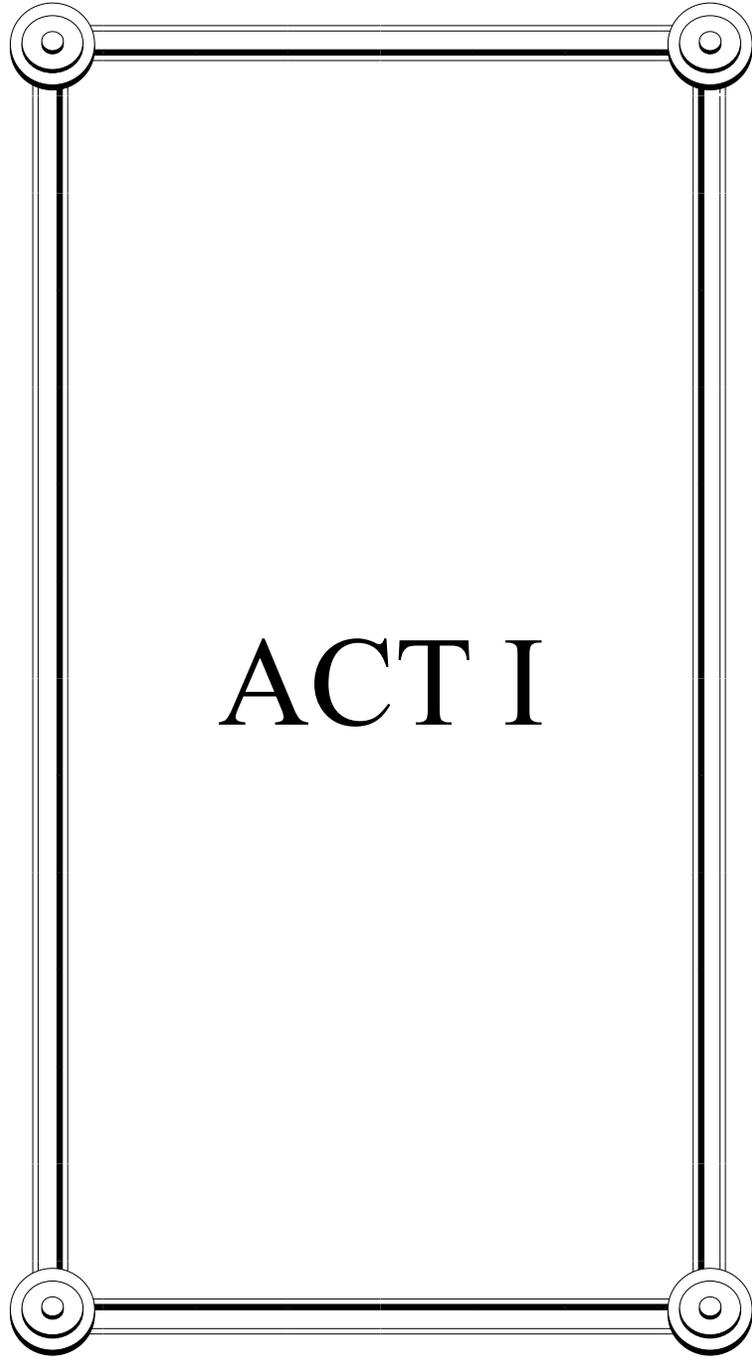
JOHN RUGBY, *Servant to Doctor Caius.*

HOST *of the Garter Inn.*

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

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SCENE I. 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.

SIR HUGH EVANS

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

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.

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SHALLOW

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

SIR HUGH EVANS

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.

PAGE

I am glad to see your worships well.

SHALLOW

Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it
your good heart!

PAGE

I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

SHALLOW

Is Sir John Falstaff here?

PAGE

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

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?

PAGE

Here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, 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

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

Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, Master Page; and there is 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.

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.

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.

SHALLOW

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

SLENDER

Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable.

SIR HUGH EVANS

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. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

SHALLOW

Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

SLENDER

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

SHALLOW

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, 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!

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.

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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.

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.

Exeunt

SCENE III. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN

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 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.

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.

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. 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.

14

PISTOL

Lucifer take all!

FALSTAFF

Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.

Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN

PISTOL

Let vultures gripe thy guts!

NYM

I have operations which be humours of revenge.

PISTOL

Wilt thou revenge?

NYM

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 IV. 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, 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.

Exit Rugby

MISTRESS QUICKLY

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?

SIMPLE

No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a
little yellow 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.

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.

16

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell 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

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS

DOCTOR CAIUS

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.

To Caius

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!
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.

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. 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 troat in dee park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here.

Exit SIMPLE

MISTRESS QUICKLY

Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

DOCTOR CAIUS

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 Jardeer to measure our weapon. By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

MISTRESS QUICKLY

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

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

[Without] 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!

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 woers.

FENTON

Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

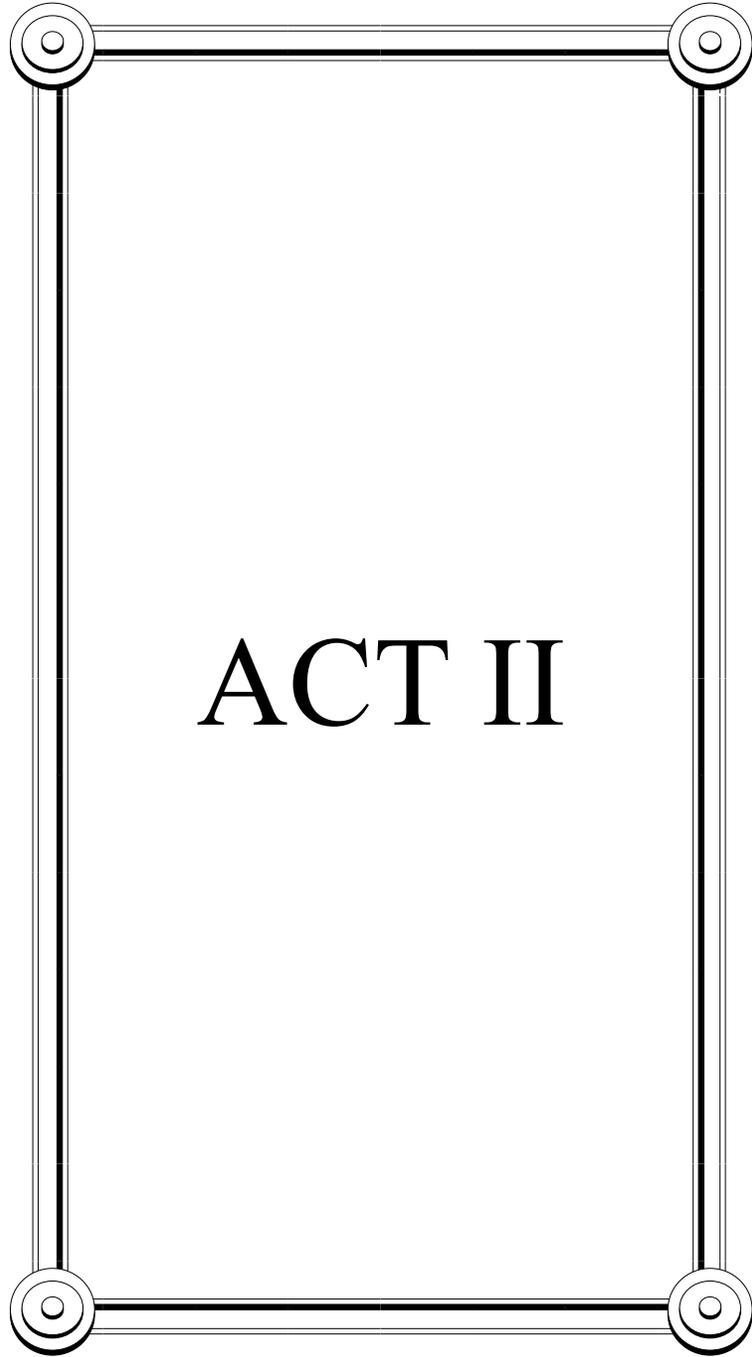
MISTRESS QUICKLY

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.

Exit



SCENE I. 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.

*Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight, JOHN FALSTAFF'*

O wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behavior hath this drunkard picked 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? 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.
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. 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.

MISTRESS FORD

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

MISTRESS PAGE

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 woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another.

NYM

[To PAGE] And this is true; I like not the humour
of lying. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long.
I speak and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is
Nym and Falstaff loves your wife. 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.

MISTRESS PAGE and MISTRESS FORD enter
How now, Meg!

24

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

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

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.

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:

Enter Host

How now, mine host!

Host

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

Enter SHALLOW

SHALLOW

Good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

FORD

Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Drawing him aside

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?

FORD

None, I protest: but I'll give you a bottle 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; and thy name shall be Brook.

PAGE

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

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.
You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! 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

Exit Pistol

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.

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.

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 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.

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, 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.

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

Enter Host

HOST

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?

30

BARDOLPH

Ay, sir.

FALSTAFF

Call him in.

Exit HOST

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

Enter FORD disguised as Brook

FORD

Bless you, sir!

FALSTAFF

And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

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

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 dotting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but 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.

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. 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. 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.

FORD

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

FALSTAFF

I will stare him out of his wits.
 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. 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 Welshman with my cheese than my wife with herself.
 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.

Exit

SCENE III. 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.

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he
 is not show his face.

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

'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.

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.

DOCTOR CAIUS

By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

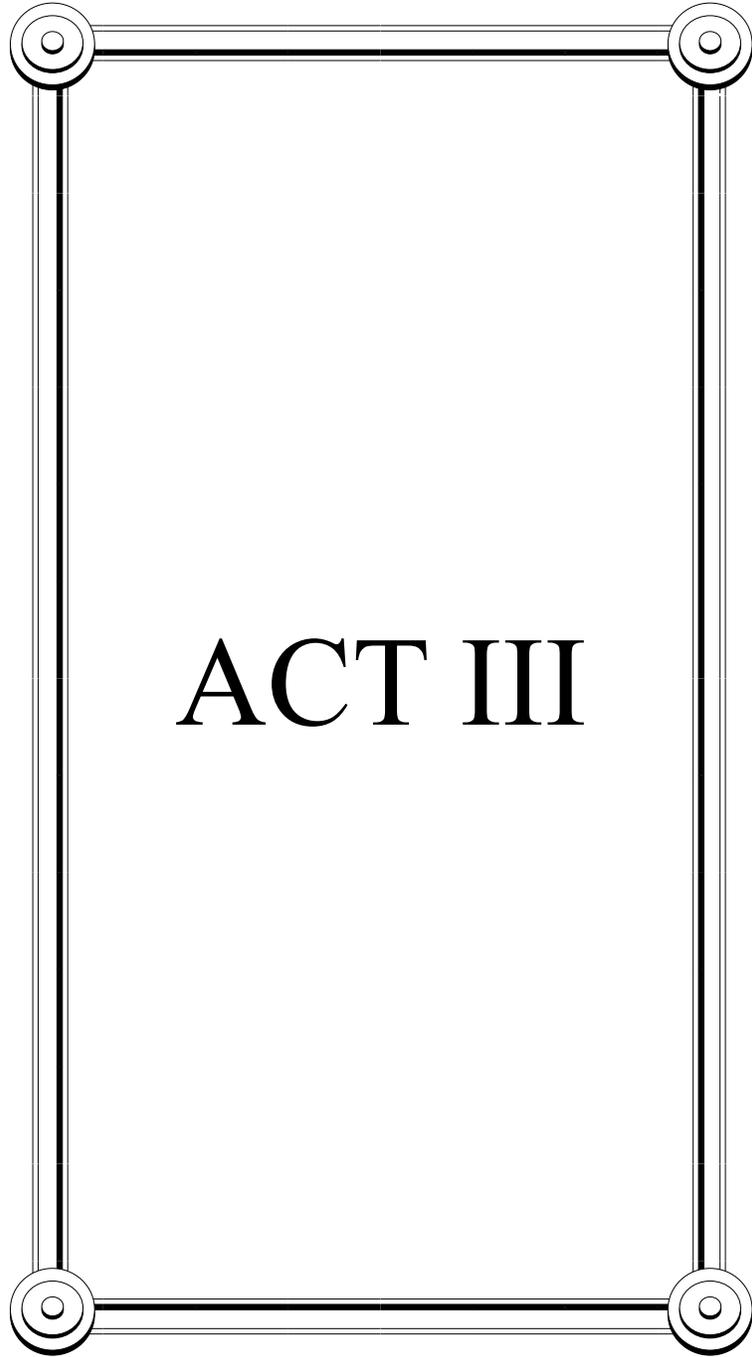
Host

Let us wag, then.

DOCTOR CAIUS

Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

Exeunt



SCENE I. A field near Frogmore.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE

SIR HUGH EVANS

I pray you now, Simple, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

SIMPLE

Marry, sir, every way but the town way.

SIR HUGH EVANS

I most feheemently 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 tremping of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me.

Re-enter SIMPLE

SIMPLE

Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

SIR HUGH EVANS

He's welcome.

SIMPLE

No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, this way.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER

SHALLOW

How now, master Parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh.

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!

38

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.

SLENDER

[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.

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!

Peace, I say! Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.
Give me thy hand, celestial. I have
deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong
places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are
whole. Follow me, lads of peace.

SHALLOW

Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

SLENDER

[Aside] O sweet Anne Page!

Exeunt SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and Host

SIR HUGH EVANS

This is well. I desire you that we may be friends;
and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same
scall, scurvy 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 II. 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

What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

ROBIN

Sir John Falstaff.

FORD

Sir John Falstaff!

MISTRESS PAGE

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?.

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; and now she's going to my wife, 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

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.

PAGE

Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is
of no having: he kept company with the wild prince;
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 with him.

Exit

FORD

Will you go, gentles?

PAGE

Have with you to see this monster.

Exeunt

SCENE III. 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--

Enter Servants with a basket

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, what news with you?

ROBIN

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

MISTRESS PAGE

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 pumpkin; 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. 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,

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.

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

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 absence: 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! 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, and 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.

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

I would I could wash myself of the buck!

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.

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.

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.

50

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 IV. 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.

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

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, 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,
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 V. A room in the Garter Inn.*Enter FALSTAFF***FALSTAFF**

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.

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!

*Enter HOST with tankard***HOST**

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. 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; her husband, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, 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, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes.

But mark, Master Brook: to be stopped in,
 like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes
 that fretted in their own grease: 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, 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; you shall cuckold Ford.

Exit

FORD

Is this a vision? is this a dream? do I
 sleep? Master Ford awake! awake, 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 IV

SCENE II. A room in FORD'S house.

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD

FALSTAFF

Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance.
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 lunes again:
he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails
against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's
daughters, and so buffets himself on the forehead,
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.

MISTRESS 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.

MISTRESS FORD

Neither 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.

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.

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. 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 imaginations 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.' 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? 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,

Exit FALSTAFF

MISTRESS PAGE

Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

MISTRESS FORD

Nay, he will do it.

SIR HUGH EVANS

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 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 IV. A room in FORD'S house.

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

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:
.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;

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 three or four more
 of their growth we'll dress like fairies.
 As Falstaff, she and I, are newly met,
 Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once:
 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.

68

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 V. A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff

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; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were

as crest-fallen as a dried pear. 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 VI. 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.
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

That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
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.

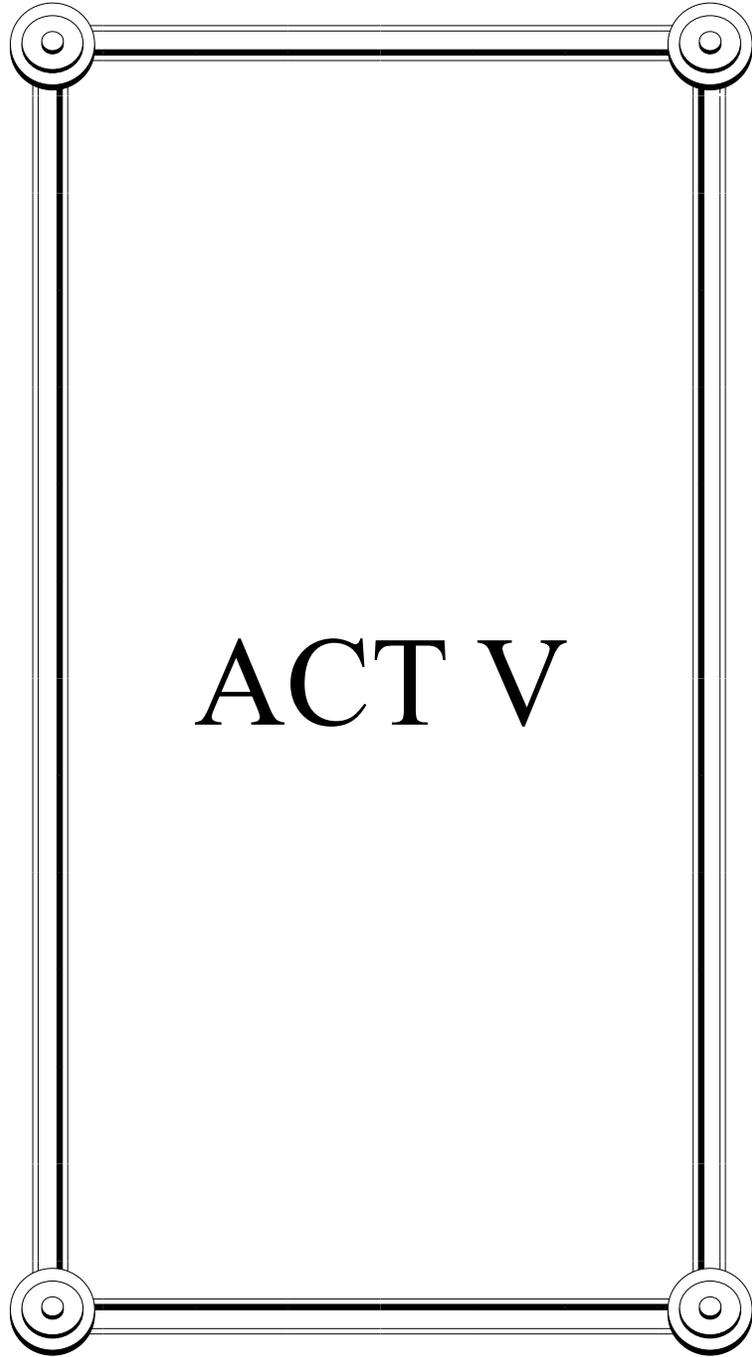
Host

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



SCENE I. 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 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 am in haste; go along with me:

I'll tell you all, Master Brook.

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.

Exeunt

SCENE II. 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 III. 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 band, 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 V. Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Herne

FALSTAFF

The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. 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. For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. 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, 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, and my horns I bequeath your husbands.
Speak I like Herne the hunter?
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.

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, PISTOL, MISTRESS QUICKLY,
ANNE PAGE, NYM, RUGBY, HOST, SIMPLE, AND ROBIN, as
Fairies*

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 eyes.

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,

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,
 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 on every sacred room:
 That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
 Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
 With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
 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!

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.

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.
 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 is heard within. All the Fairies run away save SIR HUGH and MISTRESS QUICKLY. 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, in despite of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies.

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? '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?

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?

FALSTAFF

Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; 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, else.

PAGE

Of what, son?

SLENDER

I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page,
and she's a great lubberly 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.

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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

