







House of Falkland.











A  
Most pleasant and excellent  
conceited Comedy,  
*of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and the  
merry Viues of Windsor.*

With the swaggering vaine of Ancient  
*Pistoll, and Corporall Nym.*

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.



Printed for *Arthur Iohnson*, 1619.





A

Pleasant conceited Come-  
die of Sir I O H N F A L S T A F F E,  
and the merry wiues of W Windsor.

*Enter Iustice Shallow, Sir Hugh, Master Page,  
and slender.*

**S**hal. Nere talke to me, Ile make a star-chamber  
matter of it.

The Councell shall know it.

*Page.* Nay good M, *Shallow* be perswaded by me.

*Slen.* Nay surely my Vnckle shall not put it vp so.

*Sir Hugh.* Will you not heare reasons, M. *Slender*?  
You should heare reasons.

*Shal.* Though he be a Knight, he shall not thinke to  
carry it so away.

*Master Page* I will not be wronged. For you  
Sir, I loue you, and for my cousin,  
He comes to looke vpon your daughter.

*Pag.* And heeres my hand, and if my daughter  
Like him so well as I, wee'l quickly haue't a match :  
In the meane time let me entreate you to sojourne  
Heere a while : and on my life  
Ile vndertake to make you friends.

*Sir Hugh.* I pray you M. *Shallow* let it be so.



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

The matter is put to arbitraments.

The first man is Master *Page*, videlicet Master *Page*.

The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe.

The third and last man, is mine host of the *Garter*.

*Enter Sir John Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolffe, and Nym.*

Heere is sir *John* himselfe now, looke you.

*Fal.* Now M. *Shallow*, you'l complaine of me to the Councell, I heare.

*Shal.* Sir *John*, sir *John*, you haue hurt my Keeper, Kild my dogs, stolne my Deere.

*Fal.* But not kissed your keepers daughter.

*Shal.* Well, this shall be answered.

*Fal.* Ile answer it strait. I haue done all this.

This is now answered.

*Shal.* Well, the Councell shall know it.

*Fal.* Twere better for you twere knowne in counsell. You'l be laught at.

*Sir Hugh.* Good vrdes sir *John*, good vrdes.

*Fal.* Good vrdes, good Cabedge.

*Slender* I brake your head,

What matter haue you against me?

*Slen.* I haue matter in my head against you and your cogging companions, *Pistoll* and *Nym*. They carried me to the *Tauerne*, and made me drunke, and afterward pickt my pocket.

*Fal.* What say you to this *Pistoll*, did you picke Master *Slenders* purse, *Pistoll*?

*Slen.* I by this handkercher did he. Two faire shouelboord

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

boord shillings, beside seuen groats in mill sixpences.

*Fal.* What say you to this, *Pistoll*?

*Pist.* Sir *John* and Master mine, I combate craue Of this same laten bilbo. I do retort the lie Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.

*Slen.* By this light it was he then.

*Nym.* Sir, my honor is not for many words, But if you run bace humors of me, I will say marry trap. And there's the humor of it.

*Fal.* You heare these matters denide gentlemen, You heare it.

*Enter Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, and her Daughter Anne.*

*Pag.* No more now, I thinke it be almost dinner time, For my wife is come to meete vs.

*Fal.* Mistresse *Foord*, I thinke your name is, If I mistake not.

*Sir John kisses her.*

*Mis. For.* Your mistake sir is nothing but in the Mistresse. But my husbands name is *Foord* sir.

*Fal.* I shall desire your more acquaintance. The like of you, good Mistris *Page*.

*Mis. Page.* With all my heart sir *John*. Come husband, will you goe? Dinner staies for vs.

*Pa.* With all my heart, come along Gentlemen.

*Exit all but Slender and Mistresse Anne.*



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

*Anne.* Now forsooth, why do you stay me?  
What would you with me?

*Slender.* Nay, for my owne part, I would little or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my Vnckle can tell you how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me, why so. If not, why then happy man bee his dole.

*Anne.* You say well, Master *Slender*.  
But first you must giue me leaue  
To be acquainted with your humor,  
And afterward to loue you if I can.

*Slender.* Why by God theres neuer a man in Christendome can desire more. What, haue you Beares in your Towne, Mistresse *Anne*, your dogs barke so?

*Anne.* I cannot tell Master *Slender*, I think there be.

*Slender.* Ha, how say you? I warrant y<sup>e</sup> are afeard of a Beare let loose, are you not?

*Anne.* Yes trust me.

*Slender.* Now that's meate and drinke to me,  
Ile run to a Beare, and take her by the muzzle,  
You neuer saw the like.

But indeed I cannot blame you,  
For they are maruellous rough things.

*Anne.* Will you go in to dinner, Master *Slender*?  
The meate staves for you.

*Slender.* No faith, not I, I thanke you,  
I cannot abide the smell of hot meate  
Nere since I broke my shin. Ile tell you how it came  
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies  
For a dish of stewd prunes, and I with my ward  
Defending my head, he hit my shin: yes faith.

*Enter*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*Enter Master Page.*

*Page.* Come, come Master *Slender*, dinner staies for you.

*Slender.* I can eate no meate I thanke you.

*Page.* You shall not chuse, I say.

*Slender.* Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way.

Nay by God Mistris *Anne*, you shall go first,  
I haue more manners then so, I hope.

*Anne.* Well sir, I will not be troublesome.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Sir Hugh and Simple from dinner.*

*Sir Hugh.* Harke you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* house, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the streete, and enquire of his house for one Mistris *Quickly*, his woman, or his try Nurse, and deliuer this Letter to her, it is about M. *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?

*Simple.* I warrant you sir.

*Sir Hugh.* Pray you do, I must not be absent at the grace.

I will go make an end of my dinner,  
There is pepions and cheefe behinde.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffes Host of the Garter, Nym, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the boy.*

*Fal.* Mine Host of the Garter.

*Host.*



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

*Host.* What saies my bully Rooke?

Speake schollerly and wisely.

*Fal.* Mine Host, I must turne away some of my followers.

*Host.* Discard bully, Hercules calhire.

Let them wag, trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pound a weeke.

*Host.* Thou art an Emperor Caesar, Phesser and Kesar bully.

Ile entertaine *Bardolfe*. He shall tap, he shall draw.

Said I well, bully *Hector*?

*Fal.* Do good mine Host.

*Host.* I haue spoke. Let him follow. *Bardolfe*,

Let me see thee froth, and lyme.

I am at a word. Follow, follow.

*Exit Host.*

*Fal.* Do *Bardolfe*, a Tapster is a good trade,  
An old Cloake will make a new Ierkin,  
A withered seruingman, a fresh Tapster:  
Follow him *Bardolfe*.

*Bar.* I will sir, Ile warrant you Ile make a good shift  
to liue.

*Exit Bardolfe.*

*Pis.* O base gongarian wight, wilt thou the Spicket  
weeld?

*Nym.* His minde is not heroick. And there's the humor  
of it.

*Fal.* Well my Laddes, I am almost out at the  
heelles.

*Pis.* Why then let cybes ensue.

*Nym.* I thanke thee for that humor.

*Fal.*

*the merry Wives of Windsor.*

*Falstaffe.* Well, I am glad I am so rid of this tinder  
boy.

His stealth was too open, his filching was like  
An vnskilfull singer, he kept not time.

*Nym.* The good humour is to steale at a minutes  
rest.

*Pis.* Tis so indeed *Nym*, thou hast hit it right.

*Falstaffe.* Wel, afore God I must cheate, I must con-  
nycatch.

Which of you knowes *Foord* of this Towne?

*Pis.* I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

*Fal.* Well my honest Lads, Ile tell you what I am  
about.

*Pis.* Two yards and more.

*Fal.* No gibes now *Pistoll*; indeed I am two yards  
In the waste, but now I am about no waste:  
Briefly, I am about thrift you rogues you,  
I do intend to make loue to *Foords* wife,  
I espy entertainment in her. She carues, she  
Discourses, she giues the lyre of inuitation,  
And euery part to be constured rightly is, I am  
*Sir Iohn Falstaffes*.

*Pis.* Hee hath studied her well, out of honesty into  
English.

*Fal.* Now the report goes,  
She hath all the rule of her husbands purse.  
She hath Legions of Angels.

*Pis.* As many diuels attend her.  
And to her boy say I.

*Fal.* Heeres a Letter to her. Heeres another to Mi-  
stresse *Page*.

B

Who

~~page Heeres another to mistresse~~

page



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

Who euen now gaue me good eyes too, examined my exteriors with such a greedy intention, with the beames of her beauty, that it seemed as shee would a scorged me vp like a burning glasse. Heere is another Letter to her, she beares the purse too. They shall be Exchequers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both. They shall be my East and West Indies, and Ile trade to them both. Heere, beare thou this Letter to Mistris *Foord*. And thou this to Mistresse *Page*. Wee'l thriue Lads, we will thriue.

*Pist*. Shall I fir Panderowes of *Troy* become?  
And by my sword weare steele.  
Then Lucifer take all.

*Nym*. Here, take your humor Letter againe,  
For my part, I will keepe the hauior  
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

*Fal*. Heere sirra, beare me these Letters titely,  
Saile like my Pinnice to the golden shores:  
Hence slaues, auant. Vanish like hailstones, goe.  
*Falstaffe* will learne the humor of this age,  
French thrift you rogue, my selfe and scirted Page.

*Exit Falstaffe and the boy.*

*Pis*. And art thou gone? Teaster Ile haue in pouch  
When thou shalt want, base Phrygian Turke,

*Nym*. I haue operations in my head, which are hu-  
mors of reuenge.

*Pis*. Wilt thou reuenge?

*Nym*. By *Welkin* and her Fairies.

*Pis*. By wit, or sword?

*Nym*. With both the humors I will disclose this  
loue to *Page*. Ile poses him with lallowes,

And

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

And theres the humor of it.

*Pis*. And I to *Foord* will likewise tell  
How *Falstaffe* varlet vilde,  
Would haue her loue, his doue would proue,  
And eke his bed defile.

*Nym*. Let's about it then.

*Pis*. Ile second thee: sir Corporall *Nym* troope on.

*Exit omnes*

*Enter Mistresse Quickly, and Simple.*

*Quic*. M. *Slender* is your Masters name say you?

*Sim*. I indeed that is his name.

*Quick*. How say you. I take it he is somewhat a weak-  
ly man:

And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.

*Sim*. Indeed my Masters beard is kane coloured.

*Quic*. Kane colour, you say well.

And is this Letter from sir *Ton*, about Mistris *Anne*,  
Is it not?

*Sim*. I indeed is it.

*Quic*. So, and your Master would haue me as it were  
to speake to Mistris *Anne* concerning him: I promise  
you my Master hath a great affectioned minde to Mi-  
stresse *Anne* himselfe. And if he should know that I  
should as they say, giue my verdit for any one but him  
selfe, I should heare of it throughly: For I tell you  
friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

*Sim*. I by my faith, you are a good stay to him.

*Quic*. Am I? I if you knew all you'd say so:  
Washing, Brewing, Baking, al goes throgh my hands,  
Or else it would be but a woe house.

*Sim*. I beshrew me, one woman to do all this,

B 2

Is



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

Is very painfull.

*Quick.* Are you aduis'd of that? I, I warrant you,  
Take all, and pay all, all goe through my hands,  
And he is such an honest man, if he should chance  
To come and finde a man heere, we should  
Haue no hoe with him. Hee's a parlous man.

*Sim.* Is he indeed?

*Quic.* Is he, quoth you? God keepe him abroad:  
Lord bleffe me, who knocks there?  
For Gods sake step into the Counting-house,  
While I goe see who's at the doore.

*He steps into the Counting-house.*

What *John Rugby*. *John*,  
Are you come fir, already?

*She opens the doore.*

*Doct.* I be-gar I be forget my oyntment,  
Where be *John Rugby*?

*Enter John.*

*Rug.* Heere fir, do you call?

*Doct.* I you be *John Rugby*, and you be *Iacke Rugby*,  
Goe run vp met your heeles, and bring away  
De oyntment in de vindoe present:  
Make haste *John Rugby*. O I am almost forgot  
My simples in a box in de Counting-house:  
O Ieshu vat be here, a deuella, a deuilla?  
My Rapier *John Rugby*; vat be you, vat make  
You in my Counting-house?  
I tincke you be a theeefe.

*Quick.* Ieshu bleffe me, we are all vndone.

*Sim.* O Lord fir no: I am no theeefe,  
I am a Seruingman.

My

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

My name is *John Simple*, I brought a Letter fir  
From my *M. Slender*, about mistris *Anne Page*.  
Sir: Indeed that is my comming.

*Doct.* I be-gar is dat all? *John Rugby* giue a ma Pen an  
Incke: tarche vn pettit tarche a little.

*The Doct or writes.*

*Sim.* O God what a furious man is this?

*Quick.* Nay it is well he is no worse:  
I am glad he is so quiet.

*Doc.* Here, giue that same to fir *Hu*, it ber ve challenge.  
Be-gar tell him I will cut his nase, will you?

*Sim.* I fir, Ile tell him so.

*Doc.* Dat be vell, my Rapier *John Rugby*, follow may.

*Exit Doct or.*

*Quick.* Well my friend, I cannot tarry,  
Tell your Master Ile do what I can for him,  
And so farewell.

*Sim.* Marry will I, I am glad I am got hence.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Mistresse Page, reading of a Letter.*

*M. Pa.* Mistris *Page* I loue you. Aske me no reason,  
Because they'r impossible to alledge. You are faire,  
And I am fat. You loue sacke, so do I:  
As I am sure I haue no mind but to loue,  
So I know you haue no hart but to grant  
A soldior doth not vse many words, wher he knowes:  
A letter may serue for a sentence. I loue you,  
And so I leaue you.

*Tours, Sir John Falstaffe.*

B 3

Now



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

Now Iesu blesse me, am I metaphorphosed?  
I think I know not my selfe. Why what a Gods name  
doth this man see in me, that thus he shootes at my  
honesty? Well, but that I know my owne heart, I  
should scarsely perswade my selfe I were hand. Why  
what an vnreasonable wooll-sacke is this? He was ne-  
uer but twice in my company, and if then I thought I  
gaue such assurance with my eyes, Ide pull them out,  
they should neuer see more holy-daies. Well, I shall  
trust fat men the worse while I liue for his sake. O god,  
that I knew how to be reuenged of him. But in good  
time, heeres Mistris Foord.

*Enter Mistrisse Foord.*

*Mis. For.* How now Mistris Page, are you reading  
Loue Letters? How do you woman?

*Mis. Pag.* O woman, I am I know not what:  
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in such a case  
in my life.

*Mis. Foord.* In loue, now in the name of God with  
whom?

*Mis. Pa.* With one that sweares he loues me,  
And I must not choose but do the like againe:  
I prethee looke on that Letter.

*Mis. For.* Ile match your letter iust with the like,  
Line for line, word for word. Onely the name  
Of Mistrisse Page, and Mistrisse Foord disagrees:  
Do me the kindnesse to looke vpon this.

*Mis. Pa.* Why this is right my Letter.  
O most notorious villaine!  
Why what a bladder of iniquity is this?  
Let's be reuenged what so ere we do.

*Mis.*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*Mis. For.* Reuenged, if we liue wee'l be reuenged.  
O Lord, if my husband should see this Letter,  
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealousie.

*Enter Foord, Page, Pistoll, and Nym.*

*Mis. Pa.* See where our husbands are,  
Mine's as far from Iealousie,  
As I am from wronging him.

*Pis. Foord,* the words I speake are forc't:  
Beware, take heed, for *Falstaffe* loues thy wife;  
When *Pistoll* lyes, do this.

*Foord.* Why sir, my wife is not young.

*Pis.* He wooes both yong & old, both rich & poore,  
None comes amisse. I say he loues thy wife:  
Faire warning do I giue, take heed,  
For summer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare;  
*Page* beleue him what he ses. Away sir corporal *Nym*.

*Exit Pistoll.*

*Nym.* Sir, the humour of it is, he loues your wife,  
I should haue borne the humor Letter to her:  
I speake, and I auouch tis true: My name is *Nym*.  
Farwell, I loue not the humour of bread and cheefe,  
And there's the humour of it. *Exit Nym.*

*Page.* The humor of it, quoth you;  
Heeres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

*Mis. Pa.* How now sweete hart, how dost thou?

*Enter Mistrisse Quickly.*

*Pa.* How now man? how do you Mistris Foord?

*Mis. Foord.* Well I thanke you good M. Page.  
How now husband, how chance thou art so melan-  
choly?

*Foord.* Melancholy, I am not melancholy.

*Goe.*



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

Goe get you in, goe.

*Mis. Ford.* God saue me, see who yonder is,  
Wee'l set her a worke in this businesse.

*Mis. Pa.* O shee'l serue excellent.

Now you come to see my daughter *Anne* Ime sure.

*Quic.* I forsooth that's my comming.

*Mis. Pa.* Come goe in with me. Come *Mis. Ford.*

*Mis. For.* I follow you, *Mistresse Page.*

*Exit Mi. Ford, Mi. Page, and Quickly.*

*For. M. Page,* did you heare what these fellows said.

*Pa.* Yes Master *Ford,* what of that sir?

*For.* Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?

*Pag.* No by my troth do I not,

I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,

Such as rather speake of enuy,

Then of any certainty they haue

Of any thing. And for the Knight, perhaps

He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men

Are: But should he loue my wife,

Ifaith Ide turne her loose to him:

And what he got more of her,

Then ill lookes, and shrewd words,

Why let me beare the penalty of it.

*For.* Nay I do not mistrust my wife,

Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,

A man may be too confident.

*Enter Host and Shallow.*

*Pa.* Heere comes my ramping Host of the Garter,

There's eyther licker in his head, or mony in his purse,

That he lookes so merrily. Now mine Host.

*Host.* God blesse you my bully rooks, God bles you.

Cauaiera

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

Cauaiera Iustice I say.

*Shal.* At hand mine host, at hand *M. Ford,* god den t'e

God den an twenty good *M. Page.*

I tell you sir we haue sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him caualira Iustice; tell him bully rooke.

*Ford.* Mine Host of the Garter.

*Host.* What saies my bully rooke?

*Ford.* A word with you sir.

*Ford and the Host talkes.*

*Sh.* Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport shalbe

Doctor *Cayus* and sir *Hugh* are to fight,

My merry Host hath had the measuring

Of their weapons, and hath appointed them

Contrary places. Harke in your eare.

*Host.* Hast thou no shute against my Knight,

My guest, my Cauaiera.

*For.* None I protest: But tell him

My name is *Brooke,* onely for a iest.

*Host.* Thy hand bully; thou shalt

Haue egres and regres, and thy

Name shall be *Brooke:* Sed I well bully *Hector?*

*Shal.* I tell you what *M. Page,* I belecue

The Doctor is no icaster, hee'l lay it on:

For though we be Iustices and Doctors,

And Church-men, yet we are

The sonnes of women *M. Page.*

*Page.* True Master *Shallow.*

*Shal.* It will be found so Master *Page.*

*Pa.* Master *Shallow,* you your selfe

Haue beene a great fighter,

Though now a man of peace.

C

*Shal.*



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

*Shal:* M. *Page*, I haue seene the day that yong  
Tall fellowes with their stroke and their passado,  
I haue made them trudge Master *Page*,  
A tis the heart, the heart doth all:  
I haue seene the day, with my two hand sword  
I would a made you foure tall Fencers  
Scipped like Rats.

*Host:* Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag?

*Shal:* Ha with you mine host.

*Exit Host and Shallow.*

*Page:* Come M. *Ford*, shall we to dinner?  
I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.

*For:* No in good sadnesse, not in mine:  
Yet for all this Ile try it further,  
I will not leaue it so:

Come M. *Page*, shall we to dinner?

*Page:* With all my heart sir, Ile follow you.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Sir Iohn and Pistoll.*

*Fal:* Ile not lend thee a peny.

*Pistoll:* I will retort the sum in equipage.

*Fal:* Not a peny: I haue bin content you should  
lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon  
my good friends for three reprives, for you and your  
Coach-fellow *Nym*, else you might haue looked thro-  
rough a grate like a geminy of Baboones. I am dam-  
ned in hel for swearing to Gentlemen y'are good sol-  
diers and tall fellowes: And when mistris *Bridget* lost  
the handle of her Fan, I tooke it on my honesty thou  
hadst it not.

*Pis.*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*Pistoll:* Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fif-  
teene pence?

*Fal:* Reason you rogue, reason.

Dost thou thinke Ile endanger my soule gratis?  
In brieft, hang no more about me, I am no gybite for  
you. A short knife and a throng to your manner of  
pickt-hatch, goe. You'l not beare a Letter for me you  
rogue you: you stand vpon your honour. Why thou  
vnconfinable basenesse thou, tis as much as I can doe  
to keepe the termes of my honor precise. I, I my selfe  
sometimes, leauing the feare of God on the left hand,  
am faine to shuffle, to filch and to lurch. And yet you  
stand vpon your honour, you rogue: you, you.

*Pistoll:* I do recant, what woldst thou more of man?

*Fal:* Well, go too, away, no more.

*Enter Mistresse Quickly.*

*Quic:* Good you god den sir.

*Fal:* Good den faire wife.

*Quic:* Not so ant like your worship.

*Fal:* Faire maid then.

*Quic:* That I am Ile be sworne, as my Mother was  
The first houre I was borne.  
Sir, I would speake with you in priuate.

*Fal:* Say on I prethee, heeres none but my owne  
household.

*Quic:* Are they so? Now God blesse them, & make  
them his seruants.

Sir, I come from Mistris *Foord*.

*Fal:* So, from mistris *Foord*. Goe on.

*Quic:* I sir, she hath sent me to you to let you  
Vnderstand she hath receiued your Letter,

C 2

And



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

And I tell you, she is one that stands on her credit.

*Fal.* Well, come *Mistress Ford*, *Mistress Ford*.

*Quic.* I sir, and as they say, she is not the first  
Hath bene led in a fooles paradise.

*Fal.* Nay prethee be briefe, my good she *Mercury*

*Quic.* Marry sir, shee'd haue you meete her  
Betweene eight and nine.

*Fal.* So, betweene eight and nine.

*Qu.* I forsooth, for then her husband goes a birding

*Fal.* Well, commend me to thy *Mistress*, tell her  
I will not faile her: Boy, giue her my purse.

*Quic.* Nay sir, I haue another errant to do to you,  
From *Mistress Page*.

*Fal.* From *Mistress Page*? I prethee what of her?

*Qu.* By my troth I think you work by inchantments.  
Else could they neuer loue you as they do.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction  
Of my good parts aside, I vse no other inchantments.

*Quic.* Well sir, she loues you extremely,  
And let me tell you, shee's one that feares God,  
And her husband giues her leaue to do all:  
For he is not halfe so ielous as *M. Ford* is.

*Fal.* But hark thee, hath *mistress Page* & *mistress Ford*  
Acquainted each other how dearely they loue me?

*Quic.* O God no sir; there were a iest indeed.

*Fal.* Well farwell, commend me to *Mistress Ford*,  
I will not faile her say.

*Quic.* God be with your Worship.

*Exit Mistresse Quickly.*

*Enter Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Sir, heeres a Gentleman,

One

*the merry Wines of Windsor.*

One *M. Brooke*, would speake with you,  
He hath sent you a cup of sacke.

*Fal.* *M. Brooke*, hee's welcome, bid him come vp,  
Such *Brookes* are alwaies welcome to me:

A *Iacke*, will thy old body yet hold out?

Wilt thou after the expence of so much money,  
Be now a gayner? Good booty I thanke thee,

And ile make more of thee then I haue done:

Ha, ha, *mistress Ford*, and *mistress Page*, haue  
I caught you ath the hip? go too.

*Enter Ford disguised like Brooke.*

*For.* God saue you sir.

*Fal.* And you too, would you speake with me?

*For.* Marry would I sir, I am somewhat bold  
To trouble you. My name is *Brooke*.

*Fal.* Good *M. Brooke*, y'are very welcome.

*For.* Ifaith sir Ime a gentleman and a traueler,  
That haue seene somewhat. And I haue often heard  
That if mony goes before, all waies lye open.

*Fal.* Mony is a good fouldior sir, and will on.

*For.* Ifaith sir, and I haue a bag here,  
Would you would helpe me to beare it.

*Fal.* O Lord, would I could tell how to deserue  
To be your Porter.

*For.* That may you easily sir *John*: I haue an earnest  
Sure to you. But good sir *John*, when I haue  
Told you my grieve, cast one eye of your owne  
Estate, since your selfe knew what tis to be  
Such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well sir, proceed.

C 3

*For.*



*A pleasant Comedy; of*

*For:* Sir, I am deeply in loue with one *Fords* wife of this towne. Now *sir John* you are a gentleman of good discourfing, well beloued among Ladies, a man of fuch parts that might win twenty fuch as fhe.

*Fal:* Oh good fir.

*For:* Nay beleue it *sir John*, for tis time.

Now my loue is fo grounded vpon her,  
That without her loue I fhall hardly liue.

*Fal:* Haue you importuned her by any meanes?

*Foord:* No, neuer fir.

*Fal:* Of what quality is your loue then?

*Foord:* Ifaith fir, like a faire houfe fet vpon  
Another mans foundation.

*Fal:* And to what end haue you vnfolded this to me

*For:* O fir, when I haue told you that, I told you all :  
For fhe fir ftands fo pure in the firme ftate  
Of her honefty, that fhe is too bright to be looked  
Against : Now could I come againft her  
With fome deteetion, I fhould fooner perfwade her  
From her marriage vow, and a hundred fuch nice  
Tearmes that fhee'l ftand vpon.

*Fal:* Why would it apply well to the veruenfic of  
your affection,  
That another fhould poffeffe what you wold enioy?  
Me-thinks you prefcibe very prepofteroufly to your  
felfe.

*For:* No fir, for by that means fhould I be certain  
of that which I now mifdoubt. (mony,

*Fal:* Wel *M. Brooke*, Ile firft make bold with your  
Next giue me your hand. Laftly, you fhall  
If you will, enioy *Foord's* Wife.

*Ford:*

*the merry Wiues of Windfor.*

*Foord.* Oh good fir.

*Fal.* *Mafter Brooke*, I fay you fhall.

*For.* Want no mony *Sir John*, you fhall want none.

*Fal.* Want no miftris *Foord*, *mafter Brooke*,  
You fhall want none. Euen as you came to me,  
Her fokes mate, her go betweene parted from me;  
I may tell you *M. Brooke*, I am to meete her  
Betweene eight and nine, for at that time the iealous  
Cuckally knaue her husband will be from home,  
Come to me foone at night, you fhall know  
How I fpeed, *M. Brooke*.

*Ford.* Sir, do you know *Foord*? (not,

*Fal.* Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know him  
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they  
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of Angels,  
For the which his wife feemes to me well fauoured,  
And Ile vfe her as the key of the cukally knaues  
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.

*Foord.* Me-thinks fir it were good that you knew  
*Foord*, that you might fhun him.

*Fal.* Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile ftare him  
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe  
With this my cudgell: it fhall hang like a meator  
Ore the wittolly knaues head, *M. Brooke* thou fhalt  
See I will predominate ore the peafant,  
And thou fhalt lye with his wife. *Mafter Brooke*,  
Thou fhalt know him for knaue and cuckold,  
Come to me foone at night.

*Exit Falstaffe.*

*Foord.* What a damned Epicurian is this?  
My wife hath fent for him, the plot is laid :

Page.



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

Page is an Ass, a foole, a secure Ass,  
He sooner trust an Irishman with my  
Aquavita bottle, Sir *Hu* our Parson with my cheese,  
A theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife  
With her selfe: then she plots, then she ruminates,  
And what she thinks in her heart she may effect,  
Shee'l breake her heart but she will effect it.  
God be praised, God be praised for my ieaousie:  
Well, He go preuent him, the time drawes on,  
Better an houre too soone, then a minute too late,  
Gods my life, cuckold, cuckold. *Exit Ford.*

*Enter the Doctor and his man.*

*Doct.* *John Rugby*, go look met your eyes ore de stal,  
And spie and you can see the Parson.

*Rug.* Sir, I cannot tell whether he be there or no,  
But I see a great many comming.

*Doct.* Bully moy, mon rapier *John Rugby*, be-gar de  
Herring be not so dead as I shall make him.

*Enter shallow, Page, Host, and Slender.*

*Page.* God saue you M. Doctor *Cayus*.

*Shal.* How do you Master Doctor?

*Ho.* God blesse thee my bully doctor, God bles thee.

*Doct.* Vat be all you, Van to tree come for a?

*Host.* Bully to see thee fight, to see thee foine, to see  
thee trauese, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see  
thee passe the punto: the stocke, the reuerse, the di-  
stance, the montnce is a dead my francoyes? Is a dead  
my Ethiopian? Ha, what saies my gallon? my Escu-  
olapis? Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?

*Doct.*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*Doct.* Be-gar de preest be a coward Iacke knaue,  
He dare not shew his face.

*Host.* Thou art a castallian King, Vrinall.  
*Hector of Greece* my boy.

*Shal.* He hath shewne himselfe the wiser man, M.  
Doctor.

Sir *Hugh* is a Parson, and you a Physition. You must  
Goe with me, M. Doctor. (water.

*Host.* Pardon bully Iustice. A word mounfir mock-

*Doct.* Mockwater, vat be dat?

*Host.* That is in our English tongue, Vallor bully,  
vallor.

*Doct.* Be-gar den I haue as mockuater as de English,  
Iacke dog, knaue.

*Host.* He will claperclaw thee titely bully.

*Doct.* Claperclaw, vat be dat?

*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Doct.* Begar I do looke he shall claperclaw me den,  
And He prouoke him to do it, or let him wag:  
And moreouer bully, but M. *Page* and M. *Shallow*,  
And eke *Cauallera Slender*, goe you all ouer the fields  
to Frogmore.

*Pa.* Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

*Host.* He is there; go see what humor he is in,  
He bring the Doctor about by the fields;  
Will it do well?

*Shal.* We will do it my Host. Farwell M. Doctor.

*Exit all but the Host and Doctor.*

*Doct.* Be-gar I will kill de cowardly Iack preest,  
He is make a foole of moy.

*Host.* Let him die, but first sheath your impatience,

D

Throw



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

Throw cold water on your collor, come go with me  
Through the fields to *Frogmore*, and Ile bring thee  
Where Mistris *Anne Page* is feasting at a farm house,  
And thou shalt wear her cried game: sed I well bully

*Doct.* Begar excellent vel: and if you speake pour  
moy, I shall procure you de guests of all de gentlemē  
mon patients. I be-gar I fall.

*Host.* For the which Ile be thine aduersary  
To Mistris *Anne Page*: Sed I well?

*Doct.* I be-gar, excellent.

*Host.* Let vs wag then.

*Doct.* Alon, alon, alon.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Sir Hugh and Simple.*

*Sir Hu.* I pray you do so much as see if you can espy  
*Doctour Cayus* comming, and giue me intelligence,  
Or bring me vrde if you please now.

*Sim.* I will sir.

*Sir Hu.* Ieshu ples me, how my hart trobes & trobes  
And then she made him bedes of Roses,  
And a thousand fragrant poses,  
To shallow riuers. Now so kad vdge me, my hart  
Swels more and more. Me-thinks I can cry  
Very well. There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,  
To shallow riuers and to falles,  
Melodious birds sing Madrigalles.

*Sim.* Sir, here is *M. Page*, and *M. Shallow*,  
Comming hither as fast as they can.

*Sir Hu.* Then it is very necessary I put vp my sword,  
Pray giue me my cowne too, marke you.

*Enter.*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

*Pa.* God saue you *Sir Hugh*.

*Shal.* God saue you *M. Parson*.

*Sir Hu.* God ples you all frō his mercies sake now.

*Page.* What, the word and the sword, doth that a-  
gree well?

*Sir Hugh.* There is reasons and causes in all things,  
I warrant you now.

*Page.* Well sir *Hugh*, we are come to craue  
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.

*Sir Hugh.* What is it I pray you?

*Page.* Ifaith tis this sir *Hugh*. There is an auncient  
friend of ours, a man of very good sort, so at ods with  
one patience, that I am sure you would hartily grieue  
to see him. Now sir *Hugh*, you are a scholler well red,  
and very perswasive, we would entreate you to see if  
you could intreate him to patience.

*Sir Hugh.* I pray you who is it? Let vs know that.

*Page.* Ime sure you know him, tis *Doctour Cayus*.

*Sir Hug.* I had as leeu you should tell mee of a  
messe of porredge,  
He is an arrant lowsie beggerly knaue:  
And he is a coward beside.

*Page.* Why Ile lay my life tis the man  
That he should fight withall.

*Enter Doctour and the Host, they offer to fight.*

*Shal.* Keep them asunder, take away their weapons.

*Host.* Disarme, let them question.

*Shal.* Let them keepe their limbes hole, and hacke  
our English.

D 2

*Doct.*



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

*Doct.* Harke van vrd in your eare: you be vn daga  
And de Iack coward Preeft.

*Sir Hugh.* Harke you, let vs not be laughing stockes  
to other mens humors. By Ieshu I will knock your  
vrinals about your knaues coxcomb, for missing your  
meetings and appointments.

*Doct.* O Ieshu, mine Host of the Garter, *John Rugby,*  
Haue not I met him at de place he make apoint,  
Haue I not?

*Sir H.* So kad vdge me, this is the pointment place,  
Witnesse by my Host of the Garter.

*H.* Peace I say *gawle* and *Gawlia*, *French* and *Welch*,  
Soule-curer and body-curer.

*Doct.* This be very braue, excellent.

*Host.* Peace I say, heare mine host of the garter,  
Am I wise? am I polliticke? am I Matchauill?  
Shal I lose my Doctor? No, he giues me the motions  
And the potions. Shal I lose my Parson, my *sir Hugh*?  
No, he giues me the prouerbs, and the nouerbs:  
Giue me thy hand tereftiall,  
So giue me thy hand celestiaall:  
So boyes of Art I haue deceiu'd you both,  
I haue directed you to wrong places,  
Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole,  
*Bardolfe*, lay their swords to pawne.  
Follow me Lads of peace, follow me.  
Ha, ra, la. Follow.

*Exit Host.*

*Shal.* Afore God a mad host, come let's goe.

*Doct.* I be-gar, haue you mocka may thus?  
I will be euen met you my Iack Host.

*Sir Hugh.* Giue me your hand Doctor *Cayus*,

Wee

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

We be all friends:

But for mine hosts foolish knauery, let me alone.

*Doct.* I dat be vell begar, I be friends.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Master Foord.*

*For.* The time drawes on he shold come to my house  
Well wife, you had best worke closely,  
Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning:  
I now will seeke my guests that come to dinner,  
And in good time, see where they all are come.

*Enter Shallow, Page, Host, Slender, Doctor,  
and sir Hugh.*

By my faith a knot well met: y' are welcome all.

*Page.* I thanke you good M. Foord.

*For.* Welcome good M. Page.

I would your daughter were here.

*Page.* I thanke you sir, she is very well at home.

*Slen.* Father Page, I hope I haue your consent  
For Mistris Anne.

*Pag.* You haue sonne *Slender*, but my wife here,  
Is altogether for Master Doctor.

*Doct.* Be-gar I tanke her heartily.

*Host.* But what say you to yong master *Fenton*?  
He capers, he dances, he writes verses, he sinels  
All Aprill and May: he will cary it, he will carit,  
Tis in his betmes he will carite.

*Pa.* My host not with my consent:  
The gentleman is wilde, he knowes too much:  
If he take her, let him take her simply;  
For my goods goes with my liking;

D 3

And



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

And my liking goes not that way.

*For.* Well, I pray go home with me to dinner:

Besides your cheare, Ile shew you wonders:

Ile shew you a monster. You shall go with me

*M. Page*, and so shall you *sir Hugh*,

And you Master Doctor. (two

*Sir Hu.* If there be one in the company, I shall make

*Doct.* And dere be ven two, I shall make de tird.

*Sir Hugh.* In your teeth for shame.

*Shal.* Well, well, God be with you, we shall haue

the fairer wooing at *M. Pages*.

*Exit Shallow and Slender.*

*Host.* Ile to my honest Knight *sir Iohn Falstaffe*,

And drinke Canary with him. *Exit Host.*

*For.* I may chance to make him drink in pipe wine,

First come gentlemen. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Mistresse Foord, with two of her men,*

*and a great Buck-basket.*

*Mis. For.* Sirra, if your *M. aske* you whither

You carry this basket, say to the Landerers,

I hope you know how to bestow it.

*Ser.* I warrant you *Mistris*. *Exit Seruant.*

*Mis. For.* Go get you in. Well *sir Iohn*,

I belecue I shall serue you such a trick,

You shall haue little minde to come againe.

*Enter Sir Iohn.*

*Fal.* Haue I caught my heauenly Iewell?

Why now let me dye. I haue liued long enough,

This is the happy houre I haue desired to see,

Now

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

Now shall I sin in my wish,

I would thy husband were dead.

*Mis. For.* Why how then *sir Iohn*?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I de make thee my Lady.

*Mis. For.* Alasse *sir Iohn*, I should be a very simple

Lady.

*Fal.* Goe too, I see how thy eye doth emulate the

Diamond.

And how the arched bent of thy brow

Would become the ship tire, the tire vellet,

Or any venetian attire, I see it.

*M. For.* A plaine kercher *sir Iohn* would fit me better.

*Fal.* By the Lord thou art a traitor to say so:

What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee

There's some-what extraordinary in thee:

Goe too, I loue thee:

*Mistris Foord*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate,

Like one of these fellowes that smels like

Bucklers-bery, in simple time,

But I loue thee, and none but thee.

*M. For.* *Sir Iohn*, I am afraid you loue *Mistris Page*.

*Fal.* I, thou mightst as well say

I loue to walke by the Counter-gate,

Which is as hatefull to me

As the reake of a lime kill.

*Enter Mistresse Page.*

*M. Page.* *Mistris Ford*, *mistris Ford*, where are you?

*M. For.* O Lord step aside good *sir Iohn*.

*Falstaffe stands behinde the Arras.*

How now *Mistris Page*, what's the matter?

*Mis.*



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

*Mis. Pa.* Why your husband woman is coming,  
With halfe *Windsor* at his heeles,  
To looke for a gentleman, that he saies  
Is hid in this house: his wifes sweet-heart.

*Mis. For.* Speake louder. But I hope tis not true *Mis-*  
*tris Page.*

*Mis. Pa.* Tis too true woman. Therefore if you haue  
any heere, away with him, or y'are vndone for euer.

*Mi. For.* Alasse *Mistris Page*, what shall I do?  
Heeres a gentleman my Friend, how shall I do?

*Mis. Page.* Gods body woman, do not stand what  
shall I do, and what shall I do. Better any shift, rather  
then you shamed. Looke here, heere's a Buck-basket,  
if he be a man of any reasonable size, hee'l in heere.

*Mis. For.* Alasse, I feare he is to big.

*Fal.* Let me see, let me see, Ile in, Ile in,  
Follow your friends counsell.

*Mis. Page.* Fie sir *Iohn*, is this your loue? Go too.

*Fal.* I loue thee, and none but thee:  
Helpe me to conuey me hence,  
Ile neuer come heere more.

*Sir Iohn* goes into the Basket, they put cloathes ouer him,  
the two men carries it away: *Foord* meetes it, and all the  
rest, *Page*, *Doctour*, *Priest*, *Slender*, *Shallow*.

*Foord.* Come pray along, you shall see all.  
How now who goes heere? Whither goes this?  
Whither goes it? set it downe.

*Mis. Ford.* Now let it go, you had best meddle with  
buck-washing.

*Foord.*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*Foord.* Buck, good bucke, pray come along,  
*Master Page*, take my keyes: helpe to search.  
Good Sir *Hugh* pray come along, helpe a little,  
A little, ile shew you all.

*Sir Hu.* By Ieshu these are iealousies & distempers.

*Exit omnes.*

*Mis. Page.* He is in a pittifull taking.

*Mis. Foord.* I wonder what he thought  
When my husband bad them set downe the basket.

*Mis. Page.* Hang him dishonest slaue, we cannot vse  
Him bad enough. This is excellent for your  
Husbands iealousie.

*Mis. For.* Alas poore soule, it grieues me at the hart,  
But this will be a meanes to make him cease  
His iealous fits, if *Falstaffes* loue increase.

*M. Page.* Nay we will send to *Falstaffe* once againe,  
Tis great pittie we should leaue him so:  
What, wiues may be merry, and yet honest too.

*M. For.* Shall we be condemnd because we laugh?  
Tis old, but true; still sowes eate all the draffe.

*Enter all.*

*M. Pa.* Here comes your husband, stand aside.

*For.* I can finde no body within, it may be he lyed.

*Mis. Page.* Did you heare that?

*Mis. Ford.* I, I, peace.

*For.* Well, ile not let it go so, yet ile try further.

*Sir Hu.* By Ieshu if there be any body in the kitchin  
Or the Cuberts, or the Presse, or the Buttery,  
I am an arrant Iew: Now God plesse me:  
You serue me well, do you not?

*Page.* Fie *M. Ford*, you are too blame.

E

*Mis:*



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

*Mis: Page.* Ifaith tis not well *M. Ford* to suspect her thus without a cause.

*Doct.* No by my trot it be no vell.

*For.* Well, I pray beare with me, *M. Page* pardon me I suffer for it, I suffer for it.

*Sir Hu.* You suffer for a bad conscience, look you now

*Foord.* Well, I pray no more, another time Ile tell you all:

The meane time go dine with me, pardon me wife, I am sorry; *M. Page*, pray go in to dinner, Another time Ile tell you all.

*Pa.* Well let it be so, and to morrow I inuite you all to my house to dinner: and in the morning wee'l a birding, I haue an excellent Hawke for the bush.

*Ford.* Let it be so: Come *M. Page*, come wife; I pray you come in all, y'are welcome, pray come in.

*Sir Hugh:* By so kad vdge me, *M. Foord* is not in his right wits. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and Bardolfe.*

*Fal.* *Bardolfe*, brew me a pottle of sacke presently.

*Bar:* With Egges sir?

*Falstaff.* Simply of it selfe, Ile none of these Pullets sperme in my drinke: goe make haste. Haue I liued to be carried in a basket and throwne into the thames like a Barow of butchers offoll. Well, if I be serued such another trick, Ile giue them leaue to take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to a Dog for a new-yeares gift. Sbloud, the rogues slided me in with as little remorse as if they had gone to drowne a blinde Bitches puppies in the litter: and they might know

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

know by my size I haue a kinde of alacrity in sinking: if the bottome had bin as deep as hell I should down. I had bene drowned, but that the shore was sheluic and somewhat shallow: a death that I abhorre. For you know the water swels a man: and what a thing should I haue bene when I had bene swelled? By the Lord a mountaine of money. Now is the Sacke brewed?

*Bar.* I sir, there's a woman below would speak with you.

*Fal.* Bid her come vp. Let me put some sack among this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I had swallowed snow bals for pilles.

*Enter Mistresse Quickly.*

Now what's the newes with you?

*Quic.* I come from *Mistris Foord* forsooth.

*Fal.* *Mistris Ford*, I haue had *Ford* enough, I haue bene throwne into the *Foord*, My belly is full of *Foord*: she hath tickled me.

*Quic.* O Lord sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman that her seruants mistooke, that euer liued. And sir, she would desire you of all loues you will meete her once againe, to morrow sir, betweene ten and eleuen, and she hopes to make amends for all.

*Fal.* Ten and eleuen, saist thou?

*Quic.* I forsooth.

*Fal.* Well, tell her Ile meet her. Let her but think Of mans frailty: Let her iudge what man is, And then thinke of me. And so farwell.



*A Pleasant Comedy, of*

*Quic. You'l not faile fir?*

*Exit Mistris Quickly.*

*Fal. I will not faile. Commend me to her. I wonder I heare not of M. Brooke, I like his Mony well. By the masse heere he is.*

*Enter Brooke.*

*Ford: God saue you fir.*

*Fal. Welcome good M. Brook. You come to know how matters goes.*

*Ford: That's my comming indeed fir John.*

*Fal. Master Brooke I will not lye to you fir, I was there at my appointed time.*

*For. And how sped you fir?*

*Fal. Very ilfaouredly fir.*

*For. Why fir, did she change her determination?*

*Fal: No M. Brooke, but you shall heare. After we had kissed and imbraced, and as it were amid the prologue of our encounter, who should come, but the iea- lous knaue her husband, and a rabble of his compani- ons at his heeles, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper. And what to do thinke you? to search for his wiues Loue. Euen so, plainly so.*

*For: While yewere there?*

*Fal: Whilst I was there.*

*For: And did he search and could not finde you?*

*Fal: You shall heare fir, as God would haue it, A little before comes me one Pages Wife, Gives her intelligence of her husbands Approach: and by her inuention, and Fords wiues Distraction, conueyed me into a buck-basket.*

*Ford. A buck-basket!*

*Fal.*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*Fal. By the Lord a buck-basket, ram'd me in With foule shirts, stockins, greasie napkins, That M. Brooke, there was a compound of the most Villanous smell, that euer offended nostrill. Ile tell you M. Brooke, by the Lord for your sake I suffered three egregious deaths: First to be Crammed like a good bilbow, in the circumference Of a pack, hilt to point, heele to head: and then to Be stewed in my owne grease like a dutch dish; A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was maruell I escaped suffication; and in the heate of all this, To be throwne into Thames like a horsshoe hot: Maister Brooke, thinke of that hissing heate, Master Brooke.*

*Foord. Well fir, then my sute is voide, You'l vndertake it no more?*

*Fal. Master Brooke, Ile be throwne into Etna. As I haue beene in the Thames, Ere thus I leaue her: I haue receiued Another appointment of meeting, Betweene ten and eleuen is the houre.*

*Ford. Why fir, tis almost ten already.*

*Fal. Is it? why then will I addresse my selfe For my appointment: M. Brooke, come to me Soone at night, and you shall know how I speed, And the end shall be, you shall enioy her loue: You shall cuckold Foord: Come to me soone at night:*

*Exit Falstaffe.*

*Ford. Is this a dreame? Is it a vision? Master Ford, master Ford, awake master Ford, There is a hole made in your best coat M. Foord.*

E 3

And



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

And a man shall not onely endure this wrong,  
But shall stand vnder the taunt of names,  
*Lucifer* is a good name, *Barbason* good : good  
Diuels names : But cuckold, wittoli, godso  
The diuell himselfe hath not such a name :  
And they may hang hats heere, and napkins heere  
Vpon my hornes : Well Ile home, Ile ferit him,  
And vnlesse the diuell himselfe should aide him,  
Ile search vnpossible places : Ile about it,  
Least I repent too late.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter M. Fenton, Anne Page, and Mistresse Quickly.*

*Fen.* Tell me sweet *Nan*, how dost thou yet resolute,  
Shall foolish *Slender* haue thee to his wife ?  
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor ?  
Shall such as they enioy thy maiden heart ?  
Thou knowst that I haue alwayes loued thee deare,  
And thou hast oft-times swore the like to me.

*Anne.* Good *M. Fenton*, you may assure your selfe  
My heart is setled vpon none but you,  
Tis as my Father and Mother please :  
Get their consent, you quickly shall haue mine.

*Fen.* Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,  
Though I must needs confesse at first that drew me,  
But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,  
I loue thee *Nan*, and so deare is it set,  
That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.

*Quick.* Gods pittie here comes her father.

*Enter M. Page, his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.*

*Page.* *M. Fenton*, I pray what make you heere ?

You

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

You know my answer sir, shee's not for you :  
Knowing my vow, too blame you are to vse me thus.

*Fen.* Pray heare me speake sir.

*Page.* Pray sir get you gone :

Come hither daughter, Sonne *Slender*

Let me speake with you.

*They whisper.*

*Quick.* Speake to Mistris *Page*.

*Fen.* Pray Mistris *Page* let me haue your consent.

*Mis: Pa.* Ifaith *M. Fenton* tis as my husband please,

For my part, Ile neyther hinder you, nor further you.

*Quick.* How say you, this was my doings,  
I bad you speake to Mistris *Page*.

*Fen.* Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink,  
Worke what thou canst for me, farwell.

*Exit Fenton.*

*Quick.* By my troth so I will, good hart.

*Pa.* Come wife, you & I will in, wee'l leaue *M. Slender*  
And my daughter to talke together. *M. Shallow*,  
You may stay sir if you please.

*Exit Page and his Wife.*

*Shal.* Marry I thanke you for that :  
To her cousin, to her.

*Slender.* Ifaith I know not what to say.

*Anne.* Now *M. Slender*, what's your will ?

*Slender.* Godeso, there's a ieast indeed :  
Why Mistris *Anne* I neuer made will yet :  
I thanke God I am wise enough for that.

*Shal.* Fie cusse fie, thou art not right,  
O thou hadst a Father.

*Slender.* I had a father Mistris *Anne*, good Vnckle  
Tell the Iest how my father stole the Goose out of

The



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

The henloft. All this is nought,  
Harke you mistresse *Anne*.

*Shal.* Hee will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he shall make you a Gentlewoman.

*Slend.* I by God that I will, come cut and longtaile, as good as any is in *Glostershire*, vnder the degree of a Squire.

*Anne.* O God, how many grosse faults are hid And couered in three hundred pound a yeate? Well M. *Slender*, within a day or two ile tell you more

*Slend.* I thanke you good mistris *Anne*; Vnckle I shal haue her.

*Quic.* M. *Shallow*, M. *Page* would pray you to come in, and you M. *Slender*, and you mistris *Anne*.

*Slend.* Well Nurse, if you'l speake for me, Ile giue you more then Ile talke of.

*Exit all but Quickly.*

*Quic.* Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you, But specially for Master *Fenton*, But specially of all for my Master. And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

*Exit.*

*Enter Mistris Foord and her two men.*

*Mis: For.* Do you heare? when your Master comes take vp this basket as you did before, and if your Master bid you set it downe, obey him.

*Ser.* I will forsooth.

*Enter Sir Iohn.*

*Mis: foord.* Sir *Iohn*, welcome.

*Fal.* What, are you sure of your husband now?

*Mis: foord.* He is gone a birding sir *Iohn*, & I hope  
will

*the merry Wines of Windsor.*

will not come yet.

*Enter Mistresse Page.*

Gods body here is Mistris *Page*,  
Step behinde the Arras good sir *Iohn*.

*He steps behinde the Arras.*

*Mis: Pa.* Mistris *Foord*, why woman, your husband is in his old vaine againe, hee's comming to search for your sweete-heart, but I am glad he is not here.

*Mis: For.* O God mistris *Page*, the Knight is here, What shall I do?

*Mis: Pa.* Why then y'are vndone woman, Vnlesse you make some meanes to shift him away.

*Mis: For.* Alasse I know no meanes, Vnlesse we put him in the basket againe.

*Fal:* No Ile come no more in the basket, Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

*Mis: For.* There they vse to discharge their fowling peeces.

*Fal:* Why then Ile go out of doores.

*Mis: Pa.* Then you are vndone, y'are but a dead man

*Fal:* For Gods sake deuise any extremity, Rather then a mischief.

*Mis: Pa.* Alasse I know not what meanes to make, If there were any womans apparell would fit him, He might put on a gowne and a muffler, And so escape.

*Mis: For.* That's well remembred, my maids *Ant Gillian* of *Brainford*, hath a gowne aboue.

*Mis: Pa.* And she is altogether as fat as he.

*Mis: For.* I that will serue him of my word.

*Mis: Page.* Come goe with me sir *Iohn*,

F

Ile



*A Pleasant Comedy, of*

He helpe to dresse you.

*Fal.* Come for Gods sake, any thing.

*Exit Mis: Page, and Sir Iohn.*

*Enter Foord, Page, Hugh, Shallow, the two men carries  
the Basket, and Foord meetes it.*

*For.* Come along I pray, you shal know the cause,  
How now, whither goe you? Ha, whither go you?  
Set downe the Basket you flauē,  
You panderly rogue set it downe.

*Mis: For.* What is the reason that you vse me thus?

*For.* Come hither, set downe the basket,  
*Mistris Foord* the modest woman,  
*Mistris Foord* the vertuous woman,  
She that hath the icalous foole to her husband,  
I mistrust you without cause, do I not?

*Mis: For.* I God's my record do you,  
If you mistrust me in any ill sort.

*Foord.* Well sed brazen face, hold it out,  
You youth in a basket, come out heere,  
Pull out the cloathes, search.

*Hu.* Ieshu ples me, will you pul vp your wiues cloths

*Page.* Fie *M. Foord*, you are not to go abroad if you  
be in these fits.

*Sir Hugh.* So kad vdge me, tis very necessary  
He were put in pethlem.

*For. M. Page,* as I am an honest man *M. Page*,  
There was one conueyd out of my house here yester-  
day out of this basket, why may he not be here now?

*Mis: For.* *Mistris Page*, bring the old woman downe.

*For.* Olde woman, what olde woman?

*Mis: Foord.*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*Mis: For.* Why my maids *Ant, Gillian of Brainford.*

*For.* A witch, haue I not fore-warnd her my house?  
Alasse we are simple we, we know not what  
Is brought to passe vnder the color of fortune-telling.  
Come downe you witch, come downe.

*Enter Falstaffe disguised like an olde woman, & Mistris  
Page with him, Foord beates him, and he runs away.*

Away you witch, get you gone.

*Hu.* By Ieshu I verily thinke she is a witch indeed,  
I espied vnder her muffler a great beard.

*Foord.* Pray come helpe me to seatch, pray now.

*Page.* Come, wee'l go for his mindes sake.

*Exit omnes.*

*Mis: For.* By my troth he beate him most extremely.

*Mis: Pa.* I am glad of it, what shall we proccede  
any further?

*Mis: For.* No faith, now if you will let vs tell our  
husbands of it. For mine I me sure hath almost fretted  
himselke to death.

*Mis: Pa.* Content, come wee'l go tell them all,  
And as they agree, so will we proceed. *Exit both.*

*Enter Host and Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Sir, heere be three Gentlemen come from the  
Duke the stranger sir, would haue your horse.

*Host.* The Duke, what Duke? let mee speake with  
the Gentlemen, do they speake English?

*Bar.* He call them to you sir.

*Host.* No *Bardolfe*, let them alone, Ile sauce them:



*A Pleasant Comedy, of*

They haue had my house a weeke at command,  
I haue turned away my other guests,  
They shall haue my horses *Bardolfe*,  
They must come off, Ile sawce them. *Exit omnes*

*Enter Foord, Page, and their wiues, Shallow,  
Slender, and Sir Hugh.*

*Ford.* Well wife, here take my hand, vpon my soule  
I loue thee dearer then I do my life, and ioy I haue so  
true and constant wife, my iealousie shall neuer more  
offend thee.

*Mis: For.* Sir I am glad, & that which I haue done,  
Was nothing else but mirth and modesty.

*Page.* I mistris *Ford*, *Falstaffe* hath all the greefe,  
And in this knauery my wife was the chiefe.

*Mis: Pa.* No knauery husband, it was honest mirth.

*Hugh.* Indeed it was good pastimes and merriments

*Mis: Foord.* But sweet-heart shall we leaue old *Fal-*  
*staffe* so?

*Mis: Page.* O by no meanes, send to him againe.

*Page.* I do not thinke hee'l come, being so much de-  
ceiued.

*Foord.* Let me alone, Ile to him once againe like  
*Brooke*, and know his minde whether hee'l come or  
not.

*Page.* There must be some plot laide, or hee'l not  
come.

*Mis: Page.* Let vs alone for that. Heare my denice.  
Oft haue you heard since *Horne* the Hunter dyed,  
That women to affright their little children,  
Saies that he walkes in shape of a great stag.

Now

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

Now for that *Falstaffe* hath bene so deceiued,  
As that he dares not venter to the house,  
Wee'l send him word to meete vs in the field,  
Disguised like *Horne*, with huge hornes on his head,  
The houre shall be iust betweene twelue and one,  
And at that time we will meete him both:  
Then would I haue you present there at hand,  
With little boyes disguised and drest like Fairies,  
For to affright fat *Falstaffe* in the woods.  
And then to make a period to the iest,  
Tell *Falstaffe* all, I thinke this will do best.

*Page.* Tis excellent, and my daughter *Anne*  
shall like a little Fairy be disguised.

*Mis: Page.* And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor  
steale my daughter *Anne*, & ere my husband knowes  
it, to carry her to Church, and marry her.

*Mis: Foord.* But who will buy the silkes to tyre the  
boyes?

*Page.* That will I do, and in a robe of white  
Ile cloathe my daughter, and aduertise *Slender*  
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence,  
And vnknowne to my wife, shall marry her.

*Hu.* So kad vdge me the deuice is excellent,  
I will also be there, and be like a Iackanapes,  
And pinch him most cruelly for his lecheries.

*Mis: Pa.* Why then we are reuenged sufficiently:  
First he was carried and throwne in the Thames,  
Next beaten well, I me sure you'l witness that.

*Mis: For.* Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.

*Page.* Well, lets about this stratagem, I long  
To see deceit deceiud, and wrong haue wrong.

F 3

For.



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

For. Well send to *Falstaffe*, and if he come thither,  
Twill make vs smile and laugh one month together.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Host and Simple.*

*Ho.* What would thou haue boore, what thick-skin?  
Speake, breathe, discusse, short, quick, briefe, snap.

*Sim.* Sir, I am sent from my M. to sir *John Falstaffe*.

*Host.* Sir *John*, there's his Castle, his standing-bed,  
his trundle-bed, his Chamber is painted about with  
the story of the prodigall, fresh and new, goe knocke,  
hee'l speake like an Antripophigian to thee:  
Knocke I say.

*Sim.* Sir I should speake with an old woman that  
went vp into his Chamber.

*Host.* An old woman, the Knight may be robbed, Ile  
call bully Knight, bully sir *John*. Speake from thy lungs  
military: it is thine host, thy Ephesian calles.

*Fal.* Now mine host. *he speakes aboue.*

*Host.* Here is a Bohemian tartar bully, carries the  
comming downe of the fat woman: Let her descend  
bully, let her descend, my chambers are honourable,  
pah priuasie, sic.

*Fal.* Indeed mine Host there was a fat woman with  
me, but she is gone.

*Enter Sir John.*

*Sim.* Pray sir, was it not the wise woman of *Brain-*  
*ford*?

*Fal.* Marry was it *Musselshel*, what would you?

*Sim.* Marry sir my Master *Slender* sent me to her,  
To know whether one *Nym* that hath his chaine,  
Cousened him of it, or no.

*Fal.*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*Fal.* I talked with the woman about it.

*Sim.* And I pray you sir what ses she?

*Fal.* Marry she ses the very same man  
That beguiled Master *Slender* of his chaine,  
Cousened him of it.

*Sim.* May I be bold to tell my Master so sir?

*Fal.* I Tike, who more bolde.

*Sim.* I thanke you sir, I shall make my master a glad  
man at these tydings, God be with you sir. *Exit.*

*Host.* Thou art clarkly sir *John*, thou art clarkly,  
Was there a wise woman with thee?

*Fal.* Marry was there mine host, one that taught  
me more wit then I learned this seuen year, and I paid  
nothing for it, but was paid for my learning.

*Enter Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* O Lord sir, cousenage, plaine cousenage.

*Host.* Why man, where be my horses?  
Where be the Germanes?

*Bar.* Rid away with your horses:  
After I came beyond Maiden-head,  
They flung me in a flow of myre, and away they ran.

*Enter Doctor.*

*Doct.* Where be my Host de gartir?

*Host.* O here sir in perplexity.

*Doct.* I cannot tell vad be dad,  
But be-gar I will tell you van ting,  
Dear be a Germane Duke come to de Court,  
Has cosened all the Hosts of *Brainford*,  
And *Redding*: be-gar I tell you for good will,  
Ha, ha, mine Host, am I euen met you?

*Exit.*

*Enter*



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

*Enter Sir Hugh.*

*Sir Hugh.* Where is mine Host of the garter?  
Now my Host, I would desire you looke you now,  
To haue a care of your entertainments,  
For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,  
Is cosen all the Host of Maiden-head and Redings,  
Now you are an honest man, and a scuruy beggerly  
lowsie knaue beside,  
And can point wrong places,  
I tell you for good will, grate why mine Host.

*Exit.*

*Host.* I am cosened *Hugh*, and coy *Bardolfe*,  
Sweete Knight assist me, I am cosened. *Exit.*

*Fal.* Would all the world were cosened for me,  
For I am cosened and beaten too,  
Well, I neuer prospered since I forswore  
My selfe at *Primero*: and my winde  
Were but long enough to say my prayers,  
Ide repent, now from whence come you?

*Enter Mistresse Quickly.*

*Quic.* From the two parties forsooth.

*Fal.* The diuell take the one party,  
And his dam the other,  
And they'l be both bestowed:  
I haue endured more for their sakes,  
Then man is able to endure.

*Quic.* O Lord sir, they are the sorrowfulst creatures  
That euer liued: specially Mistris *Foord*,  
Her husband hath beaten her that she is all  
Blacke and blew poore soule.

*Fal:*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*Fal:* What tellest me of blacke and blew,  
I haue beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,  
And in my escape like to haue bin apprehended  
For a witch of *Brainford*, and set in the stockes.

*Quic.* Well sir, she is a sorrowfull woman,  
And I hope when you heare my errant,  
You'l be perswaded to the contrary.

*Fal:* Come go with me into my Chamber,  
And Ile heare thee. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Host and Fenton.*

*Host.* Speake not to me sir, my minde is heauy,  
I haue had a great losse.

*Fen.* Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman,  
Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your losse.

*Host.* Well sir Ile heare you, and at least keep your  
counsell.

*Fen.* Then thus my host. Tis not vnknown to you,  
The feruent loue I beare to young *Anne Page*,  
And mutually her loue againe to me:  
But her father still against her choise,  
Doth seeke to marry her to foolish *Slender*,  
And in a robe of white this night disguised,  
Wherein fat *Falstaffe* had a mighty scare,  
Must *Slender* take her and carry her to *Catlen*,  
And there vnknowne to any, marry her.  
Now her mother's still against that match,  
And firme for Doctor *Cayus*, in a robe of red  
By her deuce, the Doctor must steale her thence,  
And she hath giuen consent to goe with him.

*Host.* Now which meanes she to deceiue,  
Father or Mother?

G

*Fen.*



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

*Fen.* Both my good Host, to go along with me.  
Now here it rests, that you would procure a Priest,  
And tarry ready at the appointed place,  
To giue our hearts vnited matrimony.

*Host.* But how will you come to steale her from among them?

*Fen.* That hath sweete *Nan* and I agreed vpon,  
And by a robe of white, the which she weares,  
With ribons pendant flaring bout her head,  
I shall be sure to know her, and conuey her thence,  
And bring her where the priest abides our comming,  
And by thy furtherance there be married.

*Host.* Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,  
Bring you the maide, you shall not lacke a Priest.

*Fen.* So shall I euermore be bound vnto thee,  
Besides Ile alwayes be thy faithfull friend.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Sir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him.*

*Fal.* This is the third time, well Ile venter,  
They say there is good lucke in odde numbers,  
*Ioue* transform'd himselfe into a Bull,  
And I am heere a Stag, and I thinke the fattest  
In all *Windsor* Forrest: Well, I stand heere  
For *Horne* the Hunter, waiting my Does comming.

*Enter Mistresse Page and Mistresse Foord.*

*Mis: Page.* Sir *Iohn*, where are you?

*Fal.* Art thou come my Doe? what & thou too?  
Welcome Ladies.

*Mis: For.* I sir *Iohn*, I see you will not faile,  
Therefore you deserue far better then our loues,  
But it grieues me for your late crosses.

*Fal.*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*Fal.* This makes amends for all.

Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,  
For my hornes, Ile bequeath them to your husbands,  
Do I speake like *Horne* the hunter, ha?

*Mis: Pa.* God forgiue me, what noise is this?

*There is a noise of hornes, the two women run away.*

*Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyr, and boyes drest like Fairies,  
Mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fairies: they  
sing a song about him, and afterwarde speake.*

*Qui.* You Fayries that do haunt these shady groues  
Looke round about the wood if you can espy  
A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round:  
If such a one you can espy, giue him his due,  
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew:  
Giue them their charge *Puck* ere they part away.

*Sir Hugh.* Come hither *Peane*, goe to the Country  
houses,

And when you finde a slut that lyes asleepe,  
And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept,  
With your long nailes pinch her till she cry,  
And swear to mend her sluttish huswifery.

*Fai.* I warrant you I will performe your will.

*Hu.* Wher's *Pead*? go you and see wher brokers sleep,  
And Fox-eyed Seriants with their Mace,  
Goe lay the Proctors in the street,  
And pinch the lowsie Seriants face:  
Spare none of these when th'are a bed,  
But such whose nose lookes blew and red.

*Quic.* Away be gone, his minde fulfill,  
And looke that none of you stand still.

G 2

Some



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

Some do that thing, some do this,  
All do something, none amis.

*Sir Hugh.* I smell a man of middle earth.

*Fal.* God bleffe me from that welch Fairy.

*Quic.* Looke euery one about this round,  
And if that any here be found,  
For his presumption in this place,  
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.

*Sir Hugh.* See I haue spied one by good lucke,  
His body man, his head a Buck.

*Fal.* God send me good fortune now, and I care not.

*Quick.* Go strait, and do as I command,  
And take a Taper in your hand,  
And set it to his fingers ends,  
And if you see it him offends,  
And that he starteth at the flame,  
Then is he mortall, know his name:  
If with an F. it doth begin,  
Why then be sure hee's full of sinne.  
About it the, and know the truth,  
Of this same metamorphosed youth.

*Sir Hugh.* Giue me the Tapers, I will try  
And if that he loue venery.

*They put the Torches to his fingers, and he starts.*

*Sir Hugh.* Tis right indeed, he is full of lecheries  
and iniquitie.

*Quick.* A little distant from him stand,  
And euery one take hand in hand,  
And compasse him within a ring,  
First pinch him well, and after sing.

*Heere*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*Here they pinch him, and sing about him, and the Doctor comes one way and steales away a boy in red. And Slender another way, he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton steales Mistris Anne, beeing in white. And a noise of hunting is made within; and all the Fairies run away. Falstaffe puld off his Bucks head, and rises up. And enters M. Page, M. Foord, and their wiues, M. Shallow, Sir Hugh.*

*Fal.* Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghost?  
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghost of me:  
What, hunting at this time at night?  
He lay my life the mad Prince of wales:  
Is stealing his fathers Deare:  
How now who haue we here, what is all Windsor stirring?  
Are you there?

*Shal.* God saue you sir *John Falstaffe.*

*Sir Hugh.* God plesse you sir *John,* God plesse you.

*Page.* Why how now sir *John,* what a paire of horns  
in your hand?

*For.* Those horns he meant to place vpon my head,  
And *M. Brooke* and he should be the men:  
Why how now sir *John,* why are you thus amazed?  
We know the Fairies man that pinched you,  
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,  
And what's to come sir *John,* that can we tell.

*Mis. Pa.* Sir *John* tis thus, your dishonest meanes  
To call our credits into question,  
Did make vs vndertake to our best,  
To turne your lewd lust to a merry iest.

*Fal.* Iest, tis well, haue I liued to these yeares.  
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?

G 3

Why



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

Why then these were not Fairies ?

*Mis. Page.* No sir *John*, but boyes.

*Fal.* By the Lord I was twice or thrice in the minde  
They were not, and yet the grosnesse  
Of the foppery perswaded me they were.  
Well, if the fine wits of the Court heare this,  
They'l so whip me with their keene ieafts,  
That they'l melt me out like tallow,  
Drop by drop out of my grease. Boyes!

*Sir Hu.* I trust me boyes *Sir John*, and  
I was also a Fairy that did helpe to pinch you.

*Fal.* I, tis well I am your May-pole,  
You haue the start of me,  
Am I written too with a welch goate?  
With a peece of toasted cheese?

*Sir Hugh.* Butter is better then cheese *sir John*,  
You are all butter, butter.

*For.* There is a further matter yet *sir John*,  
Ther's 20. pound you borrowed of *M. Brooke Sir John*,  
And it must be paid to *M. Foord Sir John*.

*Mis. For.* Nay husband let that go to make amends,  
Forgiue that sum; and so wee'l all be friends.

*For.* Well here's my hand, all is forgiuen at last.

*Fal.* It hath cost me well,  
I haue beene well pinched and washed.

*Enter the Doctor.*

*Mis. Pa.* Now *M. Doctor*, sonne I hope you are.

*Doct.* Sonne, be-gar you be de ville voman,  
Be-gar I tinck to marry metres *Anne*, and begar  
Tis a whorson garson lack boy.

*Mis. Page.* How, a boy?

*Doct.*

*the merry Wiues of Windsor.*

*Doct.* I be-gar a boy.

*Page.* Nay be not angry wife, Ile tell thee true,  
It was my plot to deceiue thee so :  
And by this time your daughter is married  
To *M. Slender*, and see where he comes.

*Enter Slender.*

Now sonne *Slender*, wher'es your Bride ?

*Slen.* Bride, by Gods lyd I thinke there's neuer a man  
in the worell hath that crosse fortune that I haue : by  
God I could cry for very anger.

*Page.* Why what's the matter sonne *Slender* ?

*Slen.* Sonne, nay by God I am none of your sonne.

*Page.* No, why so ?

*Slen.* Why so God saue me, tis a boy that I haue  
married.

*Page.* How, a boy ? why did you mistake the word ?

*Slen.* No neyther, for I came to her in red as you  
bad me, and I cried mum, and he cried budget, so well  
as euer you heard, and I haue married him.

*Sir Hugh.* Ieshu *M. Slender*, cannot you see but mar-  
ry boyes ?

*Page.* O I am vext at heart, what shall I do ?

*Enter Fenton and Anne Page.*

*Mis. Pa.* Here comes he that hath deceiu'd vs all,  
How now daughter, where haue you bin ?

*Anne.* At Church forsooth.

*Page.* At Church, what haue you done there ?

*Fen.* Married to me, nay sir neuer storme,  
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.

*Foord.* Ifaith *M. Page* neuer chafe your selfe,  
She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt,

Then



*A pleasant Comedy, of*

Then tis in vaine for you to storne or fret.

*Fal.* I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced.

*Mis: For.* Come mistris *Page*, Ile be bold with you,  
Tis pittie to part loue that is so true.

*Mis: Page.* Although that I haue missed in my intent  
Yet I am glad my husbands match was crossed,  
Here *M. Fenton*, take her, and God giue thee ioy.

*Sir Hugh.* Come *M. Page*, you must needs agree.

*For.* Ifaith sir come, you see your wife is pleased.

*Pa.* I cannot tell, and yet my hart's well cascd,  
And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.

Come hither *Fenton*, and come hither *Daughter*,  
Go too, you might haue staid for my good will,  
But since your choise is made of one you loue,  
Hete take her *Fenton*, and both happy proue.

*S. Hugh.* I wil dance & eate plums at your wedding.

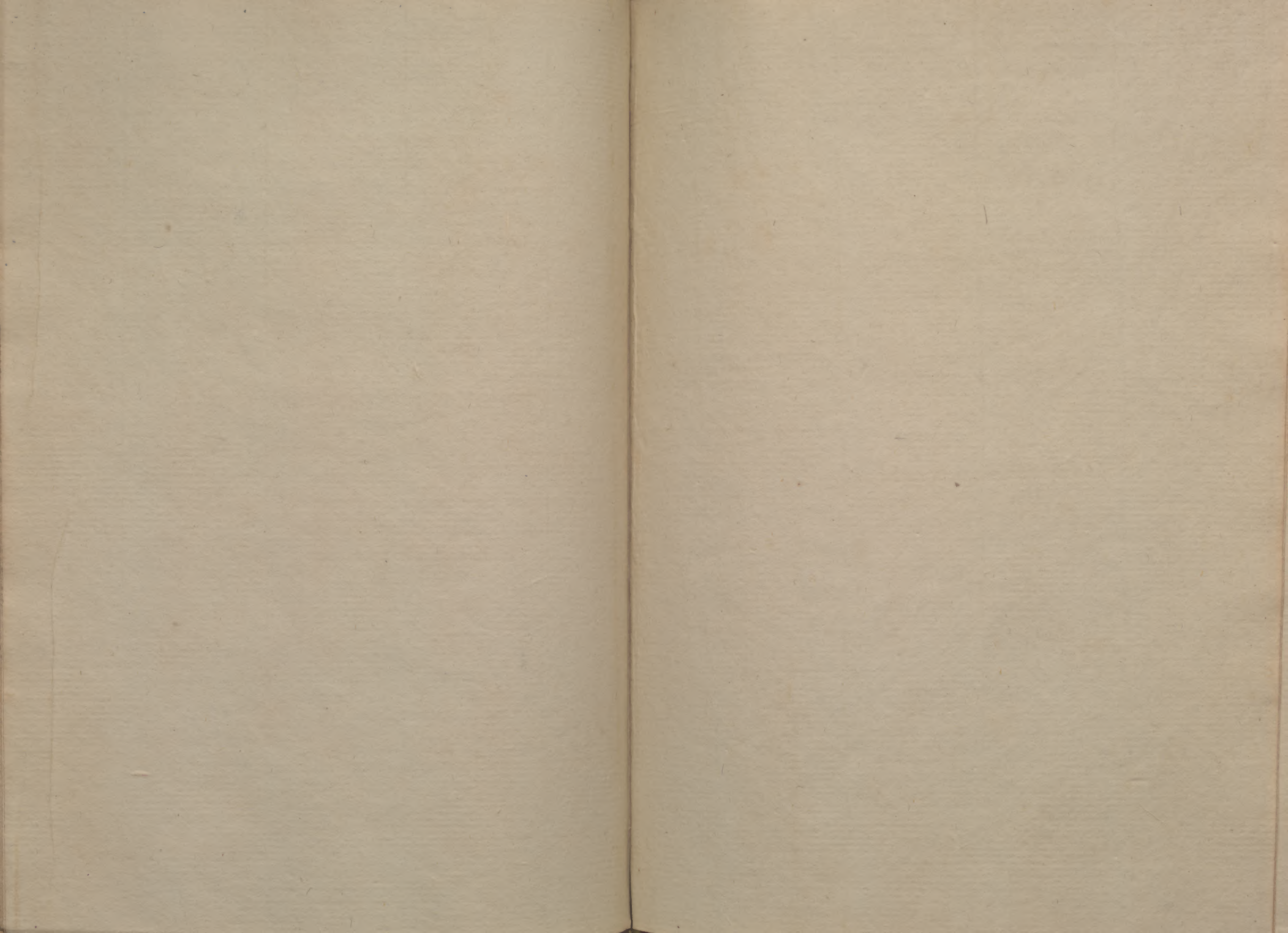
*For:* All parties pleased, now let's in to feast,  
And laugh at *Slender*, and the Doctors ieast.  
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy  
To waite vpon you, so God giue you ioy,  
And sir *Iohn Falstaffe* now you shall keep your word,  
For *Brooke* this night shall lye with Mistris *Ford*.

*Exit omnes.*

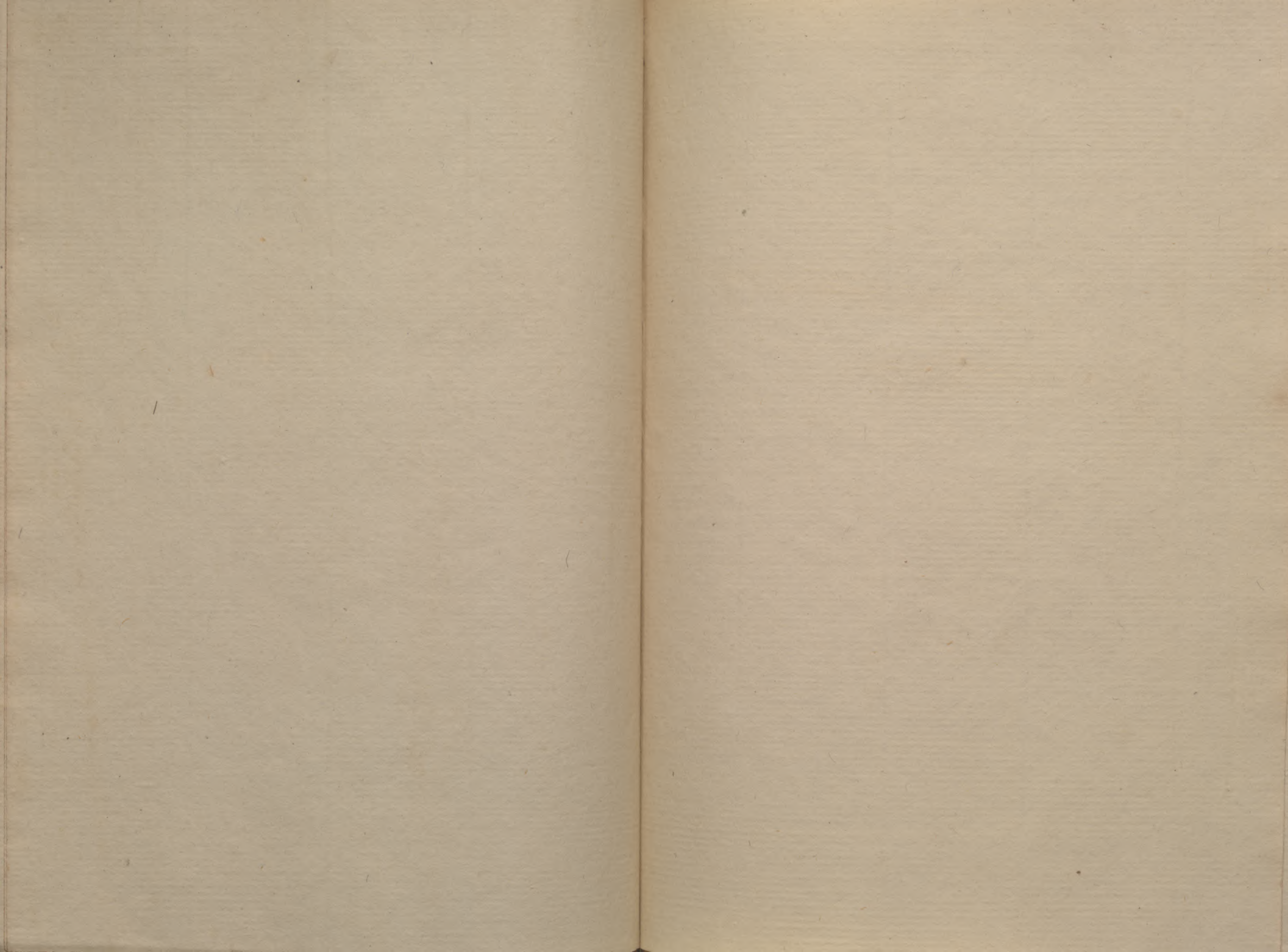
**FINIS.**



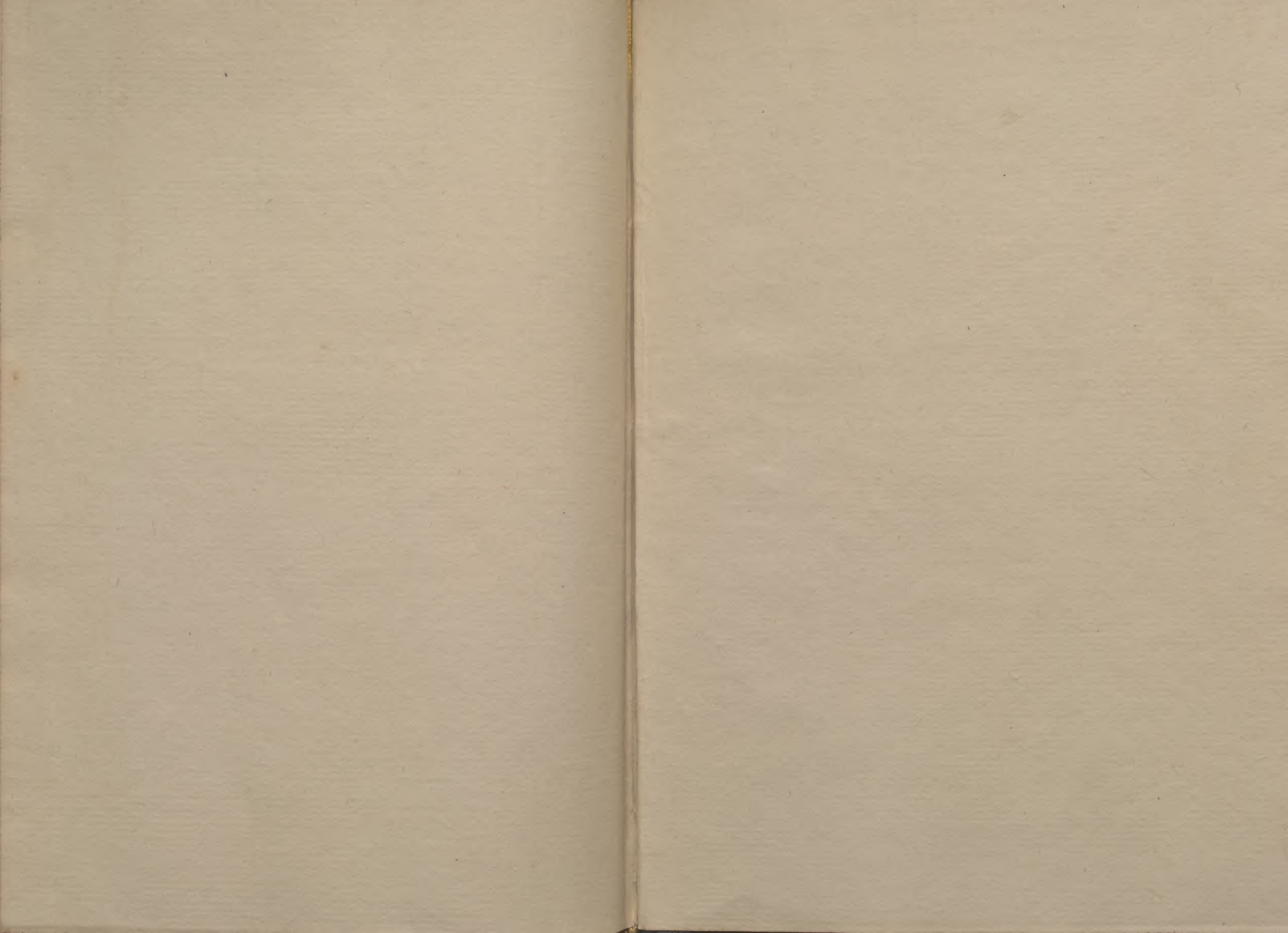




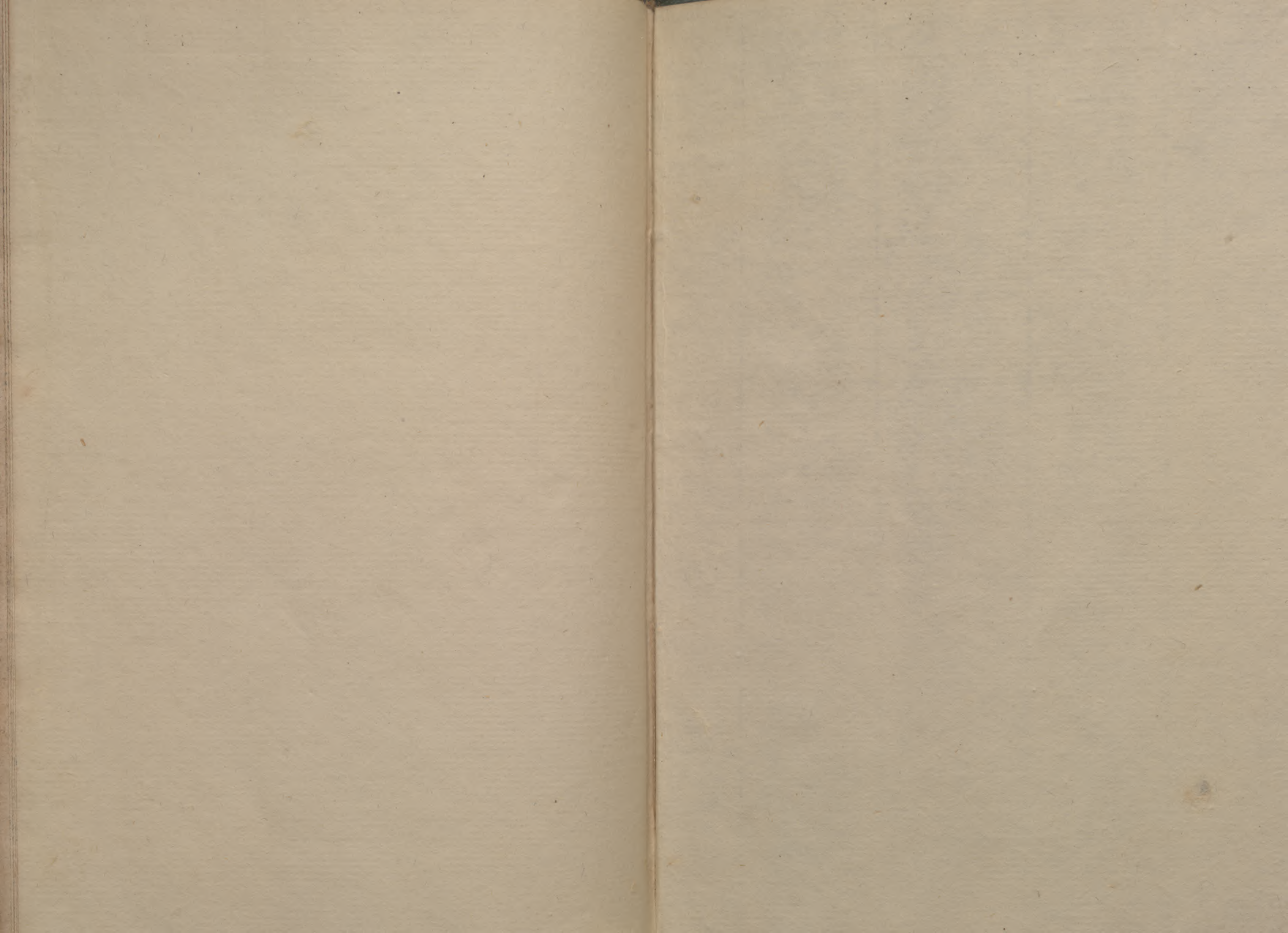














NATIONAL LIBRARY  
OF SCOTLAND

The Bute Collection  
of English Plays

*Purchased from*  
Major Michael Crichton-Stuart  
of Falkland  
*3rd April 1956*

*With the Help of the Pilgrim Trust  
and the Friends of the  
National Libraries*

*Bute 498*







