

**ACT 3 - SCENE I. A field near Frogmore.**

**DSC** *Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE*

*SIR HUGH EVANS*

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

*SIMPLE*

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

*SIR HUGH EVANS*

I most 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  
trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have  
deceived me. How melancholies I am! 'Pless my soul!

*Sings / Cries*

.....

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry-

*Sings / Cries*

.....

*Re-enter SIMPLE*

*SIMPLE*

Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

*SIR HUGH EVANS*

He's welcome.

*Sings*

.....

*SIMPLE*

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

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER*

*SHALLOW*

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

*SLENDER*

[Aside] Ah, sweet Anne Page!

*PAGE*

'Save you, good Sir Hugh!

*SIR HUGH EVANS*

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

*SHALLOW*

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

*PAGE*

And youthful still!  
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.

**Aloud**

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

**DOCTOR CAIUS**

Diable! Jack Rugby,--mine host de Jarteer,--have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

**SIR HUGH EVANS**

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

**HOST**

Peace, I say, Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn.

**SIR HUGH EVANS**

This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. (laughs)  
I desire you that we may be friends;

**DOCTOR CAIUS**

By gar, with all my heart.

**HOST**

Follow me, lads of peace;  
follow, follow, follow.

**SHALLOW**

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

**SLENDER**

[Aside] O sweet Anne Page!

*Exeunt*

**ACT 3 - SCENE II. A street. DSR**

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN  
Enter FORD, opposite direction*

**FORD**

Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

**MISTRESS PAGE**

Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

**FORD**

Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

**MISTRESS PAGE**

Be sure of that,--two other husbands.

**FORD**

Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

**MISTRESS PAGE**

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

**ROBIN**

Sir John Falstaff.

**FORD**

Sir John Falstaff!

**MISTRESS PAGE**

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

**FORD**

Indeed she is.

**MISTRESS PAGE**

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

*Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN*

**FORD**

Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he

gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's ... girl ... with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's ... girl ... 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 cuckold ...

*Clock heard*

The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS DOCTOR CAIUS, and RUGBY*

*SHALLOW PAGE & C*

Well met, Master Ford.

*FORD*

Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

*SHALLOW*

I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

*SLENDER*

And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

*SHALLOW*

We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

*SLENDER*

I hope I have your good will, father Page.

*PAGE*

You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

*DOCTOR CAIUS*

Ay, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

**HOST**

What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

**PAGE**

Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

**FORD**

I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

**SHALLOW**

Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

*Exeunt SHALLOW, and SLENDER*

**DOCTOR CAIUS**

Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

*Exit RUGBY*

**HOST**

Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

*Exit*

**FORD**

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

**All**

Have with you to see this monster.

*Exeunt*

**ACT 3 - 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--

***MISTRESS FORD***

I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

***MISTRESS PAGE***

Come, come, come.

***MISTRESS FORD***

Here, set it down.

***MISTRESS PAGE***

Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

***MISTRESS FORD***

Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house: and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

***MISTRESS PAGE***

You will do it?

***MISTRESS FORD***

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

***MISTRESS PAGE***

Here comes little Robin.

***MISTRESS FORD***

How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

***ROBIN***

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

***MISTRESS PAGE***

You little ~~Jack a Lent~~, have you been true to us?

**SCENE CHANGE:**

Ford's House:

Ford's servants to  
change tapestries and  
revolve bar.

Exit to retrieve basket

***Enter Servants with a basket***

***Exeunt Servants***

***Enter ROBIN***



**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. I'll go hide me.

**MISTRESS FORD**

Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone.

*Exit ROBIN*

Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

**MISTRESS PAGE**

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

*Exit*

**MISTRESS FORD**

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

*Enter FALSTAFF*

**FALSTAFF**

Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

**MISTRESS FORD**

O sweet Sir John!

**FALSTAFF**

Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

**MISTRESS FORD**

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

**FALSTAFF**

Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

***MISTRESS FORD***

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

***FALSTAFF***

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

***MISTRESS FORD***

Believe me, there is no such thing in me.

***FALSTAFF***

What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

***MISTRESS FORD***

Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

***FALSTAFF***

Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

***MISTRESS FORD***

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

***FALSTAFF***

Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

***MISTRESS FORD***

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

***ROBIN***

[Within] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

**FALSTAFF**

She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

**MISTRESS FORD**

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

*FALSTAFF hides himself*  
*Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN*

What's the matter? how now!

**MISTRESS PAGE**

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

**MISTRESS FORD**

What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

**MISTRESS PAGE**

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

**MISTRESS FORD**

What cause of suspicion?

**MISTRESS PAGE**

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

**MISTRESS FORD**

Why, alas, what's the matter?

**MISTRESS PAGE**

Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his assence: you are undone.

**MISTRESS FORD**

'Tis not so, I hope.

**MISTRESS PAGE**

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

***MISTRESS FORD***

What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

***MISTRESS PAGE***

For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather:' your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or--it is whiting-time --send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

***MISTRESS FORD***

He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

***FALSTAFF***

[Coming forward] Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

***MISTRESS PAGE***

What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

***FALSTAFF***

I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never--

*Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen*

***MISTRESS PAGE***

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

***MISTRESS FORD***

What, John! Robert! John!

*Exit ROBIN  
Re-enter Servants*

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

*Enter FORD, PAGE,  
DOCTOR CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS*

**FORD**

Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause,  
why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest;  
I deserve it. How now! whither bear you this?

**Servant**

To the laundress, forsooth.

**MISTRESS FORD**

Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You  
were best meddle with buck-washing.

**FORD**

Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck!  
Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck;  
and of the season too, it shall appear.

*Exeunt Servants with the basket*

Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my  
dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my  
chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant  
we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first.

*Locking the door*

So, now uncape.

**PAGE**

Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

**FORD**

True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen: you shall see  
sport anon: follow me, gentlemen.

*Exit*

**SIR HUGH EVANS**

This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

**DOCTOR CAIUS**

By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not  
jealous in France.

**PAGE**

Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

*Exeunt  
PAGE, DOCTOR CAIUS  
and SIR HUGH EVANS*

**MISTRESS PAGE**

Is there not a double excellency in this?

***MISTRESS FORD***

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

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

***MISTRESS FORD***

Shall we send 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.

*FORD*

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

*SIR HUGH EVANS*

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

*DOCTOR CAIUS*

By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

*FORD*

Well, I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

*PAGE*

Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

*FORD*

Any thing.

*SIR HUGH EVANS*

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

*DOCTOR CAIUS*

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

*FORD*

Pray you, go, Master Page.

*Ford exits then doubles back to check one last time under the tapestries*

*Finding nothing, he makes a face, showing his frustration and continued suspicion*

*Exeunt*

# ***INTERMISSION***

Music \_\_\_\_\_

**Reset Garter Inn during Intermission**

**Running Time: \_\_\_\_\_s**



**ACT 3 SCENE V. A room in the Garter Inn. *HOST at the bar***

*Enter FALSTAFF*

*FALSTAFF*

My good host, I say,--

*HOST*

Here, sir.

*FALSTAFF*

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

*Exit HOST SL door*

Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,--a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

*Re-enter  
HOST with sack*

*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.

*HOST*

Come in, woman!

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY*

*MISTRESS QUICKLY*

By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

*FALSTAFF*

Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

*Exit HOST SL door*

***MISTRESS QUICKLY***

Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

***FALSTAFF***

Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

***MISTRESS QUICKLY***

Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

***FALSTAFF***

So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

***MISTRESS QUICKLY***

Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

***FALSTAFF***

Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

***MISTRESS QUICKLY***

I will tell her.

***FALSTAFF***

Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

***MISTRESS QUICKLY***

Eight and nine, sir.

***FALSTAFF***

Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

***MISTRESS QUICKLY***

Peace be with you, sir.

***Exit***

***FALSTAFF***

I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

***Enter FORD,  
disguised as Brook***

***FORD***

Bless you, sir!

**FALSTAFF**

Now, master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

**FORD**

That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

**FALSTAFF**

Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

**FORD**

And sped you, sir?

**FALSTAFF**

Very ill-favoredly, Master Brook.

**FORD**

How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

**FALSTAFF**

No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

**FORD**

What, while you were there?

**FALSTAFF**

While I was there.

**FORD**

And did he search for you, and could not find you?

**FALSTAFF**

You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

**FORD**

A buck-basket!

**FALSTAFF**

By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

**FORD**

And how long lay you there?

**FALSTAFF**

Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,--a man of my kidney,--think of that,--that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,--hissing hot,--think of that, Master Brook.

**FORD**

In good sadness, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

**FALSTAFF**

Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her

husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

**FORD**

'Tis past eight already, sir.

**FALSTAFF**

Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

*Exit*

**FORD**

Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me: I'll be horn-mad.

*Exit*

*FENTON and ANNE PAGE on bicycle  
Ride around – Daisy, Daisy reprise*

**ACT 3 - SCENE IV. The Garter Inn**

*Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE through USC (saloon doors)*

*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 - kiss*

*Enter  
SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MISTRESS QUICKLY*

*SHALLOW*

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

*SLENDER*

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

*SHALLOW*

Be not dismayed.

*SLENDER*

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

*MISTRESS QUICKLY*

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

*ANNE PAGE*

I come to him.

*Aside*

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

*MISTRESS QUICKLY*

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

*SHALLOW*

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

*SLENDER*

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

*SHALLOW*

Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

*SLENDER*

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

*SHALLOW*

He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

*SLENDER*

Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

**SHALLOW**

He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

**ANNE PAGE**

Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

**SHALLOW**

Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

**ANNE PAGE**

Now, Master Slender,--

**SLENDER**

Now, good Mistress Anne,--

**ANNE PAGE**

What is your will?

**SLENDER**

My will! 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

**ANNE PAGE**

I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

**SLENDER**

Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

*Enter*

**PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE**

**PAGE**

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

**FENTON**

Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

**MISTRESS PAGE**

Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

**PAGE**

She is no match for you.



**FENTON**

Sir, will you hear me?

**PAGE**

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

*Exeunt*  
**PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER**

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

Speak to Mistress Page.

**FENTON**

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

**ANNE PAGE**

Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

**MISTRESS PAGE**

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

**MISTRESS QUICKLY**

That's my master, master doctor.

**ANNE PAGE**

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

**MISTRESS PAGE**

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

**FENTON**

Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan.

*Exeunt*  
**MISTRESS PAGE and ANNE PAGE**

***MISTRESS QUICKLY***

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

***FENTON***

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

***MISTRESS QUICKLY***

Now heaven send thee good fortune!

***Exit FENTON***

A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand: what a beast am I to slack it!

***Exit***

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|--|
| <p>Scene Change:<br/>Ford's house<br/>Servants hang tapestries</p> |
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