

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