

*Sir John Falstoff and the Merry
Wiues of Windsor*

de William Shakespeare

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Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir
Hugh Euans, Master Page,
Falstoffe,
Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anna Page,
Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.*

Shallow. Sir Hugh, perswade me not:
I will make a StarChamber
matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir
John Falstoffs, he shall not abuse
Robert Shallow Esquire

Slen. In the County of Glocester,
Iustice of Peace and Coram

Shal. I (Cosen Slender) and
Custalorum

Slen. I, and Ratolorum too; and a
Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who
writes himselfe Armigero, in any Bill,
Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation,
Armigero

*Sir John Falstaff et les Joyeuses
Commères de Windsor*

Trad. François Debary

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Acte I, scène 1

Dans la rue, devant chez Mr Page

*Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Dom
Potjewlesh (Evans), Master Page,
Falstoffe,
Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anna Page,
Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.*

Shallow. Dom Potjewlesh, c'est
inutile. Vous ne me convaincrez pas. Je
vais saisir le Haut Conseil de Justice du
Roi. Même s'il y avait vingt Sir John
Falstaffsss sur cette terre, aucun, je dis
bien aucun Sir John Falstaff, ne pourra
se vanter d'avoir roulé Robert Shallow,
écuyer bourgeois et simple particulier

Slen. Du Comté de Glocester, Juge de
Paix, et cetera et ceterum

Shal. T'à fait, cher neveu Slender,
tout à fait, et custodis legiferibus

Slen. Tout à fait, et Ratolorum,
legiferibus en plus. Ah ah ! Un
gentilhomme, de naissance, mon
révérend, et qui écrit lui-même
personnellement aiguiffier, après son
nom, parfaitement, aiciuffier, sur
n'importe quel billet,

contrat, quittance, ou engagement.
Robert Shallow, aicuiffier.

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any
time these three hundred yeeres

Slen. All his successors (gone before
him) hath don't: and all his Ancestors
(that come after him) may: they may
giue the dozen white Luces in their
Coate

Shal. It is an olde Coate

Euans. The dozen white Lowses doe
become an old Coat well: it agrees well
passant: It is a familiar beast to man,
and signifies Loue

Shal. The Luse is the fresh-fish, the
salt-fish, is an old Coate

Slen. I may quarter (Coz)

Shal. You may, by marrying

Euans. It is marring indeed, if he
quarter it

Shal. Not a whit

Shal. Tout à fait et c'est ce que je fais :
esquire, écuyer, depuis toujours, depuis
trois cents ans, quatre cents ans

Slen. Et tous ses descendants, (avant
lui) n'ont pas fait autrement, et tous ses
ancêtres (après lui) ne feront pas
autrement, et ils peuvent montrer leur
écu, avec douze brochets blancs dessus.

Shal. Ça c'est un bel écu !

Evans. (belge) Je veux ! Ça : douze
crochets blancs sur le cul ! Ça ça a de
l'allure ; des morues salées, je ne dis pas
mais des crochets blancs. Sur le cul :
c'est un signe d'amour

Shal. Oui. (pause) Le bbrochet est
un poisson d'eau douce, la morue est...

Evans. Salée, une fois. Très salée.

Shal. Oui.

Slen. Je pourrais vous en croquer un
quartier, mon cher cousin

Shal. Vous le pourriez ; en vous
mariant.

Evans. Ce serait épouvantable qu'il
vous le coupe en quatre, le cul.

Shal. Pas du tout

Euan. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple coniectures; but that is all one: if Sir Iohn Falstaffe haue committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonements and compromises betweene you

Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot

Euan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your vizaments in that

Shal. Ha; o' my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it

Euans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot discretions with it. There is Anna Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity

Evans. Par tous les Saints du Paradis ; bien sûr que si. Il ne vous en resterait plus que trois quartiers, si je compterais bien . Une fois. Mais enfin bon. Si Sir John Falstaff vous a commis des desagregations, je suis homme d'Eglise, et je serais très content de servir ma b n volence pour faire des r conciliations et des compromises entre vous.

Shal. Je me porterai devant le Conseil. Il s'agit d'une agression, d'une  chauffour e.

Evans. Ah non non non, le Concile ne re oit pas les chats fourr s. N'est-ce pas. Il n'y a pas d'offense de Dieu dans une  chafour e . Le Concile, voyez-vous, juge les offenses de Dieu, une fois, mais pas les chats fourr s. Tenez votre verdict pour certain.

Shal. Ha ; par ma vie ; si j' tais jeune encore, je r glerais  a   coups d' p e.

Evans. C'est s r que pour des amis, le mieux ce sont l' p e.  a met une fin   tout hein ; j'ai une autre bricole dans mon chou qui pourrait bien aventureusement donner de grands discernements. Oui. Il y a Anna Page, la fille de Master George Page, son p re, n'est-ce pas, qui est une si bien jolie petite virginity –s'pas

Slén. Mistris Anna Page? she has browne haire, and speakes small like a woman

Euan. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as iust as you will desire, and seuen hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-sire vpon his deathsbed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull resurrections) giue, when she is able to ouertake seuentene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master Abraham, and Mistris Anna Page

Slén. Did her Grand-sire leaue her seauen hundred pound?

Euan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny

Slén. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts

Euan. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest Mr Page: is Falstaffe there?

Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lyer, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir Iohn is there, and I besech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore

Slén. Mistress Anna Page ? Avec des cheveux châains, et une voix légère comme une dame, non ?

Evans. A tous les égards c'est cette personne-là précisément comme vous voudrez., avec des sommes de sept cents livres en Or, en Argent, que son grand'père sur son lit de mort (que le Tout-Puissant lui accorde de joyeuses résurrections !) lui a données pour quand elle aura eu dix-sept ans d'âge, une fois. Ça pourrait faire une bonne ambition, que nous laisserions les chicanes et les chamailles, là tout de suite, pour arranger un mariage de Master Abraham Slender que voici là et de Mistress Anna Page.

Slén. Son grand'père lui a légué sept cent livres ?

Evans. Ouaïe, et son père en a encore plus dans la besace.

Shal. Je connais la damoiselle, elle a des dons remarquables.

Evans. Ouaïe.Sept cents livres, et la besace, ça est des dons qu'on remarque.

Shal. Bien, allons voir le brave Master Page. Falstaff est-il là-bas ?

Evans. Est-ce que je vous mentirais ? Je méprise le menteur, comme je méprise le falsificateur, ou comme je méprise le parjure, si vous

for Mr. Page. What ho? Got-please
your house heere

Mr. Page. Who's there?

Euan. Here is go't's plesing and your
friend, and Iustice Shallow, and heere
yong Master Slender: that
peradventures shall tell you another
tale, if matters grow to your likings

Mr. Page. I am glad to see your
Worships well: I thanke you for my
Venison Master Shallow

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see
you: much good doe it your good heart:
I wish'd your Venison better, it
was ill killd: how doth good Mistresse
Page? and I thank you alwaies with my
heart, la: with my heart

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no
I doe

voulez, n'est-ce pas une fois. Oui, le
Chevalier, Sir John, est bien là, et je
vous le dis, suivez les conciliations de
ceux qui vous veulent le bien. Je vais
toquer la porte et héler Master Page. (*il
frappe à la porte*) Hou hou ! Dieu
bénisse céans votre maison.

Mr. Page. Qui est là ?

Evans. C'est le ministre de Dieu et
qui est votre ami, et le Juge de Paix
Shallow, et voici le jeune Master
Slender, (*aside*) qui d'occasion vous en
dira tant, que ça vous plaira si ça vous
plaira, une fois.

Mr. Page. (*il entre*) Je me réjouis de
voir vos seigneuries en si belle santé ; je
vous remercie pour le gibier, Master
Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, comme je suis ravi
de vous voir. Grand bien en ait votre
cœur. J'aurais préféré un meilleur
gibier : il n'a pas été tué comme il faut.
Comment se porte l'excellente
Mistress Page ? et je vous remercie de
fond de mon cœur, oui du fond de mon
cœur.

Mr. Page. Merci à vous, monsieur.

Shal. Non non, monsieur, c'est moi
qui vous remercie, en vérité, je vous le
dis, c'est moi.

M.Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was outrun on Costwold.

Mr.Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge

M.Pa. A Cur, Sir

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir Iohn Falstaffe heere?

M.Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office betweene you

Euan. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master Page.)

M.Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (M[aster]. Page?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed

Mr.Page. Je suis heureux de vous voir, mon bon Master Slender.

Slen. Comment va votre lévrier, Le fauve ? J'ai entendu dire qu'il avait été distancé à la course de Costwold ?

Mr.Page. Ça n'a pas été tranché. Monsieur.

Slen. Ah ah ! Vous refusez de le reconnaître ! Vous refusez de le reconnaître.

Shal. Il n'y a rien à reconnaître vous vous égarez, vous vous égarez (*à Page*) c'est un bon chien.

M.Page. Bâtard.

Shal. Monsieur, c'est un bon chien, un chien loyal, est-ce qu'on peut dire mieux ? Bon, et loyal. Oui. Est-ce que Sir John Falstaff est chez vous ?

M.Page. Monsieur, il est à l'intérieur, et j'aimerais beaucoup vous réconcilier.

Evans. Ça est parler comme les Chrétiens bons ils doivent parler.

Shal. Il m'a fait du tort, Master page.

M.Page. Dans un certain sens il l'a reconnu.

Shal. Reconnu oui, réparé non .N'est-ce pas Master Page ? Il m'a fait du tort, oui, du tort il m'a fait,

he hath, at a word he hath: beleue me,
Robert Shallow Esquire, saith
he is wronged

Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir Iohn

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll
complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my
men, kill'd my deere, and broke open
my Lodge

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keepers
daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd

Fal. I will answer it strait, I haue
done all this: That is now answer'd

Shal. The Councill shall know this

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were
known in councill you'll be laugh'd at

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir Iohn) good
words

c'est le mot juste ; croyez moi, Robert
Shallow, esquire,

Sen. Aicuiiffier.

Shal. Je vous dis qu'il m'a fait du tort.

M.Page. Voici venir Sir John.
(*enter Faltaff, Pistol, Bardolph et Nim*)

Fal. Alors, Master Shallow, vous allez
vous plaindre de moi, auprès du Roi ?

Shal. Chevalier vous avez rossé mes
gens, tué mon daim, et enfoncé mon
pavillon de chasse.

Fal. Bien, mais sans baiser la fille de
votre garde-chasse ?

Shal. Ah ! Fi donc, pas de
rodomontades . Vous en répondrez

Fal. Je vous vais répondre tout de
suite : j'ai fait tout ça. Ç'est fait j'en ai
répondu.

Shal. La Cour de la Chambre haute
en aura à connaître.

Fal. Le mieux pour vous serait que
nul n'en ait à connaître. C'est vous qui
vous serez chambré, mon garçon,

Evans. Pauca verba. Sir John. Il a dit
des vertueuses choses. Une fois.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge;
Slender, I broke your head: what
matter haue you against me?

Slen. Marry sir, I haue matter in my
head against you, and against your
cony-catching Rascalls, Bardolf, Nym,
and Pistoll

Bar. You Banbery Cheese

Slen. I, it is no matter

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. I, it is no matter

Nym. Slice, I say; pauca, pauca: Slice,
that's my humor

Slen. Where's Simple my man? can
you tell, Cosen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs
vnderstand: there is three Vmpires in
this matter, as I vnderstand; that is,
Master Page (fidelicet Master Page,) &
there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and
the three party is (lastly, and finally)
mine Host of the Garter

Fal. (*Belge*)Vertu-choux, deux fois.
Slender ! je vous ouvrirais bien la
tête pour le savoir : qu'avez-vous contre
moi ?

Slen. Vraiment, eh bien dedans ma
tête, il y en a, contre vous, et contre vos
crapules de braconniers : Bardolf, Nim
et Pistoll.

Bar. Tranche de cheddar.

Slen. Je suis mort de peur.

Pist. De quoi de quoi, petit
Mephistophelès ?

Slen. Mort de peur.

Nim. Tranche, oui, menu, menu,
tranchons le cheddar menu-menu, c'est
là ma fantaisie(e).

Slen. Où est Simple, mon valet, dites-
moi mon cher cousin ?

Evans. Paix, paix vous tous ; voyons
ici voir voyons ici comprendre, une fois.
Il y en a trois arbitres, si je
comprendrais bien : et ceux –ci qui
sont Master Page (cy bien nommé
Master Page) et aussi moi-même
personnellement (cy bien nommé moi-
même, n'est-ce pas) et la tierce (par
prime et ultième partie) le tenancier de
mon auberge où je réside, j'ai nommé
l'aubergiste de l'Auberge de la
Jarretièrre. Voyez-vous.

Ma.Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them

Euan. Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can

Fal. Pistoll

Pist. He heares with eares

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phrase is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations

Fal. Pistoll, did you picke M[aster]. Slenders purse?

Slen. I, by these gloues did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seauen groates in mill-sixpences, and two Edward Shouelboards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of Yead Miller: by these gloues

Fal. Is this true, Pistoll?

Euan. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse

Pist. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir Iohn, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy labras here; word of denial; froth, and scum thou liest

M.Page. Nous sommes trois pour entendre et achever cette dispute.

Evans. Perfection. Je vais prendre des griffes sur mon calepin de notation, et par après nous réfléchirons la cause, n'est-ce pas, point-à-point, avec autant d'entendement que nous pourrons.

Fal. Pistol.

Pist. Il écoute, puisqu'il a des oreilles.

Evans. Godverdom ! Il en fait ds manières, « il écoute pusiqu'il a des oreilles » !

Fal. Pistol, as-tu dérobé la bourse de Master Slender ?

Slen. Je le jure, sur les gants que voici, il m'a volé ; que je ne remette plus jamais les pieds dans la grande mesure qui est la mienne si je mens, il m'a volé sept fois quatre penny en pièces de six pences, et deux jetons à l'effigie d'Edouard, que j'avais payés deux pence chacuns à Doudou Miller ; sur mes gants !

Fal. Est-ce bien cela, Pistol ?

Evans. Non ce n'est pas bien, une fois, c'est du vol à la tire.

Pist. Ha, barbare du plat pays. Sir John, mon suzerain
Un défi je lance : à ton Tolède de fer blanc : Dénie, je veux un déni de tes lévrasses, ici maintenant.
Tu baves, tu craches et tu mens

Slen. By these gloues, then 'twas he

Nym. Be auis'd sir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an asse

Fal. What say you Scarlet, and Iohn?

Bar. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his fiue sentences

Eu. It is his fiue sences: fie, what the ignorance is

Bar. And being fap, sir, was (as they say) casheerd: and so conclusions past the Careires

Slen. I, you spake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunk whilst I liue againe, but in honest, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with those that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues

Euan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde

Slen. Sur ces gants, c'était bien lui.

Nim. Atttention, monsieur, pas de fantaisie(e)s. Je vais faire pif paf pouf, s'il vous prend la méchante fantaisie(e) de vouloir me cueillir – tenez-vous le pour dit.

Slen. Sur mon chapeau, alors c'était celui-là (*il montre Bardolf*) avec sa face barbouillée de vin. J'ai beau pas bien me rappeler, parce que vous m'aviez saoulé, je ne suis quand même pas un abruti complet.

Fal. Qu'en disent Petit-Jean et Will Scarlet, les amis de Robin des bois ?

Bar. J'en dis, pour ce qui me concerne, que ce gentilhomme avait tant bu qu'il a perdu son sens.

Evans. Ses sens, ses cinq sens ; mais comment est-ce qu'on peut parler aussi mal !

Bar. Et comme monsieur était bourré, monsieur est parti de travers. Le reste a suivi.

Slen. Euh oui. Et vous avez parlé grec en latin, aussi. Bon ça ne fait rien. Sauf qu'après ce coup-là je ne boirai plus jamais le restant de mes jours, qu'avec des gens honnêtes, civils et pieux, Je ne boirai plus qu'avec des gens qui craignent le Seigneur, et pas des voyous d'ivrognes.

Evans. Godverdom ! Ça est une résolution qui est vertueuse.

Fal. You heare all these matters
deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it

Fal. Vous entendez, gentlemen, déni
sur tous les points, l'affaire est
entendue.

*(entre Mrs Ford, Mrs Page et Anna
portant du vin)*

Mr. Page. Nay daughter, carry the
wine in, wee'll drinke within

Mr. Page. Non, ma fille, remporte le
vin, nous boirons à l'intérieur.

(Anna sort)

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Mistresse
Anne Page

Slen. Oh. Par le Ciel. J'ai cru voir
mademoiselle Anna Page.

Mr. Page. How now Mistris Ford?

Mr. Page. Quelles nouvelles, Mistress
Ford ?

Fal. Mistris Ford, by my troth you are
very wel met: by your leaue good
Mistris

Fal. Par ma foi, Mistress Ford, voici
une bien belle rencontre, avec votre
permission, bonne dame. *(il l'embrasse)*

Mr. Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen
welcome: come,
we haue a hot Venison pasty to dinner;
Come gentlemen, I hope we shall
drinke downe all vnkindnesse

Mr. Page. Ma femme, souhaitez la
bienvenue à tous ces messieurs,. Nous
avons un pâté de gibier bien chaud
pour le déjeuner, et nous boirons
jusqu'à noyer toutes les rancoeurs.
(exeunt hors Slender)

Slen. I had rather then forty shillings
I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets
heere: How now Simple, where haue
you beene? I must wait on my selfe,
must I? you haue not the booke of
Riddles about you, haue you?

Slen. Eh bien je donnerais bien
quarante shillings pour avoir mon
recueil de poésie et de chants d'amour.

(entre Simple)

(Slen.) Alors, Simple, où étais-tu
passé ? C'est moi le valet ? Peut-être?
Tu dois avoir le grand livre des mots
d'esprit. Donne le moi.

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to Alice Short-cake vpon Alhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir Hugh here: doe you vnderstand me?

Slen. I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if oi be so, I shall doe that that is reason

Shal. Nay, but vnderstand me

Slen. So I doe Sir

Euan. Giue eare to his motions; (Mr. Slender) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen Shallow saies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iustice of Peace in his Countrie simple though I stand here

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

Sim. Le livre des esprits ? Vous l'avez prêté à Alice Déjeuner-Deweirdt à la Toussaint, quinze jours avant Pâques.

(Entrent Shallow et Evans)

Shal. Approchez, cher neveu, approchez, on vous attend.. *(il le prend à part)* Que je vous dise un mot. Bon sang, mon neveu,.Il y a, disons, comme une offre, d'une certaine manière, de messire Hugh Page, ici-présent. Est-ce que vous comprenez ce que je vous dis ?

Slen. Oui, monsieur, vous allez voir que je suis correct, et que si c'est comme ça, je fais dans le raisonnable.

Shal. Mais non, tachez de comprendre.

Slen. C'est ce que je fais , monsieur.

Evans. Bien ! Oyez ses motivations, monsieur Slender, je vais vous décrire l'affaire à vous, si vous en êtes apte.

Slen. Ah non, Je ferai ce que me dira mon oncle Shallow. Permettez, mais je vous demande pardon, il est Juge de Paix de ce Comté.

Evans. Mais ça n'a rien à voir, n'est-ce pas, ce que ça a à voir, c'est votre mariage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir

Eu. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi[stis]. An Page

Slen. Why if it be so; I will marry her vpon any reasonable demands

Eu. But can you affection the 'oman, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore precisely, ca[n] you carry your good wil to y maid?

Sh. Cosen Abraham Slender, can you loue her?

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

Eu. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake possitable, if you can carry-her your desires towards her

Shal. That you must: Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your request (Cosen) in any reason

Shal. Eh oui, mon ami, c'est précisément cela.

Evans. Par tous les Saints du Paradis, cela est précisément cela, à mademoiselle Anna Page.

Slen. Ah si c'est ça, j'accepterai sous certaines conditions, raisonnablement.

Evans. Mais savez-vous vous affectionner de cette personne ? Demandons à votre bouche qu'elle nous sache cela, ou à vos lèvres, puisque selon certainetés philosophiques les lèvres sont constitution de la bouche, voyez. Conséquemment, êtes vous en mesure (*bises dans le vide*) d'apporter du désir à la demoiselle ?

Shal. Neveu Abraham Slender, saurez-vous l'aimer ?

Slen. Je l'espère, Monsieur, j'agirai de telle sorte que tout sera fait raisonnablement..

Evans. Non ! Par toutes les cucurbitacées de la Création, il faut parler sans circonvoludévolutions et nous dire si vous êtes capable de lui montrer de toutes vos ardeurs.

Shal. Exactement. Voyons : est-ce que vous voulez, (moyennant une grosse dot) l'épouser ?

Slen. J'en ferai plus encore, si vous me demandez, mon oncle, raisonnablement.

Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee,
(sweet Coz): What I doe is to pleasure
you (Coz:) can you loue the
maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your
request; but if there bee no great loue
in the beginning, yet Heauen may
decrease it vpon better acquaintance,
when wee are married, and haue more
occasion to know one another: I hope
vpon familiarity will grow more
content: but if you say mary-her, I will
mary-her, that I am freely
dissolued, and dissolutely

Eu. It is a fery discretion-answer;
saué the fall is in the 'ord, dissolutely:
the ort is (according to our meaning)
resolutely: his meaning is good

Sh. I: I thinke my Cosen meant well

Slen. I, or else I would I might be
hang'd (la.)

Sh. Here comes faire Mistris Anne;
would I were yong for your sake,
Mistris Anne

Shal. Mettez-vous à ma place, mon
doux neveu, mettez-vous à ma place :
tout ce que je souhaite est votre
bonheur. Abraham êtes-vous capable
d'aimer la demoiselle ?

Slen. Je l'épouserai, monsieur mon
oncle, à votre demande. Mais s'il n'y a
pas grand amour dans les
commencements, eh bien, grâce au
Ciel, cela décroîtra au fur et mesure que
grandira la fréquentation, et une fois
mariés, nus connaissant mieux nous
connaîtrons un plus grand mépris l'un
de l'autre, mais si vous me dîtes
épousez la, je l'épouserai, j'y suis
dissolument dissolu..

Evans. C'est un grand discernement
de réponse. A part le dissolument
dissolu, qui n'est l'exactitude même,
c'est résolument résolu, ou résolu
résolument, dans le sens ou nous
l'entendons qui est la bonne
signifiante. Une fois.

Shal. C'était l'intention de mon
neveu.

Slen. Ouais, ou alors que je sois
pendu, ouais.

(entre Anna Page)

Shal. Ah voici venir la belle Mistress
Anna ; ah ! que n'ai-je encore mes vingt
ans, pour l'amour de vous, Mistress
Anna.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your worships company

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Mistris Anne.)

Eu. Od's plessed-wil: I wil not be abse[n]ce at the grace

An. Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forsooth, hartely; I am very well

An. The dinner attends you, Sir

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my Cosen Shallow: a Iustice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne

An. I may not goe in without your worship: they will not sit till you come

Sl. I' faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did

An. Le repas est sur la table ; mon père espère la présence de vos seigneuries.

Sh. Je suis tout à son service, belle demoiselle Anna.

Evans. Godverdom ! Je ne voudrais pas que je rate le benedicite.

(exeunt Shallow et Evans)

An. Plaira-t-il à votre Seigneurie d'entrer ? Monsieur ?

Sl. Non, je vous remercie, véritablement, de tout cœur ; je suis très bien ainsi.

An. Le déjeuner vous attend, monsieur.

Sl. Je vous remercie, je ne suis pas affamé, en fait. *(à Simple)* Va, bélière, bien que tu sois mon valet, va servir à table mon oncle Shallow. *(exit Simple)* Un juge de paix pourrait bien être mon obligé si je lui rends le service de mon valet. Je n'ai encore que trois valets, voyez-vous, et un page, en attendant la mort de ma mère ; peu importe si je vis pour l'instant comme un gentilhomme sans réelle aisance.

An. Je ne suis pas autorisée à rentrer sans votre Seigneurie ; ils ne commenceront pas sans vous.

Sl. Par ma foi, je ne prendrai rien, je vous remercie, comme si c'était fait.

An. I pray you Sir walke in

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my shin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three veneyes for a dish of stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of

Sl. I loue the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell at it, as any man in England: you are afraid if you see the Beare loose, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue seene Saskerson loose, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue so cride and shrekt at it, that it past: But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things

Ma.Pa. Come, gentle M[aster]. Slender, come; we stay for you

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir

An. Je vous en prie, allez, monsieur, venez.

Sl. Je préfère aller et venir ici-là, je vous remercie. Je me suis broyé le tibia l'autre jour, en tirant avec un maître d'armes à l'épée et au poignard – trois passes pour un plat de bricoles – et par ma foi, je ne supporte plus depuis lors l'odeur de la viande chaude. Qu'est-ce qu'ils ont à aboyer, vos chiens ? Y a des ours en ville ?

An. Je crois que oui, monsieur. Je l'ai entendu dire.

Sl. Je raffole de ce genre de spectacle, et j'y vais aussi pour la bagarre, , comme tous les hommes en Angleterre. Ça vous fait peur quand on lâche l'ours, non ?

An. Si, Ah oui, monsieur.

Sl. Moi, j'en suis raide dingue, maintenant. J'ai vu plus de vingt fois l'ours Sackerson lâché en liberté ; et je l'ai attrapé par sa chaîne ; je ne vous dis pas comment les femmes criaient et hurlaient ; incroyable. En fait les femmes les ont en horreur ; ce sont des bêtes, méchantes et vilaines

(entre M. Page)

Mr Page. Venez, cher Master Slender, venez donc, nous vous attendons.

Sl. Je ne veux rien manger, Je vous remercie, monsieur.

Ma.Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir: come, come

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way

Ma.Pa. Come on, Sir

Sl. Mistris Anne: your selfe shall goe first

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on

Sl. Truly I will not goe first: truly-la: I will not doe you that wrong

An. I pray you Sir

Sl. Ile rather be vnmanly, then troublesome: you doe your selfe wrong indeede-la.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Eu. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor Caius house, which is the way; and there dwels one Mistris Quickly; which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer

M.Page. Ventrebleu, vous n'avez pas le choix, mon ami, entrez, entrez..

Sl. Non, après vous.

M.Page. Ta, allez, monsieur.

Sl. Mistress Anna :vous passez la première.

An. Non, monsieur, je n'en ferai rien.

Sl. Ah sis si si, je ne passerai pas le premier ; je ne vous ferai pas cette sauvagerie.

An. Je vous en prie.

Sl. Bon, je préfère être sauvageon plutôt que troublion ; vous m'y forcez, pour dire le vrai.

(ils sortent, Slender devant)

Scène 2

Entrent Evans et Simple

Evans. Allez, suivez votre chemin et demandez le à la maison du Docteur Caius ; c'est là qu'est établie une certaine Mistress Quickly, qui d'une certaine façon, pour ainsi dire est n'est-ce pas sa bonne, ou alors sa nounou, ou sa cuisinière, ou sa lessiveuse, si vous

voulez, blanchisseuse, ou alors son
essoreuse, voilà.

Si. Well Sir

Eu. Nay, it is petter yet: giue her this
letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether
acquainta[n]ce with Mistris Anne
Page; and the Letter is to desire, and
require her to sollicite
your Masters desires, to Mistris Anne
Page: I pray you be gon: I will make an
end of my dinner; ther's Pippins and
Cheese to come.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym,
Pistoll, Page.*

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter?

Ho. What saies my Bully Rooke?
speake schollerly, and wisely

S. Bien, monsieur.

Evans. Non !Il y a mieux une fois.
Vous lui donnerez cettre lettre, parce
qu'elle ensemble accointée avec
Mistress Anna Page. Et cette lettre est
pour désirer et requérer d'elle qu'elle
sollicite les désirs de votre maître pour
Mistress Anna Page. Voyez-vous. Je
vous en prie allez.

(Exit Simple)

Je vais me faire une apothéose à mon
repas : il y a des renettes et surtout, par
dessus tout, du fromage. Fromkaise.

(il se frotte les mains, et sort)

Scène 3

L'auberge de la Jarretière

*Entre Falstaff, L'Hôte de la
Jarretière, Bardolf, Nim, Pistol et Mr
Page*

Fal. Monsieur mon hôte de l'auberge
de la Jarretière .

Ho. Eh bien mon gracieux filou,
qu'allez-vous dire ? Parlez doctement,
et sagement.

Fal. Truely mine Host; I must turne
away some of my followers

Ho. Discard, (bully Hercules)
casheere; let them wag; trot, trot

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (Cesar,
Keiser and Pheazar) I will entertaine
Bardolfe: he shall draw; he shall tap;
said I well (bully Hector?)

Fa. Doe so (good mine Host.)

Ho. I haue spoke; let him follow; let
me see thee froth, and liue: I am at a
word: follow

Fal. Bardolfe, follow him: a Tapster is
a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a
new Ierkin: a wither'd Seruingman, a
fresh Tapster: goe, adew

Ba. It is a life that I haue desir'd: I will
thriue

Pist. O base hungarian wight: wilt y
the spigot wield

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the
humor co[n]ceited?

Fal. Pour dire le vrai monsieur mon
aubergiste, je dois renvoyer une partie
de ma suite.

Ho. Congédie, gracieux Hercule,
licencie, Qu'ils dégagent, au trot, au
trot.

Fal. J'en suis à une dix livres par
semaine. Une brique.

Ho. Tu es un véritable empereur
–Jules César, le Kaizer, le Grand Vizir-
J'engage Bardolf au bar : il mettra en
perce et tirera la bière. Ai-je bien dit,
gracieux Hector ?

Fal. Si fait, mon délicieux aubergiste.

Ho. J'ai dit, qu'il me suive. Que je te
vois au faux-col et à la lime. Je dis ce
que je dis.

Il sort

Fal. Emboîte-lui le pas, Bardolf.
Sommeleir c'est un bon métier, vieux
pourpoint jaquette neuve, serviteur
défraichi jeune sommeleir ; va ; adieu

Ba. La vie dont j'ai toujours rêvée ; je
vais faire merveille. Je le devine

Il sort

Pist. O ! Va bougre d'attardé, manier
ton robinet.

Ni. Devin, il fut conçu entre deux
vins ; n'est-ce pas tourné avec
élégance(eu) ?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this
Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open:
his filching was like an vnskilfull
Singer, he kept not time

Ni. The good humor is to steale at a
minutes rest

Pist. Conuay: the wise it call: Steale?
foh: a fico for the phrase

Fal. Well sirs, I am almost out at
heeles

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue

Fal. There is no remedy: I must
conicatch, I must shift

Pist. Yong Rauens must haue foode

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this
Towne?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of
substance good

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you
what I am about

Pist. Two yards, and more

Fal. Oh ! Je suis content de m'être
débarassé de ce tonneau de poudre ; ses
filouteries étaient trop grossières ; sans
mesure dans le larcin, sans mesure
comme les mauvais chanteurs.

Ni. La véritable élégance(eu) c'est de
voler l'air de rien..

Pist. S'envoler, voilà qui est plus
sagement dit ; voler, foutre, est par trop
grossier.

Fal. Eh bien, messieurs, j'irai bientôt
pieds nus.

Pist. Alors, bienvenues les engelures.

Fal. C'est sans remède ; je suis
condamné braconnage et à
l'entourloupe.

Pist. Laissez venir à moi les petits
oiseaux ; je les nourrirai.

Fal. Lequel d'entre vous connaît un
certain Ford dans cette bonne ville de
Windsor ?

Pist. Je connais le particulier, il est de
grande opulence, oui, de grande
opulence.

Fal. Honnêtes garçons, je vous
annonce des mesures de grande taille.

Pist. Deux bons mètres.

Fal. No quips now Pistoll:two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make loue to Fords wife: I spie entertainment in her: shee discourses: shee carues: she giues the leere of inuitation: I can construe the action of her familier stile, & the hardest voice of her behauior (to be english'd rightly) is, I am Sir Iohn Falstafs

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

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse: he hath a legend of Angels

Pist. As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy say I

Ni. The humor rises: it is good: humor me the angels

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here another to Pages wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes too; examind my parts with most

Fal. Trêve de plaisanterie Pistoll (En vérité deux mètres c'est la taille de mon tour de panse, je pense, mais il ne s'agit pas de mesures de dépense, mais d'économie)en quelques mots, j'entends faire la cour à l'épouse de monsieur Ford J'ai pu deviner ses encouragements : elle babille, elle laisse entendre, elle insinue toutes les marques de l'invitation. Je sais le lexique et la syntaxe de ses aimables manières, et traduite en bon anglais, la proposition la plus délicate de ses façons donne ceci : je suis toute à vous Sir John Falstaff.

Pist. Il a sondé les désirs de la dame, il a en a fait une traduction pénétrante, sans manière, en bon anglais.

Nym. Ancrée profond.
Facétieueueux,non ?

Fal. Eh bien , le bruit court, que c'est elle qui tient les lacets de la bourse de son mari qui a des légions de petits anges d'or.

Pist. Autant de petits démons de tentation, n'est-ce pas ? Aussi je dis : Sus, sus à la dame, mon garçon.

Nym. Facétieueueux, de plus facétieueueux mes petits anges d'or.

Fal. Je me lui ai écrit une lettre , ainsi qu'une autre pour l'épouse de Page., qui elle aussi m'a fait les yeux doux ; me gâtant d'œillades expertes

iudicious illiads: sometimes the beame
of her view, guilded my foote:
sometimes my portly belly

Pist. Then did the Sun on dung-hill
shine

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour

Fal. O she did so course o're my
exteriors with such a greedy intention,
that the appetite of her eye, did seeme
to scorch me vp like a burning-glasse:
here's another letter to her: She beares
the Purse too: She is a Region in
Guiana: all gold, and bountie: I will be
Cheaters to them both, and they shall
be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my
East and West Indies, and I will trade
to them both: Goe, beare thou this
Letter to Mistris Page; and thou this to
Mistris Ford: we will thriue (Lads) we
will thriue

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy
become, And by my side weare Steele?
then Lucifer take all

Ni. I will run no base humor: here
take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the
hauior of reputation

Ses regards brûlants se portaient tantôt
sur l'élégance de mon pied, tantôt sur la
majesté de ma taille.

Pist. Comme le soleil brillant sur un
tas de bouses de vache.

Nym. Je te remercie pour cette
facétie.

Fal. O elle a détaillé ma personne avec
une telle gloutonnerie, une telle
voracité dans le regard, qu'il me
semblait qu'elle me rôissait sous ses
feux ardents qu'elle concentrait sur moi
comme au travers d'une lentille. Voici
une autre lettre pour elle. Elle tient
aussi les lacets de la bourse. De Page.
C'est la Guyane, débordant d'or et
d'opulence. Je serai leurs ministres des
fiances, à toutes deux, et toutes deux
seront mes trésors. Elles seront mes
Indes orientales et mes Indes
occidentales, et je leur ferai commerce à
toutes deux. Va, porte cette lettre à Mrs
Page, et toi celle -ci à Mrs Ford. Nous
allons faire fortune, mes amis, nous
allons faire fortune.

Pist. Que je fasse l'entremetteur, que
je sois Pandarus de Troie ? Alors que je
porte l'épée. Que le diable m'emporte !

Nym. Je ne me prêterai pas à des
facéties de bas-étage. Voici, reprenez
votre facétie(euse) épistole. J'ai ma
réputation à soutenir.

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you these
Letters titetly,
Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden
shores.
Rogues, hence, auaunt, vanish like
haile-stones; goe,
Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe: seeke
shelter, packe:
Falstaffe will learne the honor of the
age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my selfe,
and skirted Page

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for
gourd, and Fullam holds: & high and
low beguiles the rich & poore,
Tester ile haue in pouch when thou
shalt lacke, Base Phrygian Turke

Ni. I haue operations, Which be
humors of reuenge

Pist. Wilt thou reuenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star

Pist. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, I:I will
discusse the humour of this Loue to
Ford

Fal. (*à Robin*)
Prends ça, hisse les voiles, porte ces
lettres, sois ma caravelle qui cingle vers
mes Eldorado.
(*aux deux autres*)
Crapules, décanillez, dégagez, évaporez,
disparaissez comme fondent les grélons,
allez
Marchez, un pied devant l'autre, au
trot, cherchez-vous une autre écurie,
hue donc
Falstaff va se faire aux facéties de son
temps
Je serai radin comme un Français, vous
n'êtes que des voyoux des rues, j'irai
seul, avec mon page, en manteau.

Exeunt Falstaff et Robin

Pist. Que les vautours te bouffe les
tripes. Je te le dis les dés truqués,
exhaussent et abaissent aussi bien le
Pauvre que le Riche. Les doublons d'or
iront dans mon escarcelle, et toi tu
n'auras rien, Turc de Phrygie de bas
étage.

Nym. J'ai des plans dans la tête de
facétie (eu) de vengeance.

Pist. Vous voulez vous vengez ?

Nym. Par la voûte étoilée, et par
Sirius, deux fois oui.

Pist. Par le fer ou par l'esprit ?

Nym. Les deux, par facétie (eu).
Oui. Je vais entretenir Mr. Ford de ces
facétie (eu) amoureuses.

Pist. And I to Page shall eke vnfold
How Falstaffe (varlet vile)
His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile

Ni. My humour shall not coole: I will
incense Ford to deale with poyson: I
will possesse him with yallownesse, for
the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is
my true humour

Pist. Thou art the Mars of
Malecontents: I second thee: troope
on.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

*Enter Mistris Quickly, Simple, Iohn
Rugby, Doctor, Caius, Fenton.*

Qu. What, Iohn Rugby, I pray thee
goe to the Casement, and see if you can
see my Master, Master Docter Caius
comming: if he doe (I' faith) and finde
any body in the house; here will be an
old abusing of Gods patience, and the
Kings English

Pist. Et j'irai tout comme autant que
vous expliquer à Mr. Page comment
Falstaff – misérable parmi les
misérables-
Entend tenter sa belle, tâter de son or
Et gâter ses draps.si confortables.

Nym. J'ai la bile échauffée, nom d'un
pétard, je ne le laisserai pas refroidir ; je
vais pousser Ford à se servir du poison ;
je vais le rendre vert, vert de jalousie ;
parce que le ressentiment qui est le
mien est terriblement dangereux, oui
j'ai la bile qui chauffe..

Pist. Tu es le dieu Mars du
ressentiment. ; je te suis ; en avant
marche.

Ils sortent

Scène 4

Dans la maison du docteur Caius

*Entrent Mistress Quickly et
Simple*

Qu. Hé ho ! John Rugby !

Entre John Rugby

John Rugby, mon garçon, je te prie
d'aller à l'étage, de te poster à la fenêtre,
celle qui s'ouvre ; surveille voir si mon
maître, le docteur Caius vient par ici.

Parce que s'il trouve quelqu'un à la maison et qu'il se met à parler, la patience du Bon Dieu et notre belle langue royale vont être mises à rude épreuve.

Ru. Ile goe watch

Ru. J'y vais, madame, faire le guet, madame.

Qu. Goe, and we'll haue a posset for't soone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as euer seruant shall come in house withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no bredebate:his worst fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is something peeuish that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that passe. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Qu. Va mon garçon, pour ta peine, ce soir tu auras un sabayon à la canelle pour déguster au coin du feu, je te le dis.

Exit Rugby

Un garçon, honnête, plein de bonne volonté, adorable, le meilleur des domestiques pour une maison, je vous le garantis, ni mouchard, ni mauvais coucheur ; son plus grand défaut c'est d'être trop porté sur la pri ère, ça le rend un peu fantasque ; mais personne n'est parfait, bon je passe. Peter Simple : alors c'est votre nom ?

Si. I: for fault of a better

Si. Ouais....Faute de mieux.

Qu. And Master Slender's your Master?

Qu. Et master Slender est votre maître.

Si. I forsooth

Si. Ouais....Master Slender.

Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers pairing-knife?

Qu. Il a une grande barbe, bien ronde, large comme le couteau à parer d'un gantier.

Si. No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Caine colourd Beard

Si. Ouais...Non, il a en fait une petite figure, avec une petite barbe rousse, comme celle de Caïn.

Qu. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Qu. Un homme placide. Non ?

Si. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener

Qu. How say you: oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold vp his head (as it were?) and strut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he

Qu. Well, heauen send Anne Page, no worse fortune: Tell Master Parson Euans, I will doe what I can for your Master: Anne is a good girle, and I wish

-

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Master

Qu. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Closset: he will not stay long: what Iohn Rugby? Iohn: what Iohn I say? goe Iohn, goe enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: (and downe, downe, adowne'a. &c

Ca. Vat is you sing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Closset, vnboyteere verd; a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake? a greene-a-Box

Si. Ouais...En fait il est aussi teigneux que n'importe qui dans le coin : il s'est battu avec le gardien des lapins, à la garenne.

Qu. Oh là oui, oh là oui. Je vois qui c'est ; il relève le menton, comme ça, et il piaffe quand il marche.

Si. Eh ah ouais...c'est lui.

Qu. Eh bien alors fasse le Ciel que notre Anna Page ne tombe pas sur encore pire. Dîtes au révérend Pojtewlesh que je ferai ce que je pourrai pour votre maître Slender. Anna est une gentille demoiselle et de tout mon cœur –

Entre Rugby

Ru. Au secours. Voici mon maître.
Il sort

Qu. On est fichus. Entre là, mon garçon, entre là, dépêche. Il ne va pas rester longtemps. (*change*) Eh bien Iohn Rugby ? Eh bien ? Iohn , Iohn, va voir Iohn, va voir si pon maître arrive, je crains qu'il ne lui soit arrivé quelque chose, Il n'est pas rentré. Iohn Iohn va voir(*elle chante et elle danse*) Tagada tagada tsoin tsoin. etc.

Ca. Qu'est-ce que c'est que cette chanson ? Je n'aime pas ces façons. S'il vous plaît, dans mon placard, me chercher ma boîte verte ; une verte boîte ; voyez-vous ? Une boîte verte verte.

Qu. I forsooth ile fetch it you:
I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if
he had found the yong man he would
haue bin horne-mad

Ca. Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for
ehando, Ie man voi a le Court la grand
affaires

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. Ouy mette le au mon pocket,
depeech quickly: Vere is dat knaue
Rugby?

Qu. What Iohn Rugby, Iohn?

Ru. Here Sir

Ca. You are Iohn Rugby, and you are
Iacke Rugby: Come, take-a-your
Rapier, and come after my heele to the
Court

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch

Ca. By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-
me: que ay ie oublie: dere is some
Simples in my Closset, dat I vill not for
the varld I shall leaue behinde

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man
there, & be mad

Ca. O Diable, Diable: vat is in my
Closset? Villanie, Laroone: Rugby, my
Rapier

Qu. Good Master be content

Ca. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Qu. Bien sûr j'y cours. Je suis
contente qu'il n'y aille pas lui-même ; il
aurait trouvé le jeune homme, il aurait
vu rouge. Encorné pour sûr.

Ca. Fi, fi, fi, fi, ma foi, il fait fort
chaud, je m'en vais voir à la Cour la
grande affaire.

Qu. C'est ceci, monsieur.

Ca. Ouïe. Mettez le dans mon petit
sac. Ouïe. Dépêche Quicly. Où il est
cette coquin de Rugby ?

Qu. Holà John Rugby, Joohn

Rug. Oui Monsieur.

Ca. John Rugby, Jean-Foutre, oui-da.
Allez, prenez notre épée, et me suivez
sur mon talon, jusqu'à la Cour.

Rug. Prête, monsieur, dans l'entrée.

Cai. Par ma foi, je me tarde trop ;
par Dieu, qu'ai-je oublié ? Si fait, des
simples, dans mon placard. Que je me
dois que ne jamais que je les oublie. Oui.

Qu. Fichtre, il va trouver le jeune
homme, ça va le rendre fou.

Cai. O diable, diable ; qu'est ce que
c'est que ça dans mon placard ? Gredin,
larron, gredin. Rugby ma flamberge.

Qu. Mon bon maître, calmez vous.

Cai. Et dans quel but je me calme ?

Qu. The yong man is an honest man

Qu. Ce jeune homme est l'honnéteté en personne.

Ca. What shall de honest man do in my Closset: dere is no honest man dat shall come in my Closset

Ca. Pourquoi l'honnéteté dans mon placard ? Il y a au moins aucun homme honnête qui peut être dans mon cabinet.

Qu. I beseech you be not so flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parson Hugh

Qu. Je vous en prie , ne vous échauffez pas la bile : voici les choses telles qu'elles sont en vérité . Il m'apporte un message du révérend Don Potjwlesh.

Ca. Vell

Ca. Ça alors.

Si. I forsooth: to desire her to -

Simp. Ouieuh. C'est pour demander à madame-

Qu. Peace, I pray you

Qu. (*à Simple*)Pchtt, s'il te plaît

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale

Cai. Vous, tenez votre langue avec vos doigts. (*à Simple*)Toi, déballe tes affaires.

Si. To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to Mistris Anne Page, for my Master in the way of Marriage

Simp. Pour demander à cette très honorable et très respectable et très honnête dame, votre servante, qu'elle dise un mot à Mistress Anna Page en faveur de mon Maître rapport à se marier.

Qu. This is all indeede-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not

Qu. Oui, c'est tout, vraiment. Mais, je n'irai pas mettre le doigt entre l'arbre et l'écorce. Non.

Ca. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, ballow mee some paper: tarry you a littell-a-while

Cai. Don Pot de pêches t'a missionné. . Rugby balle moi du papier. Toi, tu tardes un petit peu.

Qui. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin throughly moued, you should haue heard him so loud, and so melancholly: but notwithstanding man, Ile doe yoe your Master what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, y French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand

Qui. Are you auis'd o' that? you shall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your eare, I wold haue no words of it) my Master himselfe is in loue with Mistris Anne Page: but notwithstanding that I know Ans mind, that's neither heere nor there

Caius. You, Iack'Nape: giue-'a this Letter to Sir Hugh, by gar it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scuruy Iackanape Priest to meddle, or make:- you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by gar, he shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge

Qui. Alas: he speakes but for his friend

Qu. Je suis plutôt contente qu'il soit bien calme comme ça ; s'il s'était excité alors vous l'auriez entendu brailler, dans toute sa colèrancolie. Bon ! Quoiqu'il en soit je vous ferai pour votre maître, au mieux ; oui. En vérité, je vous le dis, mon maître le Docteur français, - je dis mon maître, voyez-vous, parce que je tiens sa maison et je lessive, j'essore, je brasse, je pétris, j'astique, je sers la viande et la boisson, je fais les lits, et tout moi-même.

Simp. (*a parte*) C'est beaucoup pour une seule main.

Qu. Ravie de l'entendre, c'est vraiment beaucoup de travail, se lever tôt, se coucher tard ; mais malgré tout (je vais vous le souffler dans le tuyau de l'oreille, et je n'en dirai pas plus) mon maître est amoureux de Mistress Anna Page, mais malgré cela, je sais bien je sais bien ce qu'Anna a en tête, - chut-sans commentaire.

Caius. Toi, macaque fais tenir cette lettre à Don Potjewlesh, testiguié, ceci est un défi ; je vais lui trancher la gorge dans le parc de Vinsort et lui apprendre à fourrer son museau où il ne doit pas ; va-t-en, il n'est pas bon que tu te tardes ; testiguié, je vais les lui couper, à ce macaque de prêtre, testiguié, qu'il ne lui en restera pas une à donner à manger à son dogue.

Qu. Aie aie aie il ne fait que parler pour son maître.

Caius. It is no matter 'a ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I shall haue Anne Page for my selfe? by gar, I vill kill de Iack-Priest: and I haue appointed mine Host of de Iarterer to measure our weapon: by gar, I wil my selfe haue Anne Page

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all shall bee well: We must giue folkes leaue to prate: what the goodier

Caius. Rugby, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I haue not Anne Page, I shall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles, Rugby

Qui. You shall haue An-fooles head of your owne: No, I know Ans mind for that: neuer a woman in Windsor knowes more of Ans minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen

Fenton. Who's with in there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, I troa? Come neere the house I pray you

Fen. How now (good woman) how dost thou?

Qui. The better that it pleases your good Worship to aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Mistris Anne?

Caius. Je m'en tape le coquillard. Ne me dites vous pas que Anna-Page sera à moi ? Testiguié. Je m'en vais te le massacrer le macaque de curé. J'ai dit que l'hôte de la Jarretelière fera la mesure de notre arme. Testiguié de testiguié j'aurai Anna à moi.

Qu. Sir, la damoiselle vous aime, tout est pour le mieux, et Jean aura sa Jeanette, il faut laisser les amoureux se parler, bon sang de bonsoir.

Caius. Rugby, tu me suis jusque la cour de Vinsort, oui. testiguié si je n'ai pas le succès avec Anna Page, je vous jette à la rue miss Quickly ; sur mes talons, Rugby.

(Exit avec Rugby)

Qu. C'est Anna qui va te mettre à la porte. Oui. Je connais le cœur de mistress Anna ; jamais aucune femme de *Vinsort* n'a connu aussi bien le cœur d'une demoiselle que je peux connaître le cœur d'Anna. Le ciel soit loué.

Fenton. Holà, qui donc est là ?

Qu. Qui donc que je crois ?
Approchez, approchez céans, je vous prie.

Enter Fenton

Fen. Or ça ! Ma bonne dame, comment te portes-tu ?

Qu. D'autant mieux que votre Seigneurerie prend la peine de me le demander

Fen. Quelles nouvelles ? Comment va la jolie Mistress Anna ?

Qui. In truth Sir, and shee is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heauen for it

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue: but notwithstanding (Master Fenton) Ile be sworne on a booke shee loues you: haue not your Worship a wart aboue your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Nan; (but (I detest) an honest maid as euer broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I shall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) shee is giuen too much to Allicholy and musing: but for you - well - goe too -

Fen. Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou seest her before me, commend me. -

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers

Qu. Pour dire le vrai, Sir, elle est jolie et vertueuse, et douce, et elle a de l'inclination pour vous, je vous le dis en passant, et j'en remercie le Ciel.

Fen. Ai-je quelque chance de réussir ? Dis-moi. Est-ce que je ne vais pas me faire éconduire ?

Qu. Par ma foi, Sir, tout est à la grâce de Dieu dans ce bas-monde. Malgré cela, ; Master Fenton, je jurerais sur des écritures qu'elle vous aime ; votre Seigneurerie n'a-t-elle pas une verrue au dessus de l'œil ?

Fen. Si fait ; alors ?

Qu. Ah, c'est toute une histoire ; eh oui, elle n'a pas sa pareille Nanetta et je vous le déteste aucune fille aussi vertueuse n'a jamais rompu le pain comme elle ; nous en avons parlé pendant une bonne heure de cette verrue ; je n'ai jamais autant ri ; il faut dire qu'elle est très portée à cette humeur que les médecins appellent l'alcoolie je crois, et qu'elle aime la rêverie. Mais pour ce qui est de vous , eh bien, j'en ai assez dit.

Fen. Bien, j'irai la voir aujourd'hui. Tiens, voici quelque récompense pour toi. Parle en ma faveur auprès d'elle fais -lui mon compliment si tu la vois avant moi.

Qu. Accepterai-je ? Ma foi nous consentons. J'en dirai plus à votre Seigneurerie sur la verrue et sur les

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now

Qui. Fare-well to your Worship: truly an honest Gentleman: but Anne loues him not: for I know Ans minde as well as another do's: out vpon't: what haue I forgot.

Enter.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Pistoll, Nim, Quickly, Host, Shallow.

Mist.Page. What, haue scap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subiect for them? let me see? *Aske me no reason why I loue you, for though Loue vse Reason for his precisian, hee admits him not for his Counsailour: you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's simpathe:*

autres soupirants, à notre prochain entretien

Fen. Bien, au-revoir, donc, je suis fort pressé.

Qu. Au –revoir, votre Seigneureire
(exit Fenton)
un bien honnête gentilhomme ; mais je connais le cœur de Nanetta mieux que personne : elle n'est pas amoureuse de lui. Bon sang de bon soir qu'est-ce que j'ai encore oublié ?

(elle sort)

Acte II, scène 1

Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Pistoll, Nim, Quickly, Host, Shallow

Mist Page. Eh bien, pendant les jours bénis et joyeux où ma beauté replendissait, j'ai échappé aux billets doux, et voici que maintenant je m'y trouve exposée. Hmm, voyons :
(elle lit)
Ne me daemandez pas la raison de mon amour pour vous, car, bien que l'Amour admette à sa cour la Raison comme chapelain, il ne l'accepte pas comme directeur de conscience ; vous n'êtes plus

you are merry, so am I: ha, ha, then there's more simpatie: you loue sacke, and so do I: would you desire better simpatie? Let it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least if the Loue of Souldier can suffice, that I loue thee: I will not say pittie mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase; but I say, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night: Or any kinde of light, with all his might, For thee to fight. Iohn Falstaffe.

What a Herod of Iurie is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To show himselfe a yong Gallant? What an vnwaied Behaiour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with The Deuills name) out of my conuersation, that he dares In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee:) why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men: how shall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be? as sure as his guts are made of puddings

Mis.Ford. Mistris Page, trust me, I was going to your house

Mis.Page. And trust me, I was comming to you: you looke very ill

jeune, moi non plus ; allons, allons, voilà qui nous accorde ; vous êtes toujours en joie, moi aussi ; Ah ah voilà qui nous accorde un peu plus ; vous aimez le vin des Canaries, moi aussi, que désirer de plus pour nous accorder ? Sois comblée, Mistress Page, pour autant que l'amour d'un soldat puisse te combler, par ce que je t'aime ; je ne dirai pas aie pitié de moi, ce n'est pas là une phrase pour un soldat, non, je dis aime moi.

Par ma main, ton sincère chevalier, pour tous le jours du calendrier ; toujours prêt pour toi à batailler et à chevauchailier. Iohn Falstaff.

Quel Hérode de Judée que celui-là !
Quel monde de cochons, de cochons !
Quasi croulant qui fait le joli-cœur !
Quelle diablerie dans ma façon a pu en faire accroire à ce goujat, à cet ivrogne des Flandres, pour qu'il ose m'entreprendre de la sorte ? Ha ! Je ne l'ai rencontré que deux fois : qu'est ce que j'ai bien pu lui dire ? J'ai été mesurée dans mes manières que Dieu me pardonne. Je vais présenter au Parlement un projet de loi pour la réduction des hommes . Je vais me venger ! Comment je vais me venger ? Je sais pas mais je vais me venger au sûr que ses boyaux sont des tripes à la mode de Caen.

Mis.Ford. Mistris Page, ma parole, j'allais chez vous.

Mis.Page. Et moi, Mistris Ford, ma parole, j'allais chez vous ; vous m'avez l'air chiffonnée.

Mis.Ford. Nay Ile nere beleue that; I haue to shew to the contrary

Mis.Page. 'Faith but you doe in my minde

Mis.Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O Mistris Page, giue mee some counsaile

Mis.Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mi.Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour

Mi.Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour: what is it? dispenche with trifles: what is it?

Mi.Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or so: I could be knighted

Mi.Page. What thou liest? Sir Alice Ford? These Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry

Mi.Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read: perceiue how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the worse of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet hee would not sweare: praise womens modesty: and gae such orderly and welbehaued reproofe to al vncomelinesse, that I would haue

Mis.Ford. Moi, chiffonnée, pas du tout ; j'ai la preuve du contraire.

Mis.Page. Je vous assure.

Mis.Ford. Soit ! Si vous voulez. Mais je vais vous prouver le contraire. O Mistris Page, j'ai besoin d'un conseil.

Mis.Ford. Qu'est-ce qui vous arrive ? Ma bonne dame ?

Mis.Ford. O ma bonne dame, s'il n'y avait pas toutes ces convenances sociales, à quels honneurs...

Mis.Page. Vétilles que les convenances, ma bonne dame, laissez les tomber, saisissez les honneurs ; de quoi s'agit-il ? allez, de quoi s'agit-il ?

Mis.Ford. Si je consentais me damner pour un moment d'éternité ou quelque chose comme ça je pourrais devenir chevalière.

Mis.Page. Qu'est-ce que tu racontes ? Pauvre idiote. Sir Alice Ford ? Tu seras chevauchée, oui, par des chevaliers, oui, et tu n'en seras pas plus chevalière.

Mis.Ford. Si fait, avançons lisez, lisez et voyez comment je deviendrais chevalière ; tant que j'aurai des yeux pour voir à quoi ressemble les hommes, je mépriserai les gros ventrus. Et pourtant ce gros lard là ne jurait pas, louait la modestie chez les femmes et blâmait tout écart avec tant de courtoisie et de tact que j'aurais juré.

sworne his disposition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalms to the tune of Greensleeues: What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'shoare at Windsor? How shall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust haue melted him in his owne greace: Did you euer heare the like?

Mis.Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs: to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine neuer shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blancke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye vnder Mount Pelion: Well; I will find you twentie lasciuious Turtles ere one chaste man

Mis.Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of vs?

Mis.Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost readie to wrangle with mine owne honesty: Ile entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall

que ses sentiments s'accordaient avec ses paroles. Autant chanter les psaumes sur une musique de cabaret « Greensleeves ». Mais quelle tempête a pu faire échouer cette baleine à la bedaine graisseuse de cent tonnes d'huile jusque chez nous à Windsor ? Je vais me venger. Comment je vais me venger : entretenir ses espoirs. Le meilleur moyen. Jusqu'à ce que les feux de son rut l'aient fait fondre dans sa graisse. Avez-vous jamais vu une chose pareille ?

Mis.Page. Mot pour mot, lettre pour lettre, la seule différence les noms : Page et Ford. Pour te consoler d'avoir été si bizarrement maltraitée, voici. La sœur jumelle de ta lettre. Je te laisse le droit d'aînesse, je ne veux rien, je le jure. Je te garantis qu'il y en a mille de ces lettres avec mille espaces en blanc pour mettre mille noms et plus ; et ça c'est la deuxième série ; il va les imprimer, c'est sûr, car il se soucie peu de ce qu'il met sous presse ; il veut nous y mettre toutes les deux. Tant qu'à faire je préférerais être une géante ensevelie sous le mont Pelion. Je vous trouverai plus aisément vingt colombes lubriques qu'un seul homme chaste.

Mis.Ford. Mais c'est la même lettre : la même écriture, les mêmes mots ; pour qui nous prend-il ?

Mis.Page. En fait je n'en sais rien. Ça me met presque en colère contre ma vertu. Je me sens étrangère à moi-même.

: for sure vnlesse hee know some straine
in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee
would neuer haue boarded me in this
furie

Mi.Ford. Boording, call you it? Ile
bee sure to keepe him aboute decke

Mi.Page. So will I: if hee come vnder
my hatches, Ile neuer to Sea againe:
Let's bee reueng'd on him: let's appoint
him a meeting: giue him a show of
comfort in his Suit, and lead him on
with a fine baited delay, till hee hath
pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the
Garter

Mi.Ford. Nay, I wil consent to act
any villany against him, that may not
sully the charinesse of our honesty: oh
that my husband saw this Letter: it
would giue eternall food to his ieaalousie

Mis.Page. Why look where he comes;
and my good man too: hee's as farre
from ieaalousie, as I am from giuing
him cause, and that (I hope) is an
vnmeasurable distance

Mis.Ford. You are the happier
woman

Mis.Page. Let's consult together
against this greasie Knight: Come
hither

Parcequ'il a dû repérer chez moi
quelque penchant que j'ignore, sinon il
n'aurait pas tenté l'abordage avec une
telle furie.

Mis.Ford. Abordage dites-vous ?
Qu'il reste à son bord.

Mis.Page. Oui-da, s'il approche de
mes écouteilles, je m'engage à ne plus
jamais naviguer. Vengeons nous.
Donnons-lui rendez-vous ; clouons-le
dans une cour sans fin, qu'il dépense
jusqu'à ce qu'il mette ses chevaux en
gage chez notre Hôte de l'auberge de la
Jarretière.

Mis.Ford. Ouais. Je suis je suis prête à
toutes les méchancetés contre lui, tant
que ça n'entache pas notre vertu. Oh !
Que mon mari ne voit jamais cette
lettre. Sa jalousie y trouverait de quoi
s'alimenter pur l'éternité.

*Entre Ford avec Pistol, Page avec
Nym*

Mis.Page. Le voici, et mon brave
mari avecque lui : aussiéloigné de toute
jalousie à mon égard que j'ai de raison
de lui en donner motif – enfin j'espère.

Mis.Ford. Heureuse épouse.

Mis.Page. Deux mots encore contre
ce cochon de chevalier. Venez par ici.

Elles se tiennent à part

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not so

Pist. Hope is a curtail-dog in some affaires: Sir Iohn affects thy wife

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (Ford) he loues the Gally-mawfry (Ford) perpend

Ford. Loue my wife?

Pist. With liuer, burning hot: preuent: Or goe thou like Sir Acteon he, with Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name

Ford. What name Sir?

Pist. The horne I say: Farewell: Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night. Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing. Away sir Corporall Nim: Beleue it (Page) he speakes sence

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this

Ford. J'espère qu'il n'en est rien.

Pist. Hmm, dans certaines affaires, l'espoir est le pire ennemi. Sir John est amoureux de ta femme.

Ford. Mais, monsieur, ma femme n'est plus de prime jeunesse.

Pistol. Il courtise. Grande ou petite, riche ou pauvre, jouvencelle et vieillarde, toutes ensemble, Ford, ragoût et passe-tout-grain, Ford, songes-y.

Ford. Il aime ma femme.

Pist. Son foie, le siège de l'amour, est en feu. Songes-y. Sinon tu seras tel Actéon poursuivi par ses chiens. Maudit soit ce nom !

Ford. Quel nom, monsieur ?

Pist. Les cornes, monsieur, les cornes d'Actéon. Adieu. (*chantant*) Ouvre l'œil, ouvre l'œil
A petits pas la nuit vont les frippons
Ouvre l'œil ouvre l'œil
L'été vient, les coucous dans les buissons
Ouvre l'œil ouvre le bon
-On y va monsieur le Caporal Nym.
Page écoute le bien, il dit vrai.

Exit Pistol

Ford. (*a parte*) Je vais prendre mon temps. Je saurai ce qu'il en est.

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should haue borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I haue a sword: and it shall bite vpon my necessitie: he loues your wife; There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall Nim: I speak, and I auouch; 'tis true: my name is Nim: and Falstaffe loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the humour of bread and cheese: adieu

Page. The humour of it (quoth 'a?) heere's a fellow frights English out of his wits

Ford. I will seeke out Falstaffe

Page. I neuer heard such a drawling-affecting rogue

Ford. If I doe finde it: well

Page. I will not beleue such a Cataian, though the Priest o' th' Towne commended him for a true man

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well

Page. How now Meg?

Mist.Page. Whether goe you (George?) harke you

Nym. Vrai de vrai. Il n'est pas de ma fantaisie (eu) de raconter de sornettes : il m'a gâté mes fantaisies(eu) quelque peu (eu). J'aurais dû porter cette lettre de fantaisie(eu) à la dame (eu). Mais je porte l'épée (eu) qui mordra si ma nécessité (eu). Il aime votre femme. Un point c'est tout. Tout tout. Mon nom : Caporal Nym, et je dis et j'affirme ; je m'appelle Nym, et Falstaff aime votre femme. Adiiiieu(eu) Pain et fromage ne suffisent pas à ma fantaisie (eu) Adiiiieu(eu)

Exit Nym

Page. Fan-tai-sie-eu, qu'il dit. Ce garçon malmène la langue à lui faire prerdre le sens.

Ford. (*a parte*) Je vais chercher Falstaff.

Page. (*a parte*) Cuistre, qui martyrise la langue. Jamais vu pire.

Ford. (*a parte*) Si je découvre quelque chose...

Page. (*a parte*) Je ne vais pas croire ce ousititi ; même si le pasteur de Windsor s'en porte garant.

Ford. (*a parte*) Il m'avait l'air honnête, voire sensé.

Les dames reviennent

Page. Eh bien, Margaret ?

Mist.Page. Où allez-vous George Page, venez. (*ils se mettent à part*)

Mis.Ford. How now (sweet Frank)
why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not
melancholy: Get you home: goe

Mis.Ford. Faith, thou hast some
crochets in thy head, Now: will you
goe, Mistris Page?

Mis.Page. Haue with you: you'll come
to dinner George? Looke who comes
yonder: shee shall bee our Messenger to
this paltrie Knight

Mis.Ford. Trust me, I thought on
her: shee'll fit it

Mis.Page. You are come to see my
daughter Anne?

Qui. I forsooth: and I pray how do's
good Mistresse Anne?

Mis.Page. Go in with vs and see: we
haue an houres talke with you

Page. How now Master Ford?

For. You heard what this knaue told
me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the
other told me?

Mis.Ford. Eh bien mon doux Frank
Ford, pourquoi te complais-tu dans la
mélancolie ?

Ford. La mélancolie, non, pas de
mélancolie. Allez, rentrez à la maison.

Mis.Ford. Toi, tu as une une lubie
en tête. Bon. Vous venez, Mistress
Page ?

Mis.Page. Je vous suis. Vous rentrez
dîner, George ? (*aside*) Voyez qui viens
là ; elle nous fera la messagère auprès du
méchant chevalier.

Mis.Ford. (*idem*) Tout juste, c'est à
elle que je pensais ; parfaite.

Entre Mistress Quickly

Mis.Page. Vous venez voir ma fille
Anna ?

Qui. Si fait. Et comment donc va
notre bonne Mistress Anna ?

Mis.Page. Accompagnez nous, vous
la verrez. Nous avons à vous causer.

Elles sortent

Page. Eh bien Master Ford ?

Ford. Vous avez entendu ce que m'a
dit cette crapule ?

Page. Et vous, vous avez entendu ce
que m'a dit l'autre crapule ?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Pag. Hang 'em slaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of seruice

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they

Ford. I like it neuer the beter for that, Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him; and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied

Page. Looke where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when hee lookes so merrily: How now mine Host?

Ford. Est-ce que vous pensez qu'ils ont dit vrai ?

Page. Qu'ils aillent se faire pendre, salopards. Je ne sais pas si le chevalier oserait s'y risquer. Mais ce que je sais c'est que ces deux –là qui l'accusent d'avoir des visées sur nos femmes, il les a congédiés – deux fripouilles, maintenant sans emploi.

Ford. Ah ah. C'étaient ses serviteurs ?

Page. Ouais.

Ford. Ça ne me rassure guère. Est-ce que le chevalier loge à l'auberge de la Jarretière ?

Page ? Ouais ; s'il veut courtoiser mon épouse, je m'en vais la lui laisser la bride sur le cou, et s'il se prend autre chose que des ruades, que ça me retombe dessus.

Ford. Je ne doute pas de mienne ; mais je netiens pas à les laisser ensemble ; on est trop facilement confiant. Je ne tiens pas à ce qu'il me pousse quoi que ce soit sur la tête ; non, ça ne me plairait pas du tout.

Entre l'Hôte de la Jarretière

Page. Voici notre extravagant, voici notre Hôte de la Jarretière ; un verre dans le nez ou des écus dans la poche, pour être de si bonne humeur . Eh bien l'Aubergiste.

Host. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Caueleiro Iustice, I say

Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good-euen, and twenty (good Master Page.) Master Page, wil you go with vs? we haue sport in hand

Host. Tell him Caueleiro-Iustice: tell him Bully-Rooke

Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir Hugh the Welch Priest, and Caius the French Doctor

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter: a word with you

Host. What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleue mee) I heare the Parson is no Iester: harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight? my guest-Caualeire?

Host. Eh bien mon gracieux filou ; un vrai gentleman Cabaliero Justice, oui oui oui

Entre Shallow

Shal. J'arrive, l'aubergiste, je vous suis. Mille bonsoirs mon bon master Page. Master Page, voulez-vous venir avec nous ; il va y avoir du sport.

Host. Raconte, Cabaliero Justice, raconte mon gracieux filou.

Shal. Monsieur, il va y avoir un duel entre Dom Potjewlesh, le pasteur et Caius, le French docteur.

Ford. Mon cher aubergiste de la jarretièrre, deux mots à part, s'il vous plaît.

Host. Quest-ce que tu dis ? Mon gracieux filou ?

Ils se tiennent à part

Shal. Venez avec nous pour voir ça. Notre joyeux aubergiste de la Jarretièrre a mesuré leurs épées, et leur a déjà je coirs désigné leurs placements, et je crois savoir que Dom Potjewlesh est loin d'être un bouffon dans le maniement des armes ; venez, je vais vous en dire plus encore.

Ils se tiennent à part

Host. Tu n'aurais pas quelque dispute avec mon chevalier ? mon client Cavaliere.

Ford. None, I protest: but Ile giue you a pottle of burn'd sacke, to giue me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Broome: onely for a iest

Host. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt haue egresse and regresse, (said I well?) and thy name shall be Broome. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

Ford. Haue with you mine Host

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier

Shal. Tut sir: I could haue told you more: In these times you stand on distance: your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Master Page) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I haue seene the time, with my long-sword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes

Host. Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them scold, then fight

Ford. Though Page be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wiues frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Pages house: and what they made there,

Ford. Pas du tout. Je ne le connais pas. Je te paie une double pinte de vin chaud à la canelle si tu me le présentes, et que tu lui dis que je m'appelle Brooke, Peter Brooke, juste pour rire.

Host. Touchez là, gredin bien aimé. Blanc seing et octroi - c'est bien comme ça qu'on dit- Ton nom sera Broom, Peter Broom. Le chevalier est des plus gaillards. Allons, meinen Heeren.

Ford. Allons, Avecque vous.

Page. J'ai entendu dire que le Français maniait bien la rapière.

Shal. Vouï. Monsieur. Et mieux. Aux jours d'aujourd'hui on ne parle que de distance, d'appui, et passes, et de staccato. C'est du cœur qui'il faut, Master Page. Du cœur, du cœur ; en mon temps, avec mon estrapadon je vous aurais fait sauter quatre gaillards comme des rats sur une tôle brulante.

Host. Allez les fars, les gars, en route.

Page. On y va, allons plutôt écouter les insultes et nous régaler du combat.

Exeunt sauf Ford

Ford. Master Page est inconsidérément certain de son affaire, et fait une confiance absolue à la faiblesse de sa femme ; moi je ne suspendrais pas mon jugement si

I know not. Well, I wil looke further into't, and I haue a disguise, to sound Falstaffe; if I finde her honest, I loose not my labor: if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Pistoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny

Pist. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with sword will open

Fal. Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and your Coach-fellow Nim; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of

facilement ; elle était avec lui chez Page. Ce qu'il ont pu bien faire, je n'en sais fichtre rien. Je veux en savoir plus ; j'ai un faux nom, je vais pouvoir approcher Falstaff et le sonder. Si elle se révèle honnête femme, tant mieux, je n'aurai pas perdu ma peine, dans le cas contraire, je l'aurai bien employée.

Il sort

Scène 2.

Entre Falstaff, Pistol, Robin, Quickly, Bardolf et Ford.

Fal. Je ne te prêterai pas un sou.

Pist. (*Dégainant son épée*) Eh bien puisque le monde est clos comme une huître
Je vais l'ouvrir avec ma lame.

Fal. Pas un sou. J'ai été assez aimable, monsieur, pour vous garantir de mon crédit auprès du prêteur sur gage ; j'ai importuné mes amis pour vous obtenir un sursis par trois fois, pour vous et pour Nym, votre collègue d'écurie ; sans quoi vous seriez derrière les

were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes.
Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for
swearing to Gentlemen my friends, ,
you were good Souldiers, and tall-
fellowes And when Mistresse Briget
lost the handle of her Fan, I took't
vpon mine honour thou hadst it not

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst
thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reason, you roague, reason:
thinkst thou Ile endanger my soule,
gratis? at a word, hang no more about
mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a
short knife, and a throng, to your
Mannor of Picket-hatch: goe, you'll not
beare a Letter for mee you roague? you
stand vpon your honor: why, (thou
vnconfinable basenesse) it is as much as
I can doe to keepe the termes of my
honor precise: I, I, I my selfe
sometimes, leauing the feare of heauen
on the left hand, and hiding mine
honor in my necessity, am faine to
shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet,
you Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs;
your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your
red-lattice phrases, and your
boldbeating-oathes, vnder the shelter of
your honor? You will not doe it? you?

Pist. I doe relent: what would thou
more of man?

barreaux, en cage comme une paire de
babouins puants. Et je me suis damné
en prétendant que vous étiez
d'excellents soldats, et de vaillants
garçons. Et quand Mademoiselle
Alexandra a égaré le manche de son
éventail, j'ai juré sur mon honneur que
tu ne l'avais pas.

Pist. N'as-tu pas touché ta part ?
N'as-tu pas reçu quinze pence ?

Fal. Avec raison, crapule, avec raison.
Crois-tu que j'engagerais mon âme
gratis ? En clair : tu arrêtes de te pendre
à mes basques ; je ne te servirai même
pas de potence. Va-t-en errer dans la
canaille, avec ton canifé jusque ton
manoir de Pique-Bordel. Tu refuses de
porter une lettre pour moi, raclure ?
Monsieur veille sur son honneur ?
Sache, incommensurable racaille, que
moi, j'ai bien du mal à fixer les
frontières de mon honneur. Moi, oui,
moi, laissant à ma main gauche la
crainte du Ciel, cachant mon honneur
par nécessité, j'ai laissé ma main droite
se livrer à la tricherie, à la grivèlerie, à
l'escroquerie. Tandis que toi, crapule
parmi les crapules, tu mets tes guenilles,
tes airs de chat de gouttière, tes jurons
blasphématoires, tes complots de
taverne sous la protection de ton
honneur. Alors comme ça vous osez
me refuser ? Vous.

Pist. (*rengainant son épée*) Je renonce
à la dispute. Que demander de plus à
un homme ?

Entre Robin

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you

Fal. Let her approach

Qui. Giue your worship good morrow

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife

Qui. Not so, and't please your worship

Fal. Good maid then

Qui. Ile be sworne, As my mother was the first houre I was borne

Fal. I doe beleue the swearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or two?

Fal. Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe thee the hearing

Qui. There is one Mistresse Ford, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my selfe dwell with M[aster]. Doctor Caius:

Fal. Well, on; Mistresse Ford, you say

Qui. Your worship saies very true: I pray your worship come a little neerer this waies

Robin. Monsieur, y'a une dame qui veut parler à vous.

Fal. Fais la venir.

Qui. Le bonjour Monseigneur.

Fal. Le bonjour, ma bonne dame.

Qui. Je n'en mérite pas tant, Monseigneur.

Fal. Disons, bonne damoiselle, alors.

Qui. Damoiselle . Comme ma mère m'a faite. Sur l'honneur.

Fal. Je la crois honorable. Que me voulez-vous ?

Qui. Puis-je me permettre d'accorder quelque mot à votre Seigneurie ?

Fal. Deux mille mots, deux mille phrases , belle dame, et je t'accorderai mon attention.

Qui. Il y a une certaine Mistress Ford, Sir, venez un peu par ici, je vous prie ? Voyez-vous je suis au service du Docteur Caius.

Fal. Oui, oui. Vous dites Mistress Ford

Qui. Très précisément, votre Seigneurie ; puis-je demander à votre Seigneurie d'approcher un peu plus par ici ?

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares:
mine owne people, mine owne people

Qui. Are they so? heauen-blesse
them, and make them his Seruants

Fal. Well; Mistresse Ford, what of
her?

Qui. Why, Sir; shee's a good-creature;
Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton:
well: heauen forgiue you, and all of vs, I
pray

Fal. Mistresse Ford: come, Mistresse
Ford

Qui. Marry this is the short, and the
long of it: you haue brought her into
such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the
best Courtier of them all (when the
Court lay at Windsor) could neuer
haue brought her to such a Canarie: yet
there has beene Knights, and Lords,
and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I
warrant you Coach after Coach, letter
after letter, gift after gift, smelling so
sweetly; all Muske, and so rushling, I
warrant you, in silke and golde, and in
such alligant termes, and in such wine
and suger of the best, and the fairest,
that would haue wonne any womans
heart: and I warrant you, they could
neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had
my selfe twentie Angels giuen me this
morning, but I defie all Angels (in any
such sort, as they say) but in the way of
honesty:

Fal. Je vous garantis que personne
n'entend rien ; mes gens, ce sont mes
gens.

Qui. Vraiment ? Que le Ciel les
bénisse et en fasse ses serviteurs.

Fal. Bon, donc, Mistress Ford,

Qui. Ah ! Monsieur ! Ah ! C'est une
bonne personne ; Seigneur, Seigneur,
votre Honneur est un frippon ; ah oui !
que le Ciel nous pardonne, à nous
tous, mon Dieu !

Fal. Mistress Ford, revenons à
Mistress Ford

Qui. Dame, oui. En un mot comme
en cent ; vous l'avez mise dans un tel
état d'effusion confuse, que c'en est
époustoufflant : le meilleur courtisan,
quand la cour était à Windsor, n'aurait
jamais réussi à la mettre dans un tel état
de confusion effuse ; pourtant il y en
avait des chevaliers, et des seigneurs et
des gentilshommes avec leurs carosses je
vous assure voiture après voiture, lettre
après lettre, cadeau après cadeau,
parfumés si parfumés ; tout pleins de
musc, et froufrouants, je vous garantis,
avec des discours aligantissimes, et des
vins sucrés, les meilleurs et les plus
excellents, ça oui, je vous garantis que
ça vous aurait gagné le cœur de
n'importe quelle femme ; et vous
assure, je vous garantis qu'ils n'ont
même pas pu rien obtenir, ne serait-ce
qu'une œillade. Voyez-vous ce matin à
moi-même on a offert dix livres, vingt

and I warrant you, they could neuer get her so much as sippe on a cup with the prowdest of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her

Fal. But what saies shee to mee? be briefe my good sheeMercurie

Qui. Marry, she hath receiu'd your Letter: for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she giues you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and eleuen

Fal. Ten, and eleuen

Qui. I, forsooth: and then you may come and see the picture (she sayes) that you wot of: Master Ford her husband will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leades an ill life with him: hee's a very iecalousie-man; she leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen. Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her

Qui. Why, you say well: But I haue another messenger to your worship: Mistresse Page hath her heartie commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your

de ces pièces d'or frappées de Saint Michel archange ; eh bien je les refuse ces angelots, sauf, comme on dit, si c'est pour une bonne raison, bien sûr, une raison d'honnêteté. Oui. Et je vous assure ils n'ont même pas pu obtenir qu'elle trempe ses lèvres dans la soupe du plus noble d'entr'eux ; et pourtant il y avait des comtes, ouais, et même des gardes du corps. Mais pour elle, je vous le garantis, du pareil au même.

Fal. Mais que me fait-elle dire. Sois brève, ma petite Mercure.

Qui. Dame, elle a reçu votre lettre ; elle vous en remercie mille fois ; elle vous fait savoir que son mari sera absent de la maison, entre dix et onze heures.

Fal. Dix et onze.

Qui. Oui, je vous le dis, and vous pourrez venir voir le tableau, elle a dit, que vous savez ; Master Ford, son mari sera absent à la maison ; hélas, cette gentille dame mène une vie bien triste avec lui ; c'est un jalousique de première ; quelle vie disgracieuse avec lui, pauvre cœur.

Fal. Dix et onze. Femme , fais lui mon compliment. Je ne lui ferai pas faux-bond.

Qui. Voilà qui est bien dit. Mais j'ai un autre message pour votre Seigneurie : Mistress Page vous envoie ses compliments de coeur ; laissez-moi

care, shee's as fartuous a ciuill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who ere bee the other: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman so doate vpon a man; surely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I haue no other charmes

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has Fords wife, and Pages wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

Qui. That were a iest indeed: they haue not so little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Mistris Page would desire you to send her your little Page of al loues: her husband has a maruellous infectio[n] to the little Page: and truely Master Page is an honest man: neuer a wife in Windsor leades a better life then she do's: doe what shee will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly

vous glisser dans le creux de l'oreille que c'est une femme aussi vertugadeuse modeste et bien civile – une de celles – je vous le dis- que ne vous manquerait ni les prières du matin, ni celles du soir – que n'importe quelle autre à Windsor. Elle m'a dit de dire à votre Seigneurie que son mari est rareemnt sorti, mais que l'instant viendra. Je n'ai jamais vu une femme aussi entichée d'un homme ; je suis sûre que vous utilisez des sortilèges ; oui , c'est certain.

Fal. Non pas , je t'assure ; à part la séduction des mes avantages personnels , je n'use d'aucun autre charme.

Qui. Béni soit votre noble cœur.

Fal. Mais ôte moi d'un doute : les épouses Ford et Page se sont-elles informées l'une l'autre de l'amour qu'elles me portent ?

Qui.{Ah mon Dieu, non, monsieur} Ce serait une bonne plaisanterie, il faut le dire. Elles ont un peu plus de delicatesse. Je l'espère bien. Mais ce serait extrêmement drôle, n'est-ce pas ? Mais Mistress Page souhaiterait que vous lui envoyiez votre petit page, si chou. Son mari s'est pris d'une merveilleuse infection pour ce petit page ; et vraiment Master Page est le plus excellent des hommes ; jamais aucune épouse à Windsor ne connaît une vie aussi délicieuse qu'elle ; fait ce qu'elle désire, dit ce qu'elle veut, dépense ce qu'elle veut, va se coucher

she deserues it; for if there be a kinde woman in Windsor, she is one: you must send her your Page, no remedie

Fal. Why, I will

Qu. Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any case haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderstand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes: olde folkes you know, haue discretion, as they say, and know the world

Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debter: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes distracts me

Pist. This Puncke is one of Cupids Carriers, Clap on more sailes, pursue: vp with your sights: Giue fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all

Fal. Saist thou so (old Iacke) go thy waies: Ile make more of thy olde body then I haue done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee: let them say 'tis grossely done, so it bee fairely done, no matter

quand il lui plaît, se lève quand il lui plaît, tout selon son cher désir ; et franchement elle le mérite ; car s'il y a une femme aimable dans tout Windsor, c'est elle. Vous devez lui envoyer votre page, sans faute.

Fal . Ouais. I will.

Qui.

Bar. Sir Iohn, there's one Master Broome below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke

Fal. Broome is his name?

Bar. I Sir

Fal. Call him in: such Broomes are welcome to mee, that ore'flowes such liquor: ah ha, Mistresse Ford and Mistresse Page, haue I encompass'd you? goe to, via

Ford. 'Blesse you sir

Fal. And you sir: would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation vpon you

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue Drawer

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much, my name is Broome

Fal. Good Master Broome, I desire more acquaintance of you

Ford. Good Sir Iohn, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you vnderstand, I thinke my selfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this vnseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on

Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir Iohn) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserue to bee your Porter

Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will giue mee the hearing

Fal. Speake (good Master Broome) I shall be glad to be your Seruant

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be brief with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer so good means as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir Iohn) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a

reproofe the easier, sith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is Ford

Fal. Well Sir

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating obseruance: Ingress'd opportunities to meete her: fee'd euery slight occasion that could but nigardly giue mee sight of her: not only bought many presents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what shee would haue giuen: briefly, I haue pursu'd her, as Loue hath pursued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I haue receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a Iewell, that I haue purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,
``Loue like a shadow flies, when substance Loue pursues,
``Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues

Fal. Haue you receiu'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Neuer

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I haue lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it

Fal. To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me?

For. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: Some say, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in other places shee enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir Iohn) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations

Fal. O Sir

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I haue, onely giue me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Fords wife: vse your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soone as any

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enioy? Methinkes you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously

Ford. O, vnderstand my drift: she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it selfe: shee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselues, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are tootoo strongly embattailld against me: what say you too't, Sir Iohn?

Fal. Master Broome, I will first make bold with your money: next, giue mee your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enioy Fords wife

Ford. O good Sir

Fal. I say you shall

Ford. Want no money (Sir Iohn) you shall want none

Fal. Want no Mistresse Ford (Master Broome) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, euen as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I say I shall be

with her betweene ten and eleuen: for
at that time the ielialous-rascally-knaue
her husband will be forth: come you to
me at night, you shall know how I
speed

Ford. I am blest in your
acquaintance: do you know Ford Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly
knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong
him to call him poore: They say the
iealous wittolly-knaue hath masses of
money, for the which his wife seemes to
me well-fauourd: I will vse her as the
key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffe, &
ther's my haruest-home

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

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-salt-
butter rogue; I wil stare him out of his
wits: I will awe-him with my cudgell:
it shall hang like a Meteor ore the
Cuckolds horns: Master Broome, thou
shalt know, I will predominate ouer the
pezant, and thou shalt lye with his wife.
Come to me soone at night: Ford's a
knaue, and I will aggrauate his stile:
thou (Master Broome) shalt know him
for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me
soone at night

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-
Rascall is this? My heart is ready to
cracke with impatience: who saies this
is improuident ielousie? my wife hath
sent to him, the howre is fixt, the
match is made: would any man haue

thought this? see the hell of hauing a
false woman: my bed shall be abus'd,
my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation
gnawne at, and I shall not onely receiue
this villanous wrong, but stand vnder
the adoption of abhominable termes,
and by him that does mee this wrong:
Termes, names: Amaimon sounds well:
Lucifer, well: Barbason, well: yet they
are Diuels additions, the names of
fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll,
Cuckold? the Diuell himselfe hath not
such a name. Page is an Asse, a secure
Asse; hee will trust his wife, hee will
not be ielialous: I will rather trust a
Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh
the Welshman with my Cheese, an
Irish-man with my Aqua-vitae-bottle,
or a Theefe to walke my ambling
gelding, then my wife with her selfe.
Then she plots, then shee ruminates,
then shee deuises: and what they thinke
in their hearts they may effect; they will
breake their hearts but they will effect.
Heauen bee prais'd for my ielousie:
eleuen o' clocke the howre, I will
preuent this, detect my wife, bee
reueng'd on Falstaffe, and laugh at
Page. I will about it, better three houres
too soone, then a mynute too late: fie,
fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Enter.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow,
Slender, Host.

Caius. Iacke Rugby

Rug. Sir

Caius. Vat is the clocke, Iack

Rug. 'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir
Hugh promis'd
to meet

Cai. By gar, he has saue his soule, dat
he is no-come:

hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-
come: by gar

(Iack Rugby) he is dead already, if he be
come

Rug. Hee is wise Sir: hee knew your
worship would

kill him if he came

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so
as I vill kill

him: take your Rapier, (Iacke) I vill tell
you how I vill

kill him

Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence

Cai. Villaine, take your Rapier

Rug. Forbeare: heer's company

Host. 'Blesse thee, bully-Doctor

Shal. 'Saue you Mr. Doctor Caius

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor

Slen. 'Giue you good-morrow, sir

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree,
fowre, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee
foigne, to see thee

trauerse, to see thee heere, to see thee
there, to see thee

passee thy puncto, thy stock, thy reuerse,
thy distance, thy

montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is
he dead, my Francisco?

ha Bully? what saies my Esculapius? my
Galien? my

heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-
Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iack-
Priest of de worlde:

he is not show his face

Host. Thou art a Castalion-king-
Vrinall: Hector of

Greece (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witnessse, that me
haue stay,

sixe or seuen, two tree howres for him,
and hee is nocome

Shal. He is the wiser man (M[aster].
Doctor) he is a curer of

soules, and you a curer of bodies: if you
should fight, you

goe against the haire of your
professions: is it not true,

Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow; you haue your
selfe beene a

great fighter, though now a man of
peace

Shal. Body-kins M[aster]. Page,
though I now be old, and

of the peace; if I see a sword out, my
finger itches to

make one: though wee are Iustices, and
Doctors, and

Church-men (M[aster]. Page) wee
haue some salt of our youth

in vs, we are the sons of women
(M[aster]. Page.)

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. Shallow

Shal. It wil be found so, (M[aster].
Page:) M[aster]. Doctor

Caius,

I am come to fetch you home: I am
sworn of the peace:

you haue show'd your selfe a wise
Physician, and Sir

Hugh hath showne himselfe a wise and
patient Churchman:

you must goe with me, M[aster].
Doctor

Host. Pardon, Guest-Iustice; a
Mounseur Mocke-water

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English
tongue, is Valour

(Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much
Mock-vater as de

Englishman: scuruy-Iack-dog-Priest: by
gar, mee vill

cut his eares

Host. He will Clapper-claw thee
tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee
amends

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee shall
clapper-de-claw

me, for by-gar, me vill haue it

Host. And I will prouoke him to't, or
let him wag

Cai. Me tanck you for dat

Host. And moreouer, (Bully) but
first, Mr. Ghest,

and M[aster]. Page, & eeke Caualeiro
Slender, goe you through

the Townte to Frogmore

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there, see what humor he
is in: and I will

bring the Doctor about by the Fields:
will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it

All. Adieu, good M[aster]. Doctor

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for
he speake for a

Iack-an-Ape to Anne Page

Host. Let him die: sheath thy
impatience: throw cold

water on thy Choller: goe about the
fields with mee

through Frogmore, I will bring thee
where Mistris Anne

Page is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and
thou shalt wooe

her: Cride-game, said I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat:
by gar I loue

you: and I shall procure 'a you de good
Guest: de Earle,

de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my
patients

Host. For the which, I will be thy
aduersary toward

Anne Page: said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell said

Host. Let vs wag then

Cai. Come at my heeles, Iack Rugby.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow,
Slender, Host, Caius, Rugby.

Euans. I pray you now, good Master
Slenders seruingman,

and friend Simple by your name; which
way haue

you look'd for Master Caius, that calls
himselſe Doctor

of Phisicke

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the
Parke-ward:

euery way: olde Windsor way, and
euery way but the

Towne-way

Euan. I moſt feheemently deſire you,
you will alſo

looke that way

Sim. I will ſir

Euan. 'Pleſſe my ſoule: how full of
Chollors I am, and

trempling of minde: I ſhall be glad if he
haue deceiued

me: how melancholies I am? I will knog
his Vrinalls about

his knaues coſtard, when I haue good
oportunities

for the orke: 'Pleſſe my ſoule: To
ſhallow Riuers to whoſe

falls: melodious Birds ſings Madrigalls:
There will we make

our Peds of Roses: and a thouſand
fragrant poſies. To ſhallow:

'Mercie on mee, I haue a great
diſpoſitions to cry.

Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls: -
When as I ſat in Pabilon:

and a thouſand vagram Poſies. To
ſhallow, &c

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way,
Sir Hugh

Euan. Hee's welcome: To ſhallow
Riuers, to whoſe falſ:

Heauen prosper the right: what
weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my
Master, Mr.

Shallow, and another Gentleman; from
Frogmore, ouer

the ſtile, this way

Euan. Pray you giue mee my gowne,
or else keepe it

in your armes

Shal. How now Master Parson? good
morrow good

Sir Hugh: keepe a Gamester from the
dice, and a good

Student from his booke, and it is
wonderfull

Slen. Ah sweet Anne Page

Page. 'Saeue you, good Sir Hugh

Euan. 'Plesse you from his mercy-sake,
all of you

Shal. What? the Sword, and the
Word?

Doe you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthfull still, in your
doublet and hose,

this raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is reasons, and causes for
it

Page. We are come to you, to doe a
good office, Mr.

Parson

Euan. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reuerend
Gentleman; who

(be-like) hauing receiued wrong by
some person, is at

most odds with his owne grauity and
patience, that euer

you saw

Shal. I haue liued foure-score yeeres,
and vpward: I

neuer heard a man of his place, grauity,
and learning, so

wide of his owne respect

Euan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr.
Doctor Caius the

renowned French Physician

Euan. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had

as lief you would tell me of a messe of porredge

Page. Why?

Euan. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and

Galen , and hee is a knaue besides: a cowardly knaue, as

you would desires to be acquainted withall

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with

him

Slen. O sweet Anne Page

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them asunder:

here comes Doctor Caius

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keepe in your weapon

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor

Host. Disarme them, and let them question: let them

keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your

eare; vherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Euan. Pray you vse your patience in good time

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iack dog: Iohn

Ape

Euan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-stocks to other

mens humors: I desire you in
friendship, and I will one

way or other make you amends: I will
knog your Vrinal

about your knaues Cogs-combe

Cai. Diable: Iack Rugby: mine Host
de Iarteer: haue I

not stay for him, to kill him? haue I not
at de place I did

appoint?

Euan. As I am a Christians-soule, now
looke you:

this is the place appointed, Ile bee
iudgement by mine

Host of the Garter

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaule,
French & Welch,

Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant

Host. Peace, I say: heare mine Host
of the Garter,

Am I politicke? Am I subtle? Am I a
Machiuell?

Shall I loose my Doctor? No, hee giues
me the Potions

and the Motions. Shall I loose my
Parson? my Priest?

my Sir Hugh? No, he giues me the
Prouerbes, and the

No-verbs. Giue me thy hand
(Celestiall) so: Boyes of

Art, I haue deceiu'd you both: I haue
directed you to

wrong places: your hearts are mighty,
your skinnes are

whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the
issue: Come, lay their

swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of
peace, follow, follow,

follow

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host: follow
Gentlemen, follow

Slen. O sweet Anne Page

Cai. Ha' do I perceiue dat? Haue you
make-a-de-sot

of vs, ha, ha?

Eua. This is well, he has made vs his
vlowting-stog:

I desire you that we may be friends: and
let vs knog our

praines together to be reuenge on this
same scall

scuruy-cogging-companion

the Host of the Garter

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he
promise to bring

me where is Anne Page: by gar he
deceiue me too

Euan. Well, I will smite his noddles:
pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mist.Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow,
Slender, Host, Euans,

Caius.

Mist.Page. Nay keepe your way (little
Gallant) you

were wont to be a follower, but now
you are a Leader:

whether had you rather lead mine eyes,
or eye your masters

heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before
you like a man,

then follow him like a dwarfe

M.Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now
I see you'l be a

(Courtier

Ford. Well met mistris Page, whether
go you

M.Pa. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is
she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang
together for want

of company: I thinke if your husbands
were dead, you

two would marry

M.Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M.Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my

husband had him of, what do you call your Knights name sirrah?

Rob. Sir Iohn Falstaffe

Ford. Sir Iohn Falstaffe

M.Pa. He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is such a

league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at home

indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is

M.Pa. By your leaue sir, I am sicke till I see her

Ford. Has Page any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he

any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no vse of them:

why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as

a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee peeces

out his wiues inclination: he giues her folly motion

and aduantage: and now she's going to my wife, & Falstaffes

boy with her: A man may heare this showre sing

in the winde; and Falstaffes boy with her: good plots,

they are laide, and our reuolted wiues share damnation

together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife,

plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so-seeming

Mist[r]is. Page, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and

wilfull Acteon, and to these violent proceedings all my

neighbors shall cry aime. The clocke
giues me my Qu,

and my assurance bids me search, there
I shall finde Falstaffe:

I shall be rather praisd for this, then
mock'd, for

it is as possitiue, as the earth is firme,
that Falstaffe is

there: I will go

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Mr Ford

Ford. Trust me, a good knotte; I haue
good cheere at

home, and I pray you all go with me

Shal. I must excuse my selfe Mr Ford

Slen. And so must I Sir,

We haue appointed to dine with
Mistris Anne,

And I would not breake with her for
more mony

Then Ile speake of

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match
betweene An

Page, and my cozen Slender, and this
day wee shall haue

our answer

Slen. I hope I haue your good will
Father Page

Pag. You haue Mr Slender, I stand
wholly for you,

But my wife (Mr Doctor) is for you
altogether

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-
me: my nursh-a-Quickly

tell me so mush

Host. What say you to yong Mr
Fenton? He capers,

he dances, he has eies of youth: he
writes verses, hee

speakes holliday, he smels April and
May, he wil 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 hauing, hee kept companie with the wilde

Prince, and Pointz: he is of too high a Region, he knows

too much: no, hee 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 haue waits on my consent,

and my consent goes not that way

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home

with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall haue

sport, I will shew you a monster: Mr Doctor, you shal

go, so shall you Mr Page, and you Sir Hugh

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We shall haue the freer woing at Mr Pages

Cai. Go home Iohn Rugby, I come anon

Host. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight

Falstaffe, and drinke Canarie with him

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with

him, Ile make him dance. Will you go Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to see this Monster.

Scena Tertia.

Enter M.Ford, M.Page, Seruants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page,

Caius,

Euans.

Mist.Ford. What Iohn, what Robert

M.Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the
Buck-basket -

Mis.Ford. I warrant. What Robin I
say

Mis.Page. Come, come, come

Mist.Ford. Heere, set it downe

M.Pag. Giue your men the charge, we
must be briefe

M.Ford. Marrie, as I told you before
(Iohn & Robert)

be ready here hard-by in the Brew-
house, & when I sodainly

call you, come forth, and (without any
pause, or

staggering) take this basket on your
shoulders: y done,

trudge with it in all hast, and carry it
among the Whitsters

in Dotchet Mead, and there empty it in
the muddie

ditch, close by the Thames side

M.Page. You will do it?

M.Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer,
they lacke no direction.

Be gone, and come when you are call'd

M.Page. Here comes little Robin

Mist.Ford. How now my Eyas-
Musket, what newes with you?

Rob. My M[aster]. Sir Iohn is come in
at your backe doore

(Mist[r]is]. Ford, and requests your
company

M.Page. You litle Iack-a-lent, haue
you bin true to vs

Rob. I, Ile be sworne: my Master
knowes not of your

being heere: and hath threatned to put
me into euerlasting

liberty, if I tell you of it: for he swears
he'll turne

me away

Mist.Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this
secrecy of thine

shall be a Tailor to thee, and shal make
thee a new doublet

and hose. Ile go hide me

Mi.Ford. Do so: go tell thy Master, I
am alone: Mistris

Page, remember you your Qu

Mist.Pag. I warrant thee, if I do not
act it, hisse me

Mist.Ford. Go-too then: we'l vse this
vnwholsome

humidity, this grosse-watry Pumpion;
we'll teach him

to know Turtles from Iayes

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly
Iewell? Why

now let me die, for I haue liu'd long
enough: This is the

period of my ambition: O this blessed
houre

Mist.Ford. O sweet Sir Iohn

Fal. Mistris Ford, I cannot cog, I
cannot prate (Mist[ris].

Ford) now shall I sin in my wish; I
would thy Husband

were dead, Ile speake it before the best
Lord, I would

make thee my Lady

Mist.Ford. I your Lady Sir Iohn? Alas,
I should bee a

pittifull Lady

Fal. Let the Court of France shew 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-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any
Tire of Venetian

admittance

Mist.Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir
Iohn:

My browes become nothing else, nor
that well neither

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou
wouldst make

an absolute Courtier, and the firme
fixture of thy foote,

would giue an excellent motion to thy
gate, in a semicircled

Farthingale. I see what thou wert if
Fortune thy

foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come,
thou canst not

hide it

Mist.Ford. Beleeue me, ther's no such
thing in me

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let
that perswade

thee. Ther's something extraordinary in
thee: Come, I

cannot cog, and say thou art this and
that, like a-manie

of these lispig-hauthorne buds, that
come like women

in mens apparrell, and smell like
Bucklers-berry in simple

time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none
but thee; and

thou deseru'st it

M.Ford. Do not betray me sir, I fear
you loue M[istress]. Page

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I loue
to walke by the

Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to
me, as the reeke of

a Lime-kill

Mis.Ford. Well, heauen knowes how
I loue you,

And you shall one day finde it

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deserue
it

Mist.Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so
you doe;

Or else I could not be in that minde

Rob. Mistris Ford, Mistris Ford:
heere's Mistris Page at

the doore, sweating, and blowing, and
looking wildely,

and would needs speake with you
presently

Fal. She shall not see me, I will
ensconce mee behinde

the Arras

M.Ford. Pray you do so, she's a very
tatlting woman.

Whats the matter? How now?

Mist.Page. O mistris Ford what haue
you done?

You'r sham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are
vndone for euer

M.Ford. What's the matter, good
mistris Page?

M.Page. O weladay, mist[ris]. Ford,
hauing an honest man

to your husband, to giue him such
cause of suspition

M.Ford. What cause of suspition?

M.Page. What cause of suspition? Out
vpon you:

How am I mistooke in you?

M.Ford. Why (alas) what's the
matter?

M.Page. Your husband's comming
hether (Woman)

with all the Officers in Windsor, to
search for a Gentleman,

that he sayes is heere now in the house;
by your

consent to take an ill advantage of his
absence: you are

vndone

M.Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope

M.Page. Pray heauen it be not so, that
you haue such

a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your
husband's comming,

with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to
serch for such

a one, I come before to tell you: If you
know your selfe

cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you
haue a friend here,

conuey, conuey him out. Be not
amaz'd, call all your

senses to you, defend your reputation,
or bid farwell to

your good life for euer

M.Ford. What shall I do? There is a
Gentleman my

deere friend: and I feare not mine owne
shame so much,

as his perill. I had rather then a
thousand pound he were

out of the house

M.Page. For shame, neuer stand (you
had rather, and

you had rather:) your husband's heere
at hand, bethinke

you of some conueyance: in the house
you cannot hide

him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me?
Looke, heere is a

basket, if he be of any reasonable
stature, he may creepe

in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon
him, as if it were

going to bucking: Or it is whiting time,
send him by

your two men to Datchet-Meade

M.Ford. He's too big to go in there:
what shall I do?

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me
see't:

Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends
counsell, Ile in

M.Page. What Sir Iohn Falstaffe? Are these your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in

heere: ile neuer -

M.Page. Helpe to couer your master (Boy:) Call

your men (Mist[r]is). Ford.) You dissembling Knight

M.Ford. What Iohn, Robert, Iohn; Go, take vp these

cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Look

how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in Datchet

mead: quickly, come

Ford. 'Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause,

Why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest,

I deserue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landresse forsooth?

M.Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they

beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my selfe of y Buck:

Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke,

And of the season too; it shall appeare.

Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my

dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my

Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'le

vnkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now

vncape

Page. Good master Ford, be contented:

You wrong your selfe too much

Ford. True (master Page) vp
Gentlemen,

You shall see sport anon:

Follow me Gentlemen

Euans. This is fery fantasticall
humors and iequalousies

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of
France:

It is not iequalous in France

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen)
see the yssue of

his search

Mist.Page. Is there not a double
excellency in this?

Mist.Ford. I know not which pleases
me better,

That my husband is deceiued, or Sir
Iohn

Mist.Page. What a taking was hee in,
when your

husband askt who was in the basket?

Mist.Ford. I am halfe affraid he will
haue neede of

washing: so throwing him into the
water, will doe him

a benefit

Mist.Page. Hang him dishonest
rascall: I would all

of the same straine, were in the same
distresse

Mist.Ford. I thinke my husband hath
some speciall

suspition of Falstaffs being heere: for I
neuer saw him so

grosse in his iequalousie till now

Mist.Page. I will lay a plot to try that,
and wee will

yet haue more trickes with Falstaffe: his
dissolute disease

will scarce obey this medicine

Mis.Ford. Shall we send that foolish Carion, Mist[ris].

Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water,

and giue him another hope, to betray him to another

punishment?

Mist.Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to morrow

eight a clocke to haue amends

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knaue bragg'd

of that he could not compasse

Mis.Page. Heard you that?

Mis.Ford. You vse me well, M[aster]. Ford? Do you?

Ford. I, I do so

M.Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoughts

Ford. Amen

Mi.Page. You do your selfe mighty wrong (M[aster]. Ford)

Ford. I, I: I must beare it

Eu. If there be any pody in the house, & in the chambers,

and in the coffers, and in the presses: heauen forgiue

my sins at the day of iudgement

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: there is nobodies

Page. Fy, fy, M[aster]. Ford, are you not asham'd? What spirit,

what diuell suggests this imagination? I wold not ha

your distemper in this kind, for y welth of Windsor castle

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M[aster]. Page) I suffer for it

Euans. You suffer for a pad
conscience: your wife is

as honest a o'mans, as I will desires
among fiue thousand,

and fiue hundred too

Cai. By gar, I see 'tis an honest
woman

Ford. Well, I promisd you a dinner:
come, come, walk

in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I
wil hereafter make

knowne to you why I haue done this.
Come wife, come

Mi[stis]. Page, I pray you pardon me.
Pray hartly pardon me

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but
(trust me) we'l mock

him: I doe inuite you to morrow
morning to my house

to breakfast: after we'll a Birding
together, I haue a fine

Hawke for the bush. Shall it be so:

Ford. Any thing

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

Ca. If there be one, or two, I shall
make-a-theturd

Ford. Pray you go, M[aster]. Page

Eua. I pray you now remembrance to
morrow on the

lowsie knaue, mine Host

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my
heart

Eua. A lowsie knaue, to haue his gibes,
and his mockeries.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow,
Slender, Quickly, Page,

Mist. Page.

Fen. I see I cannot get thy Fathers
loue,

Therefore no more turne me to him
(sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou must be thy selfe.

He doth object, I am too great of birth,

And that my state being gall'd with my
expençe,

I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.

Besides these, other barres he layes
before me,

My Riots past, my wilde Societies,

And tels me 'tis a thing impossible

I should loue thee, but as a property

An. May be he tels you true.

No, heauen so speed me in my time to
come,

Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers
wealth

Was the first motiue that I woo'd thee
(Anne:)

Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more
ualew

Then stamper in Gold, or summes in
sealed bagges:

And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,

That now I ayme at

An. Gentle M[aster]. Fenton,

Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it
sir,

If opportunity and humblest suite

Cannot attaine it, why then harke you
hither

Shal. Breake their talke Mistris
Quickly.

My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe

Slen. Ile make a shaft or a bolt on't,
slid, tis but venturing

Shal. Be not dismayd

my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen,
good Vnckle

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me:

I care not for that, but that I am affeard

Shal. Mistris Anne, my Cozen loues
you

Qui. Hark ye, M[aster]. Slender
would speak a word with you

Slen. I that I do, as well as I loue any
woman in Glocestershire

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers
choice:

Shal. He will maintaine you like a
Gentlewoman

O what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd
faults

Lookes handsome in three hundred
pounds a yeere?

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-
taile, vnder the

Qui. And how do's good Master
Fenton?

degree of a Squire

Pray you a word with you

Shal. He will make you a hundred
and fiftie pounds

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:

ioynture

O boy, thou hadst a father

Anne. Good Maister Shallow let him
woo for himselfe

Slen. I had a father (M[istris]. An)
my vnckle can tel you good

iests of him: pray you Vnckle, tel
Mist[ris]. Anne the iest how

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for

that good comfort: she cals you (Coz) Ile leaue you

Anne. Now Master Slender

Slen. Now good Mistris Anne

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hartlings, that's a prettie

iest indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen:)

I am not such a sickely creature, I giue Heauen

praise

Anne. I meane (M[aster]. Slender) what wold you with me?

Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or

nothing with you: your father and my vncler hath made

motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his

dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can:

you may aske your father, heere he comes

Page. Now Mr Slender; Loue him daughter Anne.

Why how now? What does Mr Fenten here?

You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.

I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of

Fen. Nay Mr Page, be not impatient

Mist.Page. Good M[aster]. Fenton, come not to my child

Page. She is no match for you

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M[aster]. Fenton.

Come M[aster]. Shallow: Come sonne
Slender, in;

Knowing my minde, you wrong me
(M[aster]. Fenton.)

Qui. Speake to Mistris Page

Fen. Good Mist[ris]. Page, for that I
loue your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes,
and manners,

I must aduance the colours of my loue,

And not retire. Let me haue your good
will

An. Good mother, do not marry me
to yond foole

Mist.Page. I meane it not, I seeke you
a better husband

Qui. That's my master, M[aster].
Doctor

An. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th
earth,

And bowl'd to death with Turnips

Mist.Page. Come, trouble not your
selfe good M[aster].

Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor
enemy:

My daughter will I question how she
loues you,

And as I finde her, so am I affected:

Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs
go in,

Her father will be angry

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell
Nan

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay,
saide I, will you

cast away your childe on a Foole, and a
Physitian:

Looke on M[aster]. Fenton, this is my
doing

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee
once to night,

Giue my sweet Nan this Ring: there's
for thy paines

Qui. Now heauen send thee good
fortune, a kinde

heart he hath: a woman would run
through fire & water

for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would
my Maister

had Mistris Anne, or I would M[aster].
Slender had her: or (in

sooth) I would M[aster]. Fenton had
her; I will do what I can

for them all three, for so I haue
promisd, and Ile bee as

good as my word, but speciously for
M[aster]. Fenton. Well, I

must of another errand to Sir Iohn
Falstaffe from my two

Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke
it.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly,
Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I say

Bar. Heere Sir

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke,
put a tost in't.

Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket
like a barrow of

butchers Offall? and to be throwne in
the Thames? Wel,

if I be seru'd such another tricke, Ile
haue my braines

'tane out and butter'd, and giue them to
a dogge for a

New-yeares gift. The rogues slighted
me into the riuier

with as little remorse, as they would
haue drown'de a

blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th
litter: and you may

know by my size, that I haue a kinde of
alacrity in sinking:

if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I
shold down.

I had beene drown'd, but that the shore
was sheluy and

shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the
water swelles a

man; and what a thing should I haue
beene, when I

had beene swel'd? I should haue beene a
Mountaine of

Mummie

Bar. Here's M[istris]. Quickly Sir to
speake with you

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack
to the Thames

water: for my bellies as cold as if I had
swallow'd snowbals,

for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in

Bar. Come in woman

Qui. By your leaue: I cry you mercy?

Giue your worship good morrow

Fal. Take away these Challices:

Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet-
Spersme in my

brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your
worship from M[istris]. Ford

Fal. Mist[ris]. Ford? I haue had Ford
enough: I was thrown

into the Ford; I haue my belly full of
Ford

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that
was not her

fault: she do's so take on with her men;
they mistooke

their erection

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a
foolish Womans promise

Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that
it would yern

your heart to see it: her husband goes
this morning a

birding; she desires you once more to
come to her, betweene

eight and nine: I must carry her word
quickely,

she'll make you amends I warrant you

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so:
and bidde her

thinke what a man is: Let her consider
his frailety, and

then iudge of my merit

Qui. I will tell her

Fal. Do so. Betweene nine and ten
saist thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse
her

Qui. Peace be with you Sir

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of Mr
Broome: he sent me

word to stay within: I like his money
well.

Oh, heere he comes

Ford. Blesse you Sir

Fal. Now M[aster]. Broome, you
come to know

What hath past betweene me, and
Fords wife

Ford. That indeed (Sir Iohn) is my
businessse

Fal. M[aster]. Broome I will not lye
to you,

I was at her house the houre she
appointed me

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. Very ill-fauouredly M[aster].
Broome

Ford. How so sir, did she change her
determination?

Fal. No (M[aster]. Broome) but the
peaking Curnuto her husband

(M[aster]. Broome) dwelling in a
continual larum of iclousie,

coms me in the instant of our
encounter, after we had

embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were)
spoke the prologue

of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a
rabble of his companions,

thither prouoked and instigated by his
distemper,

and (forsooth) to serch his house for
his wiues Loue

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there

For. And did he search for you, &
could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke
would haue it,

comes in one Mist[ris]. Page, giues
intelligence of Fords approach:

and in her inuention, and Fords wiues
distraction,

they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in
with foule

Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule
Stockings, greasie

Napkins, that (Master Broome) there
was the rankest

compound of villanous smell, that euer
offended nostrill

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master
Broome) what I

haue sufferd, to bring this woman to
euill, for your

good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket,
a couple of

Fords knaues, his Hindes, were cald
forth by their Mistris,

to carry mee in the name of foule
Cloathes to

Datchet-lane: they tooke me on their
shoulders: met

the ieaious knaue their Master in the
doore; who

ask'd them once or twice what they had
in their Basket?

I quak'd for feare least the Lunatique
Knaue

would haue search'd it: but Fate
(ordaining he should

be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on
went hee, for

a search, and away went I for foule
Cloathes: But

marke the sequell (Master Broome) I
suffered the pangs

of three seuerall deaths: First, an
intollerable fright,

to be detected with a ieaious rotten
Bell-weather:

Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo
in the circumference

of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head.
And

then to be stopt in like a strong
distillation with stinking

Cloathes, that fretted in their owne
grease:

thinke of that, a man of my Kidney;
thinke of that,

that am as subiect to heate as butter; a
man of continuall

dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle
to scape

suffocation. And in the height of this
Bath (when I

was more then halfe stew'd in grease
(like a Dutch-dish)

to be throwne into the Thames, and

coold, glowing-hot, in that serge like a
Horse-shoo;

thinke of that; hissing hot: thinke of
that (Master

Broome.)

Ford. In good sadnesse Sir, I am sorry,
that for my sake

you haue sufferd all this.

My suite then is desperate: You'll
vndertake her no

more?

Fal. Master Broome: I will be throwne
into Etna,

as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will
leaue her thus;

her Husband is this morning gone a
Birding: I

haue receiued from her another
ambassie of meeting:

'twixt eight and nine is the houre
(Master

Broome.)

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to
my appointment:

Come to mee at your conuenient
leisure, and

you shall know how I speede: and the
conclusion

shall be crowned with your enjoying
her: adiew: you

shall haue her (Master Broome) Master
Broome, you shall

cuckold Ford

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is
this a dreame?

doe I sleepe? Master Ford awake, awake
Master Ford:

ther's a hole made in your best coate
(Master Ford:) this

'tis to be married; this 'tis to haue
Lynnen, and Buckbaskets:

Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I
am:

I will now take the Leacher: hee is at
my house: hee

cannot scape me: 'tis impossible hee
should: hee cannot

creepe into a halfe-penny purse, nor
into a PepperBoxe:

But least the Diuell that guides him,
should

aide him, I will search impossible
places: though

what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be
what I would

not, shall not make me tame: If I haue
hornes, to make

one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me,
Ile be hornemad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William,
Euans.

Mist.Pag. Is he at M[aster]. Fords
already think'st thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be
presently; but

truely he is very couragious mad, about
his throwing

into the water. Mistris Ford desires you
to come sodainely

Mist.Pag. Ile be with her by and by:
Ile but bring

my yong-man here to Schoole: looke
where his Master

comes; 'tis a playing day I see: how now
Sir Hugh, no

Schoole to day?

Eua. No: Master Slender is let the
Boyes leaue to play

Qui 'Blessing of his heart

Mist.Pag. Sir Hugh, my husband saies
my sonne profits

nothing in the world at his Booke: I
pray you aske

him some questions in his Accidence

Eu. Come hither William; hold vp
your head; come

Mist.Pag. Come-on Sirha; hold vp
your head; answere

your Master, be not afraid

Eua. William, how many Numbers is
in Nownes?

Will. Two

Qui. Truly, I thought there had bin
one Number

more, because they say od's-Nownes

Eua. Peace, your tatlings. What is
(Faire) William?

Will. Pulcher

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things
then Powlcats,

sure

Eua. You are a very simplicity o'man:
I pray you

peace. What is (Lapis) William?

Will. A Stone

Eua. And what is a Stone (William?)

Will. A Peeble

Eua. No; it is Lapis: I pray you
remember in your

praine

Will. Lapis

Eua. That is a good William: what is
he (William) that

do's lend Articles

Will. Articles are borrowed of the
Pronoune; and be

thus declined. Singulariter nominatiuo
hic, haec, hoc

Eua. Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog: pray
you marke: genitiuo

huius: Well: what is your Accusatiue-
case?

Will. Accusatiuo hinc

Eua. I pray you haue your
remembrance (childe) Accusatiuo

hing, hang, hog

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you

Eua. Leaue your prables (o'man)
What is the Focatiue
case (William?)

Will. O, Vocatiuo, O

Eua. Remember William, Focatiue, is caret

Qu. And that's a good roote

Eua. O'man, forbear

Mist.Pag. Peace

Eua. What is your Genitiue case plurall (William?)

Will. Genitiue case?

Eua. I

Will. Genitiue horum, harum, horum

Qu. 'Vengeance of Ginyes case; fie on her; neuer

name her (childe) if she be a whore

Eua. For shame o'man

Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe such words: hee

teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe fast

enough of themselues, and to call horum; fie vpon you

Euans. O'man, art thou Lunatics? Hast thou no vnderstandings

for thy Cases, & the numbers of the Genders?

Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would

desires

Mi.Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace

Exeunt.

Eu. Shew me now (William) some declensions of your

Pronounes

Scena Secunda.

Will. Forsooth, I haue forgot

Enter Falstoffs, Mist.Ford, Mist.Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius,

Eu. It is Qui, que, quod; if you forget your Quies,

Euans,

your Ques, and your Quods, you must be preeches: Goe

Shallow.

your waies and play, go

Fal. Mi[stis]. Ford, Your sorrow hath eaten vp my sufferance;

M.Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was

I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I professe

Eu. He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel Mis[tris]. Page

requitall to a haire bredth, not onely Mist[ris]. Ford,

Mis.Page. Adieu good Sir Hugh:

in the simple office of loue, but in all the accustrement,

Get you home boy, Come we stay too long.

complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of

your husband now?

Mis.Ford. Hee's a birding (sweet Sir Iohn.)

Mis.Page. What hoa, gossip Ford: what hoa

Mis.Ford. Step into th' chamber, Sir
Iohn

Mis.Page. How now (sweete heart)
whose at home
besides your selfe?

Mis.Ford. Why none but mine owne
people

Mis.Page. Indeed?

Mis.Ford. No certainly: Speake
louder

Mist.Pag. Truly, I am so glad you
haue no body here

Mist.Ford. Why?

Mis.Page. Why woman, your husband
is in his olde

lines againe: he so takes on yonder with
my husband, so

railes against all married mankinde; so
curses all Eues

daughters, of what complexion soeuer;
and so buffettes

himselfe on the for-head: crying peere-
out, peere-out,

that any madnesse I euer yet beheld,
seem'd but tamenesse,

ciuity, and patience to this his
distemper he is in

now: I am glad the fat Knight is not
heere

Mist.Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Mist.Page. Of none but him, and
swears he was caried

out the last time hee search'd for him,
in a Basket:

Protests to my husband he is now
heere, & hath drawne

him and the rest of their company from
their sport, to

make another experiment of his
suspition: But I am glad

the Knight is not heere; now he shall
see his owne foolerie

Mist.Ford. How neere is he Mistris
Page?

Mist.Pag. Hard by, at street end; he
wil be here anon

Mist.Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is
heere

Mist.Page. Why then you are vtterly
sham'd, & hee's

but a dead man. What a woman are
you? Away with

him, away with him: Better shame,
then murther

Mist.Ford. Which way should he go?
How should I

bestow him? Shall I put him into the
basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

Mist.Page. Alas: three of Mr. Fords
brothers watch

the doore with Pistols, that none shall
issue out: otherwise

you might slip away ere hee came: But
what make

you heere?

Fal. What shall I do? Ile creepe vp
into the chimney

Mist.Ford. There they alwaies vse to
discharge their

Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-
hole

Fal. Where is it?

Mist.Ford. He will seeke there on my
word: Neyther

Presse, Coffe, Chest, Trunke, Well,
Vault, but he hath

an abstract for the remembrance of
such places, and goes

to them by his Note: There is no hiding
you in the

house

Fal. Ile go out then

Mist.Ford. If you goe out in your
owne semblance,

you die Sir Iohn, vnlesse you go out
disguis'd

Mist.Ford. How might we disguise
him?

Mist.Page. Alas the day I know not,
there is no womans

gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise
he might

put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe,
and so escape

Fal. Good hearts, deuise something:
any extremitie,

rather then a mischiefe

Mist.Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat
woman of Brainford,

has a gowne aboue

Mist.Page. On my word it will serue
him: shee's as

big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat,
and her muffler

too: run vp Sir Iohn

Mist.Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir Iohn:
Mistris Page and

I will looke some linnen for your head

Mist.Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le
come dresse you

straight: put on the gowne the while

Mist.Ford. I would my husband
would meete him

in this shape: he cannot abide the old
woman of Brainford;

he swears she's a witch, forbad her my
house, and

hath threatned to beate her

Mist.Page. Heauen guide him to thy
husbands cudgell:

and the diuell guide his cudgell
afterwards

Mist.Ford. But is my husband
comming?

Mist.Page. I in good sadnesse is he,
and talkes of the

basket too, howsoever he hath had
intelligence

Mist.Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile
appoint my men to

carry the basket againe, to meete him at
the doore with

it, as they did last time

Mist.Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere
presently: let's go

dresse him like the witch of Brainford

Mist.Ford. Ile first direct my men,
what they

shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile
bring linnen for

him straight

Mist.Page. Hang him dishonest
Varlet,

We cannot misuse enough:

We'll leaue a prooffe by that which we
will doo,

Wiues may be merry, and yet honest
too:

We do not acte that often, iest, and
laugh,

'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the
draugh

Mist.Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket
againe on your

shoulders: your Master is hard at doore:
if hee bid you

set it downe, obey him: quickly,
dispatch

1 Ser. Come, come, take it vp

2 Ser. Pray heauen it be not full of
Knight againe

1 Ser. I hope not, I had lief as beare
so much lead

Ford. I, but if it proue true (Mr.
Page) haue you any

way then to vnfoole me againe. Set
downe the basket

villaine: some body call my wife: Youth
in a basket:

Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a
knot: a gin, a packe,

a conspiracie against me: Now shall the
diuel be sham'd.

What wife I say: Come, come forth:
behold what honest

cloathes you send forth to bleaching

Page. Why, this passes M[aster].
Ford: you are not to goe

loose any longer, you must be
pinnion'd

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is
madde, as a

mad dogge

Shall. Indeed M[aster]. Ford, this is
not well indeed

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither
Mistris Ford, Mistris

Ford, the honest woman, the modest
wife, the vertuous

creature, that hath the iealious foole to
her husband:

I suspect without cause (Mistris) do I?

Mist.Ford. Heauen be my witsse
you doe, if you

suspect me in any dishonesty

Ford. Well said Brazon-face, hold it
out: Come forth

sirrah

Page. This passes

Mist.Ford. Are you not asham'd, let
the cloths alone

Ford. I shall finde you anon

Eua. 'Tis vnreasonable; will you take
vp your wiues

cloathes? Come, away

Ford. Empty the basket I say

M.Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man,
there was one conuay'd

out of my house yesterday in this
basket: why

may not he be there againe, in my
house I am sure he is:

my Intelligence is true, my ieaousie is
reasonable, pluck

me out all the linnen

Mist.Ford. If you find a man there, he
shall dye a Fleas

death

Page. Heer's no man

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well
Mr. Ford: This

wrongs you

Euans. Mr Ford, you must pray, and
not follow the

imaginations of your owne heart: this is
iealousies

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I seeke for

Page. No, nor no where else but in
your braine

Ford. Helpe to search my house this
one time: if I find

not what I seeke, shew no colour for
my extremity: Let

me for euer be your Table-sport: Let
them say of me, as

iealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow
Wall-nut for his

wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more,
once more serch

with me

M.Ford. What hoa (Mistris Page,)
come you and

the old woman downe: my husband
will come into the

Chamber

Ford. Old woman? what old womans
that?

M.Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of
Brainford

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde
couzening queane:

Haue I not forbid her my house. She
comes of errands

do's she? We are simple men, wee doe
not know what's

brought to passe vnder the profession
of Fortune-telling.

She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'
Figure, & such

dawbry as this is, beyond our Element:
wee know nothing.

Come downe you Witch, you Hagge
you, come

downe I say

Mist.Ford. Nay, good sweet husband,
good Gentlemen,

let him strike the old woman

Mist.Page. Come mother Prat, Come
giue me your

hand

Ford. Ile Prat-her: Out of my doore,
you Witch,

you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat,
you Runnion,

out, out: Ile coniure you, Ile fortune-
tell you

Mist.Page. Are you not asham'd?

I thinke you haue kill'd the poore
woman

Mist.Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a
goodly credite

for you

Ford. Hang her witch

Eua. By yea, and no, I thinke the
o'man is a witch indeede:

I like not when a o'man has a great
peard; I spie

a great peard vnder his muffler

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I
beseech you follow:

see but the issue of my iealousie: If I cry
out thus

vpon no traile, neuer trust me when I
open againe

Page. Let's obey his humour a little
further:

Come Gentlemen

Mist.Page. Trust me he beate him
most pittifully

Mist.Ford. Nay by th' Masse that he
did not: he beate

him most vnpittifully, me thought

Mist.Page. Ile haue the cudgell
hallow'd, and hung

ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious
seruice

Mist.Ford. What thinke you? May we
with the warrant

of woman-hood, and the witsse of a
good conscience,

pursue him with any further reuenge?

M.Page. The spirit of wantonnesse is
sure scar'd out

of him, if the diuell haue him not in
fee-simple, with

fine and recouery, he will neuer (I
thinke) in the way of

waste, attempt vs againe

Mist.Ford. Shall we tell our husbands
how wee haue

seru'd him?

Mist.Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be
but to scrape

the figures out of your husbands
braines: if they can find

in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous
fat Knight shall be

any further afflicted, wee two will still
bee the ministers

Mist.Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue
him publiquely

sham'd, and me thinkes there would be
no period to the

iest, should he not be publikely sham'd

Mist.Page. Come, to the Forge with
it, then shape it:

I would not haue things coole.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane desires to haue
three of your

horses: the Duke himselfe will be to
morrow at Court,

and they are going to meet him

Host. What Duke should that be
comes so secretly?

I heare not of him in the Court: let mee
speake with the

Gentlemen, they speake English?

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you

Host. They shall haue my horses, but
Ile make them

pay: Ile sauce them, they haue had my
houses a week at

commaund: I haue turn'd away my
other guests, they

must come off, Ile sawce them, come.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, and Euans.

Eua. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as euer

I did looke vpon

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an

instant?

Mist.Page. Within a quarter of an houre

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what y wilt:

I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold,

Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand

(In him that was of late an Heretike)

As firme as faith

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:

Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence,

But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues

Yet once againe (to make vs publike sport)

Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,

Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of

Page. How? to send him word they'll meete him in

the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come

Eu. You say he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and

has bin greuously peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes

there should be terrors in him, that he should not come:

Me-thinkes his flesh is punish'd, hee shall haue no desires

Page. So thinke I too

M.Ford. Deuise but how you'l vse
him whe[n] he comes,

And let vs two deuise to bring him
thether

Mis.Page. There is an old tale goes,
that Herne the

Hunter (sometime a keeper heere in
Windsor Forrest)

Doth all the winter time, at still
midnight

Walke round about an Oake, with
great rag'd-hornes,

And there he blasts the tree, and takes
the cattle,

And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and
shakes a chaine

In a most hideous and dreadfull
manner.

You haue heard of such a Spirit, and
well you know

The superstitious idle-headed-Eld

Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age

This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a
truth

Page. Why yet there want not many
that do feare

In deepe of night to walke by this
Hernes Oake:

But what of this?

Mist.Ford. Marry this is our deuise,

That Falstaffe at that Oake shall meete
with vs

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but
he'll come,

And in this shape, when you haue
brought him thether,

What shall be done with him? What is
your plot?

Mist.Pa. That likewise haue we thoght
vpon: & thus:

Nan Page (my daughter) and my little
sonne,

And three or foure more of their
growth, wee'l dresse

Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies,
greene and white,

With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,

And rattles in their hands; vpon a sodaine,

As Falstaffe, she, and I, are newly met,

Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once

With some diffused song: Vpon their sight

We two, in great amazednesse will flye:

Then let them all encircle him about,

And Fairy-like to pinch the vncleane Knight;

And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,

In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread

In shape prophane

Ford. And till he tell the truth,

Let the supposed Fairies pinch him, sound,

And burne him with their Tapers

Mist.Page. The truth being knowne,

We'll all present our selues; dis-horne the spirit,

And mocke him home to Windsor

Ford. The children must

Be practis'd well to this, or they'll neu'r doo't

Eua. I will teach the children their behauiours: and I

will be like a Iacke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight

with my Taber

Ford. That will be excellent,

Ile go buy them vizards

Mist.Page. My Nan shall be the Queene of all the

Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white

Page. That silke will I go buy, and in that time

Shall M[aster]. Slender steale my Nan
away,

And marry her at Eaton: go, send to
Falstaffe straight

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name
of Broome,

Hee'l tell me all his purpose: sure hee'l
come

Mist.Page. Feare not you that: Go get
vs properties

And tricking for our Fayries

Euans. Let vs about it,

It is admirable pleasures, and ferry
honest knaueries

Mis.Page. Go Mist[ris]. Ford,

Send quickly to Sir Iohn, to know his
minde:

Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,

And none but he to marry with Nan
Page:

That Slender (though well landed) is
an Ideot:

And he, my husband best of all affects:

The Doctor is well monied, and his
friends

Potent at Court: he, none but he shall
haue her,

Though twenty thousand worthier
come to craue her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe,
Euans, Caius, Quickly.

Host. What wouldst thou haue?
(Boore) what? (thick

skin) speake, breathe, discusse: breefe,
short, quicke,

snap

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake
with Sir Iohn Falstaffe

from M[aster]. Slender

Host. There's his Chamber, his
House, his Castle,
his standing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis
painted about
with the story of the Prodigall, fresh
and new: go, knock
and call: hee'l speake like an
Anthropophagianian vnto
thee: Knocke I say

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat
woman gone vp
into his chamber: Ile be so bold as stay
Sir till she come
downe: I come to speake with her
indeed

Host. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight
may be robb'd:
Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir Iohn:
speake from thy
Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is
thine Host, thine
Ephesian cals

Fal. How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar
taries the comming
downe of thy fat-woman: Let her
descend (Bully) let
her descend: my Chambers are
honourable: Fie, priuacy?
Fie

Fal. There was (mine Host) an old-
fat-woman euen
now with me, but she's gone

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the
Wise-woman of
Brainford?

Fal. I marry was it (Mussel-shell) what
would you
with her?

Simp. My Master (Sir) my master
Slender, sent to her
seeing her go thorough the streets, to
know (Sir) whether
one Nim (Sir) that beguil'd him of a
chaine, had the

chaine, or no

Fal. I spake with the old woman
about it

Sim. And what sayes she, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry shee sayes, that the very
same man that

beguil'd Master Slender of his Chaine,
cozon'd him of it

Simp. I would I could haue spoken
with the Woman

her selfe, I had other things to haue
spoken with her

too, from him

Fal. What are they? let vs know

Host. I: come: quicke

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Host. Conceale them, or thou di'st

Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but
about Mistris

Anne Page, to know if it were my
Masters fortune to

haue her, or no

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; say the
woman told

me so

Sim. May I be bold to say so Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold

Sim. I thanke your worship: I shall
make my Master

glad with these tydings

Host. Thou art clearkly: thou art
clearkly (Sir Iohn)

was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine Host) one
that hath taught

me more wit, then euer I learn'd before
in my life: and

I paid nothing for it neither, but was
paid for my learning

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere
cozonage

Host. Where be my horses? speake
well of them varletto

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for
so soone as

I came beyond Eaton, they threw me
off, from behinde

one of them, in a slough of myre; and
set spurres, and

away; like three Germane-diuels; three
Doctor Faustasses

Host. They are gone but to meete the
Duke (villaine)

doe not say they be fled: Germanes are
honest men

Euan. Where is mine Host?

Host. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Haue a care of your
entertainments: there is a

friend of mine come to Towne, tels
mee there is three

Cozen-Iermans, that has cozend all the
Hosts of Reading,

of Maidenhead; of Cole-brooke, of
horses and money: I

tell you for good will (looke you) you
are wise, and full

of gibes, and vlouting-stocks: and 'tis
not conuenient

you should be cozoned. Fare you well

Cai. Ver' is mine Host de Iarteere?

Host. Here (Master Doctor) in
perplexitie, and doubtfull

delemma

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is
tell-a-me, dat

you make grand preparation for a Duke
de Iamanie: by

my trot: der is no Duke that the Court
is know, to

come: I tell you for good will: adieu

Host. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe:
assist me Knight, I

am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry
(villaine) I am vndone

Fal. I would all the world might be
cozond, for I

haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it
should come

to the eare of the Court, how I haue
beene transformed;

and how my transformation hath beene
washd, and

cudgeld, they would melt mee out of
my fat drop by

drop, and liquor Fishermens-boots
with me: I warrant

they would whip me with their fine
wits, till I were as

crest-falne as a dride-peare: I neuer
prosper'd, since I

forswore my selfe at Primero: well, if
my winde were

but long enough; I would repent: Now?
Whence come

you?

Qui. From the two parties forsooth

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and
his Dam the

other: and so they shall be both
bestowed; I haue suffer'd

more for their sakes; more then the
villanous inconstancy

of mans disposition is able to beare

Qui. And haue not they suffer'd? Yes,
I warrant; speciously

one of them; Mistris Ford (good heart)
is beaten

blacke and blew, that you cannot see a
white spot about

her

Fal. What tell'st thou mee of blacke,
and blew? I

was beaten my selfe into all the colours
of the Rainebow:

and I was like to be apprehended for
the Witch

of Braineford, but that my admirable
dexteritie of wit,

my counterfeiting the action of an old
woman deliuer'd

me, the knaue Constable had set me
ith' Stocks, ith' common

Stocks, for a Witch

Qu, Sir: let me speake with you in
your Chamber,

you shall heare how things goe, and (I
warrant) to your

content: here is a Letter will say
somewhat: (good-hearts)

what adoe here is to bring you
together? Sure,

one of you do's not serue heauen well,
that you are so

cross'd

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talke not to
mee, my minde is

heauy: I will giue ouer all

Fen. Yet heare me speake: assist me in
my purpose,

And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee

A hundred pound in gold, more then
your losse

Host. I will heare you (Master
Fenton) and I will (at

the least) keepe your counsell

Fen. From time to time, I haue
acquainted you

With the deare loue I beare to faire
Anne Page,

Who, mutually, hath answer'd my
affection,

(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her
chooser)

Euen to my wish; I haue a letter from
her

Of such contents, as you will wonder
at;

The mirth whereof, so larded with my
matter,

That neither (singly) can be manifested

Without the shew of both: fat Falstaffe

Hath a great Scene; the image of the
iest

Ile show you here at large (harke good
mine Host:)

To night at Hernes-Oke, iust 'twixt
twelue and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the Faerie-
Queene:

The purpose why, is here: in which
disguise

While other Iests are something ranke
on foote,

Her father hath commanded her to slip

Away with Slender, and with him, at
Eaton

Immediately to Marry: She hath
consented: Now Sir,

Her Mother, (euen strong against that
match

And firme for Doctor Caius) hath
appointed

That he shall likewise shuffle her away,

While other sports are tasking of their
minde,

And at the Deanry, where a Priest
attends

Strait marry her: to this her Mothers
plot

She seemingly obedient) likewise hath

Made promise to the Doctor: Now,
thus it rests,

Her Father meanes she shall be all in
white;

And in that habit, when Slender sees
his time

To take her by the hand, and bid her
goe,

She shall goe with him: her Mother
hath intended

(The better to deuote her to the
Doctor;

For they must all be mask'd, and
vizarded)

That quaint in greene, she shall be
loose en-roab'd,

With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout
her head;

And when the Doctor spies his vantage
ripe,

To pinch her by the hand, and on that
token,

The maid hath giuen consent to go
with him

Host. Which meanes she to deceiue?
Father, or Mother

Fen. Both (my good Host) to go
along with me:

And heere it rests, that you'l procure
the Vicar

To stay for me at Church, 'twixt
twelue, and one,

And in the lawfull name of marrying,

To giue our hearts vnited ceremony

Host. Well, husband your deuice; Ile
to the Vicar,

Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke
a Priest

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound to
thee;

Besides, Ile make a present recompence.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Falstoffs, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more pratling: go, Ile
hold, this is

the third time: I hope good lucke lies in
odde numbers:

Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in
odde Numbers,

either in natiuity, chance, or death:
away

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile
do what I can

to get you a paire of hornes

Fall. Away I say, time weares, hold vp
your head &

mince. How now M[aster]. Broome?
Master Broome, the matter

will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee
you in the

Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake,
and you shall

see wonders

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday
(Sir) as you told

me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master Broome) as
you see, like a

poore-old-man, but I came from her
(Master Broome)

like a poore-old-woman; that same
knaue (Ford hir husband)

hath the finest mad diuell of iealousie
in him (Master

Broome) that euer govern'd Frensie. I
will tell you,

he beate me greeuously, in the shape of
a woman: (for in

the shape of Man (Master Broome) I
feare not Goliath

with a Weauers beame, because I know
also, life is a

Shuttle) I am in hast, go along with
mee, Ile tell you all

(Master Broome:) since I pluckt Geese,
plaide Trewant,

and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas
to be beaten, till

lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange
things of this

knaue Ford, on whom to night I will be
reuenged, and I

will deliuer his wife into your hand.
Follow, straunge

things in hand (M[aster]. Broome)
follow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th
Castle-ditch,

till we see the light of our Fairies.
Remember son Slender,

my

Slen. I forsooth, I haue spoke with her,
& we haue

a nay-word, how to know one another.
I come to her

in white, and cry Mum; she cries
Budget, and by that

we know one another

Shal. That's good too: But what
needes either your

Mum, or her Budget? The white will
decipher her well

enough. It hath strooke ten a' clocke

Page. The night is darke, Light and
Spirits will become

it wel: Heauen prosper our sport. No
man means

euill but the deuill, and we shal know
him by his hornes.

Lets away: follow me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist.Page, Mist.Ford, Caius.

Mist.Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is
in green, when

you see your time, take her by the hand,
away with her

to the Deanerie, and dispatch it
quickly: go before into
the Parke: we two must go together

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu

Mist.Page. Fare you well (Sir:) my
husband will not

reioyce so much at the abuse of
Falstaffe, as he will chafe

at the Doctors marrying my daughter:
But 'tis no matter;

better a little chiding, then a great deale
of heartbreake

Mist.Ford. Where is Nan now? and
her troop of Fairies?

and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Mist.Page. They are all couch'd in a pit
hard by Hernes

Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at
the very instant

of Falstaffes and our meeting, they will
at once display to

the night

Mist.Ford. That cannot choose but
amaze him

Mist.Page. If he be not amaz'd he will
be mock'd: If

he be amaz'd, he will euery way be
mock'd

Mist.Ford. Wee'll betray him finely

Mist.Page. Against such Lewdsters,
and their lechery,

Those that betray them, do no
treachery

Mist.Ford. The houre drawes-on: to
the Oake, to the

Oake.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your

parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and

when I giue the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come,

come, trib, trib.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Euans, Anne Page,

Fairies,

Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistoll.

Fal. The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelue: the Minute

drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods assist me:

Remember Ioue, thou was't a Bull for thy Europa, Loue

set on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in some respects

makes a Beast a Man: in som other, a Man a beast.

You were also (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of Leda: O

omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the complexion

of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a

beast, (O Ioue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault,

in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle-fault.

When Gods haue hot backes, what shall poore

men do? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the

fattest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time

(Ioue) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who

comes heere? my Doe?

M.Ford. Sir Iohn? Art thou there (my Deere?)

My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut?
Let the skie

raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the
tune of Greenesleeues,

haile-kissing Comfits, and snow
Eringoes: Let

there come a tempest of prouocation, I
will shelter mee

heere

M.Ford. Mistris Page is come with me
(sweet hart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke,
each a Haunch:

I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my
shoulders for the

fellow of this walke; and my hornes I
bequeath your

husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha?
Speake I like Herne

the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a
child of conscience,

he makes restitution. As I am a true
spirit, welcome

M.Page. Alas, what noise?

M.Ford. Heauen forgiue our sinnes

Fal. What should this be?

M.Ford. M.Page. Away, away

Fal. I thinke the diuell wil not haue
me damn'd,

Least the oyle that's in me should set
hell on fire;

He would neuer else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and
white,

You Moone-shine reuellers, and shades
of night.

You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,

Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy
Oyes

Pist. Elues, list your names: Silence
you aiery toyes.

Cricket, to Windsor-chimnies shalt
thou leape;

Where fires thou find'st vnrak'd, and
hearths vnswept,

There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-
berry,

Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and
Sluttery

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks
to them shall die,

Ile winke, and couch: No man their
workes must eie

Eu. Wher's Bede? Go you, and where
you find a maid

That ere she sleepe has thrice her
prayers said,

Raise vp the Organs of her fantasie,

Sleepe she as sound as carelesse
infancie,

But those as sleepe, and thinke not on
their sins,

Pinch them armes, legs, backes,
shoulders, sides, & shins

Qu. About, about:

Search Windsor Castle (Elues) within,
and out.

Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery
sacred roome,

That it may stand till the perpetuall
doome,

In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit,

Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.

The seuerall Chaires of Order, looke
you scowre

With iuyce of Balme; and euery
precious flowre,

Each faire Instalment, Coate, and
seu'rall Crest,

With loyall Blazon, euermore be blest.

And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke
you sing

Like to the Garters-Compassse, in a ring

Th' expresse that it beares: Greene let
it be,

More fertile-fresh then all the Field to
see:

And, Hony Soit Qui Maly-Pence, write

In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew,
and white,

Like Saphire-pearle, and rich
embroiderie,

Buckled below faire Knight-hoods
bending knee;

Fairies vse Flowres for their characterie.

Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clocke,

Our Dance of Custome, round about
the Oke

Of Herne the Hunter, let vs not forget

Euan. Pray you lock hand in hand:
your selues in order set:

And twenty glow-wormes shall our
Lanthornes bee

To guide our Measure round about the
Tree.

But stay, I smell a man of middle earth

Fal. Heauens defend me from that
Welsh Fairy,

Least he transforme me to a peece of
Cheese

Pist. Vilde worme, thou wast ore-
look'd euen in thy

birth

Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his
finger end:

If he be chaste, the flame will backe
descend

And turne him to no paine: but if he
start,

It is the flesh of a corrupted hart

Pist. A triall, come

Eua. Come: will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in
desire.

About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull
rime,

And as you trip, still pinch him to your
time.

The Song.

Fie on sinnfull phantasie: Fie on Lust,
and Luxurie:

Lust is but a bloody fire, kindled with
vnchaste desire,

Fed in heart whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them higher and
higher.

Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch
him for his villanie.

Pinch him, and burne him, and turne
him about,

Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-
shine be out

Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we
haue watcht you

now: Will none but Herne the Hunter
serue your

turne?

M.Page. I pray you come, hold vp the
iest no higher.

Now (good Sir Iohn) how like you
Windsor wiues?

See you these husband? Do not these
faire yoakes

Become the Forrest better then the
Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold
now?

Mr Broome, Falstaffes a Knaue, a
Cuckoldly knaue,

Heere are his hornes Master Broome:

And Master Broome, he hath enioyed
nothing of Fords,

but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and
twenty pounds of

money, which must be paid to Mr
Broome, his horses are

arrested for it, Mr Broome

M.Ford. Sir Iohn, we haue had ill
lucke: wee could

neuer meete: I will neuer take you for
my Loue againe,

but I will alwayes count you my Deere

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am
made an Asse

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the
proofes are extant

Fal. And these are not Fairies:

I was three or foure times in the
thought they were not

Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my
minde, the sodaine

surprize of my powers, droue the
grossnesse of the foppery

into a receiu'd beleefe, in despight of
the teeth of

all rime and reason, that they were
Fairies. See now

how wit may be made a Iacke-a-Lent,
when 'tis vpon ill

impoyment

Euans. Sir Iohn Falstaffe, serue Got,
and leaue your

desires, and Fairies will not pinse you

Ford. Well said Fairy Hugh

Euans. And leaue you your iecalouzies
too, I pray

you

Ford. I will neuer mistrust my wife
againe, till thou

art able to woo her in good English

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun,
and dri'de it,

that it wants matter to preuent so
grosse ore-reaching as

this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate
too? Shal I haue

a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were
choak'd with a

peece of toasted Cheese

Eu. Seese is not good to giue putter;
your belly is al

putter

Fal. Seese, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to stand at the

taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough

to be the decay of lust and late-walking through

the Realme

Mist.Page. Why Sir Iohn, do you thinke though wee

would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head

and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scruple

to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our

delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Mist.Page. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailles?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes,

and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings

and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the start of

me, I am deiected: I am not able to answer the Welch

Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vse me

as you will

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one

Mr Broome, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom

you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and about that you

haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting

affliction

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a posset

to night at my house, wher I will desire
thee to laugh

at my wife, that now laughes at thee:
Tell her Mr Slender

hath married her daughter

Mist. Page. Doctors doubt that;

If Anne Page be my daughter, she is (by
this) Doctour

Caius wife

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father Page

Page. Sonne? How now? How now
Sonne,

Haue you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in
Glostershire

know on't: would I were hang'd la, else

Page. Of what sonne?

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry
Mistris Anne

Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it
had not bene

i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him,
or hee should

haue swing'd me. If I did not thinke it
had bene Anne

Page, would I might neuer stirre, and
'tis a Post-masters

Boy

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke
the wrong

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I
think so, when

I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene
married to him,

(for all he was in womans apparrell) I
would not haue

had him

Page. Why this is your owne folly,

Did not I tell you how you should
know my daughter,

By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried
Mum, and

she cride budget, as Anne and I had
appointed, and yet

it was not Anne, but a Post-masters boy

Mist.Page. Good George be not
angry, I knew of

your purpose: turn'd my daughter into
white, and indeede

she is now with the Doctor at the
Deanrie, and

there married

Cai. Ver is Mistris Page: by gar I am
cozoned, I ha

married oon Garsoon, a boy; oon
pesant, by gar. A boy,

it is not An Page, by gar, I am cozoned

M.Page. Why? did you take her in
white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile
raise all

Windsor

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got
the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgiues me, here
comes Mr Fenton.

How now Mr Fenton?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my
mother pardon

Page. Now Mistris:

How chance you went not with Mr
Slender?

M.Page. Why went you not with Mr
Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the
truth of it,

You would haue married her most
shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in
loue:

The truth is, she and I (long since
contracted)

Are now so sure that nothing can
dissolue vs:

Th' offence is holy, that she hath
committed,

And this deceit looses the name of
craft,

Of disobedience, or vnduteous title,

chac'd

Since therein she doth euitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed houres

Mist.Page. Well, I will muse no further: Mr Fenton,

Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her

Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes:

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:

Good husband, let vs euery one go home,

In Loue, the heuens themselues do guide the state,

And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire,

Money buyes Lands, and wiues are sold by fate

Sir Iohn and all

Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a special stand

Ford. Let it be so (Sir Iohn:)

to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd

To Master Broome, you yet shall hold your word,

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heauen giue thee

For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris Ford:

ioy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd

Exeunt.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all sorts of Deere are

FINIS. THE Merry Wiues of Windsor.