

Quic. You shall have *An* fools-head of your own. No, I know *Anne's* mind for that; never a woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Anne's* mind than I do, nor can do more than I can with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. [*within*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the house, I pray you.

SCENE XI.

Enter master Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman, how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress *Anne*?

Quic. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a book she loves you: have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart: I shall never laugh but in that maid's company: but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing; but for you — well — go to —

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day; hold, there's money for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou see'st her before me, commend me —

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that I will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quic. Farewel to your worship. Truly, an honest gentlemen; but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne's* mind as well as another does. Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

A C T