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ACT II. SCENE I.

*Before Page's house.*

*Enter Mistress Page with a letter.*

*Mistress PAGE.*

WHAT, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see:

*Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, at the least if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me:*

*By me, thine own true knight, by day or night,  
Or any kind of light, with all his might,  
For thee to fight.* John Falstaff.

What a *Herod of Jury* is this! O wicked, wicked world! one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! what unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemish* drunkard pick'd, i' th' devil's name, out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth; heav'n forgive me! why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of mum<sup>a</sup>: how shall I be reveng'd

<sup>a</sup> A fattening liquor much in use among the Flemings, as she had call'd him a Flemish drunkard a few lines before: and it is to be observ'd that about the time when this play was written there were on foot several bills in parliament for restraining the use of strong liquors, suppressing the multitude of maltsters, and the great brewing of strong beer, and regulating inns, taverns, and alehouses.