

on him? for reveng'd I will be, as fure as his guts are made of puddings.

SCENE II.

*Enter mistress Ford.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress *Page*! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could shew you to the contrary: o mistress *Page*, give me some counsel.

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

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

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: what is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What, thou liest! fir *Alice Ford*! these knights will hack, and so thou should'st not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light; here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted: I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tun of oil in his belly, ashore at *Windsor*? how shall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs.