

SCENE III.

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a cur-tail-dog in some affairs.

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, fir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, *Ford*;
He loves thy gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like fir
Acteon, with *Ring-wood* at thy heels — o, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, fir?

Pist. The horn, I say: farewell.

Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away, fir corporal *Nym* —

Believe it, *Page*, he speaks sense.

[*Exit Pistol.*

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

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of ly-
ing; he hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should
have born the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword,
and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife;
there's the short and the long. My name is corporal
Nym; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true; my name is
Nym, and *Falstaff* loves your wife. Adieu! I love not
the humour of bread and cheese: adieu.

*Speaking
to Page.*

[*Exit Nym.*

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a? here's a fellow frights
humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out *Falstaff*.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affected rogue.

Ford. If I do find it — well!

Page. I will not believe such a *Cataian*, though the priest o'th'
town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well!

SCENE