

## SCENE IV.

*Page.* How now, *Meg*? [*Page and Ford meeting their wives.*]

*Mrs. Pag.* Whither go you, *George*? hark you.

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, sweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

*Mrs. Ford.* Faith, thou hast come crotchets in thy head now. Will you go, mistress *Page*?

*Mrs. Page.* Have with you. You'll come to dinner, *George*? Look, who comes yonder; she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

*Enter mistress Quickly.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Trust me, I thought on her; she'll fit it.

*Mrs. Page.* You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

*Quic.* Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress *Anne*?

*Mrs. Page.* Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you. [*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quic.*]

## SCENE V.

*Page.* How now, master *Ford*?

*Ford.* You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

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

*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it; and these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men, very rogues now they be out of service.

*Ford.* Were they his men?

*Page.* Marry, were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the garter?

*Page.* Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lye on my head.

*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to