

as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour precise. I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-o'-mountain looks, your red-lettice phrases, and your bull-baiting oaths, under the shelter of your honour! you will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent; what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

SCENE VIII.

Enter mistress Quickly.

Quic. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be sworn, as my mother was the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one mistress *Ford*, sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myself dwell with master doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on: mistress *Ford*, you say.

Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? heav'n bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress *Ford*, what of her?

Quic. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's