

woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think, you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford's* wife and *Page's* wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest, indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick, indeed! but mistress *Page* would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master *Page* is an honest man. Never a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windsor*, truly, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to understand any thing: for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. This news distracts me.

[*Ex.* *Quic.* and *Robin.*]

Pist. This punk is one of *Cupid's* carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with yond' frigate;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit Pist.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old *Jack*? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

SCENE