

chollies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the ork: 'plefs my foul!

[Sings, being afraid.

*By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigalls;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand vragant posies.*

*By shallow — 'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.
Melodious birds sing madrigalls — when as I sat in Pabilion; —
and a thousand vragrant posies. — By shallow, &c.*

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, fir *Hugh*.

Eva. He's welcome. *By shallow rivers, to whose falls —*
Heav'n prosper the right! what weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, fir; there comes my master, master *Shallow*, and another gentleman, from *Frogmore*, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

SCENE II.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson? good-morrow, good fir *Hugh*. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah sweet *Anne Page*!

Page. 'Save you, good fir *Hugh*.

Eva. 'Plefs you from his mercy-fake, all of you!

Shal. What? the sword and the word? do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal.