

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think, you know him; master doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave besides, a cowardly knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*!

SCENE III.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so by his weapons: keep them afunder; here comes doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *English*.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a vord vith your ear: verfore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!* *Jack Rugby*, mine host *de jartere*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christian's-soul now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgment by mine host of the garter.