

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Wallia*, *French* and *Welch*, foul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the garter. Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a *Machiavel*? shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my priest? my fir *Hugh*? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, celestial, so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*! [*Ex. Shal. Slen. Page and Host.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-stock. I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scald-scurvy-cogging companion, the host of the garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart; he promise to bring me ver is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles; pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs Page. **N**AY, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs.