

Mrs. *Page*. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

*Enter Ford.*

*Ford*. Well met, mistress *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. *Page*. Truly, sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

*Ford*. Ay, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company; I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. *Page*. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

*Ford*. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. *Page*. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

*Rob*. Sir *John Falstaff*.

*Ford*. Sir *John Falstaff*?

Mrs. *Page*. He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is such a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home, indeed?

*Ford*. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. *Page*. By your leave, sir; I am sick 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

S C E N E V.

*Ford*. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve-score: he pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaff*'s boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind: and *Falstaff*'s boy with her! good plots; they are lay'd, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress *Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilful *Acteon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find *Falstaff*: I shall