

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*; I come anon.

Host. Farewel, my hearts; I will to my honest knight *Falstaff*, and drink canary with him.

Ford. I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him, I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Ford's house.

Enter mistress Ford, mistress Page, and servants with a basket.

Mrs. Ford. WHAT, *John*! what, *Robert*!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket —

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, *Robin*, I say!

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, *John*, and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the brew-house; and, when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause, or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in *Datchet*-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the *Thames*' side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little *Robin*.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket, what news with you?

Rob. My master sir *John* is come in at your back-door, mistress *Ford*, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob.