

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn; my master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so; go, tell thy master I am alone; mistress *Page*, remember you your cue. [*Exit Robin.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit mistress Page.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholsome humidity, this gross watry pumpion, — we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: o this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir *John*!

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress *Ford*: now shall I sin in my wish. I would, thy husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir *John*? alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of *France* show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant^a, or any tire of *Venetian* addition.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir *John*: my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so; thou would'st make an absolute courtier, and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an

^a 'Tis probable this should be tire-volant or voilant, and that both this and the ship-tire were names given to women's head-dresses by the Venetians from whom the fine ladies heretofore took their fashions, as the lace then most in esteem was the Point de Venise.

excellent