

excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like many of these lisping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-Bury* in simpling-time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear, you love mistress *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [within.] Mistress *Ford*, mistress *Ford*! here's mistress *Page* at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.

S C E N E IX.

Enter mistress Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress *Ford*, what have you done? you're sham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress *Page*?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress *Ford*! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? out upon you; how am I mistook in you!

Mrs.