

Mrs. *Page*. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would, all of the same strain were in the same distrefs.

Mrs. *Ford*. I think, my husband hath some special fufpicion of *Falstaff*'s being here: I never faw him fo grofs in his jealousy 'till now.

Mrs. *Page*. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with *Falstaff*: his diffolute difeafe will fcarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. *Ford*. Shall we fend that foolifh carrion miftrefs *Quickly* to him, and excufe his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punifhment?

Mrs. *Page*. We'll do it; let him be fent for to-morrow by eight o' clock, to have amends.

*Re-enter Ford, Page, &c.*

*Ford*. I cannot find him; may be, the knave bragg'd of that he could not compafs.

Mrs. *Page*. Heard you that?

Mrs. *Ford*. You ufe me well, mafter *Ford*, do you?

*Ford*. Ay, ay, I do fo.

Mrs. *Page*. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

*Ford*. Amen.

Mrs. *Page*. You do yourfelf mighty wrong, mafter *Ford*.

*Ford*. Ay, ay; I muft bear it.

*Eva*. If there be any pody in the houfe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preffes, heav'n forgive my fins!

*Caius*. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

*Page*. Fie, fie, mafter *Ford*! are you not afham'd? what fpirit, what devil fuggefts this imagination? I would not ha' your diftemper in this kind for the wealth of *Windfor caftle*.

*Ford*. 'Tis my fault, mafter *Page*: I fuffer for it.

*Eva*. You fuffer for a pad confcience; your wife is as honeft a 'omans as I will defires among five thoufand, and five hundred too.

*Caius*. By gar, I fee 'tis an honeft woman.

*Ford*. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the