

the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, mistress *Page*; I pray you, pardon me: pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Ford. Pray you go, master *Page*.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave mine host.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, vith all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE XII.

Changes to Page's house.

Enter Fenton, and mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet *Nan*.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n so speed me in my time to come!

K k 2

Albeit