

Albeit, I will confefs, thy father's wealth
 Was the firft motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne* :
 Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
 Than ftamps in gold, or fums in fealed bags ;
 And 'tis the very riches of thyfelf
 That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle mafter *Fenton*,
 Yet feek my father's love, ftill feek it, fir :
 If importunity and humbleft fuit
 Cannot attain it, why then — hark you hither. [*They go apart.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and miftrefs Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, miftrefs *Quickly* ; my kinfman fhall
 fpeak for himfelf.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't : 'd' slid 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not difmay'd.

Slen. No, fhe fhall not difmay me : I care not for that, but I
 am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye ; mafter *Slender* would fpeak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
 Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year !

Quic. And how does good mafter *Fenton* ? pray you, a word
 with you.

Shal. She's coming ; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadft a father !

Slen. I had a father, miftrefs *Anne* ; my uncle can tell you
 good jefts of him. Pray you, uncle, tell miftrefs *Anne* the jeft,
 how my father ftole two geefe out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Miftrefs *Anne*, my coufin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in *Glocefter-*
fhire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will ; come cut and long-tail, under the
 degree of a fquire.

Shal.