

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master *Shallow*, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; she calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master *Slender*.

Slen. Now, good mistress *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? odd's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heav'n praise.

Anne. I mean, master *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell you how things go better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

SCENE XIV.

Enter Page, and mistress Page.

Page. Now, master *Slender*: love him, daughter *Anne*.
—Why, how now! what does master *Fenton* here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I tell you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master *Fenton*.

Come, master *Shallow*; come, son *Slender*, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master *Fenton*.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Quic. Speak to mistress *Page*.

Fent. Good mistress *Page*, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,

And