

Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket, like a barrow of butchers offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues flighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' th' litter; and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy. [*Enter Bard.*] — Now, is the sack brew'd?

Bard. Here's mistress *Quickly*, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the *Thames*'-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

SCENE XVI.

Enter mistress Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself: I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress *Ford*.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*? I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish woman's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she
desires