

desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, sir.

[*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master *Brook*; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

SCENE XVII.

Enter Ford.

Ford. 'Bless you, sir.

Fal. Now, master *Brook*, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and *Ford's* wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir *John*, is my business.

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master *Brook*.

Ford. How, sir! did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in
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