

Page. Why, this pass^a, master *Ford*; you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed, master *Ford*, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Enter mistress Ford.

Come hither, mistress *Ford*, mistress *Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband: I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face, hold it out: come forth, firrah.

[*Pulls the cloths out of the basket.*]

Page. This pass^a.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the cloths alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wife's cloths? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why —

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? in my house, I am sure, he is; my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable; pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that searched

^a See the note, p. 223.

a hollow