

Mrs. *Page*. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. *Ford*. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. *Page*. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. *Ford*. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. *Page*. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be ministers.

Mrs. *Ford*. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly sham'd; and, methinks, there would be no right period to the jest, should he not be publickly sham'd.

Mrs. *Page*. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*]

# SCENE VI.

*Changes to the Garter-Inn.*

*Enter Host, and Bardolph.*

Bard. **S**IR, the *German* desires to have three of your horses; the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly; I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak *English*?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests; they must count off; I'll sauce them; come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE