

SCENE VII.

*Changes to Ford's house.**Enter Page, Ford, mistress Page, mistress Ford, and Evans.*

Eva. 'TIS one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness; thy honour stands,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence, but let our plot go forward:
Let our wives once again, to make us sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park
at midnight? fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the river; and has
been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks, there should
be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh
is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes;
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hunter,
Sometime a keeper in our *Windsor* forest,
Doth all the winter-time at still of midnight
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns,

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