

And there he blasts the trees, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

You've heard of such a spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age
This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne's* oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device,
That *Falstaff* at that oak shall meet with us.
We'll send him word to meet us in the field
Disguis'd like *Herne* with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape; when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page, my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, outhes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused^a song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And like to fairies pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy-revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane?

Mrs. Ford. And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

^a Diffused here means wild, irregular, extravagant.