

*Simp.* Why, fir, they were nothing but about mistress *Anne Page*, to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

*Fal.* 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

*Simp.* What, fir?

*Fal.* To have her, or no: go; say, the woman told me so.

*Simp.* May I be so bold to say so, fir?

*Host.* Ay, fir; like who more bold.

*Simp.* I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simple.]

*Host.* Thou art clerkly; thou art clerkly, fir *John*: was there a wife woman with thee?

*Fal.* Ay, that there was, mine host, one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I pay'd nothing for it neither, but was pay'd for my learning.

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter Bardolph.*

*Bard.* Out, alas, fir, cozenage! meer cozenage!

*Host.* Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

*Bard.* Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a flough of mire, and set spurs, and away; like three *German* devils, three doctor *Faustus*'s.

*Host.* They are gone but to meet the duke; villain, do not say they be fled; *Germans* are honest men.

*Enter Evans.*

*Eva.* Where is mine host?

*Host.* What is the matter, fir?

*Eva.* Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o' mine come to town tells me there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the hosts of *Reading*, of *Maiden-head*, of *Colebrook*, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened; fare you well. [Exit.]

*Enter*