

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mine host *de jartere*?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me, dat you make a grand preparation for a duke *de Jamany*; by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu. *[Exit.]*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go; assist me, knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry, villain; I am undone. *[Exit.]*

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermens boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as crest-faln as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. Now, whence come you?

SCENE X.

Enter mistress Quickly.

Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd! I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have they not suffer'd? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rain-bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of a wode woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' th' stocks, i' th' common stocks, for a witch.

Quic.