

## **MISTRESS PAGE:**

What, have I scaped love-letters in the holidaytime of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. *{Reads}*

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though  
Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not  
young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then  
there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy?  
Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page.

Thine own true knight,  
By day or night,  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might  
For thee to fight, JOHN FALSTAFF'

O wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young  
gallant! What an unweighed behavior hath this drunkard picked out of my conversation,  
that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!  
What should I say to him? Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of  
men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are  
made of puddings