FALSTAFF: Good morrow, good wife.
QUICKLY: Not so, an't please your worship.
FALSTAFF: Good maid, then.
QUICKLY: I'll be sworn, As my mother was, the first hour I was born.
FALSTAFF: I do believe the swearer. What with me?
QUICKLY: Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?
FALSTAFF: Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.
QUICKLY: There is one Mistress Ford, sir:--I pray, come a little nearer this ways:--I myself dwell with master Doctor Caius,--

FALSTAFF: Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,--
QUICKLY: Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.
FALSTAFF: Well, Mistress Ford; what of her?
QUICKLY: Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord Lord! Your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!

FALSTAFF: Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford,--
QUICKLY: Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary.

FALSTAFF: But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.
QUICKLY: Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

FALSTAFF: Ten and eleven?
QUICKLY: Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: he's a very jealousy man.

FALSTAFF: Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.
QUICKLY: Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely I think you have charms.

FALSTAFF: Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.

