

SHALLOW: Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Starchamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

SIR HUGH EVANS: If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

SHALLOW: If I were young again, the sword should end it.

SIR HUGH EVANS: It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

SLENDER: Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

SIR HUGH EVANS: It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed--Got deliver to a joyful resurrections! --give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

SLENDER: Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

SIR HUGH EVANS: Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

SLENDER: I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

SIR HUGH EVANS: Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

SHALLOW: Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

SIR HUGH EVANS: The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers.

*{Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine, passes by}*

PAGE: Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. *{Exit ANNE PAGE}*

SLENDER: O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

SHALLOW: A word with you, coz. There is, as 'twere, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

SLENDER: Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable.

SIR HUGH EVANS: The question is concerning your marriage.

SHALLOW: Ay, there's the point, sir.

SIR HUGH EVANS: Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

SLENDER: Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

SIR HUGH EVANS: But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

SHALLOW: Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

SLENDER: I hope, sir.

SHALLOW; That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

SLENDER: I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

SHALLOW: Nay, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

SLENDER; I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

SIR HUGH EVANS: It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort 'dissolutely:' the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely:' his meaning is good.

SHALLOW: Here comes fair Mistress Anne. *{Re-enter ANNE PAGE}*

ANNE PAGE: The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

SHALLOW: I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

SIR HUGH EVANS: Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. *{Exeunt SHALLOW and SIR HUGH EVANS}*

ANNE PAGE: Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

SLENDER: No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

ANNE PAGE: The dinner attends you, sir.

SLENDER: I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.

ANNE PAGE: I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

SLENDER: I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

ANNE PAGE: I pray you, sir, walk in.

SLENDER: I had rather walk here, I thank you.

ANNE PAGE: Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

SLENDER: I'll eat nothing, I thank you.

ANNE PAGE: By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

SLENDER: Nay, pray you, lead the way.

ANNE PAGE: Come on, sir.

SLENDER Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

ANNE PAGE: Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

SLENDER: I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. *{Exeunt}*