

FENTON, SHALLOW, SLENDER, ANNE

FENTON: I see I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

ANNE PAGE: Alas, how then?

FENTON: Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth--,
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

ANNE PAGE" May be he tells you true.

FENTON: No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

ANNE PAGE: Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then,--hark you hither!

[They converse apart. Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER]

SHALLOW: Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

ANNE PAGE: I come to him. *[FENTON exits. Aside]*
This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

SHALLOW: Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

SLENDER: Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

SHALLOW: He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

SLENDER: Ay, that I will, under the degree of a squire.

SHALLOW: He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

ANNE PAGE: Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

SHALLOW: Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

ANNE PAGE: Now, Master Slender,--

SLENDER: Now, good Mistress Anne,--

ANNE PAGE: What is your will?

SLENDER: My will! 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

ANNE PAGE: I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

SLENDER: Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes!