Falstaff. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king? 1.1.98

Falstaff. But not kissed your keeper's daughter? 1.1.101

Falstaff. I will answer it straight; I have done all this.
    That is now answered. 1.1.103
    1.1.104

Falstaff. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel:
    you'll be laughed at. 1.1.106
    1.1.107

Falstaff. Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your
    head: what matter have you against me? 1.1.109
    1.1.110

Falstaff. Pistol! 1.1.129

Falstaff. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse? 1.1.133

Falstaff. Is this true, Pistol? 1.1.139

Falstaff. What say you, Scarlet and John? 1.1.152

Falstaff. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.
    Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS FORD and
    MISTRESS PAGE, following 1.1.164

Falstaff. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met:
    by your leave, good mistress.
    Kisses her 1.1.168
    1.1.169

Falstaff. Mine host of the Garter! 1.3.1

Falstaff. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my
    followers. 1.3.3
    1.3.4
Falstaff. I sit at ten pounds a week. 1.3.6

Falstaff. Do so, good mine host. 1.3.10

Falstaff. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu. 1.3.13 1.3.14 1.3.15

Falstaff. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time. 1.3.19 1.3.20 1.3.21

Falstaff. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels. 1.3.25

Falstaff. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift. 1.3.27

Falstaff. Which of you know Ford of this town? 1.3.29

Falstaff. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about. 1.3.31

Falstaff. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.' 1.3.33 1.3.34 1.3.35 1.3.36 1.3.37 1.3.38 1.3.39 1.3.40

Falstaff. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath a legion of angels. 1.3.44 1.3.45

Falstaff. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious oeillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly. 1.3.48 1.3.49 1.3.50 1.3.51 1.3.52

Falstaff. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did 1.3.55 1.3.56
seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Falstaff. [To ROBIN] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly; Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go; Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN

Falstaff. I will not lend thee a penny.

Falstaff. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Falstaff. Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you. Go. A short knife and a throng! To your manor of Pickt-hatch! Go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Falstaff. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY
Falstaff. Good morrow, good wife. 2.2.33

Falstaff. Good maid, then. 2.2.35

Falstaff. I do believe the swearer. What with me? 2.2.38

Falstaff. Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing. 2.2.40

Falstaff. I warrant thee, nobody hears; mine own people, mine own people. 2.2.48

Falstaff. Well, Mistress Ford; what of her? 2.2.51

Falstaff. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford.-- 2.2.55

Falstaff. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury. 2.2.75

Falstaff. Ten and eleven? 2.2.81

Falstaff. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her. 2.2.88

Falstaff. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attractions of my good parts aside I have no other charms. 2.2.100

Falstaff. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me? 2.2.103

Falstaff. Why, I will. 2.2.117

Falstaff. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. 2.2.125

Exeunt MISTRESS QUICKLY and ROBIN
This news distresses me!

**Falstaff.** Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

> Enter BARDOLPH

**Falstaff.** Brook is his name?

**Falstaff.** Call him in.

> Exit BARDOLPH

Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have I encompassed you? go to; via!

> Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised

**Falstaff.** And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

**Falstaff.** You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer.

> Exit BARDOLPH

**Falstaff.** Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

**Falstaff.** Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

**Falstaff.** Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

**Falstaff.** Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

**Falstaff.** Very well, sir; proceed.

**Falstaff.** Well, sir.

**Falstaff.** Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

**Falstaff.** Have you importuned her to such a purpose?
Falstaff. Of what quality was your love, then?  2.2.201

Falstaff. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?  2.2.205

Falstaff. O, sir!  2.2.215

Falstaff. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy?  2.2.223
Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.  2.2.225

Falstaff. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.  2.2.236

Falstaff. I say you shall.  2.2.240

Falstaff. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.  2.2.242

Falstaff. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.  2.2.252

Falstaff. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night.  2.2.260

Exit
Falstaff. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Falstaff. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

Falstaff. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Falstaff. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Falstaff. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Falstaff. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Falstaff. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Falstaff. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Falstaff. [Coming forward] Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

Falstaff. I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here.
Falstaff. Bardolph, I say,--

Falstaff. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't.

*Exit BARDOLPH*

Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains 'a'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,--a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH with sack*

Falstaff. Let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Falstaff. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Falstaff. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.

*Exit BARDOLPH*

How now!

Falstaff. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Falstaff. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Falstaff. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Falstaff. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?
**Falstaff.** Well, be gone: I will not miss her.  

**Falstaff.** I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.  

*Enter FORD*

**Falstaff.** Now, master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?  

**Falstaff.** Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.  

**Falstaff.** Very ill-favoredly, Master Brook.

**Falstaff.** No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.  

**Falstaff.** While I was there.  

**Falstaff.** You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.  

**Falstaff.** By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.  

**Falstaff.** Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who
asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Falstaff. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; ’twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Falstaff. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

Exit

Falstaff. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Falstaff No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Falstaff. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.
Falstaff. Where is it?  

Falstaff. I'll go out then.  

Falstaff. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.  

Falstaff. [Above] How now, mine host!  

Falstaff. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.  

Falstaff. Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell: what would you with her?  

Falstaff. I spake with the old woman about it.  

Falstaff. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.  

Falstaff. What are they? let us know.  

Falstaff. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.  

Falstaff. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.  

Falstaff. Ay, sir; like who more bold.  

Falstaff. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.  

Enter BARDOLPH  

Falstaff. I would all the world might be cozened; 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 washed and...
cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by 4.5.88
drop and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant 4.5.89
they would whip me with their fine wits till I were 4.5.90
as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered 4.5.91
since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my 4.5.92
wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. 4.5.93

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY
Now, whence come you? 4.5.94

Falstaff. The devil take one party and his dam the other! and 4.5.96
so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more 4.5.97
for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy 4.5.98
of man's disposition is able to bear. 4.5.99

Falstaff. What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was 4.5.104
beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; 4.5.105
and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of 4.5.106
Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, 4.5.107
my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, 4.5.108
delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the 4.5.109
stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch. 4.5.110

Falstaff. Come up into my chamber. 4.5.117

Exeunt

Falstaff. Prithee, no more Prattling; go. I'll hold. This is 5.1.1
the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd 5.1.2
numbers. Away I go. They say there is divinity in 5.1.3
odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away! 5.1.4

Falstaff. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. 5.1.7

Exit MISTRESS QUICKLY
Enter FORD
How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter 5.1.8
will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the 5.1.9
Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall 5.1.10
see wonders. 5.1.11

Falstaff. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor 5.1.14
old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a 5.1.15
poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, 5.1.16
hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, 5.1.17
Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell 5.1.18
you: he beat me grievously, in the shape of a 5.1.19
woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear 5.1.20
not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know 5.1.21
also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along 5.1.22
with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I
plucked geese, played truant and whipped top, I knew
not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow
me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave
Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I
will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow.
Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow.

Exeunt

Falstaff. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute
draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!
Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love
set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some
respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man
a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love
of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew
to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in
the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault! And
then another fault in the resemblance of a fowl; think
on 't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot
backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a
Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the
forest. Send me a cool rut-

Falstaff. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain
potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let
there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Falstaff. Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch: I will
keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow
of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands.
Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter?
Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes
restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

Noise within

Falstaff. What should this be?

Falstaff. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the
oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would
never else cross me thus.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, disguised as before; PISTOL, as Hobgoblin; MISTRESS QUICKLY, ANNE PAGE, and others,
as Fairies, with tapers
Falstaff. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

*Lies down upon his face*

Falstaff. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he
transform me to a piece of cheese!

Falstaff. Oh, Oh, Oh!

Falstaff. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Falstaff. And these are not fairies? I was three or four
times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet
the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my
powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a
received belief, in despite of the teeth of all
rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now
how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon
ill employment!

Falstaff. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that
it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as
this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I
have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked
with a piece of toasted cheese.

Falstaff. 'Seese' and 'putter'! have I lived to stand at the
taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This
is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking
through the realm.

Falstaff. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I
am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh
flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use
me as you will.

Falstaff. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to
strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Falstaff. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.