

# The Merry Wives of Windsor

## 2.3

*Enter Doctor Caius and John Rugby, with rapiers*

**CAIUS** Jack Rugby!

**RUGBY** Sir.

**CAIUS** Vat is the clock, Jack?

**RUGBY** 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet. 5

**CAIUS** By Gar, he has save his soul dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well dat he is no come. By Gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already if he be come.

**RUGBY** He is wise, sir, he knew your worship would kill him if he came. 10

**CAIUS** [*drawing his rapier*] By Gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack. I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

**RUGBY** Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

**CAIUS** Villainy, take your rapier. 15

**RUGBY** Forbear: here's company.

*[Caius sheathes his rapier.]*

*Enter the Host of the Garter, Justice Shallow, Master Page, and Master Slender*

**HOST** God bless thee, bully Doctor.

**SHALLOW** God save you, Master Doctor Caius.

**PAGE** Now, good Master Doctor.

**SLENDER** Give you good morrow, sir. 20

**CAIUS** Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

**HOST** To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? Ha, bully? What says my Aesculapius, my Galen, my heart of elder, ha? Is he dead, bully stale? Is he dead? 25

**CAIUS** By Gar, he is de coward jack-priest of de world. He is not show his face. 30

**HOST** Thou art a Castalian King Urinal, Hector of Greece, my boy.

**CAIUS** I pray you bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

**SHALLOW** He is the wiser man, Master Doctor. He is a 35  
curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies. If you should  
fight you go against the hair of your professions. Is it  
not true, Master Page?

**PAGE** Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great  
fighter, though now a man of peace. 40

**SHALLOW** Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old  
and of the peace, if I see a sword out my finger itches  
to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and  
churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our  
youth in us. We are the sons of women, Master Page. 45

**PAGE** 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

**SHALLOW** It will be found so, Master Page.±±Master Doctor  
Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of  
the peace. You have showed yourself a wise physician,  
and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient 50  
churchman. You must go with me, Master Doctor.

**HOST** Pardon, guest Justice. (*To Caius*) A word, Monsieur  
Mockwater.

**CAIUS** Mockvater? Vat is dat?

**HOST** Mockwater, in our English tongue, is valour, bully. 55

**CAIUS** By Gar, then I have as much mockvater as de  
Englishman. Scurvy jack-dog priest! By Gar, me vill  
cut his ears.

**HOST** He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

**CAIUS** Clapper-de-claw? Vat is dat? 60

**HOST** That is, he will make thee amends.

**CAIUS** By Gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me,  
for, by Gar, me vill have it.

**HOST** And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

**CAIUS** Me tank you for dat. 65

**HOST** And moreover, bully±± (*Aside to the others*) But first,  
master guest and Master Page, and eke Cavaliero  
Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

**PAGE** Sir Hugh is there, is he?

**HOST** He is there. See what humour he is in, and I will 70  
bring the Doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

**SHALLOW** We will do it.

**[PAGE, SHALLOW, AND SLENDER]**     Adieu, good Master Doctor.

*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender*

**CAIUS** *[drawing his rapier]*     By Gar, me vill kill de priest, for  
he speak for a jackanape to Anne Page. 75

**HOST**     Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience; throw cold  
water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me  
through Frogmore. I will bring thee where Mistress  
Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting; and thou  
shalt woo her. Cried game? Said I well? 80

**CAIUS** *[sheathing his rapier]*     By Gar, me dank you vor dat.  
By Gar, I love you, and I shall procure-a you de good  
guest: de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my  
patiences.

**HOST**     For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne 85  
Page. Said I well?

**CAIUS**     By Gar, 'tis good. Vell said.

**HOST**     Let us wag, then.

**CAIUS**     Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

*Exeunt*