

# The Merry Wives of Windsor

## 3.1

*Enter Sir Hugh Evans [with a rapier, and bearing a book] and Simple [bearing Evans's gown]*

**EVANS** I pray you now, good Master Slender's servingman, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

**SIMPLE** Marry, sir, the Petty Ward, the Park Ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way. 5

**EVANS** I most feheemently desire you you will also look that way.

**SIMPLE** I will, sir. 10  
*[Exit]*

**EVANS** *[opening the book]* Jeshu pless me, how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the 'ork. Pless my soul!±± 15  
*(Singing)*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sings madrigals.  
There will we make our peds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow±± 20

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.±±  
*(Singing)*

Melodious birds sing madrigals.±±

When as I sat in Pabylon±±

And a thousand vagram posies.

To shallow *(etc.)* 25

*[Enter Simple]*

**SIMPLE** Yonder he is coming. This way, Sir Hugh.

**EVANS** He's welcome.

*(Singing)* `To shallow rivers to whose falls±±'

God prosper the right! What weapons is he?

**SIMPLE** No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master 30

Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile this way.

**EVANS** Pray you give me my gown±±or else keep it in your arms.

*[He reads.]*

*Enter Justice Shallow, Master Slender, and Master Page*

**SHALLOW** How now, Master Parson? Good morrow, good 35  
Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

**SLENDER** *(aside)* Ah, sweet Anne Page!

**PAGE** God save you, good Sir Hugh.

**EVANS** God pless you from his mercy sake, all of you. 40

**SHALLOW** What, the sword and the Word? Do you study them both, Master Parson?

**PAGE** And youthful still: in your doublet and hose this raw, rheumatic day!

**EVANS** There is reasons and causes for it. 45

**PAGE** We are come to you to do a good office, Master Parson.

**EVANS** Fery well. What is it?

**PAGE** Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds 50  
with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

**SHALLOW** I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning so wide of his own respect.

**EVANS** What is he? 55

**PAGE** I think you know him: Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

**EVANS** Got's will and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of pottage.

**PAGE** Why? 60

**EVANS** He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen, and he is a knave besides±±a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

**PAGE** *[to Shallow]* I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him. 65

**SLENDER** *(aside)* O sweet Anne Page!

**SHALLOW** It appears so by his weapons.

*Enter the Host of the Garter, Doctor Caius, and John Rugby.*

Keep them asunder±±here comes Doctor Caius.

*Evans and Caius draw and offer to fight*

**PAGE** Nay, good Master Parson, keep in your weapon.

**SHALLOW** So do you, good Master Doctor. 70

**HOST** Disarm them and let them question. Let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

*Shallow and Page take Caius's and Evans's rapiers*

**CAIUS** *(to Evans)* I pray you let-a me speak a word with your ear. Wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

**EVANS** *[aside to Caius]* Pray you use your patience. *[Aloud]* 75  
In good time!

**CAIUS** By Gar, you are de coward, de jack-dog, john-ape.

**EVANS** *(aside to Caius)* Pray you let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours. I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you 80  
amends. *(Aloud)* By Jeshu, I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogscomb.

**CAIUS** *Diab!e!* Jack Rugby, mine Host de Jarteer, have I not stay for him to kill him? Have I not, at de place I did appoint? 85

**EVANS** As I am a Christians soul, now look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgement by mine Host of the Garter.

**HOST** Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer. 90

**CAIUS** Ay, dat is very good, *excellent*.

**HOST** Peace, I say. Hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? No, he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir 95  
Hugh? No, he gives me the Proverbs and the No-verbs.  
*(To Caius)* Give me thy hand terrestrial±±so. *(To Evans)*  
Give me thy hand celestial±±so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both, I have directed you to wrong places. Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let 100  
burnt sack be the issue. *(To Shallow and Page)* Come, lay their swords to pawn. *(To Caius and Evans)* Follow me, lads of peace, follow, follow, follow.

*Exit*

**SHALLOW** Afore God, a mad host! Follow, gentlemen,  
follow. 105

*Exeunt Shallow and Page*

**SLENDER** (*aside*) O sweet Anne Page!

*Exit*

**CAIUS** Ha, do I perceive dat? Have you make-a de sot of  
us, ha, ha?

**EVANS** This is well: he has made us his vlouting-stog. I  
desire you that we may be friends, and let us knog our 110  
prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy,  
cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

**CAIUS** By Gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me  
where is Anne Page. By Gar, he deceive me too.

**EVANS** Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you follow. 115

*Exeunt*