

A SONG.

We mer - ry Wives of Wind - sor, Where - of you make_ your Play,_____ And
 act us on your Sta - ges, In Lon - don Day by Day:_____ A -
 lass it doth not hurt us, We care not what_ you_ do;_____ For
 all you scoff, we'll sing and laugh, And yet be Hon - est too._____

Alass we are good Fellows,
 We hate Dishonesty;
 We are not like your City Dames,
 In sport of Venery:
 We scorn to Punk, or to be drunk,
 But this we dare to do;
 To sit and chat, laugh and be fat,
 But yet be Honest too.

But should you know we *Windsor* Dames,
 Are free from haughty Pride:
 And hate the tricks you Wenches have,
 In *London* and *Bankside*:
 But we can spend, and Money lend,
 And more than that we'll do,
 We'll sit and chat, laugh and be fat,
 And yet be Honest too.

It grieves us much to see your wants,
 Of things that we have store,
 In Forests wide and Parks beside,
 And other places more:
 Pray do not scorn the *Windsor* Horn,
 That is both fair and new;
 Altho' you scold, we'll sing and laugh,
 And yet be honest too.

And now farewell unto you all,
 We have no more to say;
 Be sure you imitate us right,
 In acting of your Play:
 If that you miss, we'll at you hiss,
 As others us'd to do;
 And at you scoff, and sing and laugh,
 And yet be Honest too.