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# The Merry Wives of Windsor

Act IV, sc. 4

**MISTRESS PAGE:** There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,  
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,  
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,  
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;  
And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle  
And makes milch-kine yield blood and shakes a chain  
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:  
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know  
The superstitious idle-headed eld  
Received and did deliver to our age  
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.