

as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

*Clo.* From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me, if I am a courtier, — it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

*Clo.* O lord, sir — there's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clo.* O lord, sir — thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clo.* O lord, sir — nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.

*Clo.* O lord, sir — spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, o lord, sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? indeed, your *o lord, sir*, is very frequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping if you were but bound to't.

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my *o lord, sir*; I see, things may serve long, and not serve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble hufwife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

*Clo.* O lord, sir — why, there't serves well again.

*Count.* An end, sir; to your business: give *Helen* this, And urge her to a present answer back: Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son: This is not much.

*Clo.*