

## SCENE VII.

*Enter an old Shepherd.*

*Shep.* I would there were no age between thirteen and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting — hark you now! — would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt this weather? they have scar'd away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a bearne! a very pretty bearne: a boy or a child, I wonder! a pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some 'scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come: he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Hilloa, loa!

*Shep.* What, art so near? if thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

*Clo.* I have seen two such fights, by sea and by land; but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it rakes up the shore! but that's not to the point; o, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. And then the land-fight, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said, his  
name