

lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers; ^a three-man songmen all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means, and bafes; but one puritan among them, and he fings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden-pipes; mace — dates — none — that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger; but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o' th' sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born! [*groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I' th' name of me —

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then death, death —

Clo. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, fir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, fir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet fir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*helping him up.*]

Aut. O! good fir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good fir, softly, good fir: I fear, fir, my shoulderblade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear fir; good fir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir: no, I beseech you, fir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I

^a Meaning, those who sing catches which are generally in three parts.