

Upon his own report, and I believe it;
 He looks like sooth: he says, he loves my daughter,
 I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
 Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
 As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
 I think, there is not half a kifs to choose
 Which loves the other best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it
 That should be silent: if young *Doricles*
 Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
 Which he not dreams of.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O, master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabour and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grow to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man or woman of all fizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest lovesongs for maids, so without bawdry, (which is strange) with such delicate burdens of dil-do's and fa-ding's: jump her and thump her: and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop! do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, flights him, with *Whoop! do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow: has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points,
 more