

more than all the lawyers in *Bitbynia* can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddeses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeveband, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus singing.

*Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelets, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:*

*Come, buy of me, come: come, buy, come, buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: come, buy.*

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou should'st take no money of me: but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath pay'd you all he promis'd you: 'may be, he has pay'd you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle