

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man*; there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

Song.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must go,
Where it fits not you to know.*

Dor. *Whither?*

Mop. *O, whither?*

Dor. *Whither?*

Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.*

Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*

Mop. *Or thou goest to th' grange, or mill;*

Dor. *If to either, thou dost ill:*

Aut. *Neither.*

Dor. *What, neither?*

Aut. *Neither.*

Dor. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*

Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then, whither goest? say, whither?*

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: pedler, let's have the first choice: follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song.