

Song.

*Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler, money's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.*

[*Ex. Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there are three goatherds, three shepherds, three neatherds, and three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers; and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th' mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away, we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already: I know, fir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: 'pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, fir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and half by th' square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in, but quickly now.

Flo. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

Here a dance of twelve satyrs.

Pol. Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them: He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd? Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

And