

me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my fir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there,
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king *Leontes* —

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?

[Seeing Autol.]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why, hanging. *[aside.]*

Cam. How now, good fellow? come, why shak'st thou so?
Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, fir.

Cam. Why, be so still:

Here's no body will steal that from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's a necessity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet, hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, fir: I know ye well enough. *[aside.]*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half dead already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, fir? I smell the trick on't. *[aside.]*

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut.