

SCENE III.

Enter Host, and Julia in boy's cloths.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks, you're melancholy :
I pray, what is it ?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry : I'll bring you where you
shall hear musick, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak ?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be musick.

Host. Hark, hark !

Jul. Is he among these ?

Host. Ay ; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

*Who is Silvia ? what is she,
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heav'n such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness :
And being help'd inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now ? are you sadder than you were before ? how
do you, man ? the musick likes you not.

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Jul.