

Though by his sight his sin be multiply'd.

*Glou.* Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,  
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

*K. Henry.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,  
That we, for thee, may glorify the lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

*Simp.* Born blind, an't please your grace.

*Wife.* Ay, indeed, was he.

*Suf.* What woman is this?

*Wife.* His wife, an't like your worship.

*Glou.* Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better  
told.

*K. Henry.* Where wert thou born?

*Simp.* At *Berwick* in the north, an't like your grace.

*K. Henry.* Poor soul, god's goodness hath been great to thee:  
Let never day or night unhallow'd pass,  
But still remember what the lord hath done.

*Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,  
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

*Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion, being call'd  
A hundred times and oftner, in my sleep,  
By good saint *Alban*; who said, *Simpcox, come,  
Come offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*

*Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many a time and oft  
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

*Car.* What, art thou lame?

*Simp.* Ay, god almighty help me!

*Suf.* How cam'st thou so?

*Simp.* A fall from off a tree.

*Wife.* A plum-tree, master.

*Glou.* How long hast thou been blind?

*Simp.* O, born so, master.

*Glou.* What, and wouldst climb a tree?

*Simp.* But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

*Wife.* Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

*Glou.* Mass, thou lov'st plums well, that wouldst venture so.

*Simp.*