

Simp. Alas, good fir, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glou. A subtle knave, but yet it shall not serve. —
Let's see thine eyes: wink now; now open them:
In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, clear as day, I thank god and faint *Alban*.

Glou. Say'st thou me so? what colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master, red as blood.

Glou. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth, coal-black, as jet.

K. Henry. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet he did never see.

Glou. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Glou. Tell me, firrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glou. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glou. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glou. What's thine own name?

Simp. *Saunder Simpcox*, an if it please you, master.

Glou. Then, *Saunder*, sit thou there, the lying'st knave
In christendom. If thou had'st been born blind,

Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus

To know the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish colours: true, but suddenly

To nominate them all, it is impossible. —

My lords, faint *Alban* here hath done a miracle:

Would ye not think that cunning to be great,

That could restore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glou. My masters of faint *Alban's*,
Have you not beadles in your town,
And things call'd whips?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glou.