

SCENE XII.

SIR JOHN, JONATHAN, AND LETTICE.

JONATHAN.

Sir, you may be as merry as you please with my cowardice, but I think still we had better have kept on our horses backs, and have ventur'd our necks thro' the sloughs, than to have come thro' this plaguy church-yard at this time o'th' night.

SIR JOHN.

Ha, ha, ha!—What, you're afraid of the dead?

JONATHAN.

I don't like their company.—Ah, laud, a ghost, a ghost!

SIR JOHN.

Get up, you cowardly rascal, or—

JONATHAN.

O dear Sir, I can't, I can't, I'm frighten'd to death.

SIR JOHN.

Nay, if that be the case—you, and the ghost, if there be one, may be better acquainted presently. I'll not spoil good company. Farewel.

JONATHAN.

O lud, that's worse than t'other. Pray don't leave me, and I will get up.

SIR JOHN.

Sure this fellow's folly has infected me too; for I think I see some body yonder in white.—Take your hands from before your eyes, you dog, or I'll cut 'em off.

JONA-