## OTTO

## [Aside]If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

## YOKEL

## I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what amI to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three poundof sugar, five pound of currants, rice,--what willthis sister of mine do with rice? I must have saffron to colour the wardenpies; mace; dates? Nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that Imay beg; four pound of prunes--

## OTTO

## O that ever I was born!

## *Grovelling on the ground*

## YOKEL

## I' the name of me--

## OTTO

## O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; andthen, death, death!

## YOKEL

## Alack, poor soul! Thou hast need of more rags to layon thee, rather than have these off. *(Otto will steal Yokel’s clothes and more through scene)*

## OTTO

## O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me morethan the stripes I have received, which are mightyones and millions.

## YOKEL

## Alas, poor man! A million of beating may come to agreat matter.

## OTTO

## I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparelta'en from me, and these detestable things put uponme. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. *(helps him up)*

## OTTO

## O, good sir, tenderly, O!

## YOKEL

## Alas, poor soul!

## OTTO

## O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, myshoulder-blade is out.

## YOKEL

## How now! Canst stand?

## OTTO

## [Picking his pocket]Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done mea charitable office.

## YOKEL

## Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

## OTTO

## No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I havea kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence,unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, orany thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you;that kills my heart.

## YOKEL

## What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

## OTTO

## A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about withtroll-my-dames; I knew him once a servant of theprince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of hisvirtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

## YOKEL

## His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whippedout of the court.

## OTTO

## Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: hehath been since an ape-bearer; then aprocess-server, then he compassed amotion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker'swife within a mile where my land and living lies;and, having flown over many knavish professions, hesettled only in rogue: some call him Otto Klaus.

## YOKEL

## Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he hauntswakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

## OTTO

## Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue thatput me into this apparel.

## YOKEL

## Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you hadbut looked big and spit at him, he'ld have run.

## OTTO

## I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I amfalse of heart that way.