## OTTO

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

## YOKEL

## I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice,--what will this sister of mine do with rice? I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates? Nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may 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; and then, death, death!

## YOKEL

## Alack, poor soul! Thou hast need of more rags to lay on 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 more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

## YOKEL

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

## OTTO

## I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me. 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, my shoulder-blade is out.

## YOKEL

## How now! Canst stand?

## OTTO

## [Picking his pocket] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a 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 have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any 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 with troll-my-dames; I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

## YOKEL

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

## OTTO

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

## YOKEL

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

## OTTO

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

## YOKEL

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

## OTTO

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