

**CLOWN**

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? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on.

**AUTOLYCUS**

*[Groveling on the ground]*O that ever I was born!

**CLOWN**

I' the name of me--

**AUTOLYCUS**

O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

**CLOWN**

Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

**AUTOLYCUS**

O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

**CLOWN**

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

**AUTOLYCUS**

I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

**CLOWN**

Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

**AUTOLYCUS**

O, good sir, tenderly, O!

**CLOWN**

Alas, poor soul!

**AUTOLYCUS**

O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

**CLOWN**

How now! canst stand?

**AUTOLYCUS**

*[Picking his pocket]* Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

**CLOWN**

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

**AUTOLYCUS**

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.