

SHEPHERD: I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest, for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Mercy on 's, a bairn! A very pretty bairn. A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one, a very pretty one. I'll take it up for pity. Yet I'll tarry till my son come. He halloed but even now.—Whoa-ho-ho!

*Enter Shepherd's Son.*

SHEPHERD'S SON: Hilloa, loa!

SHEPHERD: What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

SHEPHERD'S SON: I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

SHEPHERD: Why, boy, how is it?

SHEPHERD'S SON: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em. Now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yeast and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship: to see how the sea flap-dragoned it. But, first, how the poor souls roared and the sea mocked them, and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

SHEPHERD: Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

SHEPHERD'S SON: Now, now. I have not winked since I saw these sights. The men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman. He's at it now.

SHEPHERD: Would I had been by to have helped the old man. But look thee here, boy. Thou met'st with things dying, I with things newborn. Look thee here. Take up, take up, boy. What's within?

SHEPHERD'S SON; *opening the box* You're a made old man. If the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all gold.

SHEPHERD: This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with 't, keep it close. Home, home, the next way.

SHEPHERD'S SON: Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten. They are never curst but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

SHEPHERD: That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

SHEPHERD'S SON: Marry, will I, and you shall help to put him i' th' ground.

SHEPHERD 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on 't.

*They exit.*