

FOOL

Thou hadst little wit in thy hald crown when thou gavet thy golden one away, if I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

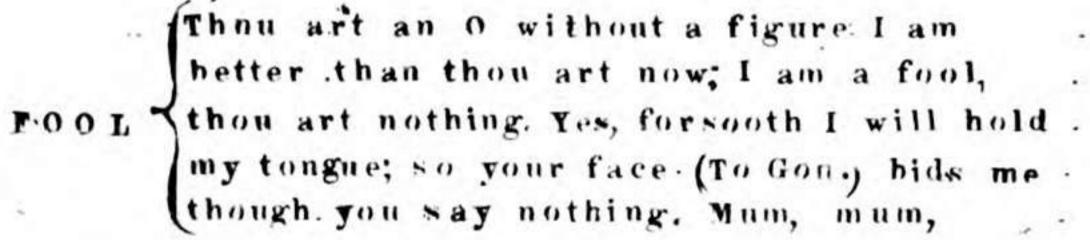


KING.

When were you wont to be so full of song Sirrah?

I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother:









A'CTI. SCENE 4.

For you trow, nuncle.



ACT 2. _ SCENE 4.

Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.



Staats Micchek Murch m

