

## **CLOWN**

**[sings]**

A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O, where

Sad true lover never find my grave,

To weep there!

**[stops singing]**

No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the

tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for

thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such

constancy put to sea, that their business might be

every thing and their intent every where; for that's

it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.