

THIRD Faith, I know not what to say.
MUSICIAN

PETER O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It
is “music with her silver sound,” because musicians have
no gold for sounding:

“Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.”

(Exit.)

FIRST MUSICIAN What a pestilent knave is this same!

SECOND Hang him, Jack! Come, we’ll in here; tarry for the
MUSICIAN mourners, and stay dinner. *(Exeunt.)*