

*Laun.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock!

*Speed.* Item, she can wash and scour.

*Laun.* A special virtue, for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

*Speed.* Item, she can spin.

*Laun.* Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

*Speed.* Item, she hath many nameless virtues.

*Laun.* That's as much as to say, *bastard virtues*, that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

*Speed.* Here follow her vices.

*Laun.* Close at the heels of her virtues.

*Speed.* Item, she is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.

*Laun.* Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

*Speed.* Item, she hath a sweet mouth.

*Laun.* That makes amends for her sour breath.

*Speed.* Item, she doth talk in her sleep.

*Laun.* It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

*Speed.* Item, she is slow in words.

*Laun.* O villain! that set down among her vices! to be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

*Speed.* Item, she is proud.

*Laun.* Out with that too: it was *Eve's* legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

*Speed.* Item, she hath no teeth.

*Laun.* I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

*Speed.* Item, she is curst.

*Laun.* Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

*Speed.* Item, she will often praise her liquor.

*Laun.* If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will, for good things should be praised.

*Speed.* Item, she is too liberal.

*Laun.* Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut; now,