

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Duke, Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. **N**AY, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heav'ns! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world since of two usurers the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd, by order of law, a furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lambs-skins too, to signify, that craft being richer than innocency stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, fir: bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, fir?

Elb. Marry, fir, he hath offended the law; and, fir, we take him to be a thief too, fir; for we have found upon him, fir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, firrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou caus'est to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? go, mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth stink in some sort, fir; but yet, fir, I would prove —

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb.