

Elb. He must before the deputy, fir; he has given him warning; the deputy cannot abide a whore-master: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from all faults, as from faults seeming free!

SCENE V.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, fir.

Clown. I spy comfort; I cry bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey*? what, at the wheels of *Cæsar*? art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of *Pygmalion*'s images newly made woman to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? what say'st thou to this tune, the matter, and the method? is't not drown'd i' th' last rain? ha? what say'st thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? which is the way? is it sad, and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; still worse?

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth, fir, she hath eaten up all the beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so. Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd, an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, *Pompey*?

Clown. Yes, 'faith, fir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, *Pompey*: farewell: go, say, I sent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey*? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him; if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey*: commend me