

M A R I N A.

Hence, thou detested slave! thou shameless villain!

*[Breaking from him.]**Enter BAWD.*

You powers that favour chastity, defend me.

B A W D.

Why how now? what's the matter here? what have you been doing with her?

B O L T.

Nothing, mistress, and I am afraid there is nothing to be done with her. She fights like a she-tiger.

B A W D.

Out, you rascal. Is this a morsel for your chaps?

B O L T.

Why not? do you think I'll serve up a delicate dish without tasting it?

B A W D.

In your turn, sirrah, in your turn. Let your betters be serv'd before you.

B O L T.

Ay, but a bit of the spit, you know—

B A W D.

About your business, and let gentlemen know how we are provided for their entertainment. *[Exit Bolt.]* Don't cry, pretty one: he shall be made to know his distance and his time. While you behave discreetly, child, you shall be reserv'd for the better sort of men only. You are fallen into good hands, depend upon it.

M A R I N A