

M A R I N A.

O why was Leonine so slack, so slow!
Wou'd he had us'd his sword, and not his tongue!
Or that the pirates, not enough barbarians,
Had thrown me in the sea to seek my mother.

B A W D.

Come, come, my rose bud, my sprig of jessamin,
you are all beauty and sweetness—you have no
cause to grieve—heaven has done its part by you.

M A R I N A.

I accuse not heaven.

B A W D.

Here you may live, and shall.

M A R I N A.

The more's my grief
T'have scap'd his hands, who wou'd have given me
death.

B A W D.

And live with pleasure.

M A R I N A.

No.

B A W D.

You shall not want variety: you shall have men,
and men of all complexions.,

M A R I N A.

Are you a woman?

B A W D.

A woman! pray, what do you take me for, ma-
dam? I have been thought a woman, and an hand-
some woman in my time.

M A R I N A.