

M A R I N A.

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Enter Guards and Ladies.

QUEEN.

You come too late: the slave has pierc'd my heart.

LEONINE.

To wound it deeper, know, Marina lives.
The death intended her by you and me,
By heaven is justly turn'd upon ourselves.
To will or act is one at that strict audit,
Where we must soon appear—O Rhadamanthus—

[Dies.

QUEEN.

Tear out his tongue, let not the traitor speak.

GUARD.

It need not, madam; he has spoke his last.

QUEEN.

I shall not long survive him—bear me hence—
Thou art the care of heaven, virtuous Marina;
Its out-casts we. The Gods are just and strong;
And none who scorn their laws e'er prosper long.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A House in Ephesus.

BAWD AND BOLT.

BAWD.

Where are the gentlemen?

BOLT.

Gone.

BAWD.

Gone!

BOLT.