

B O L T.

Ay, gone away, and left her untouch'd. With her holy speeches, kneeling, prayers, and tears, she has converted 'em to chastity.

B A W D.

The devil she has!

B O L T.

They vow never to enter a bawdy-house again, but turn religious, and frequent the temples: they are gone to hear the vestals sing already.

B A W D.

What will become of me? O the wicked jade, to study the ruin of a poor gentlewoman! [*Weeping.*] I'd rather than twice the worth of her she had never come here.

B O L T.

She's enough to undo all the pandars and bawds in Ephesus.

B A W D.

Pox of her green sickness.

B O L T.

Ay, if she wou'd but change one for the other, there were some hopes of her. But I have good intelligence that the lord Lyfimachus will be here presently.

B A W D.

The governor?

B O L T.

Ay, but he's a great persecutor of persons of our profession.

B A W D.