

B A W D.

Pho, those are our best customers and surest friends in private. If the peevish baggage wou'd but hear reason now, we were made for ever. Fetch her. We'll try once more. [*Exit BOLT.*] She must be marble if she don't melt at the sight of so great, so rich, so young and handsome a man as the lord Lysimachus.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Well, thou grave planter of iniquity,
Whose just returns are full grown crops of shame,
Are you supply'd with new and found temptations?
Such as an healthy man may venture on,
And fear the loss of nothing—but his soul.

B A W D.

I'm proud to see your lordship here, and glad your honour is so chearfully dispos'd. Venus forbid a gentleman thou'd receive an injury in my house. No, sir, we defy the surgeons. And for temptation, I have such an one, if she wou'd but——

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Prythee what?

B A W D.

Your honour knows what I mean well enough.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Well, let me see her.

B A W D.

Such flesh and blood, sir!—for red and white—
well, you shall see a flower, and a flower she were
indeed, had she but——

L Y S I -