

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Why dost not speak? what is there wanting in her?

B A W D.

O, fir, I can be modest.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

When such as these pretend to modesty,
They are then most impudent.

Enter BOLT, forcing in MARINA.

B A W D.

Now, fir, what do you think of her? wou'dn't
she serve after a long voyage?—Ay, fir—

L Y S I M A C H U S.

I'm lost in admiration—here's your fee:
Away, be gone and leave us. I came hither,
O who wou'd trust his heart, bent to detect
And punish these bad people; but when sin
Appears in such a form, the finest virtue
Dissolves to air before it.

B A W D.

I pray your honour let me have a word with her:
I'll have done presently.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Do, I beseech you.

B A W D.

First I wou'd have you take notice that this is a
man of honour.

M A R I N A.

Grant, heaven, I find him so!

B A W D.

And next, that he's a great man and governor of
this country; and lastly, one I'm bound to.

M A R I N A.