

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Gods! what pity!

Were you a prostitute so very young?

M A R I N A.

I ne'er was other — if I am so now.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

You are proclaim'd a creature set to sale
By being here.

M A R I N A.

And you know this house
A place of such resort, yet venture in it?
I've heard you are of honourable rank,
And govern here.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

O, you have heard my pow'r,
And therefore stand aloof, but without cause;
For my authority shall here be blind,
Or look with kindness on thee. I've now learnt
What once seem'd strange, why rich men grasp at
pow'r,
And the poor murmur at restrictive laws.
Passion wou'd have the means to work its ends,
And the fierce tumult of intemp'rate blood
Rages the more the more it is resisted.
I must and will, in spite of vain remorse
And what I have been, feast each aking sense
On thy luxurious charms. Why dost thou shun me?
Blushing I speak it, thou shalt never find
Amongst the herd whose only joy is lewdness,
A more devoted slave. Is wanton pleasure
What you affect? my youth, yet unimpair'd
By riot or disease, shall meet your wishes.
Art thou ambitious? power and pomp attend thee.
Or if the love of gold, that cursed bait

That