

That ruins half thy sex, possess thy heart;  
 I will descend to gratify a passion  
 I should detest in any but thyself.

M A R I N A.

Cou'd you do thus! O you immortal powers,  
 What is your influence on the heart of man,  
 If ev'ry slight temptation wins him from you?  
 Shall painted clay, shall white and red, less pure  
 Than that which decks the lily and the rose,  
 Seduce you from the bright unfading joys  
 Your goodness yields! for sure your speech imports,  
 And I well hope, you have not yet renounc'd it.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

Thou art so fair, so exquisitely fair,  
 And plead'st against thyself with so much art,  
 That had I known thee sooner—what a thought!—  
 But fully'd as thou art I must possess thee,  
 Whate'er the purchase cost.

M A R I N A.

To think me, sir,  
 A creature so abandon'd, yet pursue me,  
 Is sure as mean and infamous, as wicked.  
 What! waste your youth in arms that each lewd  
 ruffian  
 Who pays the price, may fill; lavish your wealth,  
 And yield your sacred honour to the hand  
 Of an improvident and wasteful wanton,  
 Who does not guard her own!

L Y S I M A C H U S.

True, I came hither,  
 With thoughts like these—but lead me to some place  
 Private and dark—Alas, why dost thou weep?

M A R I N A.

Dare not come near me.

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