

L Y S I M A C H U S.

By the raging flame
Thy eyes have kindled here, I must enjoy thee.

M A R I N A.

Then view my last defence. [*Draws a dagger.*]

L Y S I M A C H U S.

What dost thou mean!

M A R I N A.

To die if you pursue your hated purpose,
Vain, rash, mistaken man.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

O hold thy hand:

By Jove she doth amaze me. Rest assur'd
I will not offer violence again
Be who or what thou wilt—but let me seize
This threatening steel, that fill'd my soul with terror
While levell'd at thy breast.

M A R I N A.

O mighty fir,

If you were born to honour show it now;
If put upon you, make that judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

L Y S I M A C H U S.

She's in earnest.

Here is some mystery I cannot fathom. [*Aside.*]

M A R I N A.

Have pity on a maid, a friendless maid,
By fortune forc'd to this detested sty;
Where since I came diseases have been fold
Dearer than physick. Wou'd the gracious gods
But set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies in the pure air, I shou'd be happy.

L Y S I.