

fast in the cheapest country in the universe, will undo a whole family. Come your ways.

*Enter* BAWD.

BAWD.

How now! what's the matter?

BOLT.

Worse and worse, mistress. She has been talking religion to my lord Lyfimachus.

BAWD.

O abominable!

BOLT.

She makes our profession stink, as it were, in the nostrils of all who come near her.

BAWD.

Marry hang her.

BOLT.

My lord wou'd have us'd her as a lord shou'd use a gentlewoman, for I overheard 'em; but she sent him away as cold as a snow ball, saying his prayers too.

BAWD.

Take her away: use her at your pleasure.

MARINA.

Hark, hark, you gods!

BAWD.

She's at her pray'rs again. Away with her. I wish she had never enter'd into my doors.

*[Exit* BAWD.

BOLT.

Come, mistress, you shall along with me.

MARINA.