

M A R I N A.

O whither wou'd you have me?

B O L T.

Into the next room, to take from you by force
the jewel you are so unwilling to part with.

M A R I N A.

Pray tell me one thing first.

B O L T.

Propose your question.

M A R I N A.

What wou'd you wish to your worst enemies?

B O L T.

Why I wou'd wish 'em as infamous as my mistress.

M A R I N A.

And yet that wretch is not so bad as thou art,
Since she's thy better as she doth command thee.
The place thou hold'st is such that Cerberus
Wou'd not exchange his reputation with thee,
The filthy groom, door-keeper to a brothel.
Then to the chol'rick fist of ev'ry villain
Thy ear is liable. Thy food is such
As hath been breath'd on by infectious lungs.

B O L T.

What wou'd you have me do? go to the wars!
where a man may serve seven years for the loss of
a leg, and not have money enough in the end to
buy him a wooden one.

M A R I N A.

Do any kind of thing but this thou dost:
Empty receptacles of common filth,
Serve by indenture to the common hangman,