

Or herd with swine, or beg from door to door:
 The worst of these is far to be preferr'd
 To what you practise. If no sense of shame,
 No fear of laws, no reverence of the gods
 Come near thy heart; let that which doth persuade
 Millions to evil, bribe thee to be good:
 Touch not my honour, help me to escape
 This house of shame, and take the shining gold.
 The good lord gave me.

B O L T.

Nay, I don't see why a man mayn't as well do a
 good deed as a bad one, especially when he's paid
 for it. And to say the truth, I think you wou'd
 freeze the blood of a satyr, and make a puritan
 of the devil, if they were to cheapen a kiss of
 thee. Come, give me the money.

M A R I N A.

No, first conduct me to some place of safety.

B O L T.

But shall I have it then?

M A R I N A.

If I deceive you, take me home again,
 And prostitute me to the vilest groom
 That doth frequent your house.

B O L T.

Well, I'll trust you. I'll see you plac'd —

M A R I N A.

But among honest women.

B O L T.

Troth, I've but little acquaintance amongst
 them. But there is one who is known to all Ephe-
 sus by fame, the holy priestess of Diana's temple:
 she