

B A W D.

Turn me out of doors! how must I live?

O F F I C E R.

Do you take care of that. It is a favour, and a great one too, that you are not sent to prison.

B A W D.

Such governors are enough to make a woman do what she never thought of.

O F F I C E R.

Ay, do—work—that's what I dare be sworn you never thought of.

B A W D.

No, nor ever will. A gentlewoman, and work! I'll see you all hang'd first.

O F F I C E R.

Chuse, and be hang'd yourself: you have long deserv'd it.

B A W D.

Have I so, scoundrel? and yet you have been glad of a cast of my office before now. While such as you are trusted with authority, as sure as thieves are honest, strumpets chaste,

Or priests hate money; this same sinful nation  
Is in a hopeful way of reformation.

[*Exeunt.*]