

## A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

*A Street in Ephesus.*

B A W D.

I F I could but recover Marina, and 'make her pliable, I shou'd do very well still: I could make a handsome living of her in any ground in Asia.

*Enter BOLT singing.*

B O L T.

Hah, Mother Coupler! how is it with thee, old flesh-monger? thou quondam retailer of stale carrion, and propagator of diseases. What, quite broke! no private practice! I know you hate to be idle—Though your house is shut up, you have some properties, I hope. Why, you'll make a good strolling bawd still. What never a new vamped up wench, just come out of an hospital, to accommodate a friend with?

B A W D.

Villain, traitor, thief, runaway, how dare you look me in the face?

B O L T.

I am too well acquainted with your face to be afraid of it—ugly as it is.

B A W D.

You have the impudence of old nick.

B O L T.

Then I did not converse with you so long without learning something.

B A W D.