

PERICLES

William Shakespeare

BAWD: Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.
'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.
(To MARINA) First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.
Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.
An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed. She conjures: away with her!
Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you!
She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind?