

PLAYHOUSE CREATURES

Fled shame, dishonour and a passion torrid.
Will I ever leave this wilderness?
What my fate will be I fear to guess.
My heart is beating strangely fast
Shall I find relief at last? (*She draws out a dagger.*)
This dagger I may employ to end my sorrow.
Yet pity says wait until the morrow.
For surely salvation swift may come
With the sweet and rising sun. (*An idea strikes her.*)
I shall call upon the Muses three
To aid me in my misery.

Doll, Mrs Betterton and Mrs Farley enter as Muses.

s Marshall is alone on stage, performing.

Marshall Here have I flown to this lonely forest