

That truth should be suspected; speak, is't so?
If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heav'n shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me true.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,
That, before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your son:
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be:
I know, I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
I still pour in the water of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus *Indian*-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chafely, and love dearly, that your *Dian*

X x 2

Was