

In differences so mighty. If she be
 All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest
 A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest
 Of virtue for the name: but do not so.
 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
 Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
 It is a drop'd honour: good alone
 Is good without a name, in'tself is so:
 The property by what it is should go,
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair,
 In these to nature she's immediate heir;
 And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
 Which challenges itself as honour-born,
 And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave
 Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave;
 A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
 I can create the rest: virtue and she,
 Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad:
 Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake, which to defend
 I must produce my power: here, take her hand,
 Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up
 My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
 We, poizing us in her defective scale,
 Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
 It is in us to plant thine honour, where

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