

Resolves to carry her; let her consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his importunate blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: a ring the count does wear
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now do I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chafely absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musick of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
Unlawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]