

I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
 When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
 To swear by him whom I protest to love,
 That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths
 Are words, and poor conditions, but unfeal'd,
 At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
 Be not so holy cruel; love is holy;
 And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
 That you do charge men with: stand no more off,
 But give thyself unto my sick desires,
 Which then recover. Say, thou art mine, and ever
 My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see that men make hopes in such affairs
 That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
 To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
 In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring;
 My chastity's the jewel of our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
 In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
 Brings in the champion honour on my part,
 Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
 My house, my honour, yea, my life be thine,
 And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window;
 I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
 Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
 When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,

Remain