

*Ber.* My high-repented blames,  
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole;  
Not one word more of the consumed time:  
Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember  
The daughter of this lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege: even at first  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:  
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;  
Scorch'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n,  
Extended or contracted all proportions  
To a most hideous object: thence it came,  
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,  
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd:  
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away  
From the great 'compt; but love that comes too late,  
(Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried  
To an offender) turns to sour repentance,  
Crying, that's good that's gone: our rash faults  
Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.  
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:  
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,  
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.  
Be this sweet *Helen's* knell, and now forget her.  
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*: