

In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. *Plutus* himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas *Helen's*,
Whoever gave it you: then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conject'ral fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: if it should prove
That thou art so inhuman — 'twill not prove so —
And yet I know not — thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe;
More than to see this ring. Take him away.

[guards seize Bertram.]

My forepast proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,
Where yet she never was.

[Exit Bertram guarded.]

SCENE