

Fer. O heav'n, o earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of aught else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heav'n's rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you!

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning;
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart so willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now, farewell,
'Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*]