

Wash'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.

*Friar.* Hear me a little;  
For I have only been silent so long,  
And given way unto this course of fortune,  
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd  
A thousand blushing apparitions  
To start into her face; a thousand innocent flames  
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire  
To burn the errors that these princes hold  
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,  
Trust not my reading, nor my observation,  
Which with experimental seal doth warrant  
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,  
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
Under some biting error.

*Leon.* It cannot be;  
Thou seest, that all the grace, that she hath left,  
Is, that she will not add to her damnation  
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:  
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse  
That which appears in proper nakedness?

*Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

*Hero.* They know that do accuse me; I know none:  
If I know more of any man alive  
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,  
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,  
Prove you that any man with me convers'd  
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight  
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,  
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

*Friar.* There is some strange misprision in the princes.

*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent of honour;  
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,  
The practice of it lives in *John* the bastard,