

For heav'n fake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound!  
 Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive these men away,  
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
 Nor look upon the iron angrily:  
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*Exe.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [Exeunt.

*Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend;  
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:  
 Let him come back, that his compassion may  
 Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,  
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,  
 Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
 Then feeling what small things are boist'rous there,  
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.<sup>a</sup>

*Arth.* Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, *Hubert*!  
 Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
 So I may keep mine eyes: o spare mine eyes!  
 Though to no use, but still to look on you.  
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
 And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,  
 Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
 In undeserv'd extremes; see else yourself,  
 There is no malice in this burning coal;

<sup>a</sup> ----- hold your tongue.

*Arth.* *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
 Let me not hold, &c.