

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give  
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,  
And scarce can spare them.

*Clot.* Still, I swear, I love you.

*Imo.* If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:  
If you swear still, your recompence is still  
That I regard it not.

*Clot.* This is no answer.

*Imo.* But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,  
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me; 'faith,  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

*Clot.* To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin;  
I will not do't.

*Imo.* Fools cure not mad folks, fir.

*Clot.* Do you call me fool?

*Imo.* As I am mad, I do:  
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, fir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners  
By being so verbal: and learn now for all,  
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce  
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you;  
And am so near the lack of charity  
T' accuse myself, I hate you: which I had rather  
You felt, than make my boast.

*Clot.* You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father; for  
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,  
(One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,  
With scraps o'th' court,) it is no contract, none:  
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,  
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls,  
On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary, in self-figur'd knot;

Yet