

Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?

*Iach.* If I've lost it,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness, which  
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.

*Post.* The stone's too hard to come by.

*Iach.* Not a whit,  
Your lady being so easy.

*Post.* Make not, fir,  
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we  
Must not continue friends.

*Iach.* Good fir, we must,  
If you keep covenant: had I not brought  
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant  
We were to question farther; but I now  
Profess myself the winner of her honour,  
Together with your ring; and not the wronger  
Of her, or you, having proceeded but  
By both your wills.

*Post.* If you can make't apparent  
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,  
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honour, gains or loses  
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both  
To who shall find them.

*Iach.* Sir, my circumstances  
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength  
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not  
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find  
You need it not.

*Post.* Proceed.

*Iach.* First, her bedchamber,  
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,

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