K

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 marked
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appeared a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book: trust not my age,
My reverence, calling nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.
Lady, what man is he you are accused 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 conversed
At hourse unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintained the change of words with any
creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!