

# Much adoe about Nothing.

by

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

Based on the Folio Text of 1623

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# Shakespeare: First Folio

## Table of Contents

Much adoe about Nothing . . . . .	1
<i>Actus primus, Scena prima.</i> . . . .	1
<i>Actus Secundus.</i> . . . .	10
<i>Actus Tertius.</i> . . . .	24
<i>Actus Quartus.</i> . . . .	37
<i>Actus Quintus.</i> . . . .	46



## Much adoe about Nothing

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### *Actus primus, Scena prima.*

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2 *Enter Leonato Governour of Messina, Innogen his wife, He-ro*  
 3 *his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a messenger.*

4 *Leonato.*

5 I learne in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arra-gon*,  
 6 comes this night to *Messina*.

7 *Mess.* He is very neere by this: he was not  
 8 three Leagues off when I left him.

9 *Leon.* How many Gentlemen haue you lost in this  
 10 action?

11 *Mess.* But few of any sort, and none of name.

12 *Leon.* A victorie is twice it selfe, when the atchieuer  
 13 brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that *Don Pe-ter*  
 14 hath bestowed much honor on a yong *Florentine*, cal-led  
 15 *Claudio*.

16 *Mess.* Much deseru'd on his part, and equally remem-bred  
 17 by *Don Pedro*, he hath borne himselfe beyond the  
 18 promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the  
 19 feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expecta-tion,  
 20 then you must expect of me to tell you how.

21 *Leo.* He hath an Vnckle heere in *Messina*, wil be very  
 22 much glad of it.

23 *Mess.* I haue alreadie deliuered him letters, and there  
 24 appeares much ioy in him, euen so much, that ioy could  
 25 not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bit-ternesse.

27 *Leo.* Did he breake out into teares?

28 *Mess.* In great measure.

29 *Leo.* A kinde ouerflow of kindnesse, there are no fa-ces  
 30 truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much bet-ter  
 31 is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

32 *Bea.* I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* return'd from  
 33 the warres, or no?

34 *Mess.* I know none of that name, Lady, there was  
 35 none such in the armie of any sort.

36 *Leon.* What is he that you aske for Neece?

37 *Hero.* My cousin meanes Signior Benedick of *Padua*

38 *Mess.* O he's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

39 *Beat.* He set vp his bils here in *Messina*, & challeng'd  
 40 Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the

41 Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at  
42 the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and  
43 eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for  
44 indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

45 *Leon.* 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too  
46 much, but hee'l be meete with you, I doubt it not.

47 *Mess.* He hath done good seruice Lady in these wars.

48 *Beat.* You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to  
49 ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher- man, hee hath an  
50 excellent stomacke.

51 *Mess.* And a good souldier too Lady.

52 *Beat.* And a good souldier to a Lady. But what is he  
53 to a Lord?

54 *Mess.* A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stuf with  
55 all honourable vertues.

56 *Beat.* It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stuf man:  
57 but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall.

58 *Leon.* You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is  
59 a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her:  
60 they neuer meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between  
61 them.

62 *Bea.* Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last con-flict,  
63 foure of his fiue wits went halting off, and now is  
64 the whole man gouern'd with one: so that if hee haue  
65 wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it  
66 for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse: For it  
67 is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reaso-nable  
68 creature. Who is his companion now? He hath  
69 euery month a new sworne brother.

70 *Mess.* Is't possible?

71 *Beat.* Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as  
72 the fashion of his hat, it euer changes with y next block.

73 *Mess.* I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your  
74 bookes.

75 *Bea.* No, and he were, I would burne my study. But  
76 I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young  
77 squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the  
78 diuell?

79 *Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble  
80 *Claudio.*

81 *Beat.* O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a disease:  
82 he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker  
83 runs presently mad. God helpe the noble *Claudio*, if hee  
84 haue caught the Benedict, it will cost him a thousand  
85 pound ere he be cur'd.

86 *Mess.* I will hold friends with you Lady.

87 *Bea.* Do good friend.  
 88 *Leo.* You'l ne're run mad Neece.  
 89 *Bea.* No, not till a hot Ianuary.  
 90 *Mess.* *Don Pedro* is approach'd.  
 91 *Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar,*  
 92 *and Iohn the bastard.*  
 93 *Pedro.* Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet  
 94 your trouble: the fashion of the world is to auoid cost,  
 95 and you encounter it.  
 96 *Leon.* Neuer came trouble to my house in the likenes  
 97 of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should  
 98 remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides,  
 99 and happinesse takes his leaue. [I3v  
 100 *Pedro.* You embrace your charge too willingly: I  
 101 thinke this is your daughter.  
 102 *Leonato.* Her mother hath many times told me so.  
 103 *Bened.* Were you in doubt that you askt her?  
 104 *Leonato.* Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a  
 105 childe.  
 106 *Pedro.* You haue it full Benedicke, we may ghesse by  
 107 this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers  
 108 her selfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable  
 109 father.  
 110 *Ben.* If Signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not  
 111 haue his head on her shoulders for al Messina, as like him  
 112 as she is.  
 113 *Beat.* I wonder that you will still be talking, signior  
 114 Benedicke, no body markes you.  
 115 *Ben.* What my deere Ladie Disdaine! are you yet  
 116 liuing?  
 117 *Beat.* Is it possible Disdaine should die, while shee  
 118 hath such meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke?  
 119 Curtesie it selfe must conuert to Disdaine, if you come in  
 120 her presence.  
 121 *Bene.* Then is curtesie a turne- coate, but it is cer-taine  
 122 I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and  
 123 I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard  
 124 heart, for truely I loue none.  
 125 *Beat.* A deere happinesse to women, they would else  
 126 haue beene troubled with a pernicious Suter, I thanke  
 127 God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I  
 128 had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man  
 129 sweare he loues me.  
 130 *Bene.* God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde,  
 131 so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate  
 132 scratcht face.

133 *Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere  
 134 such a face as yours were.

135 *Bene.* Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

136 *Beat.* A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of  
 137 your.

138 *Ben.* I would my horse had the speed of your tongue,  
 139 and so good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods  
 140 name, I haue done.

141 *Beat.* You alwaies end with a Iades tricke, I know  
 142 you of old.

143 *Pedro.* This is the summe of all: *Leonato*, signior *Clau-dio*,  
 144 and signior *Benedicke*; my deere friend *Leonato*, hath  
 145 inuited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least  
 146 a moneth, and he heartily praies some occasion may de-taine  
 147 vs longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but  
 148 praies from his heart.

149 *Leon.* If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be for-sworne,  
 150 let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being re-conciled  
 151 to the Prince your brother: I owe you all  
 152 duetie.

153 *Iohn.* I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I  
 154 thanke you.

155 *Leon.* Please it your grace leade on?

156 *Pedro.* Your hand *Leonato*, we will goe together.

157 *Exeunt. Manet Benedicke and Claudio.*

158 *Clau. Benedicke*, didst thou note the daughter of sig-nior  
 159 *Leonato*?

160 *Bene.* I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

161 *Claud.* Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

162 *Bene.* Doe you question me as an honest man should  
 163 doe, for my simple true iudgement? or would you haue  
 164 me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant  
 165 to their sexe?

166 *Clau.* No, I pray thee speake in sober iudgement.

167 *Bene.* Why yfaith me thinks shee's too low for a hie  
 168 praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a  
 169 great praise, onely this commendation I can affoord her,  
 170 that were shee other then she is, she were vnhandsome,  
 171 and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.

172 *Clau.* Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me  
 173 truly how thou lik'st her.

174 *Bene.* Would you buie her, that you enquier after  
 175 her?

176 *Clau.* Can the world buie such a iewell?

177 *Ben.* Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this  
 178 with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowting iacke, to

179 tell vs Cupid is a good Hare- finder, and Vulcan a rare  
 180 Carpenter: Come, in what key shall a man take you to  
 181 goe in the song?  
 182 *Clau.* In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer  
 183 I lookt on.  
 184 *Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no  
 185 such matter: there's her cosin, and she were not possest  
 186 with a furie, exceeds her as much in beautie, as the first  
 187 of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you haue  
 188 no intent to turne husband, haue you?  
 189 *Clau.* I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had  
 190 sworne the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife.  
 191 *Bene.* Ist come to this? in faith hath not the world one  
 192 man but he will weare his cap with suspition? shall I ne-uer  
 193 see a batcheller of three score againe? goe to yfaith,  
 194 and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare  
 195 the print of it, and sigh away sundaies: looke, *don Pedro*  
 196 is returned to seeke you.  
 197 *Enter don Pedro, Iohn the bastard.*  
 198 *Pedr.* What secret hath held you here, that you fol-  
 199 lowed not to *Leonatoes*?  
 200 *Bened.* I would your Grace would constraine mee to  
 201 tell.  
 202 *Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegeance.  
 203 *Ben.* You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a  
 204 dumbe man, I would haue you thinke so (but on my al-  
 205 legiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in  
 206 loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke  
 207 how short his answere is, with *Hero*, *Leonatoes* short  
 208 daughter.  
 209 *Clau.* If this were so, so were it vttered.  
 210 *Bened.* Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas  
 211 not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.  
 212 *Clau.* If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it  
 213 should be otherwise.  
 214 *Pedro.* Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is verie  
 215 well worthie.  
 216 *Clau.* You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.  
 217 *Pedr.* By my troth I speake my thought.  
 218 *Clau.* And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.  
 219 *Bened.* And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I  
 220 speake mine.  
 221 *Clau.* That I loue her, I feele.  
 222 *Pedr.* That she is worthie, I know.  
 223 *Bened.* That I neither feele how shee should be lo-ued,  
 224 nor know how shee should be worthie, is the

225 opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at  
 226 the stake.

227 *Pedr.* Thou wast euer an obstinate heretique in the de-spight  
 228 of Beautie.

229 *Clau.* And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the  
 230 force of his will [I4

231 *Ben.* That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her: that  
 232 she brought mee vp, I likewise giue her most humble  
 233 thanks: but that I will haue a rechate winded in my  
 234 forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuisible baldricke, all  
 235 women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the  
 236 wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to  
 237 trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the  
 238 finer) I will liue a Batchellor.

239 *Pedro.* I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.

240 *Bene.* With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger,  
 241 my Lord, not with loue: proue that euer I loose more  
 242 blood with loue, then I will get againe with drinking,  
 243 picke out mine eyes with a Ballet- makers penne, and  
 244 hang me vp at the doore of a brothel- house for the signe  
 245 of blinde Cupid.

246 *Pedro.* Well, if euer thou doost fall from this faith,  
 247 thou wilt proue a notable argument.

248 *Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot  
 249 at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoul-der,  
 250 and cal'd *Adam*.

251 *Pedro.* Well, as time shall trie: In time the sauage  
 252 Bull doth beare the yoake.

253 *Bene.* The sauage bull may, but if euer the sensible  
 254 *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and set  
 255 them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and  
 256 in such great Letters as they write, heere is good horse  
 257 to hire: let them signifie vnder my signe, here you may  
 258 see *Benedicke* the married man.

259 *Clau.* If this should euer happen, thou wouldst bee  
 260 horne mad.

261 *Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid haue not spent all his Quiuer in  
 262 Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

263 *Bene.* I looke for an earthquake too then.

264 *Pedro.* Well, you will temporize with the houres, in  
 265 the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leo-natoes*,  
 266 commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile  
 267 him at supper, for indeede he hath made great prepara-tion.

269 *Bene.* I haue almost matter enough in me for such an  
 270 Embassage, and so I commit you.

271 *Clau.* To the tuition of God. From my house, if I

272 had it.  
 273 *Pedro.* The sixt of Iuly. Your louing friend, *Benedick.*  
 274 *Bene.* Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your  
 275 discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the  
 276 guardes are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flout  
 277 old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I  
 278 leaue you. *Exit.*  
 279 *Clau.* My Liege, your Highnesse now may doe mee  
 280 good.  
 281 *Pedro.* My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how,  
 282 And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne  
 283 Any hard Lesson that may do thee good.  
 284 *Clau.* Hath *Leonato* any sonne my Lord?  
 285 *Pedro.* No childe but *Hero*, she's his onely heire.  
 286 Dost thou affect her *Claudio*?  
 287 *Clau.* O my Lord,  
 288 When you went onward on this ended action,  
 289 I look'd vpon her with a souldiers eie,  
 290 That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,  
 291 Than to driue liking to the name of loue:  
 292 But now I am return'd, and that warre- thoughts  
 293 Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,  
 294 Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
 295 All prompting mee how faire yong *Hero* is,  
 296 Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.  
 297 *Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a louer presently,  
 298 And tire the hearer with a booke of words:  
 299 If thou dost loue faire *Hero*, cherish it,  
 300 And I will breake with her: wast not to this end,  
 301 That thou beganst to twist so fine a story?  
 302 *Clau.* How sweetly doe you minister to loue,  
 303 That know loues griefe by his complexion!  
 304 But lest my liking might too sodaine seeme,  
 305 I would haue salu'd it with a longer treatise.  
 306 *Ped.* What need y bridge much broder then the flood?  
 307 The fairest graunt is the necessitie:  
 308 Looke what will serue, is fit: 'tis once, thou louest,  
 309 And I will fit thee with the remedie,  
 310 I know we shall haue reuelling to night,  
 311 I will assume thy part in some disguise,  
 312 And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*,  
 313 And in her bosome Ile vnclaspe my heart,  
 314 And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
 315 And strong incounter of my amorous tale:  
 316 Then after, to her father will I breake,  
 317 And the conclusion is, shee shall be thine,

318 In practise let vs put it presently. *Exeunt.*  
 319 *Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.*  
 320 *Leo.* How now brother, where is my cosen your son:  
 321 hath he prouided this musicke?  
 322 *Old.* He is very busie about it, but brother, I can tell  
 323 you newes that you yet dreamt not of.  
 324 *Lo.* Are they good?  
 325 *Old.* As the euent stamps them, but they haue a good  
 326 couer: they shew well outward, the Prince and Count  
 327 *Claudio* walking in a thicke pleached alley in my orchard,  
 328 were thus ouer- heard by a man of mine: the Prince dis-couered  
 329 to *Claudio* that hee loued my niece your daugh-ter,  
 330 and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance,  
 331 and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the  
 332 present time by the top, and instantly breake with you  
 333 of it.  
 334 *Leo.* Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?  
 335 *Old.* A good sharpe fellow, I will send for him, and  
 336 question him your selfe.  
 337 *Leo.* No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it ap-peare  
 338 it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall,  
 339 that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if per-aduenture  
 340 this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: coo-sins,  
 341 you know what you haue to doe, O I crie you mer-cie  
 342 friend, goe you with mee and I will vse your skill,  
 343 good cosin haue a care this busie time. *Exeunt.*  
 344 *Enter Sir Iohn the Bastard, and Conrade his companion.*  
 345 *Con.* What the good yeere my Lord, why are you  
 346 thus out of measure sad?  
 347 *Ioh.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds,  
 348 therefore the sadnesse is without limit.  
 349 *Con.* You should heare reason.  
 350 *Iohn.* And when I haue heard it, what blessing brin-geth  
 351 it?  
 352 *Con.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.  
 353 *Ioh.* I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art,  
 354 borne vnder *Saturne*) goest about to apply a morall me-dicine,  
 355 to a mortifying mischiefe: I cannot hide what I  
 356 am: I must bee sad when I haue cause, and smile at no  
 357 mans iests, eat when I haue stomacke, and wait for no  
 358 mans leisure: sleepe when I am drowsie, and tend on no  
 359 mans businesse, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man  
 360 in his humor.  
 361 *Con.* Yea, but you must not make the ful show of this,  
 362 till you may doe it without controllment, you haue of [I4v  
 363 late stood out against your brother, and hee hath tane

364 you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you  
 365 should take root, but by the faire weather that you make  
 366 your selfe, it is needful that you frame the season for your  
 367 owne haruest.

368 *Iohn.* I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose  
 369 in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be disdain'd of  
 370 all, then to fashion a carriage to rob loue from any: in this  
 371 (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man)  
 372 it must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I  
 373 am trusted with a mussell, and enfranchisde with a clog,  
 374 therefore I haue decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had  
 375 my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do  
 376 my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and  
 377 seeke not to alter me.

378 *Con.* Can you make no vse of your discontent?

379 *Iohn.* I will make all vse of it, for I vse it onely.  
 380 Who comes here? what newes *Borachio*?

381 *Enter Borachio.*

382 *Bor.* I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince  
 383 your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can  
 384 giue you intelligence of an intended marriage.

385 *Iohn.* Will it serue for any Modell to build mischief  
 386 on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himselfe to  
 387 vnquietnesse?

388 *Bor.* Mary it is your brothers right hand.

389 *Iohn.* Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

390 *Bor.* Euen he.

391 *Iohn.* A proper squier, and who, and who, which way  
 392 lookes he?

393 *Bor.* Mary on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leo-nato*.

395 *Iohn.* A very forward March- chicke, how came you  
 396 to this:

397 *Bor.* Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoa-king  
 398 a musty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*,  
 399 hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Ar-ras,  
 400 and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince should  
 401 wooe *Hero* for himselfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue  
 402 her to Count *Claudio*.

403 *Iohn.* Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food  
 404 to my displeasure, that young start- vp hath all the glorie  
 405 of my ouerthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I blesse  
 406 my selfe euery way, you are both sure, and will assist  
 407 mee?

408 *Conr.* To the death my Lord.

409 *Iohn.* Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is the  
 410 greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my

411 minde: shall we goe proue whats to be done?  
 412 *Bor.* Wee'll wait vpon your Lordship.  
 413 *Exeunt.*

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***Actus Secundus.***

---

415 *Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and*  
 416 *Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.*  
 417 *Leonato.* Was not Count *Iohn* here at supper?  
 418 *Brother.* I saw him not.  
 419 *Beatrice.* How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I neuer  
 420 can see him, but I am heart- burn'd an howre after.  
 421 *Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.  
 422 *Beatrice.* Hee were an excellent man that were made  
 423 iust in the mid- way betweene him and *Benedicke*, the one  
 424 is too like an image and saies nothing, and the other too  
 425 like my Ladies eldest sonne, euermore tatling.  
 426 *Leon.* Then halfe signior *Benedicks* tongue in Count  
 427 *Iohns* mouth, and halfe Count *Iohns* melancholy in Sig-nior  
 428 *Benedicks* face.  
 429 *Beat.* With a good legge, and a good foot vnckle, and  
 430 money enough in his purse, such a man would winne any  
 431 woman in the world, if he could get her good will.  
 432 *Leon.* By my troth Neece, thou wilt neuer get thee a  
 433 husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.  
 434 *Brother.* Infaith shee's too curst.  
 435 *Beat.* Too curst is more then curst, I shall lessen Gods  
 436 sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst Cow  
 437 short hornes, but to a Cow too curst he sends none.  
 438 *Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you no  
 439 hornes.  
 440 *Beat.* Iust, if he send me no husband, for the which  
 441 blessing, I am at him vpon my knees euery morning and  
 442 euening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a  
 443 beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.  
 444 *Leonato.* You may light vpon a husband that hath no  
 445 beard.  
 446 *Beatrice.* What should I doe with him? dresse him in  
 447 my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he  
 448 that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath  
 449 no beard, is lesse then a man: and hee that is more then a  
 450 youth, is not for mee: and he that is lesse then a man, I am  
 451 not for him: therefore I will euen take sixepence in ear-nest  
 452 of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

453     *Leon.* Well then, goe you into hell.

454     *Beat.* No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill  
455     meete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head,  
456     and say, get you to heauen *Beatrice*, get you to heauen,  
457     heere's no place for you maids, so deliuer I vp my Apes,  
458     and away to S[aint]. *Peter:* for the heauens, hee shewes mee  
459     where the Batchellers sit, and there liue wee as merry as  
460     the day is long.

461     *Brother.* Well neece, I trust you will be rul'd by your  
462     father.

463     *Beatrice.* Yes faith, it is my cosens dutie to make curt-sie,  
464     and say, as it please you: but yet for all that cosin, let  
465     him be a handsome fellow, or else make an other cursie,  
466     and say, father, as it please me.

467     *Leonato.* Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted  
468     with a husband.

469     *Beatrice.* Not till God make men of some other met-tall  
470     then earth, would it not grieue a woman to be ouer-mastred  
471     with a peece of valiant dust: to make account of  
472     her life to a clod of waiward marle? no vnckle, ile none:  
473     *Adams* sonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sinne  
474     to match in my kinred.

475     *Leon.* Daughter, remember what I told you, if the  
476     Prince doe solicit you in that kinde, you know your an-swere.

477     *Beatrice.* The fault will be in the musicke cosin, if you  
478     be not woed in good time: if the Prince bee too impor-tant,  
479     tell him there is measure in euery thing, & so dance  
480     out the answere, for heare me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, &  
481     repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a measure, and a cinque-pace:  
482     the first suite is hot and hasty like a Scotch jigge  
483     (and full as fantasticall) the wedding manerly modest,  
484     (as a measure) full of state & aunchentry, and then comes  
485     repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace  
486     faster and faster, till he sinkes into his graue. [I5

487     *Leonato.* Cosin you apprehend passing shrewdly.

488     *Beatrice.* I haue a good eye vnckle, I can see a Church  
489     by daylight.

490     *Leon.* The reuellers are entring brother, make good  
491     roome.

492     *Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthasar,*  
493     *or dumbe Iohn, Maskers with a drum.*

494     *Pedro.* Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

495     *Hero.* So you walke softly, and looke sweetly, and say  
496     nothing, I am yours for the walke, and especially when I  
497     walke away.

498     *Pedro.* With me in your company.

500 *Hero.* I may say so when I please.  
 501 *Pedro.* And when please you to say so?  
 502 *Hero.* When I like your fauour, for God defend the  
 503 Lute should be like the case.  
 504 *Pedro.* My visor is *Philemons* roofe, within the house  
 505 is Loue.  
 506 *Hero.* Why then your visor should be thatcht.  
 507 *Pedro.* Speake low if you speake Loue.  
 508 *Bene.* Well, I would you did like me.  
 509 *Mar.* So would not I for your owne sake, for I haue  
 510 manie ill qualities.  
 511 *Bene.* Which is one?  
 512 *Mar.* I say my prayers alowd.  
 513 *Ben.* I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.  
 514 *Mar.* God match me with a good dauncer.  
 515 *Balt.* Amen.  
 516 *Mar.* And God keepe him out of my sight when the  
 517 daunce is done: answer Clarke.  
 518 *Balt.* No more words, the Clarke is answered.  
 519 *Vrsula.* I know you well enough, you are Signior *An-thonio.*  
 521 *Anth.* At a word, I am not.  
 522 *Vrsula.* I know you by the wagling of your head.  
 523 *Anth.* To tell you true, I counterfet him.  
 524 *Vrsu.* You could neuer doe him so ill well, vnlesse  
 525 you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down,  
 526 you are he, you are he.  
 527 *Anth.* At a word I am not.  
 528 *Vrsula.* Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know  
 529 you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? goe  
 530 to mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's  
 531 an end.  
 532 *Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you so?  
 533 *Bene.* No, you shall pardon me.  
 534 *Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are?  
 535 *Bened.* Not now.  
 536 *Beat.* That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good  
 537 wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signi-or  
 538 *Benedicke* that said so.  
 539 *Bene.* What's he?  
 540 *Beat.* I am sure you know him well enough.  
 541 *Bene.* Not I, beleeeue me.  
 542 *Beat.* Did he neuer make you laugh?  
 543 *Bene.* I pray you what is he?  
 544 *Beat.* Why he is the Princes ieaster, a very dull foole,  
 545 onely his gift is, in deusing impossible slanders, none  
 546 but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is

547 not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleaseth  
 548 men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and  
 549 beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had  
 550 boorded me.

551 *Bene.* When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what  
 552 you say. [

553 *Beat.* Do, do, hee'l but breake a comparison or two  
 554 on me, which peradventure (not markt, or not laugh'd  
 555 at) strikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Par-tridge  
 556 wing saued, for the foole will eate no supper that  
 557 night. We must follow the Leaders.

558 *Ben.* In euery good thing.

559 *Bea.* Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them  
 560 at the next turning. *Exeunt.*

561 *Musicke for the dance.*

562 *Iohn.* Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath  
 563 withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the  
 564 Ladies follow her, and but one visor remaines.

565 *Borachio.* And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bea-ring.

566 *Iohn.* Are not you signior *Benedicke*?

567 *Clau.* You know me well, I am hee.

568 *Iohn.* Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his  
 570 loue, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you dissuade him  
 571 from her, she is no equall for his birth: you may do the  
 572 part of an honest man in it.

573 *Claudio.* How know you he loues her?

574 *Iohn.* I heard him sweare his affection.

575 *Bor.* So did I too, and he swore he would marrie her  
 576 to night.

577 *Iohn.* Come, let vs to the banquet. *Ex. manet Clau.*

578 *Clau.* Thus answere I in name of *Benedicke*,  
 579 But heare these ill newes with the eares of *Claudio*:  
 580 'Tis certaine so, the Prince woes for himselfe:  
 581 Friendship is constant in all other things,  
 582 Saue in the Office and affaires of loue:  
 583 Therefore all hearts in loue vse their owne tongues.  
 584 Let euerie eye negotiate for it selfe,  
 585 And trust no Agent: for beautie is a witch,  
 586 Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:  
 587 This is an accident of houely prooffe,  
 588 Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore *Hero*.  
 589 *Enter Benedicke.*

590 *Ben.* Count *Claudio*.

591 *Clau.* Yea, the same.

592 *Ben.* Come, will you goe with me?

593 *Clau.* Whither?

594 *Ben.* Euen to the next Willow, about your own bu-sinesse,  
 595 Count. What fashion will you weare the Gar-land  
 596 off? About your necke, like an Vsurers chaine? Or  
 597 vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants scarfe? You must  
 598 weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

599 *Clau.* I wish him ioy of her.

600 *Ben.* Why that's spoken like an honest Drouier, so  
 601 they sel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold  
 602 haue serued you thus?

603 *Clau.* I pray you leaue me.

604 *Ben.* Ho now you strike like the blindman, 'twas the  
 605 boy that stole your meate, and you'l beat the post.

606 *Clau.* If it will not be, Ile leaue you. *Exit.*

607 *Ben.* Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into  
 608 sedges: But that my Ladie *Beatrice* should know me, &  
 609 not know me: the Princes foole! Hah? It may be I goe  
 610 vnder that title, because I am merrie: yea but so I am  
 611 apt to do my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the  
 612 base (though bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that putt's  
 613 the world into her person, and so giues me out: well, Ile  
 614 be reuenged as I may.

615 *Enter the Prince.*

616 *Pedro.* Now Signior, where's the Count, did you  
 617 see him? [I5v

618 *Bene.* Troth my Lord, I haue played the part of Lady  
 619 Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a  
 620 Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your  
 621 grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered  
 622 him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a  
 623 garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him a rod, as be-ing  
 624 worthy to be whipt.

625 *Pedro.* To be whipt, what's his fault?

626 *Bene.* The flat transgression of a Schoole- boy, who  
 627 being ouer- ioyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his  
 628 companion, and he steales it.

629 *Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the  
 630 transgression is in the stealer.

631 *Ben.* Yet it had not been amisse the rod had beene  
 632 made, and the garland too, for the garland he might haue  
 633 worne himselfe, and the rod hee might haue bestowed on  
 634 you, who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds nest.

635 *Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them  
 636 to the owner.

637 *Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith  
 638 you say honestly.

639 *Pedro.* The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the

640 Gentleman that daunst with her, told her shee is much  
 641 wrong'd by you.

642 *Bene.* O shee misusde me past the indurance of a block:  
 643 an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue answered  
 644 her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold  
 645 with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had beene my  
 646 selfe, that I was the Princes Iester, and that I was duller  
 647 then a great thaw, hudling iest vpon iest, with such im-possible  
 648 conueiance vpon me, that I stood like a man at a  
 649 marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speakes  
 650 poynyards, and euery word stabbes: if her breath were  
 651 as terrible as terminations, there were no liuing neere  
 652 her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not  
 653 marry her, though she were indowed with all that *Adam*  
 654 had left him before he transgrest, she would haue made  
 655 *Hercules* haue turnd spit, yea, and haue cleft his club to  
 656 make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde  
 657 her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God  
 658 some scholler would coniure her, for certainly while she  
 659 is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary,  
 660 and people sinne vpon purpose, because they would goe  
 661 thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation  
 662 followes her.

663 *Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.*

664 *Pedro.* Looke heere she comes.

665 *Bene.* Will your Grace command mee any seruice to  
 666 the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest arrand now  
 667 to the Antypodes that you can devise to send me on: I  
 668 will fetch you a tooth- picker now from the furthest inch  
 669 of Asia: bring you the length of *Prester Johns* foot: fetch  
 670 you a hayre off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any em-bassage  
 671 to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words  
 672 conference, with this Harpy: you haue no employment  
 673 for me?

674 *Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.

675 *Bene.* O God sir, heeres a dish I loue not, I cannot in-dure  
 676 this Lady tongue. *Exit.*

677 *Pedr.* Come Lady, come, you haue lost the heart of  
 678 Signior *Benedicke*.

679 *Beatr.* Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I  
 680 gaue him vse for it, a double heart for a single one, marry  
 681 once before he wonne it of mee, with false dice, therefore  
 682 your Grace may well say I haue lost it.

683 *Pedro.* You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put  
 684 him downe.

685 *Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest

686 I should prooue the mother of fooles: I haue brought  
 687 Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seeke.

688 *Pedro*. Why how now Count, wherefore are you sad?  
 689 *Claud*. Not sad my Lord.  
 690 *Pedro*. How then? sicke?  
 691 *Claud*. Neither, my Lord.  
 692 *Beat*. The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry,  
 693 nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and some-thing  
 694 of a iealous complexion.  
 695 *Pedro*. Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true.  
 696 though Ile be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is false:  
 697 heere *Claudio*, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero*  
 698 is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will  
 699 obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue  
 700 thee ioy.

701 *Leona*. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her  
 702 my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace  
 703 say, Amen to it.

704 *Beatr*. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

705 *Claud*. Silence is the perfectest Herault of ioy, I were  
 706 but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you  
 707 are mine, I am yours, I giue away my selfe for you, and  
 708 doat vpon the exchange.

709 *Beat*. Speake cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth  
 710 with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.

711 *Pedro*. In faith Lady you haue a merry heart.

712 *Beatr*. Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes  
 713 on the windy side of Care, my coosin tells him in his eare  
 714 that he is in my heart.

715 *Clau*. And so she doth coosin.

716 *Beat*. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes euery one  
 717 to the world but I, and I am sun- burn'd, I may sit in a cor-ner  
 718 and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

719 *Pedro*. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

720 *Beat*. I would rather haue one of your fathers getting:  
 721 hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father  
 722 got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

723 *Prince*. Will you haue me? Lady.

724 *Beat*. No, my Lord, vnlesse I might haue another for  
 725 working- daies, your Grace is too costly to weare euerie  
 726 day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne  
 727 to speake all mirth, and no matter.

728 *Prince*. Your silence most offends me, and to be mer-ry,  
 729 best becomes you, for out of question, you were born  
 730 in a merry howre.

731 *Beatr*. No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then

732 there was a starre daunst, and vnder that was I borne: co-sins  
 733 God giue you ioy.

734 *Leonato.* Neece, will you looke to those things I told  
 735 you of?

736 *Beat.* I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon.

737 *Exit Beatrice.*

738 *Prince.* By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

739 *Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her  
 740 my Lord, she is neuer sad, but when she sleepes, and not  
 741 euer sad then: for I haue heard my daughter say, she hath  
 742 often dreamt of vnhappinesse, and wakt her selfe with  
 743 laughing.

744 *Pedro.* Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

745 *Leonato.* O, by no meanes, she mocks all her wooers  
 746 out of suite.

747 *Prince.* She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

748 *Leonato.* O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke [16  
 749 married, they would talke themselues madde.

750 *Prince.* Counte *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to  
 751 Church?

752 *Clau.* To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches,  
 753 till Loue haue all his rites.

754 *Leonato.* Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is  
 755 hence a iust seuen night, and a time too briefe too, to haue  
 756 all things answer minde.

757 *Prince.* Come, you shake the head at so long a brea-thing,  
 758 but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not goe  
 759 dully by vs, I will in the *interim*, vndertake one of *Her-cules*  
 760 labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the  
 761 Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th' one with  
 762 th' other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not  
 763 but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assi-stance  
 764 as I shall giue you direction.

765 *Leonato.* My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee  
 766 ten nights watchings.

767 *Claud.* And I my Lord.

768 *Prin.* And you to gentle *Hero*?

769 *Hero.* I will doe any modest office, my Lord, to helpe  
 770 my cosin to a good husband.

771 *Prin.* And *Benedick* is not the vnhopefullest husband  
 772 that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble  
 773 straine, of approued valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will  
 774 teach you how to humour your cosin, that shee shall fall  
 775 in loue with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes, will  
 776 so practise on *Benedicke*, that in despight of his quicke  
 777 wit, and his queasie stomacke, hee shall fall in loue with

778 *Beatrice*: if wee can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Ar-cher,  
 779 his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely loue-gods,  
 780 goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exit*.  
 781 *Enter Iohn and Borachio*.  
 782 *Ioh*. It is so, the Count *Claudio* shal marry the daugh-ter  
 783 of *Leonato*.  
 784 *Bora*. Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it.  
 785 *Iohn*. Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be  
 786 medicinable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and  
 787 whatsoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euenly  
 788 with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?  
 789 *Bor*. Not honestly my Lord, but so couertly, that no  
 790 dishonesty shall appeare in me.  
 791 *Iohn*. Shew me breefely how.  
 792 *Bor*. I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere since, how  
 793 much I am in the fauour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentle-woman  
 794 to *Hero*.  
 795 *Iohn*. I remember.  
 796 *Bor*. I can at any vnseasonable instant of the night,  
 797 appoint her to looke out at her Ladies chamber window.  
 798 *Iohn*. What life is in that, to be the death of this mar-riage?  
 800 *Bor*. The poyson of that lies in you to temper, goe  
 801 you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that  
 802 hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned  
 803 *Claudio*, whose estimation do you mightily hold vp, to a  
 804 contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero*.  
 805 *Iohn*. What prooffe shall I make of that?  
 806 *Bor*. Prooffe enough, to misuse the Prince, to vex  
 807 *Claudio*, to vndoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for a-ny  
 808 other issue?  
 809 *Iohn*. Onely to despight them, I will endeauour any  
 810 thing.  
 811 *Bor*. Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on  
 812 *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you  
 813 know that *Hero* loues me, intend a kinde of zeale both  
 814 to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a loue of your brothers  
 815 honor who hath made this match) and his friends repu-tation,  
 816 who is thus like to be cosen'd with the semblance  
 817 of a maid, that you haue discover'd thus: they will scarce-ly  
 818 beleeeue this without triall: offer them instances which  
 819 shall beare no lesse likelihood, than to see mee at her  
 820 chamber window, heare me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; heare  
 821 *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to see this  
 822 the very night before the intended wedding, for in the  
 823 meane time, I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall  
 824 be absent, and there shall appeare such seeming truths of

825 *Heroes* disloyaltie, that ieaousie shall be cal'd assurance,  
 826 and all the preparation ouerthrowne.

827 *Iohn.* Grow this to what aduerse issue it can, I will  
 828 put it in practise: be cunning in the working this, and  
 829 thy fee is a thousand ducates.

830 *Bor.* Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cun-ning  
 831 shall not shame me.

832 *Iohn.* I will presentlie goe learne their day of marri-age.  
 833 *Exit.*

834 *Enter Benedicke alone.*

835 *Bene.* Boy.  
 836 *Boy.* Signior.  
 837 *Bene.* In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it  
 838 hither to me in the orchard.

839 *Boy.* I am heere already sir. *Exit.*

840 *Bene.* I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and  
 841 heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing  
 842 how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his  
 843 behaiours to loue, will after hee hath laught at such  
 844 shallow follies in others, become the argument of his  
 845 owne scorne, by falling in loue, & such a man is *Claudio.*  
 846 I haue known when there was no musicke with him but  
 847 the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the  
 848 taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue  
 849 walkt ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will  
 850 he lie ten nights awake caruing the fashion of a new dub-let:  
 851 he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose (like  
 852 an honest man & a souldier) and now is he turn'd ortho-graphy,  
 853 his words are a very fantasticall banquet, iust so  
 854 many strange dishes: may I be so conuerted, & see with  
 855 these eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee  
 856 sworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyster, but Ile  
 857 take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyster of me, he  
 858 shall neuer make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet  
 859 I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another vertu-ous,  
 860 yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman,  
 861 one woman shall not come in my grace: rich shee shall  
 862 be, that's certaine: wise, or Ile none: vertuous, or Ile ne-uer  
 863 cheapen her: faire, or Ile neuer looke on her: milde,  
 864 or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of  
 865 good discourse: an excellent Musitian, and her haire shal  
 866 be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and  
 867 Monsieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

868 *Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilson.*

869 *Prin.* Come, shall we heare this musicke?  
 870 *Claud.* Yea my good Lord: how still the euening is.

871 As husht on purpose to grace harmonie.  
 872 *Prin.* See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himselfe?  
 873 *Clau.* O very well my Lord: the musicke ended,  
 874 Wee'll fit the kid- foxe with a penny worth.  
 875 *Prince.* Come *Balthasar*, wee'll heare that song again.  
 876 *Balth.* O good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voyce,  
 877 To slander musicke any more then once.  
 878 *Prin.* It is the witsse still of excellency, [I6v  
 879 To slander Musicke any more then once.  
 880 *Prince.* It is the witsse still of excellencie,  
 881 To put a strange face on his owne perfection,  
 882 I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.  
 883 *Balth.* Because you talke of wooing, I will sing,  
 884 Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,  
 885 To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he woos,  
 886 Yet will he sweare he loues.  
 887 *Prince.* Nay pray thee come,  
 888 Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,  
 889 Doe it in notes.  
 890 *Balth.* Note this before my notes,  
 891 Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.  
 892 *Prince.* Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,  
 893 Note notes forsooth, and nothing.  
 894 *Bene.* Now diuine aire, now is his soule rauisht, is it  
 895 not strange that sheepes guts should hale soules out of  
 896 mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's  
 897 done.  
 898 *The Song.*  
 899 *Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,*  
 900 *Men were deceiuers euer,*  
 901 *One foote in Sea, and one on shore,*  
 902 *To one thing constant neuer,*  
 903 *Then sigh not so, but let them goe,*  
 904 *And be you blithe and bonnie,*  
 905 *Conuerting all your sounds of woe,*  
 906 *Into hey nony nony.*  
 907 *Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,*  
 908 *Of dumps so dull and heauy,*  
 909 *The fraud of men were euer so,*  
 910 *Since summer first was leauy,*  
 911 *Then sigh not so, &c.*  
 912 *Prince.* By my troth a good song.  
 913 *Balth.* And an ill singer, my Lord.  
 914 *Prince.* Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a  
 915 shift.  
 916 *Ben.* And he had been a dog that should haue howld

917 thus, they would haue hang'd him, and I pray God his  
 918 bad voyce bode no mischief, I had as lief haue heard  
 919 the night- rauen, come what plague could haue come af-ter  
 920 it.

921 *Prince.* Yea marry, dost thou heare *Balthasar*? I pray  
 922 thee get vs some excellent musick: for to morrow night  
 923 we would haue it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

924 *Balth.* The best I can, my Lord. *Exit Balthasar.*

925 *Prince.* Do so, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what  
 926 was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice*  
 927 was in loue with signior *Benedicke*?

928 *Cla.* O I, stalke on, stalke on, the foule sits. I did ne-uer  
 929 thinke that Lady would haue loued any man.

930 *Leon.* No, nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she  
 931 should so dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom shee hath in  
 932 all outward behaiours seemed euer to abhorre.

933 *Bene.* Is't possible? sits the winde in that corner?

934 *Leo.* By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to  
 935 thinke of it, but that she loues him with an intraged affe-ction,  
 936 it is past the infinite of thought.

937 *Prince.* May be she doth but counterfeit.

938 *Claud.* Faith like enough.

939 *Leon.* O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counter-feit  
 940 of passion, came so neere the life of passion as she dis-couers  
 941 it.

942 *Prince.* Why what effects of passion shewes she?

943 *Claud.* Baite the hooke well, this fish will bite.

944 *Leon.* What effects my Lord? shee will sit you, you  
 945 heard my daughter tell you how.

946 *Clau.* She did indeed.

947 *Prince.* How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would  
 948 haue thought her spirit had beene inuincible against all  
 949 assaults of affection.

950 *Leo.* I would haue sworne it had, my Lord, especially  
 951 against *Benedicke*.

952 *Bene.* I should thinke this a gull, but that the white-bearded  
 953 fellow speakes it: knauery cannot sure hide  
 954 himselfe in such reuerence.

955 *Claud.* He hath tane th' infection, hold it vp.

956 *Prince.* Hath shee made her affection known to *Bene-dicke*?

957 *Leonato.* No, and swears she neuer will, that's her  
 958 torment.

959 *Claud.* 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter saies: shall  
 960 I, saies she, that haue so oft encountred him with scorne,  
 961 write to him that I loue him?

962 *Leo.* This saies shee now when shee is beginning to

964 write to him, for shee'll be vp twenty times a night, and  
 965 there will she sit in her smocke, till she haue writ a sheet  
 966 of paper: my daughter tells vs all.  
 967 *Clau.* Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember  
 968 a pretty iest your daughter told vs of.  
 969 *Leon.* O when she had writ it, & was reading it ouer,  
 970 she found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the sheete.  
 971 *Clau.* That.  
 972 *Leon.* O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence,  
 973 railed at her self, that she should be so immodest to write,  
 974 to one that shee knew would flout her: I measure him,  
 975 saies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if hee  
 976 writ to mee, yea though I loue him, I should.  
 977 *Clau.* Then downe vpon her knees she falls, weepes,  
 978 sobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praies, curses, O  
 979 sweet *Benedicke*, God giue me patience.  
 980 *Leon.* She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and the  
 981 extasie hath so much ouerborne her, that my daughter is  
 982 somtime afeard she will doe a desperate out- rage to her  
 983 selfe, it is very true.  
 984 *Prince.* It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by some  
 985 other, if she will not discouer it.  
 986 *Clau.* To what end? he would but make a sport of it,  
 987 and torment the poore Lady worse.  
 988 *Prin.* And he should, it were an almes to hang him,  
 989 shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspition,)  
 990 she is vertuous.  
 991 *Claudio.* And she is exceeding wise.  
 992 *Prince.* In euery thing, but in louing *Benedicke*.  
 993 *Leon.* O my Lord, wisdom and bloud combating in  
 994 so tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that bloud  
 995 hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I haue iust cause,  
 996 being her Vncle, and her Guardian.  
 997 *Prince.* I would shee had bestowed this dotage on  
 998 mee, I would haue daft all other respects, and made her  
 999 halfe my selfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare  
 1000 what he will say.  
 1001 *Leon.* Were it good thinke you?  
 1002 *Clau.* *Hero* thinkes surely she wil die, for she saies she  
 1003 will die, if hee loue her not, and shee will die ere shee  
 1004 make her loue knowne, and she will die if hee wooe her,  
 1005 rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed  
 1006 crossenesse.  
 1007 *Prince.* She doth well, if she should make tender of her [K1  
 1008 loue, 'tis very possible hee'l scorne it, for the man (as you  
 1009 know all) hath a contemptible spirit.

1010 *Clau.* He is a very proper man.  
 1011 *Prin.* He hath indeed a good outward happines.  
 1012 *Clau.* 'Fore God, and in my minde very wise.  
 1013 *Prin.* He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like  
 1014 wit.  
 1015 *Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.  
 1016 *Prin.* As *Hector*, I assure you, and in the managing of  
 1017 quarrels you may see hee is wise, for either hee auoydes  
 1018 them with great discretion, or vndertakes them with a  
 1019 Christian- like feare.  
 1020 *Leon.* If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe  
 1021 peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a  
 1022 quarrell with feare and trembling.  
 1023 *Prin.* And so will hee doe, for the man doth fear God,  
 1024 howsoever it seemes not in him, by some large ieasts hee  
 1025 will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe  
 1026 see *Benedicke*, and tell him of her loue.  
 1027 *Claud.* Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out  
 1028 with good counsell.  
 1029 *Leon.* Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart  
 1030 out first.  
 1031 *Prin.* Well, we will heare further of it by your daugh-ter,  
 1032 let it coole the while, I loue *Benedicke* well, and I  
 1033 could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see  
 1034 how much he is vnworthy to haue so good a Lady.  
 1035 *Leon.* My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.  
 1036 *Clau.* If he do not doat on her vpon this, I wil neuer  
 1037 trust my expectation.  
 1038 *Prin.* Let there be the same Net spread for her, and  
 1039 that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry:  
 1040 the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of ano-thers  
 1041 dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I  
 1042 would see, which will be meerely a dumbe shew: let vs  
 1043 send her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt.*  
 1044 *Bene.* This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly  
 1045 borne, they haue the truth of this from *Hero*, they seeme  
 1046 to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections haue the full  
 1047 bent: loue me? why it must be requited: I heare how I  
 1048 am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I  
 1049 perceiue the loue come from her: they say too, that she  
 1050 will rather die than giue any signe of affection: I did ne-uer  
 1051 thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are  
 1052 they that heare their detractions, and can put them to  
 1053 mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can  
 1054 beare them witnesse: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot re-prooue  
 1055 it, and wise, but for louing me, by my troth it is

1056 no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her  
 1057 folly; for I wil be horribly in loue with her, I may chance  
 1058 haue some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken  
 1059 on mee, because I haue rail'd so long against marriage:  
 1060 but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meat in  
 1061 his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips  
 1062 and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe  
 1063 a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world  
 1064 must be peopled. When I said I would die a batcheler, I  
 1065 did not think I should liue till I were maried, here comes  
 1066 *Beatrice*: by this day, shee's a faire Lady, I doe spie some  
 1067 markes of loue in her.

1068 *Enter Beatrice.*

1069 *Beat.* Against my wil I am sent to bid you come in to  
 1070 dinner.

1071 *Bene.* Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

1072 *Beat.* I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then  
 1073 you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I  
 1074 would not haue come.

1075 *Bene.* You take pleasure then in the message.

1076 *Beat.* Yea iust so much as you may take vpon a kniues  
 1077 point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no stomacke  
 1078 signior, fare you well. *Exit.*

1079 *Bene.* Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come  
 1080 into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke  
 1081 no more paines for those thankes then you took paines  
 1082 to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I  
 1083 take for you is as easie as thankes: if I do not take pittie  
 1084 of her I am a villaine, if I doe not loue her I am a Iew, I  
 1085 will goe get her picture. *Exit.*

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### *Actus Tertius.*

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1087 *Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vrsula.*

1088 *Hero.* Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour,  
 1089 There shalt thou finde my Cosin *Beatrice*,  
 1090 Proposing with the Prince and *Claudio*,  
 1091 Whisper her eare, and tell her I and *Vrsula*,  
 1092 Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse  
 1093 Is all of her, say that thou ouer- heardst vs,  
 1094 And bid her steale into the pleached bower,  
 1095 Where hony- suckles ripened by the sunne,  
 1096 Forbid the sunne to enter: like faourites,  
 1097 Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride,

1098 Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her,  
 1099 To listen our purpose, this is thy office,  
 1100 Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone.  
 1101 *Marg.* Ile make her come I warrant you presently.  
 1102 *Hero.* Now *Vrsula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,  
 1103 As we do trace this alley vp and downe,  
 1104 Our talke must onely be of *Benedicke*,  
 1105 When I doe name him, let it be thy part,  
 1106 To praise him more then euer man did merit,  
 1107 My talke to thee must be how *Benedicke*  
 1108 Is sicke in loue with *Beatrice*; of this matter,  
 1109 Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,  
 1110 That onely wounds by heare- say: now begin,  
 1111 *Enter Beatrice.*  
 1112 For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs  
 1113 Close by the ground, to heare our conference.  
 1114 *Vrs.* The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish  
 1115 Cut with her golden ores the siluer streame,  
 1116 And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite:  
 1117 So angle we for *Beatrice*, who euen now,  
 1118 Is couched in the wood- bine couerture,  
 1119 Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.  
 1120 *Her.* Then go we neare her that her eare loose nothing,  
 1121 Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it:  
 1122 No truely *Vrsula*, she is too disdainfull,  
 1123 I know her spirits are as coy and wilde,  
 1124 As Haggerds of the rocke.  
 1125 *Vrsula.* But are you sure,  
 1126 That *Benedicke* loues *Beatrice* so intirely?  
 1127 *Her.* So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.  
 1128 *Vrs.* And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?  
 1129 *Her.* They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,  
 1130 But I perswaded them, if they lou'd *Benedicke*, [K1v  
 1131 To wish him wrastle with affection,  
 1132 And neuer to let *Beatrice* know of it.  
 1133 *Vrsula.* Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman  
 1134 Deserue as full as fortunate a bed,  
 1135 As euer *Beatrice* shall couch vpon?  
 1136 *Hero.* O God of loue! I know he doth deserue,  
 1137 As much as may be yeilded to a man:  
 1138 But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,  
 1139 Of prowder stuffe then that of *Beatrice*:  
 1140 Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,  
 1141 Mis- prizing what they looke on, and her wit  
 1142 Values it selfe so highly, that to her  
 1143 All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,

1144 Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,  
 1145 Shee is so selfe indeared.  
 1146 *Vrsula.* Sure I thinke so,  
 1147 And therefore certainly it were not good  
 1148 She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.  
 1149 *Hero.* Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw man,  
 1150 How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd.  
 1151 But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,  
 1152 She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:  
 1153 If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,  
 1154 Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:  
 1155 If low, an agot very vildlie cut:  
 1156 If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:  
 1157 If silent, why a blocke moued with none.  
 1158 So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,  
 1159 And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that  
 1160 Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.  
 1161 *Vrsu.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.  
 1162 *Hero.* No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,  
 1163 As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,  
 1164 But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,  
 1165 She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me  
 1166 Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,  
 1167 Therefore let *Benedicke* like couered fire,  
 1168 Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly:  
 1169 It were a better death, to die with mockes,  
 1170 Which is as bad as die with tickling.  
 1171 *Vrsu.* Yet tell her of it, heare what shee will say.  
 1172 *Hero.* No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,  
 1173 And counsaile him to fight against his passion,  
 1174 And truly Ile devise some honest slanders,  
 1175 To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,  
 1176 How much an ill word may impoison liking.  
 1177 *Vrsu.* O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong,  
 1178 She cannot be so much without true iudgement,  
 1179 Hauing so swift and excellent a wit  
 1180 As she is prisde to haue, as to refuse  
 1181 So rare a Gentleman as signior *Benedicke*.  
 1182 *Hero.* He is the onely man of Italy,  
 1183 Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.  
 1184 *Vrsu.* I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,  
 1185 Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*,  
 1186 For shape, for bearing argument and valour,  
 1187 Goes formost in report through Italy.  
 1188 *Hero.* Indeed he hath an excellent good name.  
 1189 *Vrsu.* His excellence did earne it ere he had it:

1190 When are you married Madame?  
 1191 *Hero.* Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,  
 1192 Ile shew thee some attires, and haue thy counsell,  
 1193 Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.  
 1194 *Vrsu.* Shee's tane I warrant you,  
 1195 We haue caught her Madame?  
 1196 *Hero.* If it proue so, then louing goes by haps,  
 1197 Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, some with traps. *Exit.*  
 1198 *Beat.* What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?  
 1199 Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?  
 1200 Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,  
 1201 No glory liues behinde the backe of such.  
 1202 And *Benedicke*, loue on, I will requite thee,  
 1203 Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:  
 1204 If thou dost loue, my kindnesse shall incite thee  
 1205 To binde our loues vp in a holy band.  
 1206 For others say thou dost deserue, and I  
 1207 Beleeue it better then reportingly. *Exit.*  
 1208 *Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.*  
 1209 *Prince.* I doe but stay till your marriage be consum-mate,  
 1210 and then go I toward Arragon.  
 1211 *Claud.* Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouch-safe  
 1212 me.  
 1213 *Prin.* Nay, that would be as great a soyle in the new  
 1214 glosse of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat  
 1215 and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with  
 1216 *Benedicke* for his companie, for from the crowne of his  
 1217 head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice  
 1218 or thrice cut *Cupids* bow- string, and the little hang- man  
 1219 dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell,  
 1220 and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes,  
 1221 his tongue speakes.  
 1222 *Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.  
 1223 *Leo.* So say I, methinkes you are sadder.  
 1224 *Claud.* I hope he be in loue.  
 1225 *Prin.* Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud  
 1226 in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be sad, he wants  
 1227 money.  
 1228 *Bene.* I haue the tooth- ach.  
 1229 *Prin.* Draw it.  
 1230 *Bene.* Hang it.  
 1231 *Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.  
 1232 *Prin.* What? sigh for the tooth- ach.  
 1233 *Leon.* Where is but a humour or a worme.  
 1234 *Bene.* Well, euery one cannot master a grieffe, but hee  
 1235 that has it.

1236 *Clau.* Yet say I, he is in loue.  
 1237 *Prin.* There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnlesse  
 1238 it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a  
 1239 Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee  
 1240 haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee  
 1241 is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare  
 1242 he is.  
 1243 *Clau.* If he be not in loue with some woman, there  
 1244 is no beleeuing old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings,  
 1245 What should that bode?  
 1246 *Prin.* Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?  
 1247 *Clau.* No, but the Barbers man hath beene seen with  
 1248 him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath alreadie  
 1249 stuf tennis balls.  
 1250 *Leon.* Indeed he lookes yonger than hee did, by the  
 1251 losse of a beard.  
 1252 *Prin.* Nay a rubs himselfe with Ciuit, can you smell  
 1253 him out by that?  
 1254 *Clau.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in  
 1255 loue.  
 1256 *Prin.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.  
 1257 *Clau.* And when was he went to wash his face?  
 1258 *Prin.* Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare  
 1259 what they say of him.  
 1260 *Clau.* Nay, but his iesting spirit, which is now crept  
 1261 into a lute- string, and now gouern'd by stops. [K2  
 1262 *Prin.* Indeed that tels a heauy tale for him: conclude,  
 1263 he is in loue.  
 1264 *Clau.* Nay, but I know who loues him.  
 1265 *Prince.* That would I know too, I warrant one that  
 1266 knowes him not.  
 1267 *Cla.* Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all,  
 1268 dies for him.  
 1269 *Prin.* Shee shall be buried with her face vpwards.  
 1270 *Bene.* Yet is this no charme for the tooth- ake, old sig-nior,  
 1271 walke aside with mee, I haue studied eight or nine  
 1272 wise words to speake to you, which these hobby- horses  
 1273 must not heare.  
 1274 *Prin.* For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice*.  
 1275 *Clau.* 'Tis euen so, *Hero* and *Margaret* haue by this  
 1276 played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares  
 1277 will not bite one another when they meete.  
 1278 *Enter Iohn the Bastard.*  
 1279 *Bast.* My Lord and brother, God saue you.  
 1280 *Prin.* Good den brother.  
 1281 *Bast.* If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.

1282 *Prince.* In priuate?  
 1283 *Bast.* If it please you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare,  
 1284 for what I would speake of, concernes him.  
 1285 *Prin.* What's the matter?  
 1286 *Basta.* Meanes your Lordship to be married to mor-row?  
 1288 *Prin.* You know he does.  
 1289 *Bast.* I know not that when he knowes what I know.  
 1290 *Clau.* If there be any impediment, I pray you disco-uer  
 1291 it.  
 1292 *Bast.* You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare  
 1293 hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will ma-nifest,  
 1294 for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in  
 1295 dearenesse of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing  
 1296 marriage: surely sute ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.  
 1297 *Prin.* Why, what's the matter?  
 1298 *Bastard.* I came hither to tell you, and circumstances  
 1299 shortned, (for she hath beene too long a talking of) the  
 1300 Lady is disloyall.  
 1301 *Clau.* Who *Hero*?  
 1302 *Bast.* Euen shee, *Leonatoes Hero*, your *Hero*, euery  
 1303 mans *Hero*.  
 1304 *Clau.* Disloyall?  
 1305 *Bast.* The word is too good to paint out her wicked-nesse,  
 1306 I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse  
 1307 title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further war-rant:  
 1308 goe but with mee to night, you shal see her cham-ber  
 1309 window entred, euen the night before her wedding  
 1310 day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it  
 1311 would better fit your honour to change your minde.  
 1312 *Claud.* May this be so?  
 1313 *Princ.* I will not thinke it.  
 1314 *Bast.* If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not  
 1315 that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you  
 1316 enough, and when you haue seene more, & heard more,  
 1317 proceed accordingly.  
 1318 *Clau.* If I see any thing to night, why I should not  
 1319 marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold  
 1320 wedde, there will I shame her.  
 1321 *Prin.* And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will  
 1322 ioyne with thee to disgrace her.  
 1323 *Bast.* I will disparage her no farther, till you are my  
 1324 witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue  
 1325 shew it selfe.  
 1326 *Prin.* O day vntowardly turned!  
 1327 *Claud.* O mischiefe strangelie thwarting!  
 1328 *Bastard.* O plague right well preuented! so will you

1329 say, when you haue seene the sequele. *Exit.*  
1330 *Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the watch.*  
1331 *Dog.* Are you good men and true?  
1332 *Verg.* Yea, or else it were pittie but they should suffer  
1333 saluation body and soule.  
1334 *Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for  
1335 them, if they should haue any allegiance in them, being  
1336 chosen for the Princes watch.  
1337 *Verges.* Well, giue them their charge, neighbour  
1338 *Dogbery.*  
1339 *Dog.* First, who thinke you the most desartlesse man  
1340 to be Constable.  
1341 *Watch.1.* *Hugh Ote- cake* sir, or *George Sea- coale*, for  
1342 they can write and reade.  
1343 *Dogb.* Come hither neighbour *Sea- coale*, God hath  
1344 blest you with a good name: to be a wel- fauoured man,  
1345 is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by  
1346 Nature.  
1347 *Watch 2.* Both which Master Constable  
1348 *Dogb.* You haue: I knew it would be your answere:  
1349 well, for your fauour sir, why giue God thanks, & make  
1350 no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that  
1351 appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are  
1352 thought heere to be the most senslesse and fit man for the  
1353 Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lan-thorne:  
1354 this is your charge: You shall comprehend all  
1355 vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Prin-ces  
1356 name.  
1357 *Watch 2.* How if a will not stand?  
1358 *Dogb.* Why then take no note of him, but let him go,  
1359 and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and  
1360 thanke God you are ridde of a knaue.  
1361 *Verges.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is  
1362 none of the Princes subiects.  
1363 *Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but  
1364 the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noise in the  
1365 streetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most  
1366 tollerable, and not to be indured.  
1367 *Watch.* We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know  
1368 what belongs to a Watch.  
1369 *Dog.* Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet  
1370 watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend:  
1371 only haue a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you  
1372 are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are  
1373 drunke get them to bed.  
1374 *Watch.* How if they will not?

1375 *Dogb.* Why then let them alone till they are sober, if  
 1376 they make you not then the better answere, you may say,  
 1377 they are not the men you tooke them for.  
 1378 *Watch.* Well sir,  
 1379 *Dogb.* If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by  
 1380 vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such  
 1381 kinde of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them,  
 1382 why the more is for your honesty.  
 1383 *Watch.* If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not  
 1384 lay hands on him.  
 1385 *Dogb.* Truly by your office you may, but I think they  
 1386 that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way  
 1387 for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him shew him-selfe  
 1388 what he is, and steale out of your company.  
 1389 *Ver.* You haue bin alwaies cal'd a merciful ma[n] partner.  
 1390 *Dog.* Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much  
 1391 more a man who hath anie honestie in him. [K2v  
 1392 *Verges.* If you heare a child crie in the night you must  
 1393 call to the nurse, and bid her still it.  
 1394 *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleepe and will not  
 1395 heare vs?  
 1396 *Dog.* Why then depart in peace, and let the childe  
 1397 wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare  
 1398 her Lambe when it baes, will neuer answere a calfe when  
 1399 he bleates.  
 1400 *Verges.* 'Tis verie true.  
 1401 *Dog.* This is the end of the charge: you constable  
 1402 are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the  
 1403 Prince in the night, you may staie him.  
 1404 *Verges.* Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.  
 1405 *Dog.* Fiue shillings to one on't with anie man that  
 1406 knowes the Statutes, he may staie him, marrie not with-out  
 1407 the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to  
 1408 offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against  
 1409 his will.  
 1410 *Verges.* Birladie I thinke it be so.  
 1411 *Dog.* Ha, ah ha, well masters good night, and there be  
 1412 anie matter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your  
 1413 fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night,  
 1414 come neighbour.  
 1415 *Watch.* Well masters, we heare our charge, let vs go  
 1416 sit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to  
 1417 bed.  
 1418 *Dog.* One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you  
 1419 watch about signior *Leonatoes* doore, for the wedding be-ing  
 1420 there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night,

1421 adiew, be vigitant I beseech you. *Exeunt.*  
 1422 *Enter Borachio and Conrade.*  
 1423 *Bor.* What, *Conrade*?  
 1424 *Watch.* Peace, stir not.  
 1425 *Bor.* *Conrade* I say.  
 1426 *Con.* Here man, I am at thy elbow.  
 1427 *Bor.* Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would  
 1428 a scabbe follow.  
 1429 *Con.* I will owe thee an answere for that, and now  
 1430 forward with thy tale.  
 1431 *Bor.* Stand thee close then vnder this penthouse, for it  
 1432 drissels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vtter all to  
 1433 thee.  
 1434 *Watch.* Some treason masters, yet stand close.  
 1435 *Bor.* Therefore know, I haue earned of *Don Iohn* a  
 1436 thousand Ducates.  
 1437 *Con.* Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?  
 1438 *Bor.* Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible a-nie  
 1439 villanie should be so rich? for when rich villains haue  
 1440 neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price  
 1441 they will.  
 1442 *Con.* I wonder at it.  
 1443 *Bor.* That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest  
 1444 that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is no-thing  
 1445 to a man.  
 1446 *Con.* Yes, it is apparell.  
 1447 *Bor.* I meane the fashion.  
 1448 *Con.* Yes the fashion is the fashion.  
 1449 *Bor.* Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but  
 1450 seest thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?  
 1451 *Watch.* I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe,  
 1452 this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man:  
 1453 I remember his name.  
 1454 *Bor.* Did'st thou not heare some bodie?  
 1455 *Con.* No, 'twas the vaine on the house.  
 1456 *Bor.* Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thiefe  
 1457 this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hot-blouds,  
 1458 betweene, foureteene & fiue & thirtie, sometimes  
 1459 fashioning them like *Pharaoes* souldiours in the rechie  
 1460 painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old  
 1461 Church window, sometime like the shauen *Hercules* in  
 1462 the smircht worm- eaten tapestrie, where his cod- peece  
 1463 seemes as massie as his club.  
 1464 *Con.* All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out  
 1465 more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy selfe  
 1466 giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of

1467 thy tale into telling me of the fashion?  
 1468 *Bor.* Not so neither, but know that I haue to night  
 1469 wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Heroes* gentle- woman, by the  
 1470 name of *Hero*, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber-window,  
 1471 bids me a thousand times good night: I tell  
 1472 this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince  
 1473 *Claudio* and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed  
 1474 by my Master *Don Iohn*, saw a far off in the Orchard this  
 1475 amiable incounter.  
 1476 *Con.* And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?  
 1477 *Bor.* Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the  
 1478 diuell my Master knew she was *Margaret* and partly by  
 1479 his oathes, which first possest them, partly by the darke  
 1480 night which did deceiue them, but chiefly, by my villa-nie,  
 1481 which did confirme any slander that *Don Iohn* had  
 1482 made, away went *Claudio* enraged, swore hee would  
 1483 meete her as he was apointed next morning at the Tem-ple,  
 1484 and there, before the whole congregation shame her  
 1485 with what he saw o're night, and send her home againe  
 1486 without a husband.  
 1487 *Watch.1.* We charge you in the Princes name stand.  
 1488 *Watch.2.* Call vp the right master Constable, we haue  
 1489 here recouered the most dangerous peece of lechery, that  
 1490 euer was knowne in the Common- wealth.  
 1491 *Watch.1.* And one Deformed is one of them, I know  
 1492 him, a weares a locke.  
 1493 *Conr.* Masters, masters.  
 1494 *Watch.2.* Youle be made bring deformed forth I war-rant  
 1495 you,  
 1496 *Conr.* Masters, neuer speake, we charge you, let vs o-bey  
 1497 you to goe with vs.  
 1498 *Bor.* We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, be-ing  
 1499 taken vp of these mens bils.  
 1500 *Conr.* A commoditie in question I warrant you, come  
 1501 weele obey you. *Exeunt.*  
 1502 *Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Vrsula.*  
 1503 *Hero.* Good *Vrsula* wake my cosin *Beatrice*, and de-sire  
 1504 her to rise.  
 1505 *Vrsu.* I will Lady.  
 1506 *Her.* And bid her come hither.  
 1507 *Vrs.* Well.  
 1508 *Mar.* Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.  
 1509 *Hero.* No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile weare this.  
 1510 *Marg.* By my troth's not so good, and I warrant your  
 1511 cosin will say so.  
 1512 *Hero.* My cosin's a foole, and thou art another, ile

1513 weare none but this.

1514 *Mar.* I like the new ture within excellently, if the  
1515 haire were a thought browner: and your gown's a most  
1516 rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of *Millaines*  
1517 gowne that they praise so.

1518 *Hero.* O that exceedes they say.

1519 *Mar.* By my troth's but a night- gowne in respect of  
1520 yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with siluer, set with  
1521 pearles, downe sleeues, side sleeues, and skirts, round vn-derborn  
1522 with a blewish tinsel, but for a fine queint grace-full  
1523 and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't. [K3

1524 *Hero.* God giue mee ioy to weare it, for my heart is  
1525 exceeding heauy.

1526 *Marga.* 'Twill be heauier soone, by the waight of a  
1527 man.

1528 *Hero.* Fie vpon thee, art not asham'd?

1529 *Marg.* Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is  
1530 not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord  
1531 honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue  
1532 me say, sauing your reuerence a husband: and bad thin-king  
1533 doe not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is  
1534 there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I  
1535 thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife,  
1536 otherwise 'tis light and not heauy, aske my Lady *Beatrice*  
1537 else, here she comes.

1538 *Enter Beatrice.*

1539 *Hero.* Good morrow Coze.

1540 *Beat.* Good morrow sweet *Hero.*

1541 *Hero.* Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

1542 *Beat.* I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

1543 *Mar.* Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a  
1544 burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

1545 *Beat.* Ye Light aloue with your heeles, then if your  
1546 husband haue stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke  
1547 no barnes.

1548 *Mar.* O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with  
1549 my heeles.

1550 *Beat.* 'Tis almost fiue a clocke cosin, 'tis time you  
1551 were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

1552 *Mar.* For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

1553 *Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.

1554 *Mar.* Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no  
1555 more sayling by the starre.

1556 *Beat.* What meanes the foole trow?

1557 *Mar.* Nothing I, but God send euery one their harts  
1558 desire.

1559 *Hero.* These gloues the Count sent mee, they are an  
 1560 excellent perfume.  
 1561 *Beat.* I am stuft cosin, I cannot smell.  
 1562 *Mar.* A maid and stuft! there's goodly catching of  
 1563 colde.  
 1564 *Beat.* O God helpe me, God help me, how long haue  
 1565 you profest apprehension?  
 1566 *Mar.* Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become  
 1567 me rarely?  
 1568 *Beat.* It is not seene enough, you should weare it in  
 1569 your cap, by my troth I am sicke.  
 1570 *Mar.* Get you some of this distill'd *carduus benedictus*  
 1571 and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.  
 1572 *Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thissell.  
 1573 *Beat.* *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you haue some mo-rall  
 1574 in this *benedictus*.  
 1575 *Mar.* Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall mea-ning,  
 1576 I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke per-chance  
 1577 that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not  
 1578 such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke  
 1579 what I can, nor indeed, I cannot thinke, if I would thinke  
 1580 my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you  
 1581 will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet *Benedicke*  
 1582 was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore  
 1583 hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despight of his  
 1584 heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you  
 1585 may be conuerted I know not, but me thinkes you looke  
 1586 with your eies as other women doe.  
 1587 *Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keepses.  
 1588 *Mar.* Not a false gallop.  
 1589 *Enter Vrsula.*  
 1590 *Vrsula.* Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, sig-nior  
 1591 *Benedicke*, Don *Iohn*, and all the gallants of the  
 1592 towne are come to fetch you to Church.  
 1593 *Hero.* Helpe me to dresse mee good coze, good *Meg*,  
 1594 good *Vrsula*.  
 1595 *Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.*  
 1596 *Leonato.* What would you with mee, honest neigh-bour?  
 1597 *Const.Dog.* Mary sir I would haue some confidence  
 1598 with you, that decernes you nearely.  
 1599 *Leon.* Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time  
 1600 with me.  
 1601 *Const.Dog.* Mary this it is sir.  
 1602 *Headb.* Yes in truth it is sir.  
 1603 *Leon.* What is it my good friends?  
 1604 *Con.Do.* Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the

1605 matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as  
 1606 God helpe I would desire they were, but infaith honest  
 1607 as the skin betweene his browes.  
 1608 *Head.* Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man li-uing,  
 1609 that is an old man, and no honester then I.  
 1610 *Con.Dog.* Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neigh-bour  
 1611 Verges.  
 1612 *Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious.  
 1613 *Con.Dog.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are  
 1614 the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part,  
 1615 if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to  
 1616 bestow it all of your worship.  
 1617 *Leon.* All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?  
 1618 *Const.Dog.* Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more  
 1619 than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Wor-ship  
 1620 as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a  
 1621 poore man, I am glad to heare it.  
 1622 *Head.* And so am I.  
 1623 *Leon.* I would faine know what you haue to say.  
 1624 *Head.* Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your  
 1625 worships presence, haue tane a couple of as arrant  
 1626 knaues as any in Messina.  
 1627 *Con.Dog.* A good old man sir, hee will be talking as  
 1628 they say, when the age is in, the wit is out, God helpe vs,  
 1629 it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour *Verges*,  
 1630 well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse,  
 1631 one must ride behinde, an honest soule yfaith sir, by my  
 1632 troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee wor-shipt,  
 1633 all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.  
 1634 *Leon.* Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.  
 1635 *Con.Do.* Gifts that God giues.  
 1636 *Leon.* I must leaue you.  
 1637 *Con.Dog.* One word sir, our watch sir haue indeede  
 1638 comprehended two aspitious persons, & we would haue  
 1639 them this morning examined before your worship.  
 1640 *Leon.* Take their examination your selfe, and bring it  
 1641 me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare vnto you.  
 1642 *Const.* It shall be suffigance.  
 1643 *Leon.* Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well. |(Exit.  
 1644 *Messenger.* My Lord, they stay for you to giue your  
 1645 daughter to her husband.  
 1646 *Leon.* Ile wait vpon them, I am ready.  
 1647 *Dogb.* Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Sea-coale*,  
 1648 bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole:  
 1649 we are now to examine those men.  
 1650 *Verges.* And we must doe it wisely.

1651 *Dogb.* Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you: [K3v  
 1652 heere's that shall driue some to a non- come, on-ly  
 1653 get the learned writer to set downe our excommuni-cation,  
 1654 and meet me at the Iaile. *Exeunt.*

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*Actus Quartus.*

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1656 *Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke,*  
 1657 *Hero, and Beatrice.*  
 1658 *Leonato.* Come Frier *Francis*, be briefe, onely to the  
 1659 plaine forme of marriage, and you shal recount their par-ticular  
 1660 duties afterwards.  
 1661 *Fran.* You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.  
 1662 *Clau.* No.  
 1663 *Leo.* To be married to her: Frier, you come to mar-rie  
 1664 her.  
 1665 *Frier.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this  
 1666 Count.  
 1667 *Hero.* I doe.  
 1668 *Frier.* If either of you know any inward impediment  
 1669 why you should not be conioyned, I charge you on your  
 1670 soules to vtter it.  
 1671 *Claud.* Know you anie, *Hero*?  
 1672 *Hero.* None my Lord.  
 1673 *Frier.* Know you anie, Count?  
 1674 *Leon.* I dare make his answer, None.  
 1675 *Clau.* O what men dare do! what men may do! what  
 1676 men daily do!  
 1677 *Bene.* How now! interiections? why then, some be  
 1678 of laughing, as ha, ha, he.  
 1679 *Clau.* Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leaue,  
 1680 Will you with free and vnconstrained soule  
 1681 Giue me this maid your daughter?  
 1682 *Leon.* As freely sonne as God did giue her me.  
 1683 *Clau.* And what haue I to giue you back, whose worth  
 1684 May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?  
 1685 *Prin.* Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe.  
 1686 *Clau.* Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulnes:  
 1687 There *Leonato*, take her backe againe,  
 1688 Giue not this rotten Orenge to your friend,  
 1689 Shee's but the signe and semblance of her honour:  
 1690 Behold how like a maid she blushes heere!  
 1691 O what authoritie and shew of truth  
 1692 Can cunning sinne couer it selfe withall!

1693 Comes not that bloud, as modest euidence,  
 1694 To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not sweare  
 1695 All you that see her, that she were a maide,  
 1696 By these exterior shewes? But she is none:  
 1697 She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:  
 1698 Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.  
 1699 *Leonato.* What doe you meane, my Lord?  
 1700 *Clau.* Not to be married,  
 1701 Not to knit my soule to an approued wanton.  
 1702 *Leon.* Deere my Lord, if you in your owne prooffe,  
 1703 Haue vanquisht the resistance of her youth,  
 1704 And made defeat of her virginities.  
 1705 *Clau.* I know what you would say: if I haue knowne  
 1706 (her,  
 1707 You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,  
 1708 And so extenuate the forehead sinne: No *Leonato*,  
 1709 I neuer tempted her with word too large,  
 1710 But as a brother to his sister, shewed  
 1711 Bashfull sinceritie and comely loue.  
 1712 *Hero.* And seem'd I euer otherwise to you?  
 1713 *Clau.* Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,  
 1714 You seeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe,  
 1715 As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne:  
 1716 But you are more intemperate in your blood,  
 1717 Than *Venus*, or those pampred animalls,  
 1718 That rage in sauage sensualitie.  
 1719 *Hero.* Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?  
 1720 *Leon.* Sweete Prince, why speake not you?  
 1721 *Prin.* What should I speake?  
 1722 I stand dishonour'd that haue gone about,  
 1723 To linke my deare friend to a common stale.  
 1724 *Leon.* Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?  
 1725 *Bast.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.  
 1726 *Bene.* This lookes not like a nuptiall.  
 1727 *Hero.* True, O God!  
 1728 *Clau.* *Leonato*, stand I here?  
 1729 Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?  
 1730 Is this face *Heroes*? are our eies our owne?  
 1731 *Leon.* All this is so, but what of this my Lord?  
 1732 *Clau.* Let me but moue one question to your daugh-|(ter,  
 1733 And by that fatherly and kindly power,  
 1734 That you haue in her, bid her answer truly.  
 1735 *Leo.* I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe.  
 1736 *Hero.* O God defend me how am I beset,  
 1737 What kinde of catechizing call you this?  
 1738 *Clau.* To make you answer truly to your name.

1739 *Hero.* Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name  
 1740 With any iust reproach?  
 1741 *Claud.* Marry that can *Hero*,  
 1742 *Hero* it selfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue.  
 1743 What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,  
 1744 Out at your window betwixt twelue and one?  
 1745 Now if you are a maid, answer to this.  
 1746 *Hero.* I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.  
 1747 *Prince.* Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,  
 1748 I am sorry you must heare: vpon mine honor,  
 1749 My selfe, my brother, and this grieued Count  
 1750 Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,  
 1751 Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,  
 1752 Who hath indeed most like a liberall villaine,  
 1753 Confest the vile encounters they haue had  
 1754 A thousand times in secret.  
 1755 *Iohn.* Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,  
 1756 Not to be spoken of,  
 1757 There is not chastitie enough in language,  
 1758 Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty Lady  
 1759 I am sorry for thy much misgouernment.  
 1760 *Claud.* O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou beene  
 1761 If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed  
 1762 About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?  
 1763 But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell  
 1764 Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,  
 1765 For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,  
 1766 And on my eie- lids shall Coniecture hang,  
 1767 To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,  
 1768 And neuer shall it more be gracious.  
 1769 *Leon.* Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?  
 1770 *Beat.* Why how now cosin, wherfore sink you down?  
 1771 *Bast.* Come, let vs go: these things come thus to light,  
 1772 Smother her spirits vp.  
 1773 *Bene.* How doth the Lady?  
 1774 *Beat.* Dead I thinke, helpe vnclie,  
 1775 *Hero*, why *Hero*, Vnclie, Signor *Benedicke*, Frier.  
 1776 *Leonato.* O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,  
 1777 Death is the fairest couer for her shame  
 1778 That may be wisht for. [K4  
 1779 *Beatr.* How now cosin *Hero*?  
 1780 *Fri.* Haue comfort Ladie.  
 1781 *Leon.* Dost thou looke vp?  
 1782 *Frier.* Yea, wherfore should she not?  
 1783 *Leon.* Wherfore? Why doth not euery earthly thing  
 1784 Cry shame vpon her? Could she heere denie

1785 The storie that is printed in her blood?  
 1786 Do not liue *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:  
 1787 For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,  
 1788 Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,  
 1789 My selfe would on the reward of reproaches  
 1790 Strike at thy life. Grieu'd I, I had but one?  
 1791 Chid I, for that at frugal Natures frame?  
 1792 O one too much by thee: why had I one?  
 1793 Why euer was't thou louelie in my eies?  
 1794 Why had I not with charitable hand  
 1795 Tooke vp a beggars issue at my gates,  
 1796 Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamie,  
 1797 I might haue said, no part of it is mine:  
 1798 This shame deriues it selfe from vnknowne loines,  
 1799 But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,  
 1800 And mine that I was proud on mine so much,  
 1801 That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:  
 1802 Valewing of her, why she, O she is falne  
 1803 Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea  
 1804 Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,  
 1805 And salt too little, which may season giue  
 1806 To her foule tainted flesh.  
 1807 *Ben.* Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired  
 1808 in wonder, I know not what to say.  
 1809 *Bea.* O on my soule my cosin is belied.  
 1810 *Ben.* Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?  
 1811 *Bea.* No, truely: not although vntill last night,  
 1812 I haue this tweluemonth bin her bedfellow.  
 1813 *Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made  
 1814 Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.  
 1815 Would the Princes lie, and *Claudio* lie,  
 1816 Who lou'd her so, that speaking of her foulnesse,  
 1817 Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.  
 1818 *Fri.* Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene silent so  
 1819 long, and giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by no-ting  
 1820 of the Ladie, I haue markt.  
 1821 A thousand blushing apparitions,  
 1822 To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,  
 1823 In Angel whitenesse beare away those blushes,  
 1824 And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire  
 1825 To burne the errors that these Princes hold  
 1826 Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,  
 1827 Trust not my reading, nor my obseruations,  
 1828 Which with experimental seale doth warrant  
 1829 The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,  
 1830 My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,

1831 If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltlesse heere,  
 1832 Vnder some biting error.  
 1833 *Leo.* Friar, it cannot be:  
 1834 Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,  
 1835 Is, that she wil not adde to her damnation,  
 1836 A sinne of periury, she not denies it:  
 1837 Why seek'st thou then to couer with excuse,  
 1838 That which appeares in proper nakednesse?  
 1839 *Fri.* Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?  
 1840 *Hero.* They know that do accuse me, I know none:  
 1841 If I know more of any man aliue  
 1842 Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,  
 1843 Let all my sinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,  
 1844 Proue you that any man with me conuerst,  
 1845 At houres vnmeete, or that I yesternight  
 1846 Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,  
 1847 Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.  
 1848 *Fri.* There is some strange misprision in the Princes.  
 1849 *Ben.* Two of them haue the verie bent of honor,  
 1850 And if their wisdomes be misled in this:  
 1851 The practise of it liues in *Iohn* the bastard,  
 1852 Whose spirits toile in frame of villanies.  
 1853 *Leo.* I know not: if they speake but truth of her,  
 1854 These hands shall teare her: If they wrong her honour,  
 1855 The proudest of them shall wel heare of it.  
 1856 Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,  
 1857 Nor age so eate vp my inuention,  
 1858 Nor Fortune made such hauocke of my meanes,  
 1859 Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,  
 1860 But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,  
 1861 Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,  
 1862 Ability in meanes, and choise of friends,  
 1863 To quit me of them throughly.  
 1864 *Fri.* Pause awhile:  
 1865 And let my counsell sway you in this case,  
 1866 Your daughter heere the Princesse (left for dead)  
 1867 Let her awhile be secretly kept in,  
 1868 And publish it, that she is dead indeed:  
 1869 Maintaine a mourning ostentation,  
 1870 And on your Families old monument,  
 1871 Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,  
 1872 That appertaine vnto a buriall.  
 1873 *Leon.* What shall become of this? What wil this do?  
 1874 *Fri.* Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe,  
 1875 Change slander to remorse, that is some good,  
 1876 But not for that dreame I on this strange course,

1877 But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:  
 1878 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
 1879 Vpon the instant that she was accus'd,  
 1880 Shal be lamented, pittied, and excus'd  
 1881 Of euery hearer: for it so fals out,  
 1882 That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,  
 1883 Whiles we enioy it; but being lack'd and lost,  
 1884 Why then we racke the value, then we finde  
 1885 The vertue that possession would not shew vs  
 1886 Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with *Claudio*:  
 1887 When he shal heare she dyed vpon his words,  
 1888 Th' Idea of her life shal sweetly creepe  
 1889 Into his study of imagination.  
 1890 And euery louely Organ of her life,  
 1891 Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:  
 1892 More mouing delicate, and ful of life,  
 1893 Into the eye and prospect of his soule  
 1894 Then when she liu'd indeed: then shal he mourne,  
 1895 If euer Loue had interest in his Liuer,  
 1896 And wish he had not so accused her:  
 1897 No, though he thought his accusation true:  
 1898 Let this be so, and doubt not but successe  
 1899 Wil fashion the euent in better shape,  
 1900 Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.  
 1901 But if all ayme but this be leuelld false,  
 1902 The supposition of the Ladies death,  
 1903 Will quench the wonder of her infamie.  
 1904 And if it sort not well, you may conceale her  
 1905 As best befits her wounded reputation,  
 1906 In some reclusiue and religious life,  
 1907 Out of all eyes, tongues, mindes and iniuries.  
 1908 *Bene.* Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier aduise you,  
 1909 And though you know my inwardnesse and loue  
 1910 Is very much vnto the Prince and *Claudio*. [K4v  
 1911 Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,  
 1912 As secretly and iustlie, as your soule  
 1913 Should with your bodie.  
 1914 *Leon.* Being that I flow in greefe,  
 1915 The smallest twine may lead me.  
 1916 *Frier.* 'Tis well consented, presently away,  
 1917 For to strange sores, strangely they straine the cure,  
 1918 Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day  
 1919 Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure. *Exit.*  
 1920 *Bene.* Lady *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this while?  
 1921 *Beat.* Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.  
 1922 *Bene.* I will not desire that.

1923 *Beat.* You haue no reason, I doe it freely.  
 1924 *Bene.* Surelie I do beleeeue your fair cosin is wrong'd.  
 1925 *Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserue of mee  
 1926 that would right her!  
 1927 *Bene.* Is there any way to shew such friendship?  
 1928 *Beat.* A verie euen way, but no such friend.  
 1929 *Bene.* May a man doe it?  
 1930 *Beat.* It is a mans office, but not yours.  
 1931 *Bene.* I doe loue nothing in the world so well as you,  
 1932 is not that strange?  
 1933 *Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not, it were as  
 1934 possible for me to say, I loued nothing so well as you, but  
 1935 beleeeue me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor  
 1936 I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.  
 1937 *Bene.* By my sword *Beatrice* thou lou'st me.  
 1938 *Beat.* Doe not sweare by it and eat it.  
 1939 *Bene.* I will sweare by it that you loue mee, and I will  
 1940 make him eat it that sayes I loue not you.  
 1941 *Beat.* Will you not eat your word?  
 1942 *Bene.* With no sawce that can be deuised to it, I pro-test  
 1943 I loue thee.  
 1944 *Beat.* Why then God forgiue me.  
 1945 *Bene.* What offence sweet *Beatrice*?  
 1946 *Beat.* You haue stayed me in a happy howre, I was a-bout  
 1947 to protest I loued you.  
 1948 *Bene.* And doe it with all thy heart.  
 1949 *Beat.* I loue you with so much of my heart, that none  
 1950 is left to protest.  
 1951 *Bened.* Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.  
 1952 *Beat.* Kill *Claudio*.  
 1953 *Bene.* Ha, not for the wide world.  
 1954 *Beat.* You kill me to denie, farewell.  
 1955 *Bene.* Tarrie sweet *Beatrice*.  
 1956 *Beat.* I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue  
 1957 in you, nay I pray you let me goe.  
 1958 *Bene.* *Beatrice*.  
 1959 *Beat.* Infaith I will goe.  
 1960 *Bene.* Wee'll be friends first.  
 1961 *Beat.* You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight  
 1962 with mine enemy.  
 1963 *Bene.* Is *Claudio* thine enemy?  
 1964 *Beat.* Is a not approued in the height a villaine, that  
 1965 hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O  
 1966 that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they  
 1967 come to take hands, and then with publike accusation  
 1968 vncouered slander, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I

1969 were a man! I would eat his heart in the market- place.  
 1970 *Bene.* Heare me *Beatrice*.  
 1971 *Beat.* Talke with a man out at a window, a proper  
 1972 saying.  
 1973 *Bene.* Nay but *Beatrice*.  
 1974 *Beat.* Sweet *Hero*, she is wrong'd, shee is slandered,  
 1975 she is vndone.  
 1976 *Bene.* Beat?  
 1977 *Beat.* Princes and Counties! surelie a Princely testi-monie,  
 1978 a goodly Count, Comfect, a sweet Gallant sure-lie,  
 1979 O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any  
 1980 friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is mel-ted  
 1981 into cursies, valour into complement, and men are  
 1982 onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now  
 1983 as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and swears it:  
 1984 I cannot be a man with wishing, therfore I will die a wo-man  
 1985 with grieuing.  
 1986 *Bene.* Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I loue thee.  
 1987 *Beat.* Vse it for my loue some other way then swea-ring  
 1988 by it.  
 1989 *Bened.* Thinke you in your soule the Count *Claudio*  
 1990 hath wrong'd *Hero*?  
 1991 *Beat.* Yea, as sure as I haue a thought, or a soule.  
 1992 *Bene.* Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I  
 1993 will kisse your hand, and so leaue you: by this hand *Clau-dio*  
 1994 shall render me a deere account: as you heare of me,  
 1995 so thinke of me: goe comfort your coosin, I must say she  
 1996 is dead, and so farewell.  
 1997 *Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke*  
 1998 *in gownes.*  
 1999 *Keeper.* Is our whole dissembly appeard?  
 2000 *Cowley.* O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton.  
 2001 *Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?  
 2002 *Andrew.* Marry that am I, and my partner.  
 2003 *Cowley.* Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition  
 2004 to examine.  
 2005 *Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be ex-amined,  
 2006 let them come before master Constable.  
 2007 *Kemp.* Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is  
 2008 your name, friend?  
 2009 *Bor.* *Borachio*.  
 2010 *Kem.* Pray write downe *Borachio*. Yours sirra.  
 2011 *Con.* I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is *Conrade*.  
 2012 *Kee.* Write downe Master gentleman *Conrade*: mai-sters,  
 2013 doe you serue God: maisters, it is proued alreadie  
 2014 that you are little better than false knaues, and it will goe

2015 neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your  
 2016 selues?

2017 *Con.* Marry sir, we say we are none.

2018 *Kemp.* A maruellous witty fellow I assure you, but I  
 2019 will goe about with him: come you hither sirra, a word  
 2020 in your eare sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false  
 2021 knaues.

2022 *Bor.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.

2023 *Kemp.* Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in  
 2024 a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?

2025 *Sext.* Master Constable, you goe not the way to ex-amine,  
 2026 you must call forth the watch that are their ac-cusers.

2028 *Kemp.* Yea marry, that's the efast way, let the watch  
 2029 come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name,  
 2030 accuse these men.

2031 *Watch 1.* This man said sir, that *Don Iohn* the Princes  
 2032 brother was a villaine.

2033 *Kemp.* Write down, Prince *Iohn* a villaine: why this  
 2034 is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

2035 *Bora.* Master Constable.

2036 *Kemp.* Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke  
 2037 I promise thee.

2038 *Sexton.* What heard you him say else?

2039 *Watch 2.* Mary that he had receiued a thousand Du-kates  
 2040 of *Don Iohn*, for accusing the Lady *Hero* wrong-fully. [K5  
 2042 *Kemp.* Flat Burglarie as euer was committed.

2043 *Const.* Yea by th' masse that it is.

2044 *Sexton.* What else fellow?

2045 *Watch 1.* And that Count *Claudio* did meane vpon his  
 2046 words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and  
 2047 not marry her.

2048 *Kemp.* O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euer-lasting  
 2049 redemption for this.

2050 *Sexton.* What else?

2051 *Watch.* This is all.

2052 *Sexton.* And this is more masters then you can deny,  
 2053 Prince *Iohn* is this morning secretly stolne away: *Hero*  
 2054 was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd,  
 2055 and vpon the grieffe of this sodainely died: Master Con-stable,  
 2056 let these men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*,  
 2057 I will goe before, and shew him their examination.

2058 *Const.* Come, let them be opinion'd.

2059 *Sex.* Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe*.

2060 *Kem.* Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write  
 2061 downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe*: come, binde them  
 2062 thou naughty varlet.

2063 *Couley.* Away, you are an asse, you are an asse.  
 2064 *Kemp.* Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not  
 2065 suspect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee  
 2066 downe an asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse:  
 2067 though it be not written down, yet forget not y I am an  
 2068 asse: No thou villaine, y art full of piety as shall be prou'd  
 2069 vpon thee by good witsse, I am a wise fellow, and  
 2070 which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houshoul-der,  
 2071 and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as any in  
 2072 Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich  
 2073 fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had losses,  
 2074 and one that hath two gownes, and euery thing hand-some  
 2075 about him: bring him away: O that I had been writ  
 2076 downe an asse! *Exit.*

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*Actus Quintus.*

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2078 *Enter Leonato and his brother.*  
 2079 *Brother.* If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe,  
 2080 And 'tis not wisdome thus to second grieffe,  
 2081 Against your selfe.  
 2082 *Leon.* I pray thee cease thy counsaile,  
 2083 Which falls into mine eares as profitlesse,  
 2084 As water in a siue: giue not me counsaile,  
 2085 Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,  
 2086 But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine.  
 2087 Bring me a father that so lou'd his childe,  
 2088 Whose ioy of her is ouer-whelmed like mine,  
 2089 And bid him speake of patience,  
 2090 Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,  
 2091 And let it answeere euery straine for straine,  
 2092 As thus for thus, and such a grieffe for such,  
 2093 In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme:  
 2094 If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,  
 2095 And sorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone,  
 2096 Patch grieffe with prouerbs, make misfortune drunke,  
 2097 With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,  
 2098 And I of him will gather patience:  
 2099 But there is no such man, for brother, men  
 2100 Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that grieffe,  
 2101 Which they themselues not feele, but tasting it,  
 2102 Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before,  
 2103 Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,  
 2104 Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred,

2105 Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,  
 2106 No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience  
 2107 To those that wring vnder the load of sorrow:  
 2108 But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie  
 2109 To be so morall, when he shall endure  
 2110 The like himselfe: therefore giue me no counsaile,  
 2111 My griefs cry lowder then aduertisement.  
 2112 *Broth.* Therein do men from children nothing differ.  
 2113 *Leonato.* I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and bloud,  
 2114 For there was neuer yet Philosopher,  
 2115 That could endure the tooth- ake patiently,  
 2116 How euer they haue writ the stile of gods,  
 2117 And made a push at chance and sufferance.  
 2118 *Brother.* Yet bend not all the harme vpon your selfe,  
 2119 Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.  
 2120 *Leon.* There thou speak'st reason, nay I will doe so,  
 2121 My soule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,  
 2122 And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince,  
 2123 And all of them that thus dishonour her.  
 2124 *Enter Prince and Claudio.*  
 2125 *Brot.* Here comes the *Prince* and *Claudio* hastily.  
 2126 *Prin.* Good den, good den.  
 2127 *Clau.* Good day to both of you.  
 2128 *Leon.* Heare you my Lords?  
 2129 *Prin.* We haue some haste *Leonato*.  
 2130 *Leo.* Some haste my Lord! wel, fareyouwel my Lord,  
 2131 Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.  
 2132 *Prin.* Nay, do not quarrel with vs, good old man.  
 2133 *Brot.* If he could rite himselfe with quarrelling,  
 2134 Some of vs would lie low.  
 2135 *Claud.* Who wrongs him?  
 2136 *Leon.* Marry y dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:  
 2137 Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy sword,  
 2138 I feare thee not.  
 2139 *Claud.* Marry beshrew my hand,  
 2140 If it should giue your age such cause of feare,  
 2141 Infaith my hand meant nothing to my sword.  
 2142 *Leonato.* Tush, tush, man, neuer fleere and iest at me,  
 2143 I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole,  
 2144 As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,  
 2145 What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,  
 2146 Were I not old, know *Claudio* to thy head,  
 2147 Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent childe and me,  
 2148 That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,  
 2149 And with grey haire and bruise of many daies,  
 2150 Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,

2151 I say thou hast belied mine innocent childe.  
 2152 Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,  
 2153 And she lies buried with her ancestors:  
 2154 O in a tombe where neuer scandall slept,  
 2155 Saue this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.  
 2156 *Claud.* My villany?  
 2157 *Leonato.* Thine *Claudio*, thine I say.  
 2158 *Prin.* You say not right old man.  
 2159 *Leon.* My Lord, my Lord,  
 2160 Ile proue it on his body if he dare,  
 2161 Despight his nice fence, and his actiue practise,  
 2162 His Maie of youth, and bloome of lustihood.  
 2163 *Claud.* Away, I will not haue to do with you.  
 2164 *Leo.* Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kild my child,  
 2165 If thou kilst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.  
 2166 *Bro.* He shall kill two of vs, and men indeed,  
 2167 But that's no matter, let him kill one first: [K5v  
 2168 Win me and weare me, let him answeare me,  
 2169 Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me  
 2170 Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence,  
 2171 Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.  
 2172 *Leon.* Brother.  
 2173 *Brot.* Content your self, God knows I lou'd my neece,  
 2174 And she is dead, slander'd to death by villaines,  
 2175 That dare as well answer a man indeede,  
 2176 As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.  
 2177 Boyes, apes, braggarts, Iackes, milke- sops.  
 2178 *Leon.* Brother *Anthony*.  
 2179 *Brot.* Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea  
 2180 And what they weigh, euen to the vtmost scruple,  
 2181 Scambling, out- facing, fashion- monging boyes,  
 2182 That lye, and cog, and flout, deprauae, and slander,  
 2183 Goe antiquely, and show outward hidiousnesse,  
 2184 And speake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,  
 2185 How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.  
 2186 And this is all.  
 2187 *Leon.* But brother *Anthonie*.  
 2188 *Ant.* Come, 'tis no matter,  
 2189 Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.  
 2190 *Pri.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience  
 2191 My heart is sorry for your daughters death:  
 2192 But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing  
 2193 But what was true, and very full of prooffe.  
 2194 *Leon.* My Lord, my Lord.  
 2195 *Prin.* I will not heare you.  
 2196 *Enter Benedicke.*

2197 *Leo.* No come brother, away, I will be heard.  
 2198 *Exeunt ambo.*  
 2199 *Bro.* And shall, or some of vs will smart for it.  
 2200 *Prin.* See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.  
 2201 *Clau.* Now signior, what newes?  
 2202 *Ben.* Good day my Lord.  
 2203 *Prin.* Welcome signior, you are almost come to part  
 2204 almost a fray.  
 2205 *Clau.* Wee had likt to haue had our two noses snapt  
 2206 off with two old men without teeth.  
 2207 *Prin.* *Leonato* and his brother, what think'st thou? had  
 2208 wee fought, I doubt we should haue beene too yong for  
 2209 them.  
 2210 *Ben.* In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came  
 2211 to seeke you both.  
 2212 *Clau.* We haue beene vp and downe to seeke thee, for  
 2213 we are high prooffe melancholly, and would faine haue it  
 2214 beaten away, wilt thou vse thy wit?  
 2215 *Ben.* It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it?  
 2216 *Prin.* Doest thou weare thy wit by thy side?  
 2217 *Clau.* Neuer any did so, though verie many haue been  
 2218 beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the min-strels,  
 2219 draw to pleasure vs.  
 2220 *Prin.* As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou  
 2221 sicke, or angrie?  
 2222 *Clau.* What, courage man: what though care kil'd a  
 2223 cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.  
 2224 *Ben.* Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and  
 2225 you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another sub-iect.  
 2227 *Clau.* Nay then giue him another staffe, this last was  
 2228 broke crosse.  
 2229 *Prin.* By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke  
 2230 he be angrie indeede.  
 2231 *Clau.* If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.  
 2232 *Ben.* Shall I speake a word in your eare?  
 2233 *Clau.* God blesse me from a challenge.  
 2234 *Ben.* You are a villaine, I iest not, I will make it good  
 2235 how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:  
 2236 do me right, or I will protest your cowardise: you haue  
 2237 kill'd a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall heauie on  
 2238 you, let me heare from you.  
 2239 *Clau.* Well, I will meete you, so I may haue good  
 2240 cheare.  
 2241 *Prin.* What, a feast, a feast?  
 2242 *Clau.* I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues  
 2243 head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue most cu-riously,

2244 say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a wood-cocke  
 2245 too?  
 2246 *Ben.* Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.  
 2247 *Prin.* Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the o-ther  
 2248 day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: true saies she, a fine  
 2249 little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies shee, a great  
 2250 grosse one: nay said I, a good wit: iust said she, it hurts  
 2251 no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certaine said  
 2252 she, a wise gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues:  
 2253 that I beleue said shee, for hee swore a thing to me on  
 2254 munday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning:  
 2255 there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did  
 2256 shee an howre together trans- shape thy particular ver-tues,  
 2257 yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the  
 2258 propest man in Italie.  
 2259 *Clau.* For the which she wept heartily, and said shee  
 2260 car'd not.  
 2261 *Prin.* Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if shee  
 2262 did not hate him deadlie, shee would loue him dearely,  
 2263 the old mans daughter told vs all.  
 2264 *Clau.* All, all, and moreouer, God saw him when he  
 2265 was hid in the garden.  
 2266 *Prin.* But when shall we set the sauage Bulls hornes  
 2267 on the sensible *Benedicks* head?  
 2268 *Clau.* Yea and text vnder-neath, heere dwells *Bene-dicke*  
 2269 the married man.  
 2270 *Ben.* Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will  
 2271 leaue you now to your gossep- like humor, you breake  
 2272 iests as braggards do their blades, which God be thank-ed  
 2273 hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courtesies I thank  
 2274 you, I must discontinue your companie, your brother  
 2275 the Bastard is fled from *Messina*: you haue among you,  
 2276 kill'd a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lacke-beard  
 2277 there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be  
 2278 with him.  
 2279 *Prin.* He is in earnest.  
 2280 *Clau.* In most profound earnest, and Ile warrant you,  
 2281 for the loue of *Beatrice*.  
 2282 *Prin.* And hath challeng'd thee.  
 2283 *Clau.* Most sincerely.  
 2284 *Prin.* What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his  
 2285 doublet and hose, and leaues off his wit.  
 2286 *Enter Constable, Conrade, and Borachio.*  
 2287 *Clau.* He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape  
 2288 a Doctor to such a man.  
 2289 *Prin.* But soft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and

2290 be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?  
 2291 *Const.* Come you sir, if iustice cannot tame you, shee  
 2292 shall nere weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and  
 2293 you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be lookt to.  
 2294 *Prin.* How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Bo-rachio*  
 2295 one.  
 2296 *Clau.* Harken after their offence my Lord.  
 2297 *Prin.* Officers, what offence haue these men done? [K6  
 2298 *Const.* Marrie sir, they haue committed false report,  
 2299 moreouer they haue spoken vntruths, secondarily they  
 2300 are slanders, sixt and lastly, they haue belyed a Ladie,  
 2301 thirdly, they haue verified vniust things, and to conclude  
 2302 they are lying knaues.  
 2303 *Prin.* First I aske thee what they haue done, thirdlie  
 2304 I aske thee what's their offence, sixt and lastlie why they  
 2305 are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their  
 2306 charge.  
 2307 *Clau.* Rightlie reasoned, and in his owne diuision, and  
 2308 by my troth there's one meaning well suted.  
 2309 *Prin.* Who haue you offended masters, that you are  
 2310 thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too  
 2311 cunning to be vnderstood, what's your offence?  
 2312 *Bor.* Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine an-swere:  
 2313 do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I  
 2314 haue deceiued euen your verie eies: what your wise-domes  
 2315 could not discouer, these shallow fooles haue  
 2316 brought to light, who in the night ouerheard me con-fessing  
 2317 to this man, how *Don Iohn* your brother incensed  
 2318 me to slander the Ladie *Hero*, how you were brought  
 2319 into the Orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes*  
 2320 garments, how you disgrac'd her when you should  
 2321 marrie her: my villanie they haue vpon record, which  
 2322 I had rather seale with my death, then repeate ouer to  
 2323 my shame: the Ladie is dead vpon mine and my masters  
 2324 false accusation: and briefelie, I desire nothing but the  
 2325 reward of a villaine.  
 2326 *Prin.* Runs not this speech like yron through your  
 2327 bloud?  
 2328 *Clau.* I haue drunke poison whiles he vtter'd it.  
 2329 *Prin.* But did my Brother set thee on to this?  
 2330 *Bor.* Yea, and paid me richly for the practise of it.  
 2331 *Prin.* He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie,  
 2332 And fled he is vpon this villanie.  
 2333 *Clau.* Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appeare  
 2334 In the rare semblance that I lou'd it first.  
 2335 *Const.* Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time

2336 our *Sexton* hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter:  
 2337 and masters, do not forget to specifie when time & place  
 2338 shall serue, that I am an Asse.  
 2339 *Con.2.* Here, here comes master *Signior Leonato*, and  
 2340 the *Sexton* too.  
 2341 *Enter Leonato.*  
 2342 *Leon.* Which is the villaine? let me see his eies,  
 2343 That when I note another man like him,  
 2344 I may auoide him: which of these is he?  
 2345 *Bor.* If you would know your wronger, looke on me.  
 2346 *Leon.* Art thou the slaue that with thy breath  
 2347 hast kild mine innocent childe?  
 2348 *Bor.* Yea, euen I alone.  
 2349 *Leo.* No, not so villaine, thou beliest thy selfe,  
 2350 Here stand a paire of honourable men,  
 2351 A third is fled that had a hand in it:  
 2352 I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,  
 2353 Record it with your high and worthie deedes,  
 2354 'Twas brauely done, if you bethinke you of it.  
 2355 *Clau.* I know not how to pray your patience,  
 2356 Yet I must speake, choose your reuenge your selfe,  
 2357 Impose me to what penance your inuention  
 2358 Can lay vpon my sinne, yet sinn'd I not,  
 2359 But in mistaking.  
 2360 *Prin.* By my soule nor I,  
 2361 And yet to satisfie this good old man,  
 2362 I would bend vnder anie heauie waight,  
 2363 That heele enioyne me to.  
 2364 *Leon.* I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,  
 2365 That were impossible, but I praie you both,  
 2366 Possesse the people in *Messina* here,  
 2367 How innocent she died, and if your loue  
 2368 Can labour aught in sad inuention,  
 2369 Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,  
 2370 And sing it to her bones, sing it to night:  
 2371 To morrow morning come you to my house,  
 2372 And since you could not be my sonne in law,  
 2373 Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,  
 2374 Almost the copie of my childe that's dead,  
 2375 And she alone is heire to both of vs,  
 2376 Giue her the right you should haue giu'n her cosin,  
 2377 And so dies my reuenge.  
 2378 *Clau.* O noble sir!  
 2379 Your ouerkindnesse doth wring teares from me,  
 2380 I do embrace your offer, and dispose  
 2381 For henceforth of poore *Claudio*.

2382 *Leon.* To morrow then I will expect your comming,  
 2383 To night I take my leaue, this naughtie man  
 2384 Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,  
 2385 Who I beleeeue was packt in all this wrong,  
 2386 Hired to it by your brother.  
 2387 *Bor.* No, by my soule she was not,  
 2388 Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,  
 2389 But alwaies hath bin iust and vertuous,  
 2390 In anie thing that I do know by her.  
 2391 *Const.* Moreouer sir, which indeede is not vnder white  
 2392 and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee  
 2393 asse, I beseech you let it be remembred in his punish-ment,  
 2394 and also the watch heard them talke of one Defor-med,  
 2395 they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock hang-ing  
 2396 by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which  
 2397 he hath vs'd so long, and neuer paied, that now men grow  
 2398 hard- harted and will lend nothing for Gods sake: praie  
 2399 you examine him vpon that point.  
 2400 *Leon.* I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.  
 2401 *Const.* Your worship speakes like a most thankfull  
 2402 and reuerend youth, and I praise God for you.  
 2403 *Leon.* There's for thy paines.  
 2404 *Const.* God saue the foundation.  
 2405 *Leon.* Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I  
 2406 thanke thee.  
 2407 *Const.* I leaue an arrant knaue with your worship,  
 2408 which I beseech your worship to correct your selfe, for  
 2409 the example of others: God keepe your worship, I  
 2410 wish your worship well, God restore you to health,  
 2411 I humblie giue you leaue to depart, and if a mer-rie  
 2412 meeting may be wisht, God prohibite it: come  
 2413 neighbour.  
 2414 *Leon.* Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.  
 2415 *Exeunt.*  
 2416 *Brot.* Farewell my Lords, we looke for you to mor-row.  
 2418 *Prin.* We will not faile.  
 2419 *Clau.* To night ile mourne with *Hero*.  
 2420 *Leon.* Bring you these fellowes on, weel talke with  
 2421 *Margaret*, How her acquaintance grew with this lewd  
 2422 fellow. *Exeunt.*  
 2423 *Enter Benedicke and Margaret.*  
 2424 *Ben.* Praie thee sweete Mistris *Margaret*, deserue  
 2425 well at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of *Bea-trice*. [K6v  
 2427 *Mar.* Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of  
 2428 my beautie?  
 2429 *Bene.* In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man liuing

2430 shall come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou deser-uest  
 2431 it.  
 2432 *Mar.* To haue no man come ouer me, why, shall I al-waies  
 2433 keepe below staires?  
 2434 *Bene.* Thy wit is as quicke as the grey- hounds mouth,  
 2435 it catches.  
 2436 *Mar.* And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which  
 2437 hit, but hurt not.  
 2438 *Bene.* A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a  
 2439 woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I giue thee the  
 2440 bucklers.  
 2441 *Mar.* Giue vs the swords, wee haue bucklers of our  
 2442 owne.  
 2443 *Bene.* If you vse them *Margaret*, you must put in the  
 2444 pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for  
 2445 Maides.  
 2446 *Mar.* Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke  
 2447 hath legges. *Exit Margarite.*  
 2448 *Ben.* And therefore will come. The God of loue that  
 2449 sits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pitti-full  
 2450 I deserue. I meane in singing, but in louing, Lean-der  
 2451 the good swimmer, Troilus the first imploier of  
 2452 pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam car-pet- mongers,  
 2453 whose name yet runne smoothly in the e-uen  
 2454 rode of a blanke verse, why they were neuer so true-ly  
 2455 turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue: mar-rie  
 2456 I cannot shew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no  
 2457 rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne,  
 2458 horne, a hard rime: for schoole foole, a babling rime:  
 2459 verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a ri-ming  
 2460 Plannet, for I cannot wooe in festiuall tearmes:  
 2461 *Enter Beatrice.*  
 2462 sweete *Beatrice* would'st thou come when I cal'd  
 2463 thee?  
 2464 *Beat.* Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.  
 2465 *Bene.* O stay but till then.  
 2466 *Beat.* Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere  
 2467 I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with know-ing  
 2468 what hath past betweene you and *Claudio*.  
 2469 *Bene.* Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse  
 2470 thee.  
 2471 *Beat.* Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind  
 2472 is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, there-fore  
 2473 I will depart vnkist.  
 2474 *Bene.* Thou hast frighted the word out of his right  
 2475 sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainely,

2476 *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge, and either I must short-ly  
 2477 heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and  
 2478 I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst  
 2479 thou first fall in loue with me?  
 2480 *Beat.* For them all together, which maintain'd so  
 2481 politique a state of euill, that they will not admit any  
 2482 good part to intermingle with them: but for which of  
 2483 my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?  
 2484 *Bene.* Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do suffer loue in-deede,  
 2485 for I loue thee against my will,  
 2486 *Beat.* In spight of your heart I think, alas poore heart,  
 2487 if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for  
 2488 I will neuer loue that which my friend hates.  
 2489 *Bened.* Thou and I are too wise to wooe peacea-blie.  
 2491 *Bea.* It appeares not in this confession, there's not one  
 2492 wise man among twentie that will praise himselfe.  
 2493 *Bene.* An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liu'd in  
 2494 the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in  
 2495 this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall liue no  
 2496 longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow  
 2497 weepes.  
 2498 *Beat.* And how long is that thinke you?  
 2499 *Ben.* Question, why an hower in clamour and a quar-ter  
 2500 in rhewme, therfore is it most expedient for the wise,  
 2501 if Don worme (his conscience) finde no impediment to  
 2502 the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as  
 2503 I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my  
 2504 selfe will beare witness is praise worthie, and now tell  
 2505 me, how doth your cosin?  
 2506 *Beat.* Verie ill.  
 2507 *Bene.* And how doe you?  
 2508 *Beat.* Verie ill too.  
 2509 *Enter Vrsula.*  
 2510 *Bene.* Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue  
 2511 you too, for here comes one in haste.  
 2512 *Vrs.* Madam, you must come to your Vncle, yon-ders  
 2513 old coile at home, it is prooued my Ladie *He-ro*  
 2514 hath bin falselie accusde, the *Prince* and *Claudio*  
 2515 mightilie abusde, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, who  
 2516 is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?  
 2517 *Beat.* Will you go heare this newes Signior?  
 2518 *Bene.* I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bu-ried  
 2519 in thy eies: and moreouer, I will goe with thee to  
 2520 thy Vncles. *Exeunt.*  
 2521 *Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.*  
 2522 *Clau.* Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

2523 *Lord.* It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*  
 2524 *Done to death by slanderous tongues,*  
 2525 *Was the Hero that here lies:*  
 2526 *Death in guerdon of her wrongs,*  
 2527 *Giues her fame which neuer dies:*  
 2528 *So the life that dyed with shame,*  
 2529 *Liues in death with glorious fame.*  
 2530 *Hang thou there vpon the tombe,*  
 2531 *Praising her when I am dombe.*  
 2532 *Clau.* Now musick sound & sing your solemn hymne  
 2533 *Song.*  
 2534 *Pardon goddesse of the night,*  
 2535 *Those that slew thy virgin knight,*  
 2536 *For the which with songs of woe,*  
 2537 *Round about her tombe they goe:*  
 2538 *Midnight assist our mone, helpe vs to sigh and grone.*  
 2539 *Heauily, heauily.*  
 2540 *Graues yawne and yeelde your dead,*  
 2541 *Till death be vttered,*  
 2542 *Heauenly, heauenly.*  
 2543 *Lo.* Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do |(this right.  
 2544 *Prin.* Good morrow masters, put your Torches out,  
 2545 The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day  
 2546 Before the wheelles of Phoebus, round about  
 2547 Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:  
 2548 Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.  
 2549 *Clau.* Good morrow masters, each his seuerall way.  
 2550 *Prin.* Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,  
 2551 And then to *Leonatoes* we will goe.  
 2552 *Clau.* And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds, [L1  
 2553 Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. *Exeunt.*  
 2554 *Enter Leonato, Bene. Marg. Vrsula, old man, Frier, Hero.*  
 2555 *Frier.* Did I not tell you she was innocent?  
 2556 *Leo.* So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,  
 2557 Vpon the error that you heard debated:  
 2558 But *Margaret* was in some fault for this,  
 2559 Although against her will as it appeares,  
 2560 In the true course of all the question.  
 2561 *Old.* Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.  
 2562 *Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd  
 2563 To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.  
 2564 *Leo.* Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,  
 2565 Withdraw into a chamber by your selues,  
 2566 And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:  
 2567 The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this howre  
 2568 To visit me, you know your office Brother,

2569 You must be father to your brothers daughter,  
 2570 And giue her to young *Claudio*. *Exeunt Ladies*.  
 2571 *Old*. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.  
 2572 *Bene*. Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke.  
 2573 *Frier*. To doe what Signior?  
 2574 *Bene*. To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:  
 2575 Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,  
 2576 Your neece regards me with an eye of fauour.  
 2577 *Leo*. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.  
 2578 *Bene*. And I doe with an eye of loue requite her.  
 2579 *Leo*. The sight whereof I thinke you had from me,  
 2580 From *Claudio*, and the *Prince*, but what's your will?  
 2581 *Bened*. Your answer sir is Enigmaticall,  
 2582 But for my will, my will is, your good will  
 2583 May stand with ours, this day to be conioyn'd,  
 2584 In the state of honourable marriage,  
 2585 In which (good Frier) I shall desire your helpe.  
 2586 *Leon*. My heart is with your liking.  
 2587 *Frier*. And my helpe.  
 2588 *Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants*.  
 2589 *Prin*. Good morrow to this faire assembly.  
 2590 *Leo*. Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*:  
 2591 We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,  
 2592 To day to marry with my brothers daughter?  
 2593 *Claud*. Ile hold my minde were she an Ethiope.  
 2594 *Leo*. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.  
 2595 *Prin*. Good morrow *Benedicke*, why what's the matter?  
 2596 That you haue such a Februarie face,  
 2597 So full of frost, of storme, and clowdinesse.  
 2598 *Claud*. I thinke he thinkes vpon the sauage bull:  
 2599 Tush, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,  
 2600 And all Europa shall reioyce at thee,  
 2601 As once *Europa* did at lusty *Ioue*,  
 2602 When he would play the noble beast in loue.  
 2603 *Ben*. Bull *Ioue* sir, had an amiable low,  
 2604 And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,  
 2605 A got a Calfe in that same noble feat,  
 2606 Much like to you, for you haue iust his bleat.  
 2607 *Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrsula*.  
 2608 *Cla*. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.  
 2609 Which is the Lady I must seize vpon?  
 2610 *Leo*. This same is she, and I doe giue you her.  
 2611 *Cla*. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.  
 2612 *Leon*. No that you shal not, till you take her hand,  
 2613 Before this Frier, and sweare to marry her.  
 2614 *Clau*. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,

2615 I am your husband if you like of me.  
 2616 *Hero.* And when I liu'd I was your other wife,  
 2617 And when you lou'd, you were my other husband.  
 2618 *Clau.* Another *Hero*?  
 2619 *Hero.* Nothing certainer.  
 2620 One *Hero* died, but I doe liue,  
 2621 And surely as I liue, I am a maid.  
 2622 *Prin.* The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is dead.  
 2623 *Leon.* Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander liu'd.  
 2624 *Frier.* All this amazement can I qualifie,  
 2625 When after that the holy rites are ended,  
 2626 Ile tell you largely of faire *Heroes* death:  
 2627 Meane time let wonder seeme familiar,  
 2628 And to the chappell let vs presently.  
 2629 *Ben.* Soft and faire *Frier*, which is *Beatrice*?  
 2630 *Beat.* I answer to that name, what is your will?  
 2631 *Bene.* Doe not you loue me?  
 2632 *Beat.* Why no, no more then reason.  
 2633 *Bene.* Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & *Clau-dio*,  
 2634 haue beene deceiued, they swore you did.  
 2635 *Beat.* Doe not you loue mee?  
 2636 *Bene.* Troth no, no more then reason.  
 2637 *Beat.* Why then my Cosin *Margaret* and *Vrsula*  
 2638 Are much deceiu'd, for they did sweare you did.  
 2639 *Bene.* They swore you were almost sicke for me.  
 2640 *Beat.* They swore you were wel- nye dead for me.  
 2641 *Bene.* 'Tis no matter, then you doe not loue me?  
 2642 *Beat.* No truely, but in friendly recompence.  
 2643 *Leon.* Come Cosin, I am sure you loue the gentlema[n].  
 2644 *Clau.* And Ile be sworne vpon't, that he loues her,  
 2645 For heres a paper written in his hand,  
 2646 A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,  
 2647 Fashioned to *Beatrice*.  
 2648 *Hero.* And heeres another,  
 2649 Writ in my cosins hand, stolne from her pocket,  
 2650 Containing her affection vnto *Benedicke*.  
 2651 *Bene.* A miracle, here's our owne hands against our  
 2652 hearts: come I will haue thee, but by this light I take  
 2653 thee for pittie.  
 2654 *Beat.* I would not denie you, but by this good day, I  
 2655 yeeld vpon great perswasion, & partly to saue your life,  
 2656 for I was told, you were in a consumption.  
 2657 *Leon.* Peace I will stop your mouth.  
 2658 *Prin.* How dost thou *Benedicke* the married man?  
 2659 *Bene.* Ile tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witte- crackers  
 2660 cannot flout mee out of my humour, dost thou

2661 think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will  
 2662 be beaten with braines, a shall weare nothing handsome  
 2663 about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will  
 2664 thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say a-against  
 2665 it, and therefore neuer flout at me, for I haue said  
 2666 against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my con-clusion:  
 2667 for thy part *Claudio*, I did thinke to haue beaten  
 2668 thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, liue vn-bruis'd,  
 2669 and loue my cousin.  
 2670 *Cla.* I had well hop'd y wouldst haue denied *Beatrice*, y  
 2671 I might haue cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make  
 2672 thee a double dealer, which out of questio[n] thou wilt be,  
 2673 if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.  
 2674 *Bene.* Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance  
 2675 ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts,  
 2676 and our wiues heeles.  
 2677 *Leon.* Wee'll haue dancing afterward.  
 2678 *Bene.* First, of my word, therefore play musick. *Prince*,  
 2679 thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no  
 2680 staff more reuerend then one tipt with horn. *Enter. Mes.*  
 2681 *Messen.* My Lord, your brother *Iohn* is tane in flight,  
 2682 And brought with armed men backe to *Messina*.  
 2683 *Bene.* Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile deuise  
 2684 thee braue punishments for him: strike vp Pipers. *Dance.*

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**FINIS.**

**Much adoe about Nothing.**

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