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&
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 <resp>encoding</resp>
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 possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
 Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
 a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
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<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. **& West, A.J.** "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.**</note>**
<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30**</note>**
<note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First Folios, With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1 (March 1999), p.1-19**</note>**

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<titlePage>

<docTitle>

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<hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES**</hi>**

<lb/>COMEDIES, **<lb/>**HISTORIES, **&**

<lb/>TRAGEDIES. **</titlePart>**

<titlePart>Published according to the True Originall

Copies.**</titlePart>**

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the charges

of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,

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</titlePage>

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 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;
 fol.</p>
 <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;
 p.59
 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered
 151; p.161
 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165
 misnumbered 163; p.
 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250
 misnumbered 252; p.
 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in
 some copies;
 p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:
 p.165-166
 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --
 5th count:
 p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308
 misnumbered 38;
 p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
 </foliation>
 <collation>
 <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most
 commonly
 cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$
 $[\pi B^2], {}^2A-2B^6$
 $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi gg^8 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ aa-ff⁶
 $gg^2 Gg^6$
 $hh^6 kk-bbb^6$; 2. West: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 2C^2 a-$
 $g^6 {}^2g^8 h-v^6 x^4$
 $'gg3.4' (\pm'gg3')$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶
 $2k-2v^6$
 $x^6 2y-3b^6$.</p>
 <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed
 Gg; nn1-nn2
 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
 <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination
 on leaf a1
 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on
 leaf aa1
 recto.</p>
 </collation>
 <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the

reader".

mount

some the

and the

Rare

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact
Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>

<layoutDesc>

<layout>

<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>

<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>

<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>

<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Condell.</p>

</layout>

</layoutDesc>

</objectDesc>

<decoDesc>

<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>

<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

signed: "Martin-

earlier

shading,

with the

have the plate

the earlier

Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The
state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier
especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly
jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies
in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that
state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

</decoNote>

</decoDesc>

<additions>

<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

was seen".

2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on

t.p.

(mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions><bindingDesc><p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></bindingDesc></physDesc><history><origin><p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of

"superfluous library books" to `<persName>`Richard Davis`</persName>`, a bookseller in Oxford, in `<date when="1664">`1664`</date>` for the sum of `<num value="24">`£24`</num>`.`</p>``<p>`After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of `<persName>`Richard Turbutt`</persName>` of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family's possession until `<date when="1906">`1906`</date>`, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of `<num value="3000">`£3000`</num>`, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (theTurbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)`</p>``<p>`For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.`</p>`

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`<persName type="form">`Con. Do.`</persName>`
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    <persName type="form">Ioh.</persName>
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Juan</persName>

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      <div type="act" n="1">
        <div type="scene" n="1">
          <head rend="italic center">Actus primus, Scena prima.</head>
          <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Leonato
Gouverneur of Messina, Innogen his wife, He&#x00AD;
          <lb/>ro his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a
messenger.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
            <speaker rend="italic center">Leonato.</speaker>
            <p><c rend="decoratedCapital">I</c> Learne in this Letter, that
<hi rend="italic">Don Peter</hi> of <hi rend="italic">Arra&#x00AD;
            <lb/>gon</hi>, comes this night to <hi
rend="italic">Messina</hi>.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ado-mes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
            <p>He is very neere by this: he was not
            <lb/>three Leagues off when I left him.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
            <p>How many Gentlemen haue you lost in this
            <lb/>action?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ado-mes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
            <p>But few of any sort, and none of name.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
            <p>A victorie is twice it selfe, when the atchieuer

```

brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don *Pe*;
 hath bestowed much honor on a yong *Florentine*, called
 Claudio.

Mess. Much deseru'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro*, he hath borne
 himselfe beyond the
 promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the
 feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better betted
 expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

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

Mess. I haue alreadie deliuered him letters, and there
 appeares much ioy in him, euen so much, that ioy could
 not
 shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of
 bitternesse.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

Leo. A kinde ouerflow of kindness, there are no faces truer,
 then those that are so wash'd, how much
 better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto*

return'd from

<lb/>the warres, or no?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <p>I know none of that name, Lady, there was
 <lb/>none such in the armie of any sort.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>What is he that you aske for Neece?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <p>My cousin meanes Signior Benedick of <hi
 rend="italic">Padua</hi></p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <p>O he's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>He set vp his bills here in <hi rend="italic">Messina</hi>,
 & challeng'd
 <lb/>Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the
 <lb/>Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at
 <lb/>the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and
 <lb/>eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for
 <lb/>indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too
 <lb/>much, but hee'l be meet with you, I doubt it not.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <p>He hath done good seruice Lady in these wars.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to
 <lb/>ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher‑man, hee
 hath an
 <lb/>excellent stomacke.</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <p>And a good souldier too Lady.</p>
 </sp>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
<p>And a good souldier to a Lady. But what is he
<lb/>to a Lord?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
<p>A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stuff with
<lb/>all honourable vertues.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
<p>It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stuff man:
<lb/>but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
<p>You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is
<lb/>a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, &

her:

<lb/>they neuer meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between
<lb/>them.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
<speaker rend="italic">Bea.</speaker>
<p>Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last con­
<lb/>flict, foure of his fiue wits went halting off, and now is
<lb/>the whole man gouern'd with one: so that if hee haue
<lb/>wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it
<lb/>for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse: For it
<lb/>is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reaso-
<lb/>nable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath
<lb/>euery month a new sworne brother.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
<p><choice><orig>I'st</orig><corr>Is't</corr></choice>

possible?</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
<p>Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as
<lb/>the fashion of his hat, it euer changes with yͤ

next block.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
<p>I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your
<lb/>bookes.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bea.</speaker>
 <p>No, and he were, I would burne my study. But
 <lb/>I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young
 <lb/>squarer now,<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemaker" resp="#ES"/>that will
 make a voyage with him to the
 <lb/>diuell?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <p>He is most in the company of the right noble
 <lb/><hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a disease:
 <lb/>he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker
 <lb/>runs presently mad. God helpe the noble <hi
 rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, if hee
 <lb/>haue caught the Benedict, it will cost him a thousand
 <lb/>pound ere he be cur'd.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <p>I will hold friends with you Lady.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bea.</speaker>
 <p>Do good friend.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <p>You'l ne're run mad Neece.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bea.</speaker>
 <p>No, not till a hot Ianuary.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <p><hi rend="italic">Don Pedro</hi> is approach'd.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter don Pedro,
 Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar,
 <lb/>and Iohn the bastard.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>Good Signior <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi>, you are come

to meet

<lb/>your trouble: the fashion of the world is to auoid cost,
<lb/>and you encounter it.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>

<p>Neuer came trouble to my house in the likenes
<lb/>of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should
<lb/>remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides,
<lb/>and happinesse takes his leaue.</p>

</sp>

<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">I3</fw>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
rend="italic">Pedro.</hi></fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0122-0.jpg" n="102"/>

<fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">

<speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>

<p>You embrace your charge too willingly: I
<lb/>thinke this is your daughter.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>

<p>Her mother hath many times told me so.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bened.</speaker>

<p>Were you in doubt that you askt her?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>

<p>Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a
<lb/>childe.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">

<speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>

<p>You haue it full Benedicke, we may gesse by
<lb/>this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers
<lb/>her selfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable
<lb/>father.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<p>If Signior <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi> be her father, she

would not

<lb/>haue his head on her shoulders for al Messina, as like him
<lb/>as she is.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">

<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>I wonder that you will still be talking, signior
 <lb/>Benedicke, no body markes you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>What my deere Ladie Disdaine! are you yet
 <lb/>liuing?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Is it possible Disdaine should die, while shee
 <lb/>hath such meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke?
 <lb/>Curtesie it selfe must conuert to Disdaine, if you come in
 <lb/>her presence.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Then is curtesie a turneȑcoate, but it is
 cer­
 <lb/>taine I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and
 <lb/>I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard
 <lb/>heart, for truely I loue none.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>A deere happinesse to women, they would else
 <lb/>haue beene troubled with a pernicious Suter, I thanke
 <lb/>God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I
 <lb/>had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man
 <lb/>swear he loues me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde,
 <lb/>so<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible"
 agent="uninkedType" resp="#ES"/> some Gentleman or other shall scape a
 predestinate
 <lb/>scratcht face.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere
 <lb/>such a face as yours were.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">

<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of
 <lb/>your.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>I would my horse had the speed of your tongue,
 <lb/>and so good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods
 <lb/>name, I haue done.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>You alwaies end with a Iades tricke, I know
 <lb/>you of old.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>This is the summe of all: <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi>,
 signior <hi rend="italic">Clau­
 <lb/>dio</hi>, and signior <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>;
 my deere friend <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi>, hath
 <lb/>inuitd you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least
 <lb/>a moneth, and he heartily praies some occasion may
 de­
 <lb/>taine vs longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite,
 <lb/>but praies from his heart.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be for­
 <lb/>sworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being
 re­
 <lb/>conciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all
 <lb/>duetie.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I
 <lb/>thanke you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Please it your grace leade on<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>Your hand <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi>, we will goe
 together.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exeunt. Manet Benedicke

and Claudio.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>

<p><hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>, didst thou note the daughter of sig­

<lb/>nior <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi>?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>I noted her not, but I lookt on her.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>

<p>Is she not a modest yong Ladie?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>Doe you question me as an honest man should

<lb/>doe, for my simple true iudgement? or would you haue

<lb/>me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant

<lb/>to their sexe<c rend="italic">?</c></p>

</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>

<p>No, I pray thee speake in sober iudgement.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>Why yfaith me thinks shee's too low for a hie

<lb/>praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a

<lb/>great praise, onely this commendation I can affoord her,

<lb/>that were shee other then she is, she were vnhandsome,

<lb/>and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>

<p>Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me

<lb/>truely how thou lik'st her.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>Would you buie her, that you enquier after

<lb/>her<c rend="italic">?</c></p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>

<p>Can the world buie such a iewell?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this
 <lb/>with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowting iacke, to
 <lb/>tell vs Cupid is a good Hare‑finder, and Vulcan a
 rare
 <lb/>Carpenter: Come, in what key shall
 <choice><orig>aman</orig><corr>a man</corr></choice> take you to
 <lb/>goe in the song?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer
 <lb/>I lookt on.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no
 <lb/>such matter: there's her cosin, and she were not possesst
 <lb/>with a furie, exceedes her as much in beautie, as the first
 <lb/>of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you haue
 <lb/>no intent to turne husband, haue you?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had
 <lb/>sworne the contrarie, if <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>
 would be my wife.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Ist come to this? in faith hath not the world one
 <lb/>man but he will weare his cap with suspition? shall I
 ne­
 <lb/>uer see a batcheller of three score againe? goe to yfaith,
 <lb/>and thou wilt needs thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare
 <lb/>the print of it, and sigh away sundaies: looke, <hi
 rend="italic">don Pedro</hi>
 <lb/>is returned to seeke you.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter don Pedro, Iohn
 the bastard.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedr.</speaker>
 <p>What secret hath held you here, that you fol­
 <lb/>lowed not to <hi rend="italic">Leonatoes</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bened.</speaker>
 <p>I would your Grace would constraine mee to
 <lb/>tell.</p>

secret as a
al­
Leonatoes</hi> short

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>I charge thee on thy allegiance.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>You heare, Count <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, I can be
 <lb/>dumbe man, I would haue you thinke so (but on my
 <lb/>legiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in
 <lb/>loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke
 <lb/>how short his answeare is, with <hi rend="italic">Hero,
 <lb/>daughter.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>If this were so, so were it vtred.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bened.</speaker>
 <p>Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas
 <lb/>not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it
 <lb/>should be otherwise.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is verie
 <lb/>well worthie.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedr.</speaker>
 <p>By my troth I speake my thought.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bened.</speaker>

<p>And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I
 <lb/>speake mine.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>That I loue her, I feele.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedr.</speaker>
 <p>That she is worthie, I know.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bened.</speaker>
 <p>That I neither feele how shee should be lo­
 <lb/>ued, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the
 <lb/>opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at
 <lb/>the stake.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedr.</speaker>
 <p>Thou wast euer an obstinate heretique in the de­
 <lb/>spight of Beautie.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the
 <lb/>force of his will.</p>
 </sp>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
 rend="italic">Bene.</hi> That</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0123-0.jpg" n="103"/>
 <fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her: that
 <lb/>she brought mee vp, I likewise giue her most humble
 <lb/>thanks: but that I will haue a rechate winded in my
 <lb/>forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuisible baldricke, all
 <lb/>women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the
 <lb/>wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to
 <lb/>trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the
 <lb/>finer) I will liue a Batchellor.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

and
 the signe

<p>With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger,
 <lb/>my Lord, not with loue: proue that euer I loose more
 <lb/>blood with loue, then I will get againe with drinking,
 <lb/>picke out mine eyes with a Ballet‑makers penne,
 <lb/>hang me vp at the doore of a brothel‑house for
 <lb/>of blinde Cupid.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>Well, if euer thou doost fall from this faith,
 <lb/>thou wilt proue a notable argument.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot
 <lb/>at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the
 shoul­
 <lb/>der, and cal'd <hi rend="italic">Adam</hi>.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>Well, as time shall trie: In time the sauage
 <lb/>Bull doth beare
 <choice><orig>the</orig><corr>the</corr></choice> yoake.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>The sauage bull may, but if euer the sensible
 <lb/><hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> beare it, plucke off the
 bulles hornes, and set
 <lb/>them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and
 <lb/>in such great Letters as they write, heere is good horse
 <lb/>to hire: let them signifie vnder my signe, here you may
 <lb/>see <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> the married
 man.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>If this should euer happen, thou wouldst bee
 <lb/>horne mad.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, if Cupid haue not spent all his Quiuer in
 <lb/>Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>I looke for an earthquake too then.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>Well, you will temporize with the houres, in
 <lb/>the meane time, good Signior <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>, repaire to <hi rend="italic">Leo­
 <lb/>natoes</hi>, commend me to him, and tell him I will not
 faile
 <lb/>him at supper, for indeede he hath made great
 prepara­
 <lb/>tion.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>I haue almost matter enough in me for such an
 <lb/>Embassage, and so I commit you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>To the tuition of God. From my house, if I
 <lb/>had it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>The sixt of Iuly. Your louing friend, <hi
 rend="italic">Benedick</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your
 <lb/>discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the
 <lb/>guardes are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flout
 <lb/>old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I
 <lb/>leauue you.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>My Liege, your Highnesse now may doe mee
 <lb/>good.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <l>My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how,</l>
 <l>And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne</l>
 <l>Any hard Lesson that may do thee good.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>

<|>Hath <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi> any sonne my Lord?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <|>No childe but <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>, she's his onely
 heire.</l>
 <|>Dost thou affect her <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <|>O my Lord,</l>
 <|>When you went onward on this ended action,<note
 resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note></l>
 <|>I look'd vpon her with a souldiers eie,</l>
 <|>That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,</l>
 <|>Than to driue liking to the name of loue:</l>
 <|>But now I am return'd, and that warre‑thoughts</l>
 <|>Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,</l>
 <|>Come thronging soft and delicate desires,</l>
 <|>All prompting mee how faire yong <hi
 rend="italic">Hero</hi> is,</l>
 <|>Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <|>Thou wilt be like a louer presently,</l>
 <|>And tire the hearer with a booke of words:</l>
 <|>If thou dost loue faire <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>, cherish
 it,</l>
 <|>And I will breake with her: wast not to this end,</l>
 <|>That thou
 began<choice><orig>ft</orig><corr>st</corr></choice> to twist so fine a story?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <|>How sweetly doe you minister to loue,</l>
 <|>That know loues griefe by his complexion!</l>
 <|>But lest my liking might too sodaine seeme,</l>
 <|>I would haue salu'd it with a longer treatise.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
 <|>What need yͤ bridge much broder then the flood?</l>
 <|>The fairest graunt is the necessitie:</l>
 <|>Looke what will serue, is fit: 'tis once, thou louest,</l>
 <|>And I will fit thee with the remedie,</l>
 <|>I know we shall haue reuelling to night,</l>
 <|>I will assume thy part in some disguise,</l>
 <|>And tell faire <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi> I am <hi

Claudio,
 And in her bosome Ile vnclaspe my heart,
 And take her hearing prisoner with the force
 And strong incounter of my amorous tale:
 Then after, to her father will I breake,
 And the conclusion is, shee shall be thine,
 In practise let vs put it presently.
 Exeunt.

[Act 1, Scene 2]

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo.
 How now brother, where is my cosen your son:
 hath he prouided this musicke?

Old.
 He is very busie about it, but brother, I can tell
 you newes that you yet dreamt not of.

Lo.
 Are they good?

Old.
 As the euent stamps them, but they haue a good
 couer: they shew well outward, the Prince and Count
Claudio walking in a thick
 pleached alley in my orchard,
 were thus ouerheard by a man of mine: the
 Prince discovered;
 couered to *Claudio* that hee loued
 my niece your daughter;
 and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance;
 and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the
 present time by the top, and instantly breake with you
 of it.

Leo.
 Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old.
 A good sharpe fellow, I will send for him, and

<lb/>question him your selfe.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <p>No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it ap­
 <lb/>peare it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall,
 <lb/>that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if
 per­
 <lb/>aduenture this bee true: goe you and tell her of it:
 coo­
 <lb/>sins, you know what you haue to doe, O I crie you
 mer­
 <lb/>cie friend, goe you with mee and I will vse your skill,
 <lb/>good cosin haue a care this busie time.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sir Iohn the
 Bastard, and Conrade his companion.</stage>
 <sp who="dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <p>What the good yeere my Lord, why are you
 <lb/>thus out of measure sad?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ioh.</speaker>
 <p>There is no measure in the occasion that breeds,
 <lb/>therefore the sadnesse is without limit.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <p>You should heare reason.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>And when I haue heard it, what blessing brin­
 <lb/>geth it?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <p>If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ioh.</speaker>
 <p>I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art,
 <lb/>borne vnder <hi rend="italic">Saturne</hi>) goest about
 to apply a morall me­
 <lb/>dicine, to a mortifying mischiefe: I cannot hide what I

<lb/>am: I must bee sad when I haue cause, and smile at no
<lb/>mans iests, eat when I haue stomacke, and wait for no
<lb/>mans leisure: sleepe when I am drowsie, and tend on no
<lb/>mans businesse, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man
<lb/>in his humor.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-con">

<speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>

<p>Yea, but you must not make the ful show of this,

<lb/>till you may doe it without controllment, you haue of

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">late</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0124-0.jpg" n="104"/>

<cb n="1"/>

<fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>

<lb/>late stood out against your brother, and hee hath tane

<lb/>you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you

<lb/>should take root, but by the faire weather that you make

<lb/>your selfe, it is needful that you frame the season for your

<lb/>owne haruest.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<p>I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose

<lb/>in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be disdain'd of

<lb/>all, then to fashion a carriage to rob loue from any: in this

<lb/>(though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man)

<lb/>it must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I

<lb/>am trusted with a mussell, and enfranchisde with a clog,

<lb/>therefore I haue decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had

<lb/>my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do

<lb/>my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and

<lb/>seeke not to alter me.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-con">

<speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>

<p>Can you make no vse of your discontent?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<p>I will make all vse of it, for I vse it onely.</p>

<p>Who comes here? what newes <hi

rend="italic">Borachio</hi>?</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter

Borachio.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ado-bor">

<speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>

<p>I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince

<lb/>your brother is royally entertained by <hi

rend="italic">Leonato</hi>, and I can

<lb/>giue you intelligence of an intended marriage.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>Will it serue for any Modell to build mischief
 <lb/>on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himselfe to
 <lb/>vnquietnesse?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>Mary it is your brothers right hand.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>Who, the most exquisite <hi
 rend="italic">Claudio</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>Euen he.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>A proper squier, and who, and who, which way lookes
 he?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>Mary on <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>, the daughter and Heire
 of <hi rend="italic">Leo­
 <lb/>nato</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>A very forward March‑chicke, how came you
 <lb/>to
 this?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoa­
 <lb/>king a musty roome, comes me the Prince and <hi
 rend="italic">Claudio</hi>,
 <lb/>hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the
 Ar­
 <lb/>ras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince should
 <lb/>wooe <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi> for himselfe, and
 hauing obtain'd her, giue
 <lb/>her to Count <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>.</p>
 </sp>

the glorie

<sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food
 <lb/>to my displeasure, that young start‑vp hath all
 <lb/>of my ouerthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I blesse
 <lb/>my selfe euery way, you are both sure, and will assist
 <lb/>mee?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Conr.</speaker>
 <p>To the death my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is the
 <lb/>greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my
 <lb/>minde: shall we goe proue whats to be done?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>Wee'll wait vpon your Lordship.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="2">
 <div type="scene" n="1">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic left" type="entrance">Enter Leonato, his
 brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and
 <lb/>Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
 <p>Was not Count <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> here at
 supper?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brother.</speaker>
 <p>I saw him not.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beatrice.</speaker>
 <p>How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I neuer
 <lb/>can see him, but I am heart‑burn'd an howre
 after.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>

<p>He is of a very melancholy disposition.</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beatrice.</speaker>
 <p>Hee were an excellent man that were made
 <lb/> iust in the mid‑way betweene him and <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>, the one
 <lb/> is too like an image and saies nothing, and the other too
 <lb/> like my Ladies eldest sonne, euermore tatling.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Then halfe signior <hi rend="italic">Benedicks</hi> tongue
 in Count
 <lb/> <hi rend="italic">Iohns</hi> mouth, and halfe Count <hi
 rend="italic">Iohns</hi> melancholy in Sig­
 <lb/> nior <hi rend="italic">Benedicks</hi> face.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>With a good legge, and a good foot vnckle, and
 <lb/> money enough in his purse, such a man would winne any
 <lb/> woman in the world, if he could get her good will.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>By my troth Neece, thou wilt neuer get thee a
 <lb/> husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brother.</speaker>
 <p>Infaith shee's too curst.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Too curst is more then curst, I shall lessen Gods
 <lb/> sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst Cow
 <lb/> short hornes, but to a Cow too curst he sends none.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>So, by being too curst, God will send you no
 <lb/> hornes.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Iust, if he send me no husband, for the which
 <lb/> blessing, I am at him vpon my knees euery morning
 <lb/> and euening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a

beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonato.
 You may light vpon a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice.
 What should I doe with him? Dresse him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is lesse then a man: and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee: and he that is lesse then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will euen take sixepence in nest of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

Leon.
 Well then, goe you into hell.

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

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

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

Leonato.
 Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted

<lb/>with a husband.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beatrice.</speaker>
 <p>Not till God make men of some other met­
 <lb/>tall then earth, would it not grieue a woman to be
 ouer‑
 <lb/>mastred with a peece of valiant dust? to make account of
 <lb/>her life to a clod of waiward marle? no vnckle, ile none:
 <lb/><hi rend="italic">Adams</hi> sonnes are my brethren,
 and truly I hold it a sinne
 <lb/>to match in my kinred.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Daughter, remember what I told you, if the
 <lb/>Prince doe sollicit you in that kinde, you know your
 an­
 <lb/>swere.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beatrice.</speaker>
 <p>The fault will be in the musicke cosin, if you
 <lb/>be not woed in good time: if the Prince bee too
 impor­
 <lb/>tant, tell him there is measure in euery thing, & so
 dance
 <lb/>out the answere, for heare me <hi
 rend="italic">Hero</hi>, wooing, wedding, &
 <lb/>repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a measure, and a
 cinque‑pace:
 <lb/>the first suite is hot and hasty like a Scotch ijgge
 <lb/>(and full as fantastically) the wedding manerly modest,
 <lb/>(as a measure) full of state & aunchentry, and then
 comes
 <lb/>repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the
 cinque­
 <lb/>pace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his graue.</p>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
 rend="italic">Leonato.</hi></fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0125-0.jpg" n="105"/>
 <fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
 <p>Cosin you apprehend passing shrewdly.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beatrice.</speaker>
 </sp>
 </sp>
 </sp>
 </p>

<p>I haue a good eye vnckle, I can see a Church
 <lb/>by daylight.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>The reuellers are entring brother, make good
 <lb/>roome.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic left" type="entrance">Enter Prince, Pedro,
 Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthasar,
 <lb/>or dumbe Iohn, Maskers with a drum.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>Lady, will you walke about with your friend?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <p>So you walke softly, and looke sweetly, and say
 <lb/>nothing, I am yours for the walke, and especially when I
 <lb/>walke away.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>With me in your company.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <p>I may say so when I please.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>And when please you to say so?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <p>When I like your fauour, for God defend the
 <lb/>Lute should be like the case.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>My visor is <hi rend="italic">Philemons</hi> roofe, within
 the house
 <lb/>is Loue.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <p>Why then your visor should be thatcht.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>

<p>Speake low if you speake Loue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
<p>Well, I would you did like me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>So would not I for your owne sake, for I haue
<lb/>manie ill qualities.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
<p>Which is one?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>I say my prayers alowd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
<p>I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>God match me with a good dauncer.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bal">
<speaker rend="italic">Balt.</speaker>
<p>Amen.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>And God keepe him out of my sight when the
<lb/>daunce is done: answer Clarke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bal">
<speaker rend="italic">Balt.</speaker>
<p>No more words, the Clarke is answered.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-urs">
<speaker rend="italic">Vrsula.</speaker>
<p>I know you well enough, you are Signior <hi
rend="italic">An­
<lb/>thonio</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
<p>At a word, I am not.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-urs">
<speaker rend="italic">Vrsula.</speaker>
<p>I know you by the wagling of your head.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
<p>To tell you true, I counterfet him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-urs">
<speaker rend="italic">Vrsu.</speaker>
<p>You could neuer doe him so ill well, vnlesse
<lb/>you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp &

down,

<lb/>you are he, you are he.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
<p>At a word I am not.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-urs">
<speaker rend="italic">Vrsula.</speaker>
<p>Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know
<lb/>you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? goe
<lb/>to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's
<lb/>an end.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
<p>Will you not tell me who told you so?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
<p>No, you shall pardon me.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
<p>Nor will you not tell me who you are?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Bened.</speaker>
<p>Not now.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
<p>That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good
<lb/>wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was

Signi­

<lb/>or <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> that said so.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>What's he?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>I am sure you know him well enough.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Not I, beleeeue me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Did he neuer make you laugh?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>I pray you what is he<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Why he is the Princes ieaster, a very dull foole,
 <lb/>onely his gift is, in deuising impossible slanders, none
 <lb/>but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is
 <lb/>not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleaseth
 <lb/>men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and
 <lb/>beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had
 <lb/>boorded me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what
 <lb/>you say.</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Do, do, hee'l but breake a comparison or two
 <lb/>on me, which peraduenture (not markt, or not laugh'd
 <lb/>at) strikes him into melancholly, and then there's a
 <lb/>tridge wing saued, for the foole will eate no
 supper that <lb/>night. We must follow the Leaders.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>In euery good thing.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bea.</speaker>

Par­

<p>Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them
 <lb/>at the next turning.</p>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Musicke for the
 dance.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>Sure my brother is amorous on <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>,

and hath
 <lb/>withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the
 <lb/>Ladies follow her, and but one visor remaines.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Borachio.</speaker>
 <p>And that is <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, I know him by

his bea­
 <lb/>ring.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>Are not you signior <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>You know me well, I am hee.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his
 <lb/>loue, he is enamor'd on <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>, I

pray you disswade him
 <lb/>from her, she is no equall for his birth: you may do the
 <lb/>part of an honest man in it.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claudio.</speaker>
 <p>How know you he loues her?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>I heard him swaere his affection,</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>So did I too, and he swore he would marrie her
 <lb/>to night.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<p>Come, let vs to the banquet.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Ex. manet

Clau.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
<l>Thus answer I in name of Benedicke,</l>
<l>But heare these ill newes with the eares of <hi
rend="italic">Claudio</hi>:</l>
<l>'Tis certaine so, the Prince woes for himselfe:</l>
<l>Friendship is constant in all other things,</l>
<l>Saue in the Office and affaires of loue:</l>
<l>Therefore all hearts in loue vse their owne tongues.</l>
<l>Let euerie eye negotiate for it selfe,</l>
<l>And trust no Agent: for beautie is a witch,</l>
<l>Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:</l>
<l>This is an accident of hourelly prooffe,</l>
<l>Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore <hi
rend="italic">Hero</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter

Benedicke.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
<p>Count <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
<p>Yea, the same.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
<p>Come, will you goe with me?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
<p>Whither?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
<p>Euen to the next Willow, about your own bu­
<lb/>sinesse, Count. What fashion will you weare the

Gar­
<lb/>land off? About your necke, like an Vsurers chaine? Or
<lb/>vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants scarfe? You must
<lb/>weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your <hi
rend="italic">Hero</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>

<p>I wish him ioy of her.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
<p>Why that's spoken like an honest Drouier, so
<lb/>they sel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold
<lb/>haue serued you thus?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
<p>I pray you leaue me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
<p>Ho now you strike like the blindman, 'twas the
<lb/>boy that stole your meate, and you'l beat the post.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
<p>If it will not be, Ile leaue you.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
<p>Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into
<lb/>sedges: But that my Ladie <hi
rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> should know me, &
<lb/>not know me: the Princes foole! Hah? It may be I goe
<lb/>vnder that title, because I am merrie: yea but so I am
<lb/>apt to do my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the
<lb/>base (though bitter) disposition of <hi
rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, that putt's
<lb/>the world into her person, and so giues me out: well, Ile
<lb/>be reuenged as I may.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the
Prince.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
<speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
<p>Now Signior, where's the Count, did you
<lb/>see him<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
rend="italic">Ben</hi></fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0126-0.jpg" n="106"/>
<fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
<p>Troth my Lord, I haue played the part of Lady

Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a
Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your
grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered
him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a
garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him a rod, as

be­

ing worthy to be whipt.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">

<speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>

<p>To be whipt, what's his fault?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>The flat transgression of a Schoole‑boy, who
being ouer‑ioyed with finding a birds nest,

shewes it his

companion, and he steales it.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">

<speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>

<p>Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the

transgression is in the stealer.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<p>Yet it had not been amisse the rod had beene

made, and the garland too, for the garland he might haue

worne himselfe, and the rod hee might haue bestowed on

you, who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds nest.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">

<speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>

<p>I will but teach them to sing, and restore them

to the owner.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>If their singing answer your saying, by my faith

you say honestly.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">

<speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>

<p>The Lady <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> hath a quarrell to

you, the

Gentleman that daunst with her, told her shee is much

wrong'd by you.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>O she misusde me past the indurance of a block:
 <lb/>an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue
 an­
 <lb/>swered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold
 <lb/>with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had beene my
 <lb/>selfe, that I was the Princes Iester, and that I was duller
 <lb/>then a great thaw, hudling iest vpon iest, with such
 im­
 <lb/>possible conueiance vpon me, that I stood like a man at a
 <lb/>marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speakes
 <lb/>poynyards, and euey word stabbes: if her breath were
 <lb/>as terrible as terminations, there were no liuing neere
 <lb/>her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not
 <lb/>marry her, though she were indowed with all that <hi
 rend="italic">Adam</hi>
 <lb/>had left him before he transgrest, she would haue made
 <lb/><hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi> haue turnd spit, yea, and
 haue cleft his club to
 <lb/>make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde
 <lb/>her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God
 <lb/>some scholler would coniure her, for certainly while she
 <lb/>is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary,
 <lb/>and people sinne vpon purpose, because they would goe
 <lb/>thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation
 <lb/>followes her.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Claudio and
 Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>Looke heere she comes.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Will your Grace command mee any seruice to
 <lb/>the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest arrand now
 <lb/>to the Antypodes that you can devise to send me on: I
 <lb/>will fetch you a tooth‑picker now from the
 furthest inch
 <lb/>of Asia: bring you the length of <hi rend="italic">Prester
 Iohns</hi> foot: fetch
 <lb/>you a hayre off the great <hi rend="italic">Chams</hi>
 beard: doe you any em­
 <lb/>bassage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words
 <lb/>conference, with this Harpy: you haue no employment for
 me?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>None, but to desire your good company.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>O God sir, heeres a dish I loue not, I cannot in­
 <lb/>dure this Lady tongue.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedr.</speaker>
 <p>Come Lady, come, you haue lost the heart of
 <lb/>Signior <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beatr.</speaker>
 <p>Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I
 <lb/>gawe him vse for it, a double heart for a single one, marry
 <lb/>once before he wonne it of mee, with false dice, therefore
 <lb/>your Grace may well say I haue lost it.</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put
 <lb/>him downe.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest
 <lb/>I should prooue the mother of fooles: I haue brought
 <lb/>Count <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, whom you sent
 me to seeke.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>Why how now Count, wherfore are you sad?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <p>Not sad my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>How then? sicke<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <p>Neither, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>

<p>The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry,
 <lb/>nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and
 some­
 <lb/>thing of a iealous complexion.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true,
 <lb/>though Ile be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is false:
 <lb/>heere <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, I haue wooed in
 thy name, and faire <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>
 <lb/>is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will
 <lb/>obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue
 <lb/>thee ioy.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leona.</speaker>
 <p>Count, take of me my daughter, and with her
 <lb/>my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all
 grace
 <lb/>say, Amen to it.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beatr.</speaker>
 <p>Speake Count, tis your Qu.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <p>Silence is the perfectest Herault of ioy, I were
 <lb/>but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you
 <lb/>are mine, I am yours, I giue away my selfe for you, and
 <lb/>doat vpon the exchange.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Speake cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth
 <lb/>with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>Infaith Lady you haue a merry heart.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beatr.</speaker>
 <p>Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keeps
 <lb/>on the windy side of Care, my coosin tells him in his eare
 <lb/>that he is in my heart.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>

<p>And so she doth coosin.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Good Lord for alliance: thus goes euery one
 <lb/>to the world but I, and I am sun‑burn'd, I may sit
 <lb/>ner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>Lady <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, I will get you one.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>I would rather haue one of your fathers getting:
 <lb/>hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father
 <lb/>got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by
 them.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Will you haue me? Lady.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>No, my Lord, vnlesse I might haue another for
 <lb/>working‑daies, your Grace is too costly to weare
 euerie
 <lb/>day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne
 <lb/>to speake all mirth, and no matter.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Your silence most offends me, and to be mer­
 <lb/>ry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born
 <lb/>in a merry howre.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beatr.</speaker>
 <p>No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then
 <lb/>there was a starre daunst, and vnder that was I borne:
 co­
 <lb/>sins God giue you ioy.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
 <p>Neece, will you looke to those things I told you of?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">

<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
 Beatrice.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>There's little of the melancholy element in her
 <lb/>my Lord, she is neuer sad, but when she sleepes, and not
 <lb/>euer sad then: for I haue heard my daughter say, she hath
 <lb/>often dreamt of vnhappinesse, and wakt her selfe with
 <lb/>laughing.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
 <p>Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
 <p>O, by no meanes, she mocks all her wooers
 <lb/>out of suite.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>She were an excellent wife for <hi
 rend="italic">Benedick</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
 <p>O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">married,</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0127-0.jpg" n="107"/>
 <fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <lb/>married, they would talke themselues madde.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Counte <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, when meane you to
 goe to
 <lb/>Church<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches,
 <lb/>till Loue haue all his rites.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leonata.</speaker>
 <p>Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is
 <lb/>hence a iust seuen night, and a time too briefe too, to haue
 <lb/>all things answer minde.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Come, you shake the head at so long a breax00AD;
 <lb/>thing, but I warrant thee <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>,
 the time shall not goe
 <lb/>dully by vs, I will in the <hi rend="italic">interim</hi>,
 vndertake one of <hi rend="italic">Herx00AD;
 <lb/>cules</hi> labors, which is, to bring Signior <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> and the
 <lb/>Lady <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> into a mountaine of
 affection, th'one with
 <lb/>th'other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not
 <lb/>but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such
 assi­
 <lb/>stance as I shall giue you direction.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leonata.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee
 <lb/>ten nights watchings.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <p>And I my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>And you to gentle <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <p>I will doe any modest office, my Lord, to helpe
 <lb/>my cosin to a good husband.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>And <hi rend="italic">Benedick</hi> is not the vnhopefullest
 husband
 <lb/>that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble
 <lb/>straine, of approued valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will
 <lb/>teach you how to humour your cosin, that shee shall fall
 <lb/>in loue with <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>, and I,
 with your two helpes, will

so practise on *Benedicke*, that in
despight of his quicke

wit, and his queasie stomacke, hee shall fall in loue with
Beatrice: if wee can doe this, *Cupid*

is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely
loue;

gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

Exit.

<div type="scene" n="2" >

<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>

<stage >Enter Iohn and

Borachio.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ado-joh">

<speaker >Ioh.</speaker>

<p>It is so, the Count *Claudio* shal marry
the daughte;

ter of *Leonato*.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bor">

<speaker >Bora.</speaker>

<p>Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-joh">

<speaker >Iohn.</speaker>

<p>Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be

medicinable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and

whatsoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euenly

with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bor">

<speaker >Bor.</speaker>

<p>Not honestly my Lord, but so couertly, that no

dishonesty shall appeare in me.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-joh">

<speaker >Iohn.</speaker>

<p>Shew me breiefely how.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bor">

<speaker >Bor.</speaker>

<p>I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere since, how

much I am in the fauour of *Margaret*;

woman to *Hero*.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-joh">

<speaker >Iohn.</speaker>

<p>I remember.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>I can at any vnseasonable instant of the night,
 <lb/>appoint her to looke out at her Ladies chamber
 window.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage;
 <lb/>riage?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>The poyson of that lies in you to temper, goe
 <lb/>you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that
 <lb/>hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned
 <lb/><hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, whose estimation do you
 mightily hold vp, to a
 <lb/>contaminated stale, such a one as <hi
 rend="italic">Hero</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>What prooffe shall I make of that?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>Prooffe enough, to misuse the Prince, to vexe
 <lb/><hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, to vndoe <hi
 rend="italic">Hero</hi>, and kill <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi>, looke you for
 a
 <lb/>ny other issue?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <p>Onely to despight them, I will endeauour any
 <lb/>thing.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on
 <lb/><hi rend="italic">Pedro</hi> and the Count <hi
 rend="italic">Claudio</hi> alone, tell them that you
 <lb/>know that <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi> loues me, intend a
 kinde of zeale both
 <lb/>to the Prince and <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi> (as in a
 loue of your brothers
 <cb n="2"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it
 <lb/>hither to me in the orchard.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-boy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
 <p>I am heere already sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and
 <lb/>heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing
 <lb/>how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his
 <lb/>behaviours to loue, will after hee hath laught at such
 <lb/>shallow follies in others, become the argument of his
 <lb/>owne scorne, by falling in loue, & such a man is <hi
 rend="italic">Claudio</hi>,
 <lb/>I haue known when there was no musicke with him but
 <lb/>the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the
 <lb/>taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue
 <lb/>walkt ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will
 <lb/>he lie ten nights awake caruing the fashion of a new
 dub­
 <lb/>let: he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose
 (like
 <lb/>an honest man & a souldier) and now is he tur<c
 rend="inverted">n</c>'d ortho­
 <lb/>graphy, his words are a very fantasticall banquet, iust so
 <lb/>many strange dishes: may I be so conuerted, & see
 with
 <lb/>these eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee
 <lb/>sworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyster, but Ile
 <lb/>take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyster of me, he
 <lb/>shall neuer make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet
 <lb/>I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another
 vertu­
 <lb/>ous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman,
 <lb/>one woman shall not come in my grace: rich shee shall
 <lb/>be, that's certaine: wise, or Ile none: vertuous, or Ile
 ne­
 <lb/>uer cheapen her: faire, or Ile neuer looke on her: milde,
 <lb/>or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of
 <lb/>good discourse: an excellent Musitian, and her haire shal
 <lb/>be of what colour it please God, hah<c
 rend="italic">!</c> the Prince and
 <lb/>Monsieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince, Leonato,
 Claudio, and Iacke Wilson.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Come, shall we heare this musicke?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <l>Yea my good Lord: how still the euening is,</l>
 <l>As husht on purpose to grace harmonie.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>See you where <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> hath hid
 himselfe?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>O very well my Lord: the musicke ended,</l>
 <l>Wee'll fit the kid‑foxe with a penny worth.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Balthasar</hi>, wee'll heare that song
 again.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Balth.</speaker>
 <l>O good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voyce,</l>
 <l>To slander musicke any more then once.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>It is the witsse still of excellency,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0128-0.jpg" n="108"/>
 <fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>To slander Musicke any more then once.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <l>It is the witsse still of excellencie,</l>
 <l>To put a strange face on his owne perfection,</l>
 <l>I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Balth.</speaker>
 <l>Because you talke of wooing, I will sing,</l>
 <l>Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,</l>
 <l>To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,</l>
 <l>Yet will he sweare he loues.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <l>Nay pray thee come,</l>
 <l>Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,</l>
 <l>Doe it in notes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Balth.</speaker>
 <l>Note this before my notes,</l>
 <l>Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <l>Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,</l>
 <l>Note notes forsooth, and nothing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Now diuine aire, now is his soule rauisht, is it
 <lb/>not strange that sheepes guts should hale soules out of
 <lb/>mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's
 <lb/>done.</p>
</sp>
<stage type="business" rend="italic center">The Song.</stage>
<l rend="italic">Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,</l>
<l rend="italic">Men were deceiuers euer,</l>
<l rend="italic">One foote in Sea, and one on shore,</l>
<l rend="italic">To one thing constant neuer,</l>
<l rend="italic">Then sigh not so, but let them goe,</l>
<l rend="italic">And be you blithe and bonnie,</l>
<l rend="italic">Conuerting all your sounds of woe,</l>
<l rend="italic">Into hey nony nony.</l>
<l rend="italic">Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,</l>
<l rend="italic">Of dumps so dull and heauy,</l>
<l rend="italic">The fraud of men were euer so,</l>
<l rend="italic">Since summer first was leauy,</l>
<l rend="italic">Then sigh not so, &c.</l>
<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>By my troth a good song.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Balth.</speaker>
 <p>And an ill singer, my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a
 <lb/>shift.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>And he had been a dog that should haue howld
 <lb/>thus, they would haue hang'd him, and I pray God his
 <lb/>bad voyce bode no mischiefe, I had as lief haue heard
 <lb/>the night‑rauen, come what plague could haue
 come af­
 <lb/>ter it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Yea marry, dost thou heare <hi rend="italic">Balthasar</hi>
 I pray
 <lb/>thee get vs some excellent musick: for to morrow night
 <lb/>we would haue it at the Lady <hi
 rend="italic">Heroes</hi> chamber window.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Balth.</speaker>
 <p>The best I can, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
 Balthasar.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Do so, farewell. Come hither <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi>,
 what
 <lb/>was it you told me of to day, that your Niece <hi
 rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>
 <lb/>was in loue with signior <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <p>O I, stalke on, stalke on, the foule sits. I did ne­
 <lb/>uer thinke that Lady would haue loued any
 man.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>No, nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she
 <lb/>should so dote on Signior <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>, whom shee hath in
 <lb/>all outward behauiours seemed euer to abhorre.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Is't possible? sits the winde in that corner?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <p>By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to
 <lb/>thinke of it, but that she loues him with an iraged
 affe­
 <lb/>ction, it is past the infinite of thought.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>May be she doth but counterfeit.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <p>Faith like enough.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counter­
 <lb/>feit of passion, came so neere the life of passion as she
 dis­
 <lb/>couers it.</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Why what effects of passion shewes she?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <p>Baite the hooke well, this fish will bite.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>What effects my Lord? shee will sit you,
 <lb/>you heard my daughter tell you how.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>She did indeed.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would
 <lb/>haue thought her spirit had beene inuincible against all
 <lb/>assaults of affection.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <p>I would haue sworne it had, my Lord, especially
 <lb/>against <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>I should thinke this a gull, but that the white
 <lb/>bearded fellow speakes it: knauery cannot sure hide
 <lb/>himselfe in such reuerence.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <p>He hath tane th'infection, hold it vp.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>Hath shee made her affection known to <hi
 rend="italic">Bene</hi>?
 <lb/>dicke</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
 <p>No, and swears she neuer will, that's her
 <lb/>torment.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <p>'Tis true indeed, so your daughter saies: shall
 <lb/>I, saies she, that haue so oft encountred him with scorne,
 <lb/>write to him that I loue him?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <p>This saies shee now when shee is beginning to
 <lb/>write to him, for shee'll be vp twenty times a night, and
 <lb/>there will she sit in her smocke, till she haue writ a sheet
 <lb/>of paper: my daughter tells vs all.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember
 <lb/>a pretty iest your daughter told vs of.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>O when she had writ it, & was reading it ouer,
 <lb/>she found <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> betweene the sheete.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>That.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence,
 <lb/>raild at her self, that she should be so immodest to write,
 <lb/>to one that shee knew would flout her: I measure him,
 <lb/>saies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if hee
 <lb/>writ to mee, yea though I loue him, I should.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>Then downe vpon her knees she falls, weepes,
 <lb/>sobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praies, curses, O
 <lb/>sweet <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>, God giue me
 patience.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and the
 <lb/>extasie hath so much ouerborne her, that my daughter is
 <lb/>somtime afeard she will doe a desperate out‑rage
 to her
 <lb/>selfe, it is very true.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>It were good that <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> knew of
 it by some
 <lb/>other, if she will not discouer it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>To what end<c rend="italic">?</c> he would but make a
 sport of it,
 <lb/>and torment the poore Lady worse.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>And he should, it were an almes to hang him,
 <lb/>shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspition,)
 <lb/>she is virtuous.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claudio.</speaker>
 <p>And she is exceeding wise.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>In euery thing, but in louing <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>O my Lord, wisdom and blood combating in
 <lb/>so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood
 <lb/>hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I have just cause,
 <lb/>being her Uncle, and her Guardian.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>I would shee had bestowed this dote on
 <lb/>mee, I would have daft all other respects, and made her
 <lb/>half my selfe: I pray you tell <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> of it, and heare
 <lb/>what he will say.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Were it good thinke you?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p><hi rend="italic">Hero</hi> thinkes surely she will die, for
 she saies she
 <lb/>will die, if hee love her not, and shee will die ere shee
 <lb/>make her love knowne, and she will die if hee wooe her,
 <lb/>rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed
 <lb/>crossnesse.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>She doth well, if she should make tender of her
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">love,</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0129-0.jpg" n="109"/>
 <fw type="rh">Much ado about Nothing.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <lb/>love, 'tis very possible hee'l scorne it, for the man (as you
 <lb/>know all) hath a contemptible spirit.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>He is a very proper man.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>He hath indeed a good outward happines.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>'Fore God, and in my minde very wise.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like
 <lb/>wit.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>And I take him to be valiant.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>As <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, I assure you, and in the
 <lb/>quarrels you may see hee is wise, for either hee auoydes
 <lb/>them with great discretion, or vndertakes them with a
 <lb/>Christian‑like feare.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe
 <lb/>peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a
 <lb/>quarrell with feare and trembling.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>And so will he doe, for the man doth fear God,
 <lb/>howsoeuer it seemes not in him, by some large ieasts hee
 <lb/>will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe
 <lb/>see <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>, and tell him of her
 loue.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <p>Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out
 <lb/>with good counsell.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart
 <lb/>out first.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Well, we will heare further of it by your daugh­
 <lb/>ter, let it coole the while, I loue <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> well, and I
 <lb/>could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see
 <lb/>how much he is vnworthy to haue so good a Lady.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>If he do not doat on her vpon this, I wil neuer
 <lb/>trust my expectation.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Let there be the same Net spread for her, and
 <lb/>that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry:
 <lb/>the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of
 ano­
 <lb/>ther's dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I
 <lb/>would see, which will be meerely a dumbe shew: let vs
 <lb/>send her to call him into dinner.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly
 <lb/>borne, they haue the truth of this from <hi
 rend="italic">Hero</hi>, they seeme
 <lb/>to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections haue the full
 <lb/>bent: loue me? why it must be requited: I heare how I
 <lb/>am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I
 <lb/>perceiue the loue come from her: they say too, that she
 <lb/>will rather die than giue any signe of affection: I did
 ne­
 <lb/>uer thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are
 <lb/>they that heare their detractions, and can put them to
 <lb/>mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can
 <lb/>beare them witnesse: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot
 re­
 <lb/>prooue it, and wise, but for louing me, by my troth it is
 <lb/>no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her
 <lb/>folly; for I wil be horribly in loue with her, I may chance
 <lb/>haue some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken
 <lb/>on mee, because I haue rail'd so long against marriage:
 <lb/>but doth not the appetite alter<c rend="italic">?</c> a
 man loues the meat in
 <lb/>his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips
 <lb/>and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe
 <lb/>a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world
 <lb/>must be peopled. When I said I would die a batcheler, I
 <lb/>did not think I should liue till I were married, here comes
 <lb/><hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>: by this day, shee's a faire
 Lady, I doe spie some
 <lb/>markes of loue in her.</p>

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</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Beatrice.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>Against my wil I am sent to bid you come in to
    <lb/>dinner.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>Faire <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, I thanke you for your
paines.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then
    <lb/>you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I
    <lb/>would not haue come.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>You take pleasure then in the message.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>Yea iust so much as you may take vpon a kniues
    <lb/>point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no stomacke
    <lb/>signior, fare you well.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come
    <lb/>into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke
    <lb/>no more paines for those thankes then you took paines
    <lb/>to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I
    <lb/>take for you is as easie as thankes: if I do not take pittie
    <lb/>of her I am a villaine, if I doe not loue her I am a Iew, I
    <lb/>will goe get her picture.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="3">
  <div type="scene" n="1">
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hero and two
Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vrsula.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ado-her">

```

<speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> runne thee to the
 parlour,</l>
 <l>There shalt thou finde my Cosin <hi
 rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>,</l>
 <l>Proposing with the Prince and <hi
 rend="italic">Claudio</hi>,</l>
 <l>Whisper her eare, and tell her I and <hi
 rend="italic">Vrsula</hi>,</l>
 <l>Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse</l>
 <l>Is all of her, say that thou ouer‑heardst vs,</l>
 <l>And bid her steale into the pleached bower,</l>
 <l>Where hony‑suckles ripened by the sunne,</l>
 <l>Forbid the sunne to enter: like fauourites,</l>
 <l>Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride,</l>
 <l>Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her,</l>
 <l>To listen our purpose, this is thy office,</l>
 <l>Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
 <l>Ile make her come I warrant you presently.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Vrsula</hi>, when <hi
 rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> doth come,</l>
 <l>As we do trace this alley vp and downe,</l>
 <l>Our talke must onely be of <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>,</l>
 <l>When I doe name him, let it be thy part,</l>
 <l>To praise him more then euer man did merit,</l>
 <l>My talke to thee must be how <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke</hi></l>
 <l>Is sicke in loue with <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>; of this
 matter,</l>
 <l>Is little <hi rend="italic">Cupids</hi> crafty arrow made,</l>
 <l>That onely wounds by heare‑say: now begin,</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Beatrice.</stage>
 <l>For looke where <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> like a
 Lapwing runs</l>
 <l>Close by the ground, to heare our conference.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-urs">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vrs.</speaker>
 <l>The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish</l>
 <l>Cut with her golden ores the siluer streame,</l>
 <l>And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite:</l>
 <l>So angle we for <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, who euen
 now,</l>

<l>Is couched in the wood‑bine couerture,</l>
 <l>Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
 <l>Then go we neare her that her eare loose nothing,</l>
 <l>Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it:</l>
 <l>No truely <hi rend="italic">Vrsula</hi>, she is too
 disdainfull,</l>
 <l>I know her spirits are as coy and wilde,</l>
 <l>As Haggerds of the rocke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-urs">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vrsula.</speaker>
 <l>But are you sure,</l>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> loues <hi
 rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> so intirely?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
 <l>So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-urs">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vrs.</speaker>
 <l>And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
 <l>They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,</l>
 <l>But I perswaded them, if they lou'd <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>,</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">K</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0130-0.jpg" n="110"/>
 <fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>To wish him wrastle with affection,</l>
 <l>And neuer to let <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> know of
 it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-urs">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vrsula.</speaker>
 <l>Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman</l>
 <l>Deserue as full as fortunate a bed,</l>
 <l>As euer <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> shall couch
 vpon?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>O God of loue! I know he doth deserue,</l>

<l>As much as may be yeelded to a man:</l>
 <l>But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,</l>
 <l>Of prowder stuffe then that of <hi
 rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>:</l>
 <l>Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,</l>
 <l>Misprizing what they looke on, and her wit</l>
 <l>Values it selfe so highly, that to her</l>
 <l>All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,</l>
 <l>Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,</l>
 <l>Shee is so selfe indeared.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-urs">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vrsula.</speaker>
 <l>Sure I thinke so,</l>
 <l>And therefore certainly it were not good</l>
 <l>She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw man,</l>
 <l>How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd.</l>
 <l>But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,</l>
 <l>She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:</l>
 <l>If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,</l>
 <l>Made a foule blot: if tall, a lance ill headed:</l>
 <l>If low, an agot very vildlie cut:</l>
 <l>If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:</l>
 <l>If silent, why a blocke moued with none.</l>
 <l>So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,</l>
 <l>And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that</l>
 <l>Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-urs">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vrsu.</speaker>
 <l>Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,</l>
 <l>As <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> is, cannot be
 commendable,</l>
 <l>But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,</l>
 <l>She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me</l>
 <l>Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,</l>
 <l>Therefore let <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> like couered
 fire,</l>
 <l>Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly:</l>
 <l>It were a better death, to die with mockes,</l>
 <l>Which is as bad as die with tickling.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-urs">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vrsu.</speaker>
 <l>Yet tell her of it, heare what shee will say.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>No, rather I will goe to <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>,</l>
 <l>And counsaile him to fight against his passion,</l>
 <l>And truly Ile devise some honest slanders,</l>
 <l>To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,</l>
 <l>How much an ill word may impoison liking.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-urs">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vrsu.</speaker>
 <l>O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong,</l>
 <l>She cannot be so much without true iudgement,</l>
 <l>Hauing so swift and excellent a wit</l>
 <l>As she is prisde to haue, as to refuse</l>
 <l>So rare a Gentleman as signior <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke.</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>He is the onely man of Italy,</l>
 <l>Alwaies excepted, my deare <hi rend="italic">Claudio.</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-urs">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vrsu.</speaker>
 <l>I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,</l>
 <l>Speaking my fancy: Signior <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>,</l>
 <l>For shape, for bearing argument and valour,</l>
 <l>Goes formost in report through Italy.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>Indeed he hath an excellent good name.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-urs">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vrsu.</speaker>
 <l>His excellence did earne it ere he had it:</l>
 <l>When are you married Madame?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,</l>
 <l>Ile shew thee some attires, and haue thy counsell,</l>
 <l>Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-urs">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vrsu.</speaker>
 <l>Shee's tane I warrant you,</l>
 <l>We haue caught her Madame?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>If it proue so, then louing goes by haps,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Some <hi rend="italic">Cupid</hi> kills with arrowes, some
 with traps.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <l>What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?</l>
 <l>Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?</l>
 <l>Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,</l>
 <l>No glory liues behinde the backe of such.</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>, loue on, I will requite
 thee,</l>
 <l>Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:</l>
 <l>If thou dost loue, my kindnesse shall incite thee</l>
 <l>To binde our loues vp in a holy band.</l>
 <l>For others say thou dost deserue, and I</l>
 <l>Beleuee it better then reportingly.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince,
 Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>I doe but stay till your marriage be consum­
 <lb/>mate, and then go I toward Arragon.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouch­
 <lb/>safe me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, that would be as great a soyle in the new
 <lb/>glosse of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat
 <lb/>and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with
 <lb/><hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> for his companie, for

from the crowne of his

<lb/>head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice
<lb/>or thrice cut Cupids bow‑string, and the little

hang‑man

<lb/>dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell,
<lb/>and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes,
<lb/>his tongue speakes.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>

<p>So say I, methinkes you are sadder.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>

<p>I hope he be in loue.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood

<lb/>in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be sad, he wants

<lb/>money.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>I haue the tooth‑ach.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>Draw it.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>Hang it.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>

<p>You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>What? sigh for the tooth‑ach.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>

<p>Where is but a humour or a worme.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Well, euery one cannot master a grieffe, but hee
 <lb/>that has it.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>Yet say I, he is in loue.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnlesse
 <lb/>it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a
 <lb/>Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee
 <lb/>haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee
 <lb/>is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare
 <lb/>he is.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>If he be not in loue
 <choice><orig>vvwith</orig><corr>with</corr></choice> some
 <choice><orig>vvoman</orig><corr>woman</corr></choice>, there
 <lb/>is no beleeuing old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings,
 <lb/>What should that bode?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>No, but the Barbers man hath beene seen with
 <lb/>him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath already
 <lb/>stufte tennis balls.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Indeed he lookes yonger than hee did, by the
 <lb/>losse of a beard.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Nay a rubs himselfe
 <choice><orig>vvwith</orig><corr>with</corr></choice> Ciuit, can you smell
 <lb/>him out by that?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in

<lb/>loue.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>The greatest note of it is his melancholy.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>And
 <choice><orig>vwhen</orig><corr>when</corr></choice>
 <choice><orig>vvas</orig><corr>was</corr></choice> he
 <choice><orig>vvont</orig><corr>wont</corr></choice> to
 <choice><orig>vwash</orig><corr>wash</corr></choice> his face<
 rend="italic">?</c></p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, but his iesting spirit,
 </p>
 <choice><orig>vwhich</orig><corr>which</corr></choice> is now crept
 <lb/>into a lute‑string, and now govern'd by
 stops.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
 rend="italic">Prince.</hi></fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0131-0.jpg" n="111"/>
 <fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Indeed that tels a heavy tale for him: conclude,
 <lb/>he is in loue.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, but I know who loues him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>That would I know too, I warrant one that
 <lb/>knowes him not.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <p>Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all,
 </p>

<lb/>dies for him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Shee shall be buried with her face vpwards.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Yet is this no charme for the tooth‑ake, old
 sig­
 <lb/>nior, walke aside with mee, I haue studied eight or nine
 <lb/>wise words to speake to you, which these
 hobby‑horses
 <lb/>must not heare.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>For my life to breake with him about <hi
 rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>'Tis euen so, <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Margaret</hi> haue by this
 <lb/>played their parts with <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>,
 and then the two Beares
 <lb/>will not bite one another when they meete.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iohn the
 Bastard.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord and brother, God saue you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Good den brother.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <p>If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <p>In priuate<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <p>If it please you, yet Count <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>
 may heare,

<lb/>for what I would speake of, concerne him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>What's the matter?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Basta.</speaker>
 <p>Meanes your Lordship to be married to morrow?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>You know he does.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <p>I know not that when he knowes what I know.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <p>You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare
 hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will
 manifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in
 dearenesse of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing
 marriage: surely sute ill spent, and labour ill
 bestowed.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Why, what's the matter?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bastard.</speaker>
 <p>I came hither to tell you, and circumstances
 shortned, (for she hath beene too long a talking of) the
 Lady is disloyall.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>Who *Hero*?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<p>Euen shee, <hi rend="italic">Leonatoes Hero</hi>, your <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>, euey

<lb/>mans <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>

<p>Disloyall?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<p>The word is too good to paint out her wicked

<lb/>nesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse

<lb/>title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further

war

<lb/>rant: goe but with mee to night, you shal see her

cham

<lb/>ber window entred, euen the night before her wedding

<lb/>day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it

<lb/>would better fit your honour to change your minde.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>

<p>May this be so?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">

<speaker rend="italic">Princ.</speaker>

<p>I will not thinke it.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<p>If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not

<lb/>that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you

<lb/>enough, and when you haue seene more, & heard

more,

<lb/>proceed accordingly.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>

<p>If I see any thing to night, why I should not

<lb/>marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold

<lb/>wedde, there will I shame her.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will

<lb/>ioyne with thee to disgrace her.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<p>I will disparage her no farther, till you are my

witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue
 shew it selfe.

Prin.

O day vntowardly turned!

Claud.

O mischief strangelie thwarting!

Bastard.

O plague right well preuented! so will you
 say, when you haue seene the sequele.

Exit.

[Act 3, Scene 3]

Enter Dogbery and
 his compartner with the watch.

Dog.

Are you good men and true?

Verg.

Yea, or else it were pittie but they should suffer
 saluation body and soule.

Dogb.

Nay, that were a punishment too good for
 them, if they should haue any allegiance in them, being
 chosen for the Princes watch.

Verges.

Well, giue them their charge, neighbor
 Dogbery.

Dog.

First, who thinke you the most desartlesse man
 to be Constable?

Watch. 1.

<p><hi rend="italic">Hugh Ote‑cake</hi> sir, or <hi
 rend="italic">George Sea‑coale</hi>, for
 <lb/>they can write and reade.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dogb.</speaker>
 <p>Come hither neighbour Sea‑coale, God hath
 <lb/>blest you with a good name: to be a
 wel‑fauoured man,
 <lb/>is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by
 <lb/>Nature.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch 2.</speaker>
 <p>Both which Master Constable</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dogb.</speaker>
 <p>You haue: I knew it would be your answer:
 <lb/>well, for your fauour sir, why giue God thanks, &
 make
 <lb/>no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that
 <lb/>appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are
 <lb/>thought heere to be the most senslesse and fit man for the
 <lb/>Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the
 lan­
 <lb/>thorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all
 <lb/>vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the
 Prin­
 <lb/>ces name.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch 2.</speaker>
 <p>How if a will not stand?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dogb.</speaker>
 <p>Why then take no note of him, but let him go,
 <lb/>and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and
 <lb/>thanke God you are ridde of a knaue.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Verges.</speaker>
 <p>If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is
 <lb/>none of the Princes subiects.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dogb.</speaker>
 <p>True, and they are to meddle with none but
 <lb/>the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noise in the

<lb/>streetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most
<lb/>tollerable, and not to be indured.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-wat">
<speaker rend="italic">Watch.</speaker>
<p>We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know
<lb/>what belongs to a Watch.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-dog">
<speaker rend="italic">Dog.</speaker>
<p>Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet
<lb/>watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend:
<lb/>only haue a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you
<lb/>are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are
<lb/>drunke get them to bed.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-wat">
<speaker rend="italic">Watch.</speaker>
<p>How if they will not?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-dog">
<speaker rend="italic">Dogb.</speaker>
<p>Why then let them alone till they are sober, if
<lb/>they make you not then the better answere, you may say,
<lb/>they are not the men you tooke them for.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-wat">
<speaker rend="italic">Watch.</speaker>
<p>Well sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-dog">
<speaker rend="italic">Dogb.</speaker>
<p>If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by
<lb/>vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such
<lb/>kinde of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them,
<lb/>why the more is for your honesty.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-wat">
<speaker rend="italic">Watch.</speaker>
<p>If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not
<lb/>lay hands on him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-dog">
<speaker rend="italic">Dogb.</speaker>
<p>Truly by your office you may, but I think they
<lb/>that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way
<lb/>for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him shew
him­
<lb/>selfe what he is, and steale out of your company.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ver.</speaker>
 <p>You haue bin alwaies cal'd a merciful
 <choice><abbr>mā</abbr><expan>man</expan></choice> partner.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dog.</speaker>
 <p>Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much
 <lb/>more a man who hath anie honestie in him.</p>
 </sp>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">K2</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"
 rend="italic">Verges.</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0132-0.jpg" n="112"/>
 <fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Verges.</speaker>
 <p>If you heare a child crie in the night you must
 <lb/>call to the nurse, and bid her still it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch.</speaker>
 <p>How if the nurse be asleepe and will not
 <lb/>heare vs?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dog.</speaker>
 <p>Why then depart in peace, and let the childe
 <lb/>wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare
 <lb/>her Lambe when it baes, will neuer answeere a calfe when
 <lb/>he bleates.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Verges.</speaker>
 <p>'Tis verie true.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dog.</speaker>
 <p>This is the end of the charge: you constable
 <lb/>are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the
 <lb/>Prince in the night, you may staie him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Verges.</speaker>
 <p>Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dog.</speaker>
 <p>Fiue shillings to one on't with anie man that

with­

<lb/>knowes the Statutes, he may staie him, marrie not

<lb/>out the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to

<lb/>offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against

<lb/>his will.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ver">

<speaker rend="italic">Verges.</speaker>

<p>Birladie I thinke it be so.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-dog">

<speaker rend="italic">Dog.</speaker>

<p>Ha, ah ha, well masters good night, and there be

<lb/>anie matter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your

<lb/>fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night,

<lb/>come neighbor.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-wat">

<speaker rend="italic">Watch.</speaker>

<p>Well masters, we heare our charge, let vs go

<lb/>sit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to

<lb/>bed.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-dog">

<speaker rend="italic">Dog.</speaker>

<p>One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you

<lb/>watch about signior <hi rend="italic">Leonatoes</hi>

doore, for the wedding be­

<lb/>ing there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night,

<lb/>adiew, be vigitant I beseech you.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Borachio and

Conrade.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ado-bor">

<speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>

<p>What, <hi rend="italic">Conrade</hi>?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-wat">

<speaker rend="italic">Watch.</speaker>

<p>Peace, stir not.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bor">

<speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>

<p><hi rend="italic">Conrade</hi> I say.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-con">

<speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>

<p>Here man, I am at thy elbow.</p>

</sp>

Bor.
Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would
a scabbe follow.

Con.
I will owe thee an answere for that, and now
forward with thy tale.

Bor.
Stand thee close then vnder this penthouse, for it
drissels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vtter all to
thee.

Watch.
Some treason masters, yet stand close.

Bor.
Therefore know, I haue earned of *Don*

Iohn *a*

thousand Ducates.

Con.
Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?

Bor.
Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible a
nie villanie should be so rich *?* for

when rich villains haue

neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price
they will.

Con.
I wonder at it.

Bor.
That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest
that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is

no

thing to a man.

Con.

<speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <p>Yes, it is apparel.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>I meane the fashion.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <p>Yes the fashion is the fashion.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but
 <lb/>seest thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch.</speaker>
 <p>I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe,
 <lb/>this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man:
 <lb/>I remember his name.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>Did'st thou not heare some bodie?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <p>No, 'twas the vaine on the house.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thiefe
 <lb/>this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the
 Hot­
 <cb n="2"/>
 <lb/>blouds, betweene foureteene ‑ fiue ‑ thirtie,
 sometimes
 <lb/>fashioning them like <hi rend="italic">Pharaoes</hi>
 souldiours in the rechie
 <lb/>painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old
 <lb/>Church window, sometime like the shauen <hi
 rend="italic">Hercules</hi> in
 <lb/>the smircht worm‑ eaten tapestrie, where his
 cod‑peece
 <lb/>seemes as massie as his club.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <p>All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out

<lb/>more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy selfe
<lb/>giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of
<lb/>thy tale into telling me of the fashion?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bor">

<speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>

<p>Not so neither, but know that I haue to night

<lb/>wooded <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> the Lady <hi
rend="italic">Heroes</hi> gentle‑woman, by the
<lb/>name of <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>, she leanes me out
at her mistris chamber‑

<lb/><choice><orig>vwindow</orig><corr>window</corr></choice>, bids me a
thousand times good night: I tell

<lb/>this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince

<lb/><hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi> and my Master planted,
and placed, and possessed

<lb/>by my Master <hi rend="italic">Don Iohn</hi>, saw a far
off in the Orchard this

<lb/>amiable incounter.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-con">

<speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>

<p>And thought thy <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi><note
resp="#ES">A line of ink runs through part of this word.</note> was <hi
rend="italic">Hero</hi>?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bor">

<speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>

<p>Two of them did, the Prince and <hi
rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, but the

<lb/>diuell my Master knew she was <hi
rend="italic">Margaret</hi> and partly by

<lb/>his oathes, which first possest them, partly by the darke

<lb/>night which did deceiue them, but chiefly, by my
villa­

<lb/>nie, which did confirme any slander that <hi
rend="italic">Don Iohn</hi> had

<lb/>made, away

<choice><orig>vvent</orig><corr>went</corr></choice> <hi
rend="italic">Claudio</hi> enraged, swore hee

<choice><orig>vvould</orig><corr>would</corr></choice>

<lb/>meete her as he was apointed next morning at the
Tem­

<lb/>ple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her

<lb/>with

<choice><orig>vwhat</orig><corr>what</corr></choice> he saw o're night, and send
her home againe

<lb/><choice><orig>vvithout</orig><corr>without</corr></choice> a husba<c

rend="inverted">n</c>d.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch. 1.</speaker>
 <p>We charge you in the Princes name stand.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch. 2.</speaker>
 <p>Call vp the right master Constable,
 <choice><orig>vve</orig><corr>we</corr></choice> haue
 <lb/>here recouered the most dangerous peece of lechery, that
 <lb/>euer
 <choice><orig>vvas</orig><corr>was</corr></choice> knowne in the
 Common‑wealth.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch. 1.</speaker>
 <p>And one Deformed is one of them, I know
 <lb/>him, a
 <choice><orig>vveares</orig><corr>weares</corr></choice> a locke.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Conr.</speaker>
 <p>Masters, masters.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch. 2.</speaker>
 <p>Youle be made bring deformed forth I war­
 <lb/>rant you,</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Conr.</speaker>
 <p>Masters, neuer speake,
 <choice><orig>vve</orig><corr>we</corr></choice> charge you, let vs o­
 <lb/>bey you to goe
 <choice><orig>vwith</orig><corr>with</corr></choice> vs.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, be­
 <lb/>ing taken vp of these mens bills.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Conr.</speaker>
 <p>A commoditie in question I warrant you, come
 <lb/><choice><orig>vveele</orig><corr>weele</corr></choice> obey you.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>

```

<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hero, and
Margaret, and Vrsula.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ado-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
    <p>Good <hi rend="italic">Vrsula</hi> wake my cosin <hi
rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, and de&#x00AD;
    <lb/>sire her to rise.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-urs">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vrsu.</speaker>
    <p>I will Lady.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
    <p>And bid her come hither.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-urs">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vrs.</speaker>
    <p>Well.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <p>Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>
    <p>No pray thee good <hi rend="italic">Meg</hi>, Ile
<choice><orig>vveare</orig><corr>weare</corr></choice> this.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
    <p>By my troth's not so good, and I
<choice><orig>vvarrant</orig><corr>warrant</corr></choice> your
    <lb/>cosin
<choice><orig>vvill</orig><corr>will</corr></choice> say so.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>
    <p>My cosin's a foole, and thou art another, ile

<lb/><choice><orig>vveare</orig><corr>weare</corr></choice> none but this.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <p>I like the new tire
<choice><orig>vvithin</orig><corr>within</corr></choice> excellently, if the
    <lb/>haire
<choice><orig>vvere</orig><corr>were</corr></choice> a thought browner: and

```

your gown's a most

Millaines rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of *Millaines* gowne that they praise so.

Bero. O that exceeds they say. An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Mar. By my troth's but a night; gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with siluer, set with pearles, downe sleeues, side sleeues, and skirts, round derborn with a blewish tinsel, but for a fine queint full and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Bero. God  Much adoe about Nothing.

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

Marga. Twill be heauier soone, by the waight of a man.

Hero. Fie vpon thee, art not asham'd? An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Marg. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue me say, sauing your reuerence a husband: and bad king doe not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife,

otherwise 'tis light and not heauy, aske my Lady *Hero*
Beatrice
 else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero
 Good morrow Coze.

Beatrice
 Good morrow sweet *Hero*.

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

Beatrice
 I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

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

Beatrice
 Ye Light aloue with your heeles, then if your
 husband haue stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke
 no barnes.

Marcellina
 O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with
 my heeles.

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

Marcellina
 For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

Beatrice
 For the letter that begins them all, H.

<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no
<lb/>more sayling by the starre.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
<p>What means the foole trow?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>Nothing I, but God send euery one their harts
<lb/>desire.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-her">
<speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
<p>These gloues the Count sent mee, they are an
<lb/>excellent perfume.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
<p>I am stufte cosin, I cannot smell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>A maid and stufte! there's goodly catching of
<lb/>colde.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
<p>O God helpe me, God help me, how long haue
<lb/>you profest apprehension<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become
<lb/>me rarely?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
<p>It is not seene enough, you should weare it in
<lb/>your cap, by my troth I am sicke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>Get you some of this distill'd <hi rend="italic">carduus
benedictus</hi>
<lb/>and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a
qualm.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <p>There thou prickst her with a thissell.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p><hi rend="italic">Benedictus</hi>, why <hi
 rend="italic">benedictus?</hi> you haue some mo­
 <lb/>rall in this <hi rend="italic">benedictus</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <p>Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall mea­
 <lb/>ning, I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke
 per­
 <lb/>chance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not
 <lb/>such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke
 <lb/>what I can, nor indeed, I cannot thinke, if I would thinke
 <lb/>my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you
 <lb/>will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>
 <lb/>was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore
 <lb/>hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despite of his
 <lb/>heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you
 <lb/>may be conuerted I know not, but me thinkes you looke
 <lb/>with your eies as other women doe.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <p>Not a false gallop.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Vrsula.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-urs">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vrsula.</speaker>
 <p>Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, sig­
 <lb/>nior <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>, Don <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, and all the gallants of the
 <lb/>towne are come to fetch you to Church.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <p>Helpe me to dresse mee good coze, good <hi
 rend="italic">Meg</hi>,
 <lb/>good <hi rend="italic">Vrsula</hi>.</p>
 </sp>

</div>
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 5]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Leonato, and
 the Constable, and the Headborough.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
 <p>What would you with mee, honest neigh­
 <lb/>bour?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const. Dog.</speaker>
 <p>Mary sir I would haue some confidence
 <lb/>with you, that decernes you nearly.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time
 <lb/>with me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const. Dog.</speaker>
 <p>Mary this it is sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Headb.</speaker>
 <p>Yes in truth it is sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>What is it my good friends?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con. Do.</speaker>
 <p>Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the
 <lb/>matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as
 <lb/>God helpe I would desire they were, but infaith honest
 <lb/>as the skin betweene his browes.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Head.</speaker>
 <p>Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man li­
 <lb/>uing, that is an old man, and no honester then I.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con. Dog.</speaker>
 <p>Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neigh­
 <lb/>bour Verges.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Neighbours, you are tedious.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con. Dog.</speaker>
 <p>It pleases your worship to say so, but we are
 <lb/>the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part,
 <lb/>if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to
 <lb/>bestow it all of your worship.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const. Dog.</speaker>
 <p>Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more
 <lb/>than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your
 <lb/>ship as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a
 <lb/>poore man, I am glad to heare it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Head.</speaker>
 <p>And so am I.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>I would faine know what you haue to say.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Head.</speaker>
 <p>Marry sir our watch to night, except<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#ES"/>ng your
 <lb/>worships presence, haue tane a couple of as arrant
 <lb/>knaues as any in Messina.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con. Dog.</speaker>
 <p>A good old man sir, hee will be talking as
 <lb/>they say, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe vs,
 <lb/>it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour <hi
 rend="italic">Verges</hi>,
 <lb/>well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse,
 <lb/>one must ride behinde, an honest soule yfaith sir, by my
 <lb/>troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee
 wor­
 <lb/>shipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con. Do.</speaker>
 <p>Gifts that God giues.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>I must leaue you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con. Dog.</speaker>
 <p>One word sir, our watch sir haue indeed
 <lb/>comprehended two aspitious persons, & we would
 haue
 <lb/>them this morning examined before your worship.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Take their examination your selfe, and bring it
 <lb/>me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare vnto
 you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <p>It shall be suffigance.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well.
 <lb rend="turnover"/><c rend="turnover">(</c><stage
 rend="inline italic" type="exit">Exit.</stage></p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Messenger.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord, they stay for you to giue your
 <lb/>daughter to her husband.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Ile wait vpon them, I am ready.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dogb.</speaker>
 <p>Goe good partner, goe get you to <hi rend="italic">Francis
 Sea‑
 Gaole:
 <lb/>coale</hi>, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the
 <lb/>we are now to examine those men.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Verges.</speaker>
 <p>And we must doe it wisely.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dogb.</speaker>
 <p>Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you:
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">K3</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">heeres</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0134-0.jpg" n="114"/>
 <fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <lb/>heere's that shall driue some to a non‑come,
 on­
 <lb/>ly get the learned writer to set downe our
 excommuni­
 <lb/>cation, and meet me at the Iaile.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="4">
 <div type="scene" n="1">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic left" type="entrance">Enter Prince, Bastard,
 Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke,
 <lb/>Hero, and Beatrice.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
 <p>Come Frier <hi rend="italic">Francis</hi>, be briefe, onely
 to the
 <lb/>plaine forme of marriage, and you shal recount their
 par­
 <lb/>ticular duties afterwards.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <p>You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>No.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <p>To be married to her: Frier, you come to mar­
 <lb/>rie her.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Frier.</speaker>
 <p>Lady, you come hither to be married to this
 <lb/>Count.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <p>I doe.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Frier.</speaker>
 <p>If either of you know any inward impediment
 <lb/>why you should not be conioyned, I charge you on your
 <lb/>soules to vtter it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <p>Know you anie, <hi rend="italic">Hero?</hi></p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <p>None my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Frier.</speaker>
 <p>Know you anie, Count?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>I dare make his answer, None.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>O what men dare do<c rend="italic">!</c> what men may
 <lb/>men daily do!</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>How now! interiections? why then, some be
 <lb/>of laughing, as ha, ha, he.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leaue,</l>
 <l>Will you with free and vnconstrained soule</l>
 <l>Giue me this maid your daughter?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>

do! what

<l>As freely sonne as God did giue her me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <l>And what haue I to giue you back, whose worth</l>
 <l>May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulnes:</l>
 <l>There <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi>, take her backe
 againe,</l>
 <l>Giue not this rotten Orenge to your friend,</l>
 <l>Shee's but the signe and semblance of her honour:</l>
 <l>Behold how like a maid she blushes heere!</l>
 <l>O what authoritie and shew of truth</l>
 <l>Can cunning sinne couer it selfe withall!</l>
 <l>Comes not that bloud, as modest euidence,</l>
 <l>To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not sweare</l>
 <l>All you that see her, that she were a maide,</l>
 <l>By these exterior shewes? But she is none:</l>
 <l>She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:</l>
 <l>Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
 <l>What doe you meane, my Lord?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>Not to be married,</l>
 <l>Not to knit my soule to an approued wanton.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>Deere my Lord, if you in your owne <gap extent="1"
 unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="inkBlot" resp="#ES"/>roffe,</l>
 <l>Haue vanquisht the resistance of her youth,</l>
 <l>And made defeat of her virginitie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>I know what you would say: if I haue knowne
 <lb rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>her,</l>
 <l>You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,</l>
 <l>And so extenuate the forehand sinne: No <hi

Leonato,
 I neuer tempted her with word too large,
 But as a brother to his sister, shewed
 Bashfull sinceritie and comely loue.

Hero.
 And seem'd I euer otherwise to you?

Clau.
 Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
 You seeme to me as *Diane* in her
 Orbe,
 As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne,
 But you are more intemperate in your blood,
 Than *Venus*, or those pampered
 animalls,
 That rage in sauage sensualitie.

Hero.
 Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?

Leon.
 Sweete Prince, why speake not you?

Prin.
 What should I speake?
 I stand dishonour'd that haue gone about,
 To linke my deare friend to a common stale.

Leon.
 Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

Bast.
 Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene.
 This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hero.
 True, O God!

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi>, stand I here?</l>
 <l>Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?</l>
 <l>Is this face <hi rend="italic">Heroes</hi>? are our eies our
owne?</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>All this is so, but what of this my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>Let me but moue one question to your daugh­
 <b rend="turnunder"/><pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>ter,</l>
 <l>And by that fatherly and kindly power,</l>
 <l>That you haue in her, bid her answer truly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <l>I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>O God defend me how am I beset,</l>
 <l>What kinde of catechizing call you this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>To make you answer truly to your name.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>Is it not <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>? who can blot that
name</l>

<l>With any iust reproach?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <l>Marry that can <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>,</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Hero</hi> it selfe can blot out <hi
rend="italic">Heroes</hi> vertue.</l>
 <l>What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,</l>
 <l>Out at your window betwixt twelue and one?</l>
 <l>Now if you are a maid, answer to this.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <l>Why then you are no maiden. <hi
rend="italic">Leonato</hi>,</l>
 <l>I am sorry you must heare: vpon mine honor,</l>
 <l>My selfe, my brother, and this griued Count</l>
 <l>Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,</l>
 <l>Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,</l>
 <l>Who hath indeed most like a liberall villaine,</l>
 <l>Confest the vile encounters they haue had</l>
 <l>A thousand times in secret.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,</l>
 <l>Not to be spoken of,</l>
 <l>There is not chastitie enough in language,</l>
 <l>Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty Lady</l>
 <l>I am sorry for thy much misgouernment.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <l>O <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>! what a <hi
rend="italic">Hero</hi> hadst thou beene</l>
 <l>If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed</l>
 <l>About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?</l>
 <l>But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell</l>
 <l>Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,</l>
 <l>For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,</l>
 <l>And on my eie‑lids shall Coniecture hang,</l>
 <l>To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,</l>
 <l>And neuer shall it more be gracious.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <l>Why how now cosin, wherfore sink you down?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Come, let vs go: these things come thus to light,</l>
 <l>Smother her spirits vp.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <l>How doth the Lady?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <l>Dead I thinke, helpe vncle,</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>, why <hi
 rend="italic">Hero</hi>, Vncle, Signor <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>, Frier.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
 <l>O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,</l>
 <l>Death is the fairest couer for her shame</l>
 <l>That may be wisht for.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
 rend="italic">Beat.</hi> How</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0135-0.jpg" n="115"/>
 <fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beatr.</speaker>
 <l>How now cosin <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Haue comfort Ladie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>Dost thou looke vp?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Frier.</speaker>
 <l>Yea, wherefore should she not?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>Wherfore? Why doth not euey earthly thing</l>
 <l>Cry shame vpon her? Could she heere denie</l>
 <l>The storie that is printed in her blood?</l>
 <l>Do not liue <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>, do not ope thine
 eyes:</l>
 <l>For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,</l>
 <l>Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,</l>
 <l>My selfe would on the reward of reproaches</l>
 <l>Strike at thy life. Grieu'd I, I had but one?</l>
 <l>Chid I, for that at frugal Natures frame?</l>
 <l>O one too much by thee: why had I one

 rend="italic">?</c></l>
 <l>Why euer was't thou louelie in my eies?</l>
 <l>Why had I not with charitable hand</l>

<l>Tooke vp a beggars issue at my gates,</l>
<l>Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamie,</l>
<l>I might haue said, no part of it is mine:</l>
<l>This shame deriues it selfe from vnknowne loines,</l>
<l>But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,</l>
<l>And mine that I was proud on mine so much,</l>
<l>That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:</l>
<l>Valewing of her, why she, O she is falne</l>
<l>Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea</l>
<l>Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,</l>
<l>And salt too little, which may season giue</l>
<l>To her foule tainted flesh.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<p>Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired
<lb/>in wonder, I know not what to say.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">

<speaker rend="italic">Bea.</speaker>

<l>O on my soule my cosin is belied.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<l>Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">

<speaker rend="italic">Bea.</speaker>

<l>No, truly: not although vntill last night,</l>

<l>I haue this tweluemonth bin her bedfellow.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>

<l>Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made</l>

<l>Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.</l>

<l>Would the Princes lie, and <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>

lie,</l>

<l>Who lou'd her so, that speaking of her foulnesse,</l>

<l>Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-fra">

<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>

<p>Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene silent so

<lb/>long, and giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by

no­

<lb/>ting of the Ladie, I haue markt.</p>

<l>A thousand blushing apparitions,</l>

<l>To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,</l>

<l>In Angel whitenesse beare away those blushes,</l>

<l>And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire</l>

<l>To burne the errors that these Princes hold</l>
 <l>Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,</l>
 <l>Trust not my reading, nor my obseruations,</l>
 <l>Which with experimental seàle doth warrant</l>
 <l>The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,</l>
 <l>My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,</l>
 <l>If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltlesse heere,</l>
 <l>Vnder some biting error.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <l>Friar, it cannot be:</l>
 <l>Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,</l>
 <l>Is, that she wil not adde to her damnation,</l>
 <l>A sinne of periury, she not denies it:</l>
 <l>Why seek'st thou then to couer with excuse,</l>
 <l>That which appears in proper nakednesse<
 rend="italic">?</c></l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>They know that do accuse me, I know none:</l>
 <l>If I know more of any man alieu</l>
 <l>Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,</l>
 <l>Let all my sinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,</l>
 <l>Proue you that any man with me conuerst,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>At houres vnmeete, or that I yesternight</l>
 <l>Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,</l>
 <l>Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>
 <l>There is some strange misprision in the Princes.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Two of them haue the verie bent of honor,</l>
 <l>And if their wisdomes be misled in this:</l>
 <l>The practise of it liues in <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> the

bastard,</l>
 <l>Whose spirits toile in frame of villanies.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <l>I know not: if they speake but truth of her,</l>

<|>These hands shall teare her: If they wrong her honour,</|>
<|>The proudest of them shall wel heare of it.</|>
<|>Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,</|>
<|>Nor age so eate vp my inuention,</|>
<|>Nor Fortune made such hauocke of my meanes,</|>
<|>Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,</|>
<|>But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,</|>
<|>Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,</|>
<|>Ability in meanes, and choise of friends,</|>
<|>To quit me of them thoroughly.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-fra">

<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>

<|>Pause awhile:</|>

<|>And let my counsell sway you in this case,</|>
<|>Your daughter heere the Princesse (left for dead)</|>
<|>Let her awhile be secretly kept in,</|>
<|>And publish it, that she is dead indeed:</|>
<|>Maintaine a mourning ostentation,</|>
<|>And on your Families old monument,</|>
<|>Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,</|>
<|>That appertaine vnto a buriall.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>

<|>What shall become of this? What wil this do<c

rend="italic">?</c></|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-fra">

<speaker rend="italic">Fri.</speaker>

<|>Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe,</|>
<|>Change slander to remorse, that is some good,</|>
<|>But not for that dreame I on this strange course,</|>
<|>But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:</|>
<|>She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,</|>
<|>Vpon the instant that she was accus'd,</|>
<|>Shal be lamented, pittied, and excus'd</|>
<|>Of euery hearer: for it so fals out,</|>
<|>That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,</|>
<|>Whiles we enioy it; but being lack'd and lost,</|>
<|>Why then we racke the value, then we finde</|>
<|>The vertue that possession would not shew vs</|>
<|>Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with <hi

rend="italic">Claudio</hi>:</|>

<|>When he shal heare she dyed vpon his words,</|>
<|>Th'Idia of her life shal sweetly creepe</|>
<|>Into his study of imagination.</|>
<|>And euery louely Organ of her life,</|>
<|>Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:</|>
<|>More mouing delicate, and ful of life,</|>

<|>Into the eye and prospect of his soule</|>
<|>Then when she liu'd indeed: then shal he mourne,</|>
<|>If euer Loue had interest in his Liuer,</|>
<|>And wish he had not so accused her:</|>
<|>No, though he thought his accusation true:</|>
<|>Let this be so, and doubt not but successe</|>
<|>Wil fashion the euent in better shape,</|>
<|>Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.</|>
<|>But if all ayme but this be leuelld false,</|>
<|>The supposition of the Ladies death,</|>
<|>Will quench the wonder of her infamie.</|>
<|>And if it sort not well, you may conceale her</|>
<|>As best befits her wounded reputation,</|>
<|>In some reclusiue and religious life,</|>
<|>Out of all eyes, tongues, mindes and iniuries.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<|>Signior <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi>, let the Frier advise

you,</|>

<|>And though you know my inwardnesse and loue</|>

<|>Is very much vnto the Prince and <hi

rend="italic">Claudio</hi>.</|>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Yet</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0136-0.jpg" n="116"/>

<fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<|>Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,</|>

<|>As secretly and iustlie, as your soule</|>

<|>Should with your bodie.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>

<|>Being that I flow in greefe,</|>

<|>The smallest twine may lead me.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-fra">

<speaker rend="italic">Frier.</speaker>

<|>'Tis well consented, presently away,</|>

<|>For to strange sores, strangely they straine the cure,</|>

<|>Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day</|>

<|>Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>Lady <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, haue you wept all this

while?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">

Beat.

Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene.

I will not desire that.

Beat.

You haue no reason, I doe it freely.

Bene.

Surelie I do beleeeue your fair cosin is wrong'd.

Beat.

Ah, how much might the man deserue of mee
that would right her!

Bene.

Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat.

A verie euen way, but no such friend.

Bene.

May a man doe it?

Beat.

It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene.

I doe loue nothing in the world so well as you,
is not that strange?

Beat.

As strange as the thing I know not, it were as
possible for me to say, I loued nothing so well as you, but
beleeeue me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor
I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene.

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Ha, not for the wide world.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>You kill me to denie, farewell.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Tarrie sweet <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue
 <lb/>in you, nay I pray you let me goe.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p><hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Infaiht I will goe.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Wee'll be friends first.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight
 <lb/>with mine enemy.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Is <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi> thine enemies?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Is a not approued in the height a villaine, that
 <lb/>hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?
 <lb/>that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they
 <lb/>come to take hands, and then with publike accusation
 <lb/>vncovered slander, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I
 <lb/>were a man! I would eat his heart in the
 marketȑplace.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Heare me <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Talke with a man out at a window, a proper
 <lb/>saying.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Nay but <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Sweet <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>, she is wrong'd, shee is
 slandered,
 <lb/>she is vndone.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Beat?</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Princes and Counties! surelie a Princely testi
 <lb/>monie, a goodly Count, Comfect, a sweet Gallant
 sure
 <lb/>lie, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any
 <lb/>friend would be a man for my sake<c rend="italic">!</c>
 But manhood is mel
 <lb/>ted into cursies, valour into complement, and men are
 <lb/>onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now
 <lb/>as valiant as <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>, that only
 tells a lie, and swears it:
 <lb/>I cannot be a man with wishing, therfore I will die a
 wo
 <lb/>man with grieuing.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Tarry good <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, by this hand I
 loue thee.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Vse it for my loue some other way then swea
 <lb/>ring by it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bened.</speaker>
 <p>Thinke you in your soule the Count <hi
 rend="italic">Claudio</hi>
 <lb/>hath wrong'd <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Yea, as sure as I haue a thought, or a soule.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I
 <lb/>will kisse your hand, and so leaue you: by this hand <hi
 rend="italic">Clau­
 <lb/>dio</hi> shall render me a deere account: as you heare of
 me,
 <lb/>so thinke of me: goe comfort your coosin, I must say she
 <lb/>is dead, and so farewell.</p>
 </sp>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Constables,
 Borachio, and the Towne Clerke
 <lb/>in gownes.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-kee">
 <speaker rend="italic">Keeper.</speaker>
 <p>Is our whole dissembly appeard?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cow">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cowley.</speaker>
 <p>O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-sex">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sexton.</speaker>
 <p>Which be the malefactors?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Andrew.</speaker>
 <p>Marry that am I, and my partner.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cow">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cowley.</speaker>
 <p>Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition
 <lb/>to examine.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-sex">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sexton.</speaker>
 <p>But which are the offenders that are to be ex­
 <lb/>amined, let them come before master Constable.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-kem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kemp.</speaker>
 <p>Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is
 <lb/>your name, friend?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p><hi rend="italic">Borachio</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-kem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kem.</speaker>
 <p>Pray write downe <hi rend="italic">Borachio</hi>. Yours
 sirra.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <p>I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is <hi
 rend="italic">Conrade</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-kee">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kee.</speaker>
 <p>Write downe Master gentleman <hi
 rend="italic">Conrade</hi>: mai­
 <lb/>sters, doe you serue God: maisters, it is proued already
 <lb/>that you are little better than false knaues, and it will goe
 <lb/>neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your
 <lb/>selues?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <p>Marry sir, we say we are none.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-kem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kemp.</speaker>
 <p>A maruellous witty fellow I assure you, but I
 <lb/>will goe about with him: come you hither sirra, a word
 <lb/>in your eare sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false
 <lb/>knaues.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>Sir, I say to you, we are none.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-kem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kemp.</speaker>
 <p>Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in
 <lb/>a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-sex">

<speaker rend="italic">Sext.</speaker>
<p>Master Constable, you goe not the way to ex­
ac­
<lb/>amine, you must call forth the watch that are their
<lb/>cusers.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-kem">
<speaker rend="italic">Kemp.</speaker>
<p>Yea marry, that's the efest way, let the watch
<lb/>come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name,
<lb/>accuse these men.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-wat">
<speaker rend="italic">Watch 1.</speaker>
<p>This man said sir, that <hi rend="italic">Don Iohn</hi> the
Princes
<lb/>brother was a villaine.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-kem">
<speaker rend="italic">Kemp.</speaker>
<p>Write down, Prince <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> a villaine:
why this
<lb/>is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bor">
<speaker rend="italic">Bora.</speaker>
<p>Master Constable.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-kem">
<speaker rend="italic">Kemp.</speaker>
<p>Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke
<lb/>I promise thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-sex">
<speaker rend="italic">Sexton.</speaker>
<p>What heard you him say else?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-wat">
<speaker rend="italic">Watch 2.</speaker>
<p>Mary that he had receiued a thousand Du­
the Lady <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi> wrong­
<lb/>kates of <hi rend="italic">Don Iohn</hi>, for accusing
<lb/>fully.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Kem.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0137-0.jpg" n="117"/>
<fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ado-kem">
<speaker rend="italic">Kemp.</speaker>

<p>Flat Burglarie as euer was committed.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <p>Yea by th'masse that it is.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-sex">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sexton.</speaker>
 <p>What else fellow?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch 1.</speaker>
 <p>And that Count <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi> did meane
 vpon his
 <lb/>words, to disgrace <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi> before the
 whole assembly, and
 <lb/>not marry her.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-kem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kemp.</speaker>
 <p>O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euer­
 <lb/>lasting redemption for this.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-sex">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sexton.</speaker>
 <p>What else<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch.</speaker>
 <p>This is all.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-sex">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sexton.</speaker>
 <p>And this is more masters then you can deny,
 <lb/>Prince <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> is this morning
 secretly stolne away: <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>
 <lb/>was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd,
 <lb/>and vpon the grieffe of this sodainely died: Master
 Con­
 <lb/>stable, let these men be bound, and brought to <hi
 rend="italic">Leonato</hi>,
 <lb/>I will goe before, and shew him their examination.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <p>Come, let them be opinion'd.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-sex">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sex.</speaker>
 <p>Let them be in the hands of <hi

Coxcombe.
 Kem.
 Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write
 downe the Princes Officer
Coxcombe: come, binde them
 thou naughty varlet.
 Couley.
 Away, you are an asse, you are an asse.
 Kemp.
 Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not
 suspect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee
 downe an asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse:
 though it be not written down, yet forget not y^c
^t I am an
 asse: No thou villaine, y^u art
 full of piety as shall be prou'd
 vpon thee by good witsnesse, I am a wise fellow, and
 which is more, an officer, and which is more, a
 houshoul^d;
 der, and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as any in
 Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, [&] a
 rich
 fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had losses,
 and one that hath two gownes, and euery thing
 hand^d;
 some about him: bring him away: O that I had been writ
 downe an asse[!]
 Exit.
 Actus Quintus.
 [Act 5, Scene 1]
 Enter Leonato and his
 brother.
 Brother.
 If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe,
 And 'tis not wisdome thus to second grieffe,
 Against your selfe.

Leon.
<|>I pray thee cease thy counsaile,</|>
<|>Which falls into mine eares as profitlesse,</|>
<|>As water in a siue: giue not me counsaile,</|>
<|>Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,</|>
<|>But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine.</|>
<|>Bring me a father that so lou'd his childe,</|>
<|>Whose ioy of her is ouerwhelmed like mine,</|>
<|>And bid him speake of patience,</|>
<|>Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,</|>
<|>And let it answeere euery straine for straine,</|>
<|>As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such,</|>
<|>In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme:</|>
<|>If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,</|>
<|>And sorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone,</|>
<|>Patch griefe with prouerbs, make misfortune drunke,</|>
<|>With candlewasters: bring him yet to me,</|>
<|>And I of him will gather patience:</|>
<|>But there is no such man, for brother, men</|>
<|>Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that griefe,</|>
<|>Which they themselues not feele, but tasting it,</|>
<|>Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before,</|>
<cb n="2"/>
<|>Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,</|>
<|>Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred,</|>
<|>Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,</|>
<|>No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience</|>
<|>To those that wring vnder the load of sorrow:</|>
<|>But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie</|>
<|>To be so morall, when he shall endure</|>
<|>The like himselfe: therefore giue me no counsaile,</|>
<|>My griefs cry lowder then aduertisement.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ant">
<|>*Broth.*</|>
<|>Therein do men from children nothing differ.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
<|>*Leonato.*</|>
<|>I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and bloud,</|>
<|>For there was neuer yet Philosopher,</|>
<|>That could endure the toothake patiently,</|>
<|>How euer they haue writ the stile of gods,</|>
<|>And made a push at chance and sufferance.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ant">
<|>*Brother.*</|>
<|>Yet bend not all the harme vpon your selfe,</|>
<|>Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.</|>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>There thou speak'st reason, nay I will doe so,</l>
 <l>My soule doth tell me, <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi> is
 belied,</l>
 <l>And that shall <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi> know, so shall
 the Prince,</l>
 <l>And all of them that thus dishonour her.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince and
 Claudio.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brot.</speaker>
 <l>Here comes the <hi rend="italic">Prince</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Claudio</hi> hastily.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Good den, good den.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>Good day to both of you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>Heare you my Lords?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>We haue some haste <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <l>Some haste my Lord! wel, fareyouwel my Lord,</l>
 <l>Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, do not quarrel with vs, good old man.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brot.</speaker>
 <l>If he could rite himselfe with quarrelling,</l>
 <l>Some of vs would lie low.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <l>Who wrongs him?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>Marry y<c rend="superscript">u</c> dost wrong me, thou
 dissembler, thou:</l>
 <l>Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy sword,</l>
 <l>I feare thee not.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <l>Marry beshrew my hand,</l>
 <l>If it should giue your age such cause of feare,</l>
 <l>Infaiith my hand meant nothing to my sword.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
 <l>Tush, tush, man, neuer fleere and iest at me,</l>
 <l>I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole,</l>
 <l>As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,</l>
 <l>What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,</l>
 <l>Were I not old, know <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi> to thy
 head,</l>
 <l>Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent childe and me,</l>
 <l>That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,</l>
 <l>And with grey haire and bruise of many daies,</l>
 <l>Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,</l>
 <l>I say thou hast belied mine innocent childe.</l>
 <l>Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,</l>
 <l>And she lies buried with her ancestors:</l>
 <l>O in a tombe where neuer scandall slept,</l>
 <l>Saue this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <l>My villany?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
 <l>Thine <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, thine I say.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>You say not right old man.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, my Lord,</l>
 <l>Ile proue it on his body if he dare,</l>
 <l>Despight his nice fence, and his actiue practise,</l>
 <l>His Maie of youth, and bloome of lustihood.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <l>Away, I will not haue to do with you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <l>Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kild my child,</l>
 <l>If thou kilst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bro.</speaker>
 <l>He shall kill two of vs, and men indeed,</l>
 <l>But that's no matter, let him kill one first:</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Win</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0138-0.jpg" n="118"/>
 <fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Win me and weare me, let him answere me,</l>
 <l>Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me</l>
 <l>Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence,</l>
 <l>Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>Brother.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brot.</speaker>
 <l>Content your self, God knows I lou'd my neece,</l>
 <l>And she is dead, slander'd to death by villaines,</l>
 <l>That dare as well answer a man indeede,</l>
 <l>As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.</l>
 <l>Boyes,apes, braggarts, Iackes, milkeȑsops.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>Brother <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brot.</speaker>
 <l>Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea</l>
 <l>And what they weigh, euen to the vtmost scruple,</l>
 <l>Scambling, outȑfacing, fashionȑmonging
 boyes,</l>
 <l>That lye, and cog, and flout, depraue, and slander,</l>
 <l>Goe antiquely, and show outward hidiousnesse,</l>
 <l>And speake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,</l>
 <l>How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.</l>
 <l>And this is all.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>But brother <hi rend="italic">Anthonie</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <l>Come, 'tis no matter,</l>
 <l>Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pri.</speaker>
 <l>Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience</l>
 <l>My heart is sorry for your daughters death:</l>
 <l>But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing</l>
 <l>But what was true, and very full of prooffe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>I will not heare you.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Benedicke.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <l>No come brother, away, I will be heard.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
 ambo.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bro.</speaker>
 <l>And shall, or some of vs will smart for it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>Now signior, what newes?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>Good day my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<p>Welcome signior, you are almost come to part
 <lb/>almost a fray.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>Wee had likt to haue had our two noses snapt
 <lb/>off with two old men without teeth.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p><hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi> and his brother, what think'st
 thou? had
 <lb/>wee fought, I doubt we should haue beene too yong for
 <lb/>them.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came
 <lb/>to seeke you both.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>We haue beene vp and downe to seeke thee, for
 <lb/>we are high prooffe melancholly, and would faine haue it
 <lb/>beaten away, wilt thou vse thy wit?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Doest thou weare thy wit by thy side?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>Neuer any did so, though verie many haue been
 <lb/>beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the
 min­
 <lb/>strels, draw to pleasure vs.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art
 <lb/>thou sicke, or angrie?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>What, courage man: what though care kil'd a
 <lb/>cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.</p>
 </sp>

sub­

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
<p>Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and
<lb/>you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another
<lb/>iect.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
<p>Nay then giue him another staffe, this last was
<lb/>broke crosse.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke
<lb/>he be angrie indeede.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
<p>If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
<p>Shall I speake a word in your eare?</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
<p>God blesse me from a challenge.</p>

</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
<p>You are a villaine, I iest not, I will make it good
<lb/>how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:
<lb/>do me right, or I will protest your cowardise: you haue
<lb/>kill'd a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall heauie on
<lb/>you, let me heare from you.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
<p>Well, I will meete you, so I may haue good
<lb/>cheare.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<p>What, a feast, a feast?</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>

cu­
 wood­
 wit the o­
 particular ver­
 head?</p>

<p>I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues
 <lb/>head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue most
 <lb/>riously, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a
 <lb/>cocke too?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Ile tell thee how <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> prais'd thy
 <lb/>ther day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: true saies she, a fine
 <lb/>little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies shee, a great
 <lb/>grosse one: nay said I, a good wit: iust said she, it hurts
 <lb/>no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certaine said
 <lb/>she, a wise gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues:
 <lb/>that I beleue said shee, for hee swore a thing to me on
 <lb/>munday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning:
 <lb/>there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did
 <lb/>shee an howre together transȑshape thy
 <lb/>tues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the
 <lb/>proprest man in Italie.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <p>For the which she wept heartily, and said shee
 <lb/>car'd not.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if shee
 <lb/>did not hate him deadlie, shee would loue him dearely,
 <lb/>the old mans daughter told vs all.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>All, all, and moreouer, God saw him
 <choice><orig>vwhen</orig><corr>when</corr></choice> he
 <lb/>was hid in the garden.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>But when shall we set the sauage Bulls hornes
 <lb/>on the sensible <hi rend="italic">Benedicks</hi>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>Yea and text vnder<hi rend="italic">Bene</hi>;neath, heere dwells <hi
 rend="italic">Bene</hi>;
 <lb/>dicke</hi> the married man.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will
 <lb/>leauue you now to your gossep<hi rend="italic">like humor, you
 breake
 <lb/>iests as braggards do their blades, which God be
 thank<hi rend="italic">;
 <lb/>ed hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courtesies I thank
 <lb/>you, I must discontinue your companie, your brother
 <lb/>the Bastard is fled from <hi rend="italic">Messina</hi>:
 you haue among you,
 <lb/>kill'd a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord
 Lacke<hi rend="italic">;
 <lb/>beard there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be
 <lb/>with him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>He is in earnest.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>In most profound earnest, and Ile warrant you,
 <lb/>for the loue of Beatrice.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>And hath challeng'd thee.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>Most sincerely.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his
 <lb/>doublet and hose, and leauues off his wit.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Constable,
 Conrade, and Borachio.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape

<lb/>a Doctor to such a man.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>But soft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and
 <lb/>be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <p>Come you sir, if iustice cannot tame you, shee
 <lb/>shall nere weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and
 <lb/>you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be lookt
 to.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>How now, two of my brothers men bound? <hi
 rend="italic">Bo­
 <lb/>rachio</hi> one.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>Ha<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible"
 agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#ES"/>ken after their offence my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Officers, what offence haue these men done?</p>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
 rend="italic">Con.</hi> Marrie</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0139-0.jpg" n="119"/>
 <fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <p>Marrie sir, they haue committed false report,
 <lb/>moreouer they haue spoken vntruths, secondarily they
 <lb/>are slanders, sixt and lastly, they haue belyed a Ladie,
 <lb/>thirdly, they haue verified vniust things, and to conclude
 <lb/>they are lying knaues.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>First I aske thee what they haue done, thirdlie
 <lb/>I aske thee
 <choice><orig>vwhat's</orig><corr>what's</corr></choice> their offence, sixt and
 lastlie why they
 <lb/>are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their
 <lb/>charge.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>Rightlie reasoned, and in his owne diuision, and
 <lb/>by my troth there's one meaning
 <choice><orig>vvell</orig><corr>well</corr></choice> suted.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>Who haue you offended masters, that you are
 <lb/>thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too
 <lb/>cunning to be vnderstood,
 <choice><orig>vvhat's</orig><corr>what's</corr></choice> your offence?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine an­
 <lb/>swere: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I
 <lb/>haue deceiued euen your verie eies:
 <choice><orig>vvhat</orig><corr>what</corr></choice> your wise­
 <lb/>domes could not discouer, these shallow fooles haue
 <lb/>brought to light,
 <choice><orig>vvho</orig><corr>who</corr></choice> in the night ouerheard me
 con­
 <lb/>fessing to this man, how <hi rend="italic">Don Iohn</hi>
 your brother incensed
 <lb/>me to slander the Ladie <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>, how
 you were brought
 <lb/>into the Orchard, and saw me court <hi
 rend="italic">Margaret</hi> in <hi rend="italic">Heroes</hi>
 <lb/>garments, how you disgrace'd her
 <choice><orig>vvhen</orig><corr>when</corr></choice> you should
 <lb/>marrie her: my villanie they haue vpon record,
 <choice><orig>vvhich</orig><corr>which</corr></choice>
 <lb/>I had rather seale with my death, then repeate ouer to
 <lb/>my shame: the Ladie is dead vpon mine and my masters
 <lb/>>false accusation: and briefelie, I desire nothing but the
 <lb/>reward of a villaine.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Runs not this speech like yron through your
 <lb/>bloud?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>I haue drunke poison whiles he vtter'd it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>

<l>But did my Brother set thee on to this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <l>Yea, and paid me richly for the practise of it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie,</l>
 <l>And fled he is vpon this villanie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>, now thy image doth
 appeare</l>
 <l>In the rare semblance that I lou'd it first.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <p>Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time
 <lb/>our <hi rend="italic">Sexton</hi> hath reformed <hi
 rend="italic">Signior Leonato</hi> of the matter:
 <lb/>and masters, do not forget to specifie when time & place
 <lb/>shall serue, that I am an Asse.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ver">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con. 2.</speaker>
 <p>Here, here comes master <hi rend="italic">Signior
 Leonato</hi>, and
 <lb/>the <hi rend="italic">Sexton</hi> too.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Leonato.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>Which is the villaine? let me see his eies,</l>
 <l>That when I note another man like him,</l>
 <l>I may auoide him:
 <choice><orig>vvhich</orig><corr>which</corr></choice> of these is he?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <l>If you
 <choice><orig>vvould</orig><corr>would</corr></choice> know your wronger,
 looke on me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Art thou the slaue that with thy breath
 <lb/>hast kild mine innocent childe<c rend="italic">?</c></p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <p>Yea, euen I alone.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <l>No, not so villaine, thou beliest thy selfe,</l>
 <l>Here stand a paire of honourable men,</l>
 <l>A third is fled that had a hand in it:</l>
 <l>I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,</l>
 <l>Record it with your high and worthie deedes,</l>
 <l>'Twas brauely done, if you bethinke you of it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>I know not how to pray your patience,</l>
 <l>Yet I must speake, choose your reuenge your selfe,</l>
 <l>Impose me to what penance your inuention</l>
 <l>Can lay vpon my sinne, yet sinn'd I not,</l>
 <l>But in mistaking.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>By my soule nor I,</l>
 <l>And yet to satisfie this good old man,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>I <gap/>ould bend vnder anie heaue
 <choice><orig>vvaight</orig><corr>waight</corr></choice>,</l>
 <l>That heele enioyne me to.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,</l>
 <l>That were impossible, but I praie you both,</l>
 <l>Possesse the people in <hi rend="italic">Messina</hi>
 here,</l>
 <l>How innocent she died, and if your loue</l>
 <l>Can labour aught in sad inuention,</l>
 <l>Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,</l>
 <l>And sing it to her bones, sing it to night:</l>
 <l>To morrow morning come you to my house,</l>
 <l>And since you could not be my sonne in law,</l>
 <l>Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,</l>
 <l>Almost the copie of my childe that's dead,</l>
 <l>And she alone is heire to both of vs,</l>
 <l>Giue her the right you should haue giu'n her cosin,</l>
 <l>And so dies my reuenge.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>O noble sir!</l>
 <l>Your ouerkindnesse doth wring teares from me,</l>
 <l>I do embrace your offer, and dispose</l>
 <l>For henceforth of poore <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>To morrow then I will expect your comming,</l>
 <l>To night I take my leaue, this naughtie man</l>
 <l>Shall face to face be brought to <hi
 rend="italic">Margaret</hi>,</l>
 <l>Who I beleeeue was packt in all this wrong,</l>
 <l>Hired to it by your brother.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
 <l>No, by my soule she was not,</l>
 <l>Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,</l>
 <l>But alwaies hath bin iust and vertuous,</l>
 <l>In anie thing that I do know by her.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <p>Moreouer sir, which indeede is not vnder white
 <lb/>and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee
 <lb/>asse, I beseech you let it be remembred in his
 punish­
 <lb/>ment, and also the
 <choice><orig>vvatch</orig><corr>watch</corr></choice> heard them talke of one
 Defor­
 <lb/>med, they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock
 hang­
 <lb/>ing by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which
 <lb/>he hath vs'd so long, and neuer paied, that now men grow
 <lb/>hardÓharted and will lend nothing for Gods sake:
 praie
 <lb/>you examine him vpon that point.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <p>Your
 <choice><orig>vvorship</orig><corr>worship</corr></choice> speakes like a most
 thankfull
 <lb/>and reuerend youth, and I praise God for you.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>There's for thy paines.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <p>God saue the foundation.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I
 <lb/>thanke thee.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-dog">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <p>I leaue an arrant knaue
 <choice><orig>vvith</orig><corr>with</corr></choice> your
 <choice><orig>vvorship</orig><corr>worship</corr></choice>,
 <lb/>which I beseech your worship to correct your selfe, for
 <lb/>the example of others: God keepe your
 <choice><orig>vvorship</orig><corr>worship</corr></choice>, I
 <lb/>wish your worship
 <choice><orig>vvell</orig><corr>well</corr></choice>, God restore you to health,
 <lb/>I humblie giue you leaue to depart, and if a
 mer­
 <lb/>rie meeting may be wisht, God prohibite it: come
 <lb/>neighbour.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brot.</speaker>
 <p>Farewell my Lords,
 <choice><orig>vve</orig><corr>we</corr></choice> looke for you to
 mor­
 <lb/>row.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <p>We will not faile.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <p>To night ile mourne with <hi rend="italic">Hero:</hi>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Bring you these fellows on, weel talke
 <choice><orig>vvith</orig><corr>with</corr></choice>
 <lb/><hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>,How her acquaintance
 grew <choice><orig>vvith</orig><corr>with</corr></choice> this lewd
 <lb/>fellow.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Benedicke and
 Margaret.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>Praie thee sweete Mistris <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>,
 deserue
 <lb/><choice><orig>vvell</orig><corr>well</corr></choice>
 at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of <hi rend="italic">Bea­
 <lb/>trice</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Mar.</hi> Will</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0140-0.jpg" n="120"/>
 <fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <p>Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of
 <lb/>my beautie?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>In so high a stile <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>, that no
 man liuing
 <lb/>shall come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou
 deser­
 <lb/>uest it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <p>To haue no man come ouer me, why, shall I al­
 <lb/>waies keepe below staires?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Thy wit is as quicke as the grey‑hounds mouth,
 <lb/>it catches.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <p>And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which
 <lb/>hit, but hurt not.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>A most manly wit <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>, it will
 not hurt a
 <lb/>woman: and so I pray thee call <hi
 rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, I giue thee the
 <lb/>bucklers.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <p>Giue vs the swords, wee haue bucklers of our
 <lb/>owne.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>If you vse them <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>, you must
 put in the
 <lb/>piques with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for
 <lb/>Maides.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <p>Well, I will call <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> to you, who I
 thinke
 <lb/>hath legges.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
 Margarite.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <p>And therefore will come. The God of loue that
 <lb/>sits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how
 pitti­
 <lb/>full I deserue. I meane in singing, but in louing,
 Lean­
 <lb/>der the good swimmer, Troilus the first imploier of
 <lb/>pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam
 car­
 <lb/>pet‑mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in
 the e­
 <lb/>uen rode of a blanke verse, why they were neuer so
 true­
 <lb/>ly turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue:
 mar­
 <lb/>rie I cannot shew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no
 <lb/>rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne,

<lb/>horne, a hard
 <choice><orig>time</orig><corr>rime</corr></choice>: for schoole foole, a babling
 <choice><orig>time</orig><corr>rime</corr></choice>:
 <lb/>verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a ri-
 <lb/>ming Plannet, for I cannot wooe in festiuall tearmes:</p>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Beatrice.</stage>
 <p>sweete <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> would'st thou come
 when I cal'd
 <lb/>thee?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>O stay but till then.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere
 <lb/>I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with
 know­
 <lb/>ing what hath past betweene you and <hi
 rend="italic">Claudio</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse
 <lb/>thee.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind
 <lb/>is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome,
 there­
 <lb/>fore I will depart vnkist.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Thou hast frighted the word out of his right
 <lb/>sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly,
 <lb/><hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi> vndergoes my challenge,
 and either I must short­
 <lb/>ly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and
 <lb/>I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst
 <lb/>thou first fall in loue with me?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>

<p>For them all together, which maintain'd so
<lb/>politique a state of euill, that they will not admit any
<lb/>good part to intermingle with them: but for which of
<lb/>my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do suffer loue in­
<lb/>deede, for I loue thee against my will.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">

<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>

<p>In spight of your heart I think, alas poore heart,
<lb/>if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for
<lb/>I will neuer loue that which my friend hates.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bened.</speaker>

<p>Thou and I are too wise to wooe peacea­
<lb/>blie.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">

<speaker rend="italic">Bea.</speaker>

<p>It appeares not in this confession, there's not one
<lb/>wise man among twentie that will praise himselfe.</p>

</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>An old, an old instance <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, that

liu'd in

<lb/>the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in
<lb/>this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall liue no
<lb/>longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the

Widdow

<lb/>weepes.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">

<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>

<p>And how long is that thinke you?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">

<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<p>Question, why an hower in clamour and a quar­
<lb/>ter in rhewme, therefore is it most expedient for the wise,
<lb/>if Don worme (his conscience) finde no impediment to
<lb/>the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as
<lb/>I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my
<lb/>selfe will beare witnesse is praise worthie, and now tell
<lb/>me, how doth your cosin<c rend="italic">?</c></p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Verie ill.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>And how doe you?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Verie ill too.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Vrsula.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue
 <lb/>you too, for here comes one in haste.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-urs">
 <speaker rend="italic">Vrs.</speaker>
 <p>Madam, you must come to your Vncle, yon­
 <lb/>ders old coile at home, it is proued my Ladie <hi
 rend="italic">He­
 <lb/>ro</hi> hath bin falselie accusde, the <hi
 rend="italic">Prince</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>
 <lb/>mightilie abusde, and <hi rend="italic">Don Iohn</hi> is
 the author of all, who
 <lb/>is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Will you go heare this newes Signior?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bu­
 <lb/>ried in thy eies: and moreouer, I will goe with thee to
 <lb/>thy Vncles.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Claudio,
 Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>Is this the monument of <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi>?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
 <l>It is my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Epitaph.</stage>
 <l rend="italic">Done to death by slanderous tongues,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Was the <hi rend="roman">Hero</hi> that here
 lies:</l>
 <l rend="italic">Death in guérdon of her wrongs,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Giues her fame which neuer dies:</l>
 <l rend="italic">So the life that dyed with shame,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Liues in death with glorious fame.</l>
 <l rend="italic">Hang thou there vpon the tombe,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Praising her when I am dombe.</l>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>Now musick sound & sing your solemn hymne</l>
 </sp>
 <stage type="business" rend="center">Song.</stage>
 <l rend="italic">Pardon goddesse of the night,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Those that slew thy virgin knight,</l>
 <l rend="italic">For the which with songs of woe,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Round about her tombe they goe:</l>
 <l rend="italic">Midnight assist our mone, helpe vs to sigh and
 grone.</l>
 <l rend="italic">Heuily, heuily.</l>
 <l rend="italic">Graues yawne and yeelde your dead,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Till death be vttered,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Heauenly, heauenly.</l>
 <sp who="#F-ado-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lo.</speaker>
 <l>Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do
 <lb rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>this
 right.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Good morrow masters, put your Torches out,</l>
 <l>The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day</l>
 <l>Before the wheelles of Phoebus, round about</l>
 <l>Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:</l>
 <l>Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>Good morrow
 <choice><orig>mafters</orig><corr>masters</corr></choice>, each his seuerall
 way.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,</l>
 <l>And then to <hi rend="italic">Leonatoes</hi> we will
 goe.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Then</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0141-0.jpg" n="121"/>
 <fw type="rh">Much adoe about Nothing.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>

<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Leonato, Bene.
 Marg. Vrsula, old man, Frier, Hero.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ado-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Frier.</speaker>
 <l>Did I not tell you she was innocent?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <l>So are the <hi rend="italic">Prince</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Claudio</hi> who accus'd her,</l>
 <l>Vpon the error that you heard debated:</l>
 <l>But <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> was in some fault for
 this,</l>

 <l>Although against her will as it appears,</l>
 <l>In the true course of all the question.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Old.</speaker>
 <l>Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <l>And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd</l>
 <l>To call young <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi> to a reckoning
 for it.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <l>Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,</l>
 <l>Withdraw into a chamber by your selues,</l>
 <l>And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:</l>

<l>The <hi rend="italic">Prince</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Claudio</hi> promis'd by this howre</l>
 <l>To visit me, you know your office Brother,</l>
 <l>You must be father to your brothers daughter,</l>
 <l>And giue her to young <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
 Ladies.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Old.</speaker>
 <l>Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <l>Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Frier.</speaker>
 <l>To doe what Signior?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <l>To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:</l>
 <l>Signior <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi>, truth it is good
 Signior,</l>
 <l>Your neece regards me with an eye of fauour.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <l>That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <l>And I doe with an eye of loue requite her.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <l>The sight whereof I thinke you had from me,</l>
 <l>From <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, and the <hi
 rend="italic">Prince</hi>, but what's your will?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bened.</speaker>
 <l>Your answer sir is Enigmaticall,</l>
 <l>But for my will, my will is, your good will</l>
 <l>May stand with ours, this day to be conioyn'd,</l>
 <l>In the state of honourable marriage,</l>
 <l>In which (good Frier) I shall desire your helpe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">

<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>My heart is with your liking.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Frier.</speaker>
 <l>And my helpe.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince and
 Claudio, with attendants.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Good morrow to this faire assembly.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <l>Good morrow <hi rend="italic">Prince</hi>, good morrow
 <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>:</l>
 <l>We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,</l>
 <l>To day to marry with my brothers daughter?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <l>Ile hold my minde were she an Ethiopie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <l>Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Good morrow <hi
 rend="italic"><choice><orig>Benedike</orig><corr>Benedicke</corr></choice></h
 i>, why what's the matter?</l>
 <l>That you haue such a Februarie face,</l>
 <l>So full of frost, of storme, and clowdinesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
 <l>I thinke he thinkes vpon the sauage bull:</l>
 <l>Tush, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,</l>
 <l>And all Europa shall reioyce at thee,</l>
 <l>As once <hi rend="italic">Europa</hi> did at lusty <hi
 rend="italic">Ioue</hi>,</l>
 <l>When he would play the noble beast in loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Bull <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi> sir, had an amiable low,</l>
 <l>And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,</l>
 <l>A got a Calfe in that same noble feat,</l>

<l>Much like to you, for you haue iust his bleat.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter brother, Hero,
 Beatrice, Margaret, Vrsula.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <l>For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.</l>
 <l>Which is the Lady I must seize vpon?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
 <l>This same is she, and I doe giue you her.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <l>Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>No that you shal not, till you take her hand,</l>
 <l>Before this Frier, and sweare to marry her.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,</l>
 <l>I am your husband if you like of me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>And when I liu'd I was your other wife,</l>
 <l>And when you lou'd, you were my other husband.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>Another <hi rend="italic">Hero?</hi></l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>Nothing certainer.</l>
 <l>One <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi> died, but I doe liue,</l>
 <l>And surely as I liue, I am a maid.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>The former <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>, <hi
 rend="italic">Hero</hi> that is dead.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>

<l>Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander liu'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Frier.</speaker>
 <l>All this amazement can I qualifie,</l>
 <l>When after that the holy rites are ended,</l>
 <l>Ile tell you largely of faire <hi rend="italic">Heroes</hi>
 death:</l>
 <l>Meane time let wonder seeme familiar,</l>
 <l>And to the chappell let vs presently.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
 <l>Soft and faire Frier, which is <hi
 rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <l>I answer to that name, what is your will?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Doe not you loue me?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Why no, no more then reason.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & <hi
 rend="italic">Clau</hi>,
 <l>dio</l>, haue beene deceiued, they swore you did.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>Doe not you loue mee?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <l>Troth no, no more then reason.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <l>Why then my Cosin <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Vrsula</hi></l>
 <l>Are much deceiu'd, for they did sweare you did.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>

<p>They swore you were almost sicke for me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>They swore you were welȑnye dead for me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>'Tis no matter, then you doe not loue me?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <l>No truly, but in friendly recompence.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <l>Come Cosin, I am sure you loue the
 <choice><abbr>gentlemā</abbr><expan>gentleman</expan></choice>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
 <l>And Ile be sworne vpon't, that he loues her,</l>
 <l>For heres a paper written in his hand,</l>
 <l>A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,</l>
 <l>Fashioned to <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-her">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
 <l>And heeres another,</l>
 <l>Writ in my cosins hand, stolne from her pocket,</l>
 <l>Containing her affection vnto <hi
 rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
 <p>A miracle, here's our owne hands against our
 <lb/>hearts: come I will haue thee, but by this light I take
 <lb/>thee for pittie.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-bea">
 <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
 <p>I would not denie you, but by this good day, I
 <lb/>yeeld vpon great perswasion, & partly to saue your
 life,
 <lb/>for I was told, you were in a consumption.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
 <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
 <p>Peace I will stop your mouth.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<l>How dost thou <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> the married
man?</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
<p>Ile tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witteȑ
<lb/>crackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, dost thou
<lb/>think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will
<lb/>be beaten with braines, a shall weare nothing handsome
<lb/>about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will
<lb/>thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say

a­

<lb/>gainst it, and therefore neuer flout at me, for I haue said
<lb/>against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my

con­

<lb/>clusion: for thy part <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, I did
thinke to haue beaten

<lb/>thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, liue

vn­

<lb/>bruis'd, and loue my cousin.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
<speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
<p>I had well hop'd y<c rend="superscript">u</c> wouldst haue
denied <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, y<c rend="superscript">t</c>
<lb/>I might haue cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make
<lb/>thee a double dealer, which out of
<choice><abbr>questiō</abbr><expn>question</expn></choice> thou
wilt be,

<lb/>if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to
thee.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
<p>Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance
<lb/>ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts,
<lb/>and our wiues heeles.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
<p>Wee'll haue dancing afterward.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
<p>First, of my
<choice><orig>vvord</orig><corr>word</corr></choice>, therefore play musick. <hi
rend="italic">Prince</hi>,
<lb/>thou art sad, get thee a

<choice><orig>vvife</orig><corr>wife</corr></choice>, get thee a
<choice><orig>vvife</orig><corr>wife</corr></choice>, there is no
<lb/>staff more reuerend then one tipt with horn.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="enter">Enter. Mes.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ado-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Messen.</speaker>
<l>My Lord, your brother Iohn is tane in flight,</l>
<l>And brought with armed men backe to <hi
rend="italic">Messina</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
<p>Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile devise
<lb/>thee braue punishments for him: strike vp Pipers. <hi
rend="italic">Dance</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">L</fw>
</div>
</div>
<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
</div>
</body>
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</TEI>