Much ado about Nothing.

**Actus primus, Scena prima.**

Enter Leonato, Count of Messina. Imogen his wife, Beorinda, his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

Leonato, in this letter, that Don Peter of Arragon, comes this night to Messina. 

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this action?

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

Leon. A victory is twice as felicitous, when the architector brings home full numbers: I find here, that Don Peter hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much defers'd on his part, and equally remembered 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 indeed better betted expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you now.

Leon. He hath an Vackle beere in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I haue alreadie deliver'd him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even to much, that joy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a bagge of bisternelle.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kinder outflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weep at joy, then to joy at weeping.

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montemontes return'd from the wars, or no?

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

Leon. What is he that you ask for Neece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Pallava.

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set vp his bils here in Messina, & challenge Cupid at the Flight: and my Vackles tooole reading the Challenge, subscribe'd for Cupid, and challenge'd him at the Burdekle. I pray you, how many hath hee kill'd, and eare thyselfe, or is he faster then he is war'd? But how many hath he kill'd? for indeed, I promise'd to eare all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Neece, you take Signior Benedick too much, hee'le be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good Service Lady in these wars.

Beat. You had mutty, and he hath helpe to ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent Thomake.

Mess. And a good fouldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good fouldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, trust with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no Jaffe then a Jaff man: but for the fluffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (Sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Mess. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his fine wits were halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if hee haue wit enough to keep himselfe warme, let him bear it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new favorite brother.

Mess'. I'ts possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it euer changes with next block.

Mess'. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your booke.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burne my studie. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

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

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vp him like a diseas'd; he is sooner caught then the pellicente, and the taker runs presently mad. God helpe the noble Claudio, if he haue caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he can be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Do good friend.

Leon. You shall be return'd, Neece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Batista, and Aduerbe Baffard.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid coif, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neier came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.
Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you ask her?

Leonato. Signior Benedicte, no, for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full Benedicte, we may grieve by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers her fete: be happy Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Bened. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for al Meffia, as like him as she is.

Pedro. I wonder that you will fill be talking, Signior Benedicte, no body marks you.

Bened. What my deere Ladie Disdain e are you yet living?

Pedro. Is it possible Disdain should die, while free hath such meat to feed it, as Signior Benedicte? Curtesie it felle muft conuer to Disdain, if you come in her preference.

Bened. Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loved of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Pedro. A deere happynesse to women, they would elle have beene troubled with a pernicious Suer, I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather hee my Dog barks at a Crow, than a man sweare he loves me.

Bened. God keepe your Ladisfhip fill in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predelinate serchate face.

Pedro. Scratching could not make it worse, and sweare such a face as yours.

Bened. Well, you are a rare Parrot teacher.

Pedro. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.

Bened. I would my harfe had the speed of your tongue, and so a good a companys, but keep your way a God's name, I have done.

Pedro. You alwaies end with a ladestricke, I know you of old.

Leonato. This is the summe of all: Leonato, signior Claudio, and signior Benedicte; my deere friend Leonato, hath inuited you all, I tell him we shall play here, at the leaft a moneth, and he heartily prays some occasion may detaine vs longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leonato. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all dutie.

John. I thank you, I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leonato. Please it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand Leonato, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Muster Benedicke and Claudio.

Claudio. Benedicke, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bened. I noted her not, but I looke on her.

Claudio. Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

Bened. Do you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake after my cullome, as being a professed tyrant to their free?

Bened. No, I pray thee speake in sober judgement.

Claudio. Why yafh me thinks she's too low for a bin praise, too browne for a faire pracie, and too little for a great pracie, onely this commendation I can affoord her, that was thee other then the fre she, is, the were unhawndome, and being no other, but as the is, I do not like her.

Claudio. Thou thinkst I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truly how thou likst her.

Bened. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

Claudio. Can the world buie such a jewels?

Bened. Yes, and a cafe to put it into, but speake you this with a fad browe? Or doe you play the flowing jacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall man take you to goe in the longe?

Claudio. In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer I lookt on.

Bened. I can see yt without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her coin, and she were not poftett with a furi, exceeds her much in beautie, as the first of Maiestie doth the last of December; but I hope you have no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Claudio. I would scarce truit my felle, though I had sworn the contrary, if here would be my wife.

Bened. It come to this is in faith hath nor the world one man but he will weare his cap with usurpation? shall I never see a matchetle of three score again? goe to yafh, and thou wilt needest thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and sigh away fundates: looke, den Pedro is returnd to lecke you.

Enter den Pedro John the bousard.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you folowd not to Leonato?

Claudio. I would your Grace would constraine mee to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Claudio. You heare, Count Claudio, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would haue you thinkt so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in loue, With whom? now that is your Grace part: marke how short his anwvere is, with Hero, Leonato short daughter.

Claudio. If this were so, were it vretted.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.

Claudio. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be other wise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Ladie is very well worthie.

Claudio. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speake my thought.

Claudio. And in faith, my Lord, I spake mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I spake mine.

Pedro. That I loue her, I feele.

Pedro. That she is worthie, I know.

Claudio. That I neither feel how shee should be loued, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that she cannot mett out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou walkest ever an obstinate heretike in the despight of Beautie.

Claudio. And never could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.
Much ado about Nothing.

Benv. That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that she brought me vp, I like wise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a rechare winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuincible baldricke, all women shall pardon me: because I will not doe them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to trust none: and the fine is, (for which I may goe the fitter) I will live a Bachelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, looke pala wilde, Bene. With anger, with tickenfe, or with hunger, my Lord, not with leas: proue that ever I lose more bloode with loue, then will I gege againes with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel-houle for the signe of blinde Carid. Bene. Pedro, well, if euer thou doost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a brothel like a Cat, & shoote arme, and he that betis me, let him be claps on the shoul- dred, and call Adam. Bene. Pedro. Well, as at shalfe tyme: in the time the Saugul Dole hath beene the yoke.

Bene. The saugul bull may, but euer the eufable Benedick beare it, plucke off the heads bonnes, and jet them in my forhead, and let me be vildely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, here is good horse to hire: let them signifie under my signe, here you may see Benedick the married man.

Bene. If this shoule euer happen, thou wouldst bee horne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his Quicker in Venise, thou woulst quike for this shortly.

Bene. I looke for an esquaque for a horse.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the horses: in the meantime, good Signior Benedick, requiri de Loo- matore, commend me to you, and tell him I will not fare as a supper, for indeede he hath made great prepara- tion.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an Embassage, and so I commit you.

Claus. To the turcion of God. From my house, if I had.

Pedro. The fest of fuly, Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your discoorse is some time guarded with fragments, and the guards are but lightly basted on neither, ere you floor old ends any further, examine your confidence, and so I leave you.

Exeunt. Claus. My Liere, your Highness now may doe none good.

Pedro. My liose is thine to teach, teach it how and, thou shalt see how apt it is to learne.

Any hard Lefon that may doe thee good.

Pedro. Havest thou affed her (Lisard)?

Claus. O my Lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,

I look'd vpone her with a foulders eie,

That ilk'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,

Than to drive liking to the name of Loue.

But now I am retard, and that ware-thoughts

Haued left their places vacant: in their rooms,

Come throning soft and delicate deires,

All prompting mee how faire yong (Here) is,

Saying I lik'd her eie I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a louver presently,

And tire the hearer with a booke of words:

If thou dost love faire Here, I charge thee,

And I will break with her: waft not to this end,

That thou beganst to twine to fine a story?

Claus. How sweetly doe you minifter to louer,

That know loutes griefe by his complexion!

But let my liking might too sodaine frame,

I would haue fauiled it with a longer treatise.

Ped. What need I bridge much broder then the flood?

The fairest gratia is the neccessity.
Looke what we ferie, is fit: its once, thou louest,

And I will fit thee with the remedie,

I know we shall haue reselling to night,

I will excuse thy part in some disposit.

And tell faire Here I am Claudio,

And in her boforme I envelape my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong incourt of my amorous tale:

Then alter, to her father will I break,

And the conclusion is, thee shall be thine,

In practis let ye wes it present.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonato and an old man farther to Leonato.

Leonato. How now brother, where is my colen your son: hath he proued this mischike?

Old. He is very buse about it, but brother, I cannot tell you newes that you yet dreame not of.

Leonato. Are they good?

Old. As the eventes stampes them, but they have a good couer: they shew well outward, the Prince and Count Claudio walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus out-heard by a man of mine: the Prince dis- covered to Claudio that hee loued my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee found her as hee thought, he meaneth to take the present time by the top, and infinitely break with you of it.

Leonato. Hath the fellow any witt that told you this?

Old. A good sharpe fellow, I will tend for him, and question him your selfe.

Leonato. No, no; we will hold it as a dreame till it appeare it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter within, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if per- adventure this bee true: give you and tell her of it: zoon- fice, you know what you have to doe, I eie you merci- friend, goe you with mee and I will vse your skill, good colen have a care this bufe time.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir John the Balfare, and Conrad his companion.

Conrad. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of taculaure fae?

Sir John. There is no measur in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limett.

Conrad. You should haue reason.

Vnder, and when I haue heard, what blessing bingeth it?

Conrad. If not a preuent remedy, yet a patient sufierance.

Sir John. I wonder that thou (being as thou fauilest thou art, home vnder Saturne) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying mischief: I cannot hide what I am: I must bee faid when I haue cause, and smile at no mans ifs, eat when I haue famocaste, and walke for no mans leasure: sleepe when I am drowse, and rend on no mans buseesse, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Conrad. Yes, but you must not take the full shew of this, till you may doe it without controule, you haue of late
Much ado about Nothing.

Enter Parolles.
Parolles. I came yonder from a great slipper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leontes, and I can glue you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Enter Parolles. Parolles. Will you be sure for my Modest to build mischief on? What is she for a fool that betrothes himself to unquietness?

Parolles. Parolles. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

Parolles. Parolles. Who, the most exquisite Claudia?


Parolles. Parolles. A proper spirit, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Parolles. Parolles. Mary on Hero, the daughter and Heire of Leon-

Parolles. Parolles. A very forward March-chicke, how came you
to this?

Parolles. Parolles. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoo-
king a muty room, came me the Prince and Claudia, hand in hand in fad conference: I whisper behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should wooe Hero for himselfe, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudia.

Parolles. Parolles. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my displeasure, that young fast-wp hath all the glory of my outwri: if I can croffe him any way, I'll blest

Parolles. Parolles. May selle every way, you are both false, and will afflit mee?

Parolles. Parolles. To the death my Lord.

Parolles. Parolles. Let vs to the great fipper, their chese is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my mind:shall we goe proce what to be done?

Parolles. Parolles. We'll wait upon your Lordship.

Exit.

Enter Leontes, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, a kinsman.

Leontes. Was not Count John here at supper?

Brother. I saw him not.

Beatrice. How exactly that Gentleman lookes, I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd at howse after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. Hero were an excellent man that were made lust in the mid-way betwixt him and Benedick, the one is too like an image and lates nothing; and the other too like my Ladies eldest sonne, enmore-taking.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick tongue in Count John's mouth, and halfe Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot rackle, and money enough in his purse, such man would winnemy woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Niece, thou wilt not get thee a husband, if thou be so threwed of thy tongue.

Brother. Infaith thee's too curt.

Beat. Too curt is more then curt, I shall leffen Gods sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curt Cow short houses, but to a Cow too curt he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curt, God will send you no houses.

Beat. Ifst, if he lend me no husband, for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

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

Beatrice. What should I doe with him? dreffe him in my apron, and make him my standing gentlemans-wife, and if he have a beard, is more then a youth; and his that hath no beard, is lef ten a man: and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee and he that is lef ten a man, I am not for him; therefore I will even take expence in care of the Berrord, and lease his Apes into holl.

Leon. Well then, goe you in hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuell none mee like an old Cockold with houses on his head, and say, get you to heauen Leontes, get you to heauen, here's no place for you maidis, so oblige me I say my Apes, and away to S.Peter for the heauens, she sweers mee where the Bacheellers sit, and theyr like wec as merry as the day is long.

Brother. Weel neece, I trust you will be full by your fathers.

Beatrice. Yeas faith, it is my coens dutie to make curtie, and say, as it pleaseth you: but yes for all that coen, let him be a handome fellow, or else make an other curtie, and say, father, as it pleaseth me.

Leonato. Weel neece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other met-
tall then earth, would it not grieue a woman to be over-
masted with a piece of valiant duffe to make account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? no nuckle, ile none: Adams tonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a finne to match in my kinred.

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

Beatrice. The fault is in the musick coen, if you be not word in good time: if the Prince bee too import-
tant, tell him there is measure in every thing, & to dance out the answeare, for heare me Hero, wooing, wedding, & repeting, is as a Scotch缴ge, a measure, and a cinque-
pace: the first quive is hot and bathy like a Scotch jegge (and full as fantastical) the wedding manely modest, (as a measure) full of state & aunchenery, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-
pace faster and faster, till he fluxes into his grate.

Leonato.
Leont. Cosyou apprehend passing freely.
Beau. I have a good eye on every Church by daylight.
Leont. The recusants are entering brother, make good room.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and battano, or dons John, Marked, with a drum.
Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend? Hero. So you walk lustif, and looke (tastely, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away.
Pedro. With me in your company. Hero. I may say so when I please. Pedro. And when please you to say so?
Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the Lute should be like the cafs.
Pedro. My visor is Philemon rosse, within the house is Loue.
Hero. Why then yours, for should be that the.
Pedro. Speake low if you speake Loue.
Bene. Well, I would you did like me.
Cler. So would not I for your owne sake, for I have much ill qualities.
Bene. Which is one?
Mar. I say my prayers alway.
Bene. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.
Mar. God match me with a good daunce.
Balt. Amen.
Mar. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done, answer Clarke.
Balt. More words, the Clarke is answered.
Vrufila. I know you well enough, you are Signior Amonton.
Amb. At a word, I am not.
Vrufila. I know you by the wagging of your head.
Amb. To tell you true, I counterfeet him.
Vrufila. You could never doe him so ill well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up & down, you strafe, you are he.
Amb. At a word I am not.
Vrufila. Come, come, doe you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can you hide it? I do go to, mumme, you are he, grace will appeare, and there's an end.
Bene. Will you not tell me who you talk to?
Bene. No, you shall pardon me.
Bene. Will you not tell me who you are?
Bene. Not now.
Bene. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior or Benedick that said so.
Bene. What's he?
Bene. I am sure you know him well enough.
Bene. Not I, beleasme me.
Bene. Did he neuer make you laugh?
Bene. I pray you what is he?
Bene. Why he is the Prince leaxter, a very dull fool, onely his girles, in deuising impossibill flanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villainie, for hee both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and best him: I am sure he is in the Plea, I would he had boodered me.
Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Itell him what you say.
Bene. Do, do, he? but break a comparison or two on me, which pueriduence (not markt, or not laugh'd at) strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a Partridge wing fau't, for the fooie will eate no supper that night. We must follow the Leaders.
Bene. In every good thing.
Bene. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turne.
Exeunt.

Much ado about Nothing.

Enter Prince.
J ohn. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.
Bachus, And that is Claudio, I know him by his bearing.
J ohn. Are you not signior Benedick?
Clau. You know me well, I am he.
J ohn. Signior, you are verie onore my Brother in his lour, he is enamor'd on Hero, I pray you diswade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.
Claudio. How know you he loves her?
J ohn. I heard him swear his affection.
Bene. So did I too, and he swore he would marry her to-night.
J ohn. Come, let us to the banquet. Exeunt Clau.
Clau. Thus answere I in name of Benedick, but I hear the wills: this case of the Claudio:
This certaine fo, the Prince woes for himselfe:
Friendship is confluent in all other things,
Safe in the office and affaires of love:
Therefore all hearts in loue vse their owne tongues,
Let currie eye negotiate for it faire,
And trust no Agent: for beautie is a witch,
Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourly prove,
Which I mistrust not: Farewell therefore.

Enter Benedick.
Bene. Count Claudio.
Clau. Yes, the same.
Bene. Come, will you go with me?
Clau. Whither?
Bene. Even to the next Willow, about your own businesse, Count. What fashion will you wear the Gar- land off? About your necke, like an Viteres chaine? Or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenant s care? You must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.
Clau. I with him joy of her.
Bene. Why that's spoken like an honest Drouier, so they sell Bullocks: but did you think the Prince would have fured you thus?
Clau. I pray you leave me.
Bene. Ho now you strike like the blindman, twas the boy that hole your mare, and you beat the post.
Clau. If it will not be, Ile leave you.
Bene. Alas poor hurt foole, now will he create into fedges: But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, & not know me: the Princes foole! Hah! It may be I go vnder that title, because I am merry: yes but so I am apt to do my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the base (though better) disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gunes me out: well, Ie be so engag'd as I may.

Enter the Prince.
Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?
Much ado about Nothing.

Bene. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady
Fame, I found him here as melancholy as a Lodge in a
Warren. I told him, and I think, 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 forlorn, or to bind him a rod, as being
worthy to be whipt.

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

Bene. The flat tranfgregion of a Schoole-boy, who
being over-tied with reading, birds nest, flies for his
companion, and he flees it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a�uff, a tranfgregion? The
tranfgregion is in the healer.

Bene. Yet it had not beene stiffe the rod had beene
made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have
worn him selfe, and the rod he might have bestowed on
you, who as I take it shall stille his birds nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ringi, and restore
them to the owner.

Bene. If their fing ring answer you faying, by my faith
you fay honestly.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrell to you, the
Gentleman that daunt with her, told her she was much
wrong'd by you.

Bene. O the misfide me past the insurmount of a block:
an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would have an-
swered her: my very visor began to atorne life, and foold
with her: shee told me, not thinking I had beene my
selfe, that I was the Princes litter, and that I was dullest
then a great swa, holding left upon left, with such im-
possible conuissance upon me, that I flout like a man at a
marque, with a whole army flying at me: shee speaks
ponywards, and every word jabis; if her breath were
as terrible as terminations, there were no living neere
her, she would infect to the north farre: I would not
marry her, though the were inowded with all that Adam,
left him before he tranfgreg, shee would have made
Hernia have turn'd spit, yes, and have clief his club to
make the fire too: come, take not of her, you shall finde
her the infernal Ate in good apparell. I would to God
some choller would conuise her, for certainly while she
is heere, a man may loose his quiet in hell, as in a sanctu-
ary, and people fane upon purpose, because they would goe
thither, to indeed all quiet, horror, and perturbation
foloweth her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice. Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere the comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any servuce to
the worlds end? I will goe on the flightest arrand now
at the Antyppodes that you can deuid to fende me on:
I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch
of Afia: bring you the length of Preffer John's foot; fatch
you a hayre off the great & hamsbeard: doe you any em-
ballage to the Pigmies, rather then hold those three words
conference, with this Happy: you have no employment
for me?

Pedro. None, but to define your good company.

Bene. God sir, heeres a difh I loue not, I cannot in-
duce this Lady longue.

Exit. Pedo. Come Lady, come, you have lost the heart of
Signor Benedick.

Bene. Indeed my Lord, shee let me a while, and I
gave him vfe for it: a double heart for a single one, marry
once; he bewtome of me, with falle dice, therefore
your Grace may well fay I hate loft it.
married, they would take themselves maid, 

Prince. Count Claudio. when means you to go to Church?

Claud. To morrow my Lord, time goes on crutches, till none have all his rite.

Leon. Not till to morrow, my deare souse, which is so is so diffe'rent as to send a time too briefe to soe, it things answer worse.

Prince. Come here, you haste the head at soe long a breathing, but I warrant thee Claudio, the time shall not goe by you, wile I will in the interim, underneath one of Heres labors, which is, to bring Signior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice into a mountaine of affections, thone with six or seven, I would faine have it a match, and I doubt not to such affections if you there will but ministe by such affections as I shall you directin.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it cometh in nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prior. And you to gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my Lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Prior. And Benedick is not the unhopeful husband that I know; thus faire can I praise him, hee is of a noble frame, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will each you how to humour your cousin, that shee shall fall in love with Benedick, and I, with your two helpers, will prattle on Benedick, that in delight at his guite beauty, and his queare loasme, shee shall fall in love with her, his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

Exit. Enter John and Borachio.

John. It is so, the Count Claudio that marry the daugh- 

ter of Leonato.

Bor. Yes my Lord, but I can crosse it.

John. Any brine, any croze, any impediment, will be predicitable to me, I am fick in dileplature to him, and that youe comes about his affection, ranges evenly with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly my Lord, but to content, that no lieshonely shall appeare in me.

John. Shew me brefely how.

Bor. I think I told your Lordship a seere faire, how natch all in the favoure of Margaret, the waiting gentle- 

woman to Hero.

John. Tremainber.

Bor. I can at any vnsaible infant of the night, put my sight to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage.

Bor. The poynet of the joyful lies in you to compt, goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that you have wronged his Honor in marrying the renown'd,

Claudio, whole affection do you mightly hold vp, to a contaminate state, such a one as Hero.

John. What proofs shall I make of it?

Bor. Proofs enough, to minis the Prince, to crosse Claudio, to vndoe Hero, and kill Leonato, lookke you for a- ny other iuffe.

John. Ouly to deliggin them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bor. Goe then finde me a meeke howe, to draw on Pedro and the Count Claudio alone, tell them that you know that Hero loses me, intend a kind of zede both to the Prince and Claudio (as in a love of your brothers

honour who hath made this match) and his friends reputa-

tion, who is thus like to be cofen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discouer'd thus they will scarcely beleue this without triall, offer them infinances which shall bear no leffe likelihood, than to see mee at her chamber window, heare me call Margaret, Hero; heare Margaret terms Claudio, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meantime, I will to fussion the matter, that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truths of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousie shall be call'd astonishment, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to aduerciss if it can, I will put it in practive, be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducates.

Bor. Betiuous conduct, in the accustmation, and my cun-

ning shall not shame me.

John. I will pretend, goe learne their day of marriage.

Exit. Enter Benedick alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signor.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already sir.

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and hence againe. I do much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicats his behaiviours to love, will after bee hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne scorn, by falling in love, & such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no mistike with him but the drum and the file, and now had he rather here the taber and the pipe: I have knowe when he would walke ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake caruing the fussion of a new obre, he was wont to speake plainly, & to the purpose (like an honest man & a foolie) and now he turn'd ortho-

graphy, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just as many strange effices: may be so conuersted, & fee with these eyes? I cannot tell, I think not; I will not be sworne, but loves may transforme me to an oyster, but hee take my oath on it, till hee have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a foolie: one woman is faire, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another vertuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: rich hee shall be, that's certaine: wise, or Ilenone: vertuous, or I lie never cheapen her: faire, or I lie never look on her: milde, or come not meete me: Noble, or not for an Angell; of good discouer: an excellent Multian, and her faire shall be of what colour it please God, hail! the Prince and Monfre Loe, I willhide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince Leonato Claudio, and Jacky Wilkes.

Prince. Come shall I hear this mistike.

Claud. Ye my good Lord: how falle the evening is.

As buffet on purpose to grace harmonie.

Prince. See you where Benedick hath hid himselfe?

Claud. O very well my Lord; the mistike ended,

We'll fit the kid boxe with a penny worth.

Prince. Come Bathshea, we'll hear that song again.

Baths. O good my Lord, past not so bad a voyce,

To fander mistike any more then once.

Prince. Is it the winnesstall of excellency, To
To slander musicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the witnesse fluff of excellence,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee sing, and let me weare no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he sweare he loves.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in thy place, and nothing.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Note notes foroath, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine air, now is his sole raisinist, is it not strange that sheepes guns should hate foules out of most bodies? well, a home for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sing no more Ladies, sing no more,
Men were accusers ever,
One foot in Sea, and one on Shore,
To one thing they can not now,
Then sing us so, but let them goe,
And by your words and song,
Concerning all your sounds of woe,
Into joy many many.

Sing no more desires, sing no more,
Of sleep in dole and beauty,
This is the want of all the rest,
Since summer slept was heavy,
Then sing us so, and so.

Prince. By my troth a good song.
Balth. And an ill finger, my Lord.
Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a friend.

Ben. And he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voice bore no mischiefe, I had as lief he had heard the night-raven, come what plague could come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, dost thou hear Balkhafer? I pray thee get vs some excellent musicke, for to morrow night we would have it at the Lady Everes chamber window.

Balth. The bell I can, my Lord. Exit Balkhafer.

Prince. Do so, farewell. Come hither Leonato, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece Beatrice was in love with figtior Benedick?

Cla. O, flakke on, flakke on, the foule fist. I did never thinke that Lady would have loued any man.

Leo. No nor I neither, but most wonderful, that the flower from to dote on Signior Benedick, whose fiew hath in all outward behaviours seemed euer to abhorre.

Bene. Is't possible? is't the winde in that corner?

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that she loves him with an ingred affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be she doth but counterfeits.

Clau. Faith like enough.

Leo. O God! I counterfeits there was never counterfeit of passion, came so near the life of passion as she doth counter it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion shewes the?

Clau. Beare the hooke well, this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord? she will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you bow.

Clau. She did indeed.

Leon. How, how do you pray you? you answeze me, I would haue thought her spirit had beene inuincible against all affaits of affection.

Leo. I would have sworn it bad, my Lord, especially against Beneckie.

Bene. I should thinke this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speakes it: knauary cannot sere hide himselfe in fitch resurreccc.

Clau. He hath taken this infection, hold it vp.

Prince. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leonato. No, and sweares the neuer will, that's her torment.

Clau. 'Tis true indeed, to your daughter faies shall I, faies she, that have to oft encountered him with scorne, write to him that I love him?

Leo. This faies shee now when shee is beginning to write to him, for shee will be vp twenty times a night, and there will shee in her smocke, till the haue writ a sheete of paper, my daughter tells vs all.

Clau. Now you take off a sheete of paper, I remember a pretty lef your daughter told vs of.

Leon. O when shee had writ it, and read it over, she found Beneckie and Beatrice betweene the sheetes.

Clau. That.

Leon. O firth the letter into a thousand halfeine, raird at her selfe that she should be inmodest to write, to one that faice knew would flout her: I mesure him, faies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if shee were to me, yea though I love him, I should.

Clau. Then downe upon her knees she falleth, weepes, fobs, beats her heart, tears her hayre, prays, curtesies, O sweet Beneckie, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter faies so, and the exalter hath so muchuer oder her, that my daughter is somime afraid shee will doe a desperate outrag to her selfe, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that Beneckie knew of it by some other, if she will not discouer it.

Clau. To what end the he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor Lady worce.

Leon. And he shoulde, it were an ames to bang him, shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspicion) she is verious.

Clau. And she is exceeding wife.

Prince. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my Lord, willedome and bold combattin in to tender a body, we have ten proofer to one, that blood hath the victory, I am forry for her, as I haue soft care, bringing her letters and her Guardian.

Prince. I woule she had betterow this doreage on mee, I would have daie all other respectes, and made her halfly my selfe: I pray you tell Benedick of it, and heare what he will say.

Leon. Were it good thineke you?

Clau. Her thinekes surely the shee will die, for shee faies she will die, shee love her not, and she will die ere she make her loue knowne, and she will die if shee wroue her, rather than she will baste one breath of her accomiended croffensess.

Leon. She doth well, if shee shoulde make tender of her loue,
Much ado about Nothing

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vyseula.

Hero. Good Margaret run me to the parlour, There thinkest thou find my Colin Beatrice, Proposing with the Prince and Claudio, Whisper her ear, and tell her I am Vyseula, Walk in the orchard, and all the whole discourse Is all of her, say that thou enter-heardst it, And bid her haste into the pleased bower, Where horse-tackles ripened by the sun, Forbid the fame to enter: like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride, Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her, To liften our purpose, this is thy office, Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I make her come I warrant you presently. Here. Now Vyseula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley vp and downe, Our tale must only be of Benedick, When I do name him, let it be thy part, To grace him more than ever man did merit, My tale to thee must be how Benedick Is fickle in love with Beatrice of this matter, Is little Cypsiad crafty arrow made, That only wound by hearing-say now begin, Enter Beatrice.

Look where Beatrice like a Lapping runs Cloe by the ground, to hear our conference. Vyse. The pleasurat angeling is to see the fifth Cut with her golden oes the finer frame, And greedily devour the treacherous bate: So angle we for Beatrice, who even now, Is couched in the wood-bine courter, Fear not my part of the Dialogue.

Hero. Then go we nearer her that her ear loose nothing. Of the false I were but that we lay for it: No truly Vyseula, she is too difful in evil, I know her spirits are as coy and wilde, As Hagglers of the rocke.

Vyseula. But are you sure, That Benedick loves Beatrice so intirely?

Hero. So faire the Prince, and my new trodeth Lord. Vyse. And did they bid you tell her of, Madam?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it, But I perverted them, if they told Benedick,

Beatrice. I took no more paines for those thanke, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painfull, I would not have come.

Benedick. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beatrice. Ye are so much as you may take upon a kniues point, and chace a daw withall: you have no flamacke signior, fare you well.

Exit. Benedick. His, a gaullit my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I took no more paines for those thankes then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is as easie as thankes if I do not take pitty of her I am a villain, I do not love her I am a Jew, I will goe get her picture.

A Has Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vyseula.

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Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it, But I perverted them, if they told Benedick,
Some Cupid tells with arrows, some with traps. — Ex.: Beat. What fire is in mine ears? can this be true? Stand I condemn’d for pride and scorn so much? Contempt, farewel, and maiden pride, adieu, No glory blurs behind the back of such. And Benedick, loud as I, will require thee, Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand. If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee To bind our loves in a holy band. For others say thou dost deceive, and I Believe it better then reporting. — Exit.

Enter Prince, Claudius, Benedicta, and Leonato. Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon. Clam. I bring you thither my Lord, if you vouchsafe me. Prin. Nay, that would be as great a foyle in the new gloss of your marriage, as to chide a childe his new coat and forbid him to wear it; I will only bee bold with Benedicta for his company, for from the crown of his head to the top of his foot, he is all mirr, he hath twice or thrice cut Cupids bow & finging, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I am a horse. Leo. So say I, methinks you are fadder. Claud. I hope he be in love. Prin. Hang him tender, there’s no true drop of blood in him to be truly touch’d with love, if he be so, he wants money.


Claud. Yec say, he is in love. Prin. There is no appearance of fancy in him, yeele he be a fancy that he hath to strange diguises, as to bee a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow: yeele he be a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no foly for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Clam. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no beleeuing old flfoes, a brushe his hat a mornings, What should that bode? Prin. Hast any man seene him at the Barbers? Clam. No, but the Barbers man hath beene seen with him, and the old ornament of his checke hath alreadye flutten tennis balls.

Leo. Indeed he looks younger than he did, by the losse of a beard. Prin. Nay a rubs himselfe with Cluit, can you smell him out by that? — Clam. That’s as much as to say, the sweet youth’s in love.

Prin. The greatest noblest of is his melancholy. Clam. And when was hee sworn to wash his face? Prin. Yea, or to paint himselfe for, which I heare what they say of him. Clam. Nay, but his letting spirits, which is now crepe into a lustre, fitts, and now goeth d’by fopina.
Enter John the Ballard.

Ballard. My Lord and brother, God save you.

Prince. Good den, brother.

Ballard. If your leisure serve, I would speak with you.

Prince. In private.

Ballard. If I please you, yea Count Claudio may hear, for that I would break of concerns him.

Prince. What's the matter?

Ballard. Means your Lordship to be married to-morrow?

Prince. I know you not, that when he knows what I know.

Ballard. If there be any impediments, I pray you disclose.

Prince. You may think I love you not, nor that appears hereafter, and am even better at me by that I now manifest, for my brother (I think, he holds you well, and in desecrate of heart) hath hopes to effect your ending marriage: freely fure all spent, and labour all bestowed. Why, what's the matter?

Ballard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortned. In the bath, be come too long a talking of the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who here?

Ballard. Even she, Lucrezia Hero, your Hero, every man Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

Ballard. The word is too good to paint her wickedness. I could say were worse, think you e', I of better, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow well her; it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Prince. I will not think it.

Ballard. If you dare not trut that you see, confess not that you know if you will follow me, I will shew you enough, and when you have scene more, & bested more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to night, why should I not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I should wedde, there will I shame her.

Prince. And as I woud for thee to obtain her, I will journey with thee to defiance.

Ballard. I will desist here no farther, till you see my season, bear it kindly but till night, and let the issue shew itself.

Prince. O day unsewed turn'd!
Much ado about Nothing.

Veris. If you hear a child cry in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her fill it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear you?

Dog. Why then depair in peace, and let the child wake her with crying, for the same will not hear her Lambe, when it bays, will never answer a call when he be hares.

Veris. This were true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you must leave to present the princes' own person, if you meet the prince in the night, you may slay him.

Veris. Nay, I think I must not.

Dog. Faste shillings to one not with anie man that knows the strake, he may slay him, mance not without the prince be willing, for indeed the which ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to slay a man against his will.

Veris. Bistadie I think I be fo.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, well matters good night, and there be anie matter of weighty chance, call vp me, keep your fellows conspiring, and your own, and good night, come with me.

Watch. Well matters, we hear our charge, let vs go fit here upon the Church bench till two, and then all too bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior Lennau, the door, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adieu, be vigilant I befeech you.

Enter Horatio and Claudia.

Claud. What, Corrado?

Watch. Peace, I say not.

Cor. Corrado I say.

Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Cor. Mas and my elbow itch, I thought it would have a scable follow.

Claud. I will owe thee an answer for this, and now forward with thy tale.

Watch. Some treason matters, yet stand close.

Cor. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Claud. Is it possible that anie villain should be so deare?

Cor. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible anie villain should be so rich for when rich villains have neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Claud. I wonder at it.

Cor. That I besees thou art unconfirmd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Claud. Yes, it is apparel.

Cor. I mean the fashion.

Claud. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Cor. TuffI, may as well Fay the foole's the foole, but feelst thou not what a deformed theepe this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, it has bin a vile theefe, this new year, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Cor. Didst thou not hear some body?

Claud. No, was the vaine on the house.

Cor. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed theefe this fashion is, how giddily a turns about all the HOT.

blouds, be tweenes fourteene & filue & thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like Phaenous souldiours in the tetchie painting, sometime like god Bel's priests, in the old Church window, sometime like the shaunus Hercules in the simirch worm eaten tapetrie, where his cod-piece seems as maffe as his club.

Claud. Call this lie, and see if the fashion wearest out more appilp, then the manbut are not thou thy selfe with giddie the fashion too that thou hast flinted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Cor. Not so neither, but know that I have to night worme Margaret the Lady Horas, gentle-woman, by the name of Hercules, she leaves me out at her mischa chan ber-

Watch. I saw one thousand times good night. I tell thee this wildly, I should first tell thee how the Prince Claudia and my Master planted, and placed, and possesed by my Master Don John, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable encounter.

Cor. And thought thy Margaret was here?

Claud. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudia, but the diuell my Master knew she was Margaret and partly by his other, which first possest them, partly by the darke night with there disguisement, but chiefly, by his visage,

Watch. Which did confirme any flander that Don John had made, away went Claudia enraged, swore she would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with what he faw o't night, and Spend her homage without a husband.

Watch. We charge you in the princes name stand.

Watch. Call vp the right mister Confole, we have here recouered the most dangerosse peice of lechery, that ever was knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch. And one Deformd is one of them, I know him, he wears a cloke.

Cor. Master, masters.

Watch. You be made being deformed forth I warrant you.

Cor. Masters, never speake, vs charge you, let vs obey you to goe with vs.

Watch. We are like to prove a gladly commodite, being taken vp of these mens bills.

Cor. A commodite in question I warrant you, come cresse obey you, I say.

Enter Heras, and Margaret, and Ursula.

Hera. Good Ursula make my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will Lady, Her. And bid her come hither.

V. Well.

Mar. Truth I thynke thy other rebates were better.

Bera. No pray thee good Mar, I live this.

Mar. By my troth's not so good, and I warrant thy cousin will say so.

Bera. My cousin's foole, and thou art another, he wear a none but this.

Mar. I like the new tyme vithe excellently, if the haire were a thought browner and your gowns a moff rare fashion yfaste, I saw the Duchesse of Milonnes gowne that they praie it.

Bera. O that exceeding they say.

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and ours, and lace with lacer, set with pearls, downe sleeues, side sleeues, and skirts, round underborn with a blee with tine, but for a fine queene gracefull and excellent fashion,yours is wortheth on't.

Bera. God
Much ado about Nothing.

Her. God giveth mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marga. I will be breasht soone, by the weight of a man.

Her. Ie vpon thee, sir, not affraid’st.

Marga. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, fauing your reverence a husband: and bad thinking doth not weare true speaking. He offend no body, is there any harme in the beautey for a husband? none I thinkes, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise’t is light and not beauty, ask my Lady Beatrice elf, shee flies thee.

Enter Beatrice.

Her. Good morrow Coze,

Beat. Good morrow sweet Her.

Her. Why bow now? do you speake in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other time, me thickes.

Her. Claps into Light a love, (that goes without a burden) do you sing it and ilie dance it.

Beat. Ye Light alone with your heele, then if your husband haue fables enough, you’ll looke he shall lacked no barne.

Her. Aliggestimation of constrution! I scarce that with your heele.

Beat. Tis almost flue a clocke coftin, ‘tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Her. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all. H.

Her. Well and you be not turned Turk, there’s no more tayling by the stare.

Beat. What means the foolie trow?

Her. Nothing but, and God send every one their hearts desire.

Her. Thence goeth the Count fent me, they are an excellente perfume.

Beat. I am itt usef, I cannot smell.

Her. A maid and stuff! there’s goodly catching of colds.

Beat. O God heple me, God helpe me, how long haue you profet apprehension?

Her. Ever since you left us, doth not my wit become mearely?

Beat. It is not feene enough, you should wear it in your cap, by my troth I am tuck.

Her. Get you some of this diffil d’Amours benediction and lay it on your heart, it is the onely thing for a quality.

Her. There thou prick’st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benediction, why benediction? you haue some morall in this benediction.

Her. Morall? no by my troth, I have no morall meaning, I mean plaine holy sthilley, you may thinken perchance that I thinken you are in love, my hirlyhood, I am not such a foolke to thinken what I lift, I lift not to thinken what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinken, if I would thinken my hart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was fuch another, and now he is become a man, he fore he would never marry, and yet now in defight of his heart he eateth his meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinkes you looke, with your elies as other women does.

Beat. What space is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a halfe gallon.

Enter Voluffle.

Voluffle. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to Church.

Her. Helpe to dreffe mee good coze, good Meg, good Voluffle.

Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Confl-Dog. Mary sir I would have some confidence with you, that descernes you nearly.

Leon. Briefly I pray you, for you see it is a bide time with me.

Confl-Dog. Mary this it is sir.

Beack. Yes in truth it is sir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Confl-Dog. Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would desier they were, but infaith honest as the skin betweene his brosses.

Beack. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honesetter then I.

Confl-Dog. Comparsions are odorous, palaebra, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Confl-Dog. It pleases your worships to say so, but we are the pover Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to b污low at all your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousheffe on me, ah.

Confl-Dog. Yes, and were a thousand times more than this, for I haere as good exclamations on your Worships as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a pover man, I am glad to hear it.

Beack. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you have to say.

Beack. Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worshipes presence, have take a couple of as trait soules as any in Messina.

Confl-Dog. A good old man sir, hee will be talking as they say, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe you, it is a world to see, well said faith neighbour Verges, well, God is a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind, an honest foule faith sir, by my troth he is, as eter broke bread, but God is to bee worship, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Confl-Dog. Gifts that God giues.

Leon. I must leave you.

Confl-Dog. One word sir, our watch sir have indee comprehended two alicious persons, & we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it mee, I am now in great haste, as may appear vnto you.

Confl-Dog. It shall be suffigence.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Melanger. My Lord, they flay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait upon them, I am ready.

Dogh. Goe good partner, goe get you to Francis Seacole, bid him bring his pen and inkehorn to the Gaole: we are now to examine those men.

Verges. And we must doe it wisely.

Dogh. Wee will spare for no whiter I warrant you: K
Enter Prince, Lord, Leonato, Frier, Claudius, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Frier Francis, be brief, only to the plain forme of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Frier. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leon. To be married to her: Frier, you come to marry her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Her. I do.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conioyned, I charge you on your soules to viter it.

Claud. Know you anie, Hero?

Her. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you anie, Conde?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. How now! intercetions? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, ha.

Claud. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your lease, Will you with free and unconstrained soules Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely somme as God did give her me.

Claud. And what hast thou to give me back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, unless ye render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness: Thus Leonato, take her backe againe.

Claud. Give not this rotten Orange to your friend, Shee's but the figure and semblance of her honour: Behold how like a maid the blushtes here: O what authority and shew of trueth Can cunning false couer be fellel wishall! Comes not that bloud, as moddeff evidence, To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not sweare All you that her, that she were a maid, By these exterior trowes? But she is none: She knows the heat of a luxurios bed: Her blusht is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leonato. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be married,

Not to knit my loue to an approved wanton.

Leon. Declare my Lord, if you in your owne thoughts Have extenuated the relliance of your youth, And made defeat of her virginite.

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have knowne, You will say, she did embrace me as a husband, And do extenuate the forehead faire: No Leonato, I never tempted her with word too large, But as a brother to his sifter, the wed Bathill furtivate and comedy love.

Her. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Much ado about Nothing:

**Beast.** How now cousin Here?

**Friar.** Have comfort Ladie.

**Leon.** Doft thou look up?

**Friar.** Yes, wherefore shoul'd the not?

**Leon.** Wherfore? Why doth not euer earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she heere dente.

The floor that is printed in her blood?

Do not fumble here, do not ope thine eyes:

For did I thinke thou wouldest not quickly die,

Though I thy spirtes were stronger then thy shames,

My felle would on the reward of reproaches

Strike at thy life. Grieue I'd, I, I had but one?

Child? I fear that at fraughte Naures frame

Ooue too much by thee: why had I one?

Why euer was't thou loueile in my eies?

Why had I not with charitable hand

Tooke vp a beggars ille at my gates,

Who imcrest thus, and mir'd with infamie,

I might have said, no part of it is mine:

This shame detriues it felle from vnknowne loines,

But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine I was proud on mine for mine:

That I my felo, was to my fello not mine:

Valewing of her, why shee, O shee is false

Into a pit of Inke, that the wide seas.

Hath dropt too few to wash her clean againe,

And tak't too little, which may feaon giue

To her foule tainted flesh.

So, fa, fa, pax: for my part, I am so attired

in wonder, I know not what to say.

**Benv.** O my foule my coin is belied.

**Ben.** Ladie, were you his bed fellow last night?

**Bea.** Not truly: not although vntill last night,

I have this tuesday moss his bed fellow.

**Leon.** Confir'd, confir'd, O that is stronger made

Which was before bar'd vp with ebs of iron.

Would the Princes lie, and Clando lie,

Who lou'd her so; that speaking of her foulelie,

Wast it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.

**Friar.** Hear me a little, for I have onely been silent so

long, and given way unto this course of fortune, by no

ting of the Ladie, I have markt.

A thousand blushing apparitions,

To dart into her face, a thousand innocent flame,

And Angelo whitenesse bear away those blushes,

And in her eie ther hath appeard a fire

To burne the errors that these Princes hold

Against her maiden truthe. Call me a foolie,

Truth not my reading, nor my obseruations,

Which with experimental feale doth warrant

The tenure of my books: truthe nor my age,

My resurrection, calling, nor vituallie,

If this sweet Ladie lyne not guilelefe heere,

Under some biting error.

**Leo.** Friar, it cannot be:

Thou seest that all the Grace that the bath left,

It is, that she will add to her damnation,

A sinne of perjury, the noe denies it:

Why look'st thou then to court with excuse,

That which appeares in proper nakednesse?

**Friar.** Ladie, what man is he that you are accustome of?

**Leon.** Herow. They know that do accustome, I know none:

If I know more of any man alitie

Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,

Let myes selfe lacke mercy: O my Father

Proue you that any man with me concurreth,

At houres vnnocte, or that ye terrnighe

Maintaine the change of words with any creature,

Refute me, hate me, torture me to death.

**Friar.** There is some strange misprision in the Princes,

Benv. Two of them have the vertue bent of honor,

And if their wifedomes be muddied in this

The proue of it liues in Iohn the bafard.

Whose spirits toile in frame of villaines.

**Leo.** I know not: if they speake but truth other;

Thee hands shall resse her: I thy wrong her honour,

The proud of them shall wel heare of it,

Time hath not yet to dry this blood of mine,

Nor age to caste vp my invention,

Nor Fortune made ther hard baucke of my meanes,

Nor my bad life rete me so much of friends,

But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,

Both strength of limbe, and politic of minde,

Ability in meanes, and choyle of friends,

To quito mee from them thoroughly.

**Friar.** Paolo awolf:

And let my counsell faw thee in this case,

Your daughter here the Princeffe (left for dead)

Leter a while be secretly kept in,

And publisht it, that shee is dead indeed:

Maintaine a mourning observation,

And on your Families old monument,

Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,

That appertaine unto a bournall.

**Leon.** What shall become of this? What wil this do?

**Friar.** Marry this well carrie, fiall on her behalfe,

Change slander to remorse, that is some good,

But not for that draste I on this strange couer,

But on this trauaille look for greater birth:

She dyng, as it must be to maintain'd,

Vpon the infant that she was accus'd,

Shall be lamented, pittied, and excus'd

Of every heares: for it is fals fay,

That what we have, we prize not to the worth,

Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,

Why then we rackage the value, then we finde

The veruer that poffession would not shew us

Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with Clando:

When he shall heare the dyen vp his words,

Th' Idea of her life shall twenti wy creepe

Into his study of imagnation.

And every loyale Organ of her life,

Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:

More moving delicate, and ful of life,

Into the eye and prospect of his soule

Then when she li'd indeed: then sial he moue,

If ever loue had interest in his Luer,

And with he had not so accustome her:

No, though he thought his accustome true:

Let this be so, and doubte not but it accustome

Will shew the event in better shape:

Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.

But it al ayme but this be lead fallace,

The supposition of the Ladys death,

Will quenche the wonder of her infamie.

And it if for at will, you may conceale her:

As best behoves her wounded reputation,

In some resolute and religeous life,

Out of all eyes, tongues, minde and injuries.

**Benv.** Sigmour Leonare, let the frier advize you,

And through you know my inwardesse and loue

Is very much unto the Prince and Clando.
Yet, by mine honor, I will relate in this,
As secret and subtile, as thy foule
Should wish thy bodie.

Love. Being that I flow in greene,
The smallle twine may lead me.

Frist. Tis well contented, prettily away,
For to strange forges, strangely they straine the cure,
Come Lady, sit to line, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience & endure. Exit.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yes, and I will weep a while longer.
Bene. I will not deffer that.
Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.
Bene. Surely I do beleue your fair count is wrong'd.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man defuer of mee
that would right her!
Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?
Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.
Bene. May a man doe it?
Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.
Bene. I doe looke 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 losted nothing so well as you,
belieuing me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, not
I deny nothing, I am sorry for my confound.
Bene. By my sword Beatrice thou loue me.
Beat. Do not swerve by it and saucie.
Bene. I will swerve by it that you looke mee, and I will
make him eat it that fayres I loue not you.
Beat. Will you not cast your word?
Bene. With no fawse that can be denied to it, I protest
I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.
Bene. What offence sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have slain mee in a happy hour, I was abour
to protest, I loued you.
Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.
Beat. I loue you with so much of my heart, that none
is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.
Beat. You kill me to desire, farewell.

Beat. Tuttie sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here, there is no loue
in you, may I pray you let me goe.

Bene. Beatrice.

Beat. Infath I will goe.
Bene. We'll be friends for't.

Beat. You dare easie best friends with mee, than fight
with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is not approv'd in the height a villain, that
hath flandered, scorne, dishonoured my kinwoman? O
that I were a man! what, bere he in hand vntill they
come to take hand, and then with publie accusation
vncouraged flander, vnitrigated rancour? O God that I
were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heaste mee Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window, a proper
saying.

Beat. Nay but Beatrice.

Beat. Sweet Hero, this is wrong'd, this is flandered,
she is vndone.

Bene. Beat?
Much ado about Nothing

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as ever was committed.

Clot. Yes, by the horse that it is.

Sevon. What else can he?

Watch. I and that Count Claudius did mean upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into ever-lasting redemption for this.

Sevon. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sevon. And this is more matters then you can deny.

Prince John. This morning secretly thou came'st: Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the griefs of this done done: Master Constanble, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato, I will go before, and shew them his examination.

Clot. Come, let them be opinions'd.

Sex. Let them be in the hands of Coscorbe.

Kemp. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? Let him write downe the Princes Officer Coscorbe: come, bind him thou that naughtly varlet.

Conly. Away, you are an affe, you are an affe.

Kemp. Doth thou not despise my place? dost thou not despise my yeres? O that he were heere to write mee done an affe! but matters, remember that I am an affe: though it be not written down, yet forget not I am an affe. No thou villain, art full of piecy as shall be proud upon thee by good witnesse, I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houby-outen, and which is more, as pretty a piece of halfish as any in Messina, and one that knowes the Law, I goe to, as a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath bad loyces, and one chachachachachachac two gowtien, and every thing hand-some about him: bring him away! O that I had been writ downe an affe!

Exit.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brudger. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe.

And 'tis not wise toedge thus to second griefe, against your selfe.

Leon. I pray thec cease thy counsaile, Which falls into mine ears as profitlesse, As water in a faze: give not me counsaile, Nor let no comfort delight mine ear, But such a one whole wrongs doth face with mine. Bring me a father that fo'load his childe, Whole joy of her is outer-welmeed like mine, And bid him speak of patience, Measire his woe the length and breadth of mine, And let he sorrow every straine for straine. As thou for thus, and such a griece for such a, In every lineament, branch, shape and forme: If such a one will smile and broke his beard, And sorrow, waggge, crie hens, when he should grone, And parch griefe with proverb, make misfortune drunke, With candle-watters: bring him ycto 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 thereforre not feel, but saffing it. Their counsaile turnes to suffren, which before, Would giue perceptually medicine to rage, Fetter strong and desfe in a silken thread, Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words, No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience To thoes that wring vnder the load of lopper: But no mans vertue nor suffiencie To do so morally, when he shal endure The like him selfe: therefore giue me no counsaile, My griefs cry lowder then advertisment. 

Bruth. Therein do men from children nothing differ. 

Leonato. I pray the peace, I will be fifth and bloud, For there was never yet Phosphorer, That could endure the tooth-ake patiently, How ever they have wise the file of gods, And made a path at chance and suffrancie. 

Bruther. Yet bend not the harme vpon your selve, Make those that doe offend you, suffer too. 

Leon. There thou speake it reasone, nay I will doe fo, My soule doth tell me, Hero is belied, And that shortly Claudio know, so shall the Prince, And all of them that thus diisound her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brot. Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily,

Prin. Good day, good day.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear ye my Lords?

Prin. We have some haste Leonato.

Leo. Some haste my Lordswell, are youwell my Lord, Are you fo hastily now, well all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Brot. If he could rich himselfe with quarrelling, Some of vs would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry 's doff wrong me, thou dissembler, thou: Nay, never say thy hand vpon thy sword, I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry bethrow my hand, If it should give your age such caute of scare, Infaith my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leonato. Toth, tulph, man, neuer fleece and leest at me, I speake not like a dotard, nor a fool, As vnder pruïtelige of age to bragge, What I have done being yong, or what would doe, We're not old, know Claudius to thy head, Thou haft to wrong'd my innocent child and me, That I am for to lay my reverence by, And with grey hairs and bruises of many daies, Doe challenge thee to trial of a man, I say thou haft belied mine innocent child. Thy flndereth gone through and through her heart, And the lies buried with her ancesfers: O in a tombel WHERE NERVERANDALL SLEET, Save this of hers, tram'd by thine villanie.

Claud. My villainy?

Leonato. Thine Claudius, thinke I say.

Prin. You pay not right old man,

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,

He prose it on his body if he dare.

Desight his nice fence, and his acutte proulice,

His Male of youth, and bloome of lifhlood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leo. Canst thou so daafe me thou haft kill my child, If thou kill me boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Bro. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed, But that's no matter, let him kill one first.
Win, ye are a villain, I left not, I will make it good you how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: do me right, or I will protest your cowardice! you have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavie on you, let me hear from you.

Clau. Well, I will meete you, so I may have good cheare.

Prin. What, a feast, a feast?

Clau. I faith I thankke him, he hath bid me to a calues head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue most curiously, may my knightes naught, shall I not finde a woodcocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Prin. Ile tell thee how Beatrice praises thy wit the other day. I said thou hadst a fine wit, true faces, a fine little one, I said I, a great wit: right faire face, a great grousone: nay said I, a good wit: Iff said faire, it hurts no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certein said faire, a wife gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues: that I beleue said faire, for she swore a thing to me on monday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did she ake and ake: and together trans-shape thy particular verses, yet at last she concluded with a figh, thou wast the propretie in man.

Clau. For the which the fire went heartily, and fade faire card not.

Prin. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if thee did not hate him deadlie, thee would louse him dearely, the old man daughters told us all.

Clau. All, all, and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garder.

Prin. But when shall we fee the sauge Bulls hornes on the benefica Benevick head?

Clau. Yes and exter under-neath, here dwells Benevick the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my mind, I will leave you now to your goddess-like humor, you breakest as braggers do their blades, which God be thankfull for, you hurt not my Lord, for your manie courtezies: I thank you, I must desist, I must desist, as I have tell me, your brother the Ballard is fled from Christinna: you have among you, a wild and sweet and innocent Lady: for my Lord Lackreheard there he, and I shall meete, and till then peace be with him.

Prin. He is in earnest.

Clau. In most profound earnest, and Ile warrant you, for the loue of Beatrice.

Prin. And hath challenge'd thee.

Clau. Most sincerely.

Prin. What a prettie thing is man, when he goes in his doublets and hose, and leaves off his wit.

Enter Confable, Convale and Berovick.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to such a man.

Prin. But fost, let me be spurtle vp my heart, and be fast, did he not say my brother was fled?

Conf. Come you sir, if justice cannot tame you, then shall we weigh more reaons in her balaine, nay, and you be a curtling hypocrite once, you must be lookt to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? Berovick one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Con. Marrie
Much ado about Nothing

Conf., Maritell, they have committed full report,
moreover they have spoken mistruths, secondarily they are scandalous, fast and falsely, they have belied a Lady,
thirdly, they have verified vicious things, and so conclude they are lying knaves.

Prin. First I ask thee, what they have done, thridly I
ask thee what's their offence, fast and falsely why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clow. Rightfully reasoned, and in his own dilation, and
by my truth there's one meaning well fitted.

Prin. Who have you offended matters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Comely is too cunning to be understood, what's your offence?

Bar. Sweet Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill mee: I have deceived even your verie eies: what your wife-
domnes could not discover, where shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confes-
ting to this man, how Den lowed your brother incendi-
ated me to slander the Ladie Hero, how you were brought into the Orchard, and law me court Mornings in Hero's garments, how you dragged her when you should quarter her: my villainie they have upon record, which I had rather loose with my death, then repeat out to my shame: the Ladie is dead upon mine and my maters false accusation: and briefely, I defere nothing but the reward of a villainie.

Prin. Runs not this speech like yon through your blood?

Clow. I have drunk poison whiles he vetter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother let thee on to this?

Bar. Yes, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherry,

And fled he is upon this villainie.

Clow. Sweet Hero, now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I could not as possible.

Conf. Come, bring away the plaintiffs, by this time our Sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and matters, do not forget to specify when time & place shall serve, that I am an Aife,

Conf. 2. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villainie? let me see his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may assay him; which of these is he?

Bar. If you would know your worship's looke on me.

Leon. Ask thou thou the fasse that with thy breath
hath kill mine innocent child?

Bar. Yes, gentlemen I done so.

Leon. No, not so villainie, thou believest thy selfe,
Here stand a pair of honourable men.

A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thank you Princes for my daughter's death,
Record it with your high and worthy deeds,

Trust me, the business done, if you best know it your selfe,

Conf. I know not how to pay thy patience,
Yet I must speake, choose your revenge your selfe,
I implore you to what purpose your invention
Can lay upon any name, you find't so not;
But in my metting,

Prin. By my soule nor I,

And yet to satisfy this good old man,

I would have done some beauteous right,
That heele encomy me to,

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter right,

That were impossible, but I praze you both,

Conf. Poseftl the people in Moffis here,

How innocent she died, and your loue

Can labour aught in fat intention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her toomb,

And ging it to her bones, ging it to night:

To morrow morning come you to my houes,

And since you could not be my home in law,

Be yet my Nephew, my brother hath a daughter,

And she alone is heir to both of vs,

Give her the right you should gine her cofin,

And to dies my requence.

Clow. O noble sir!

Your ouerkindness doth wither tears from me,

I do embrace your offer, and dispole,

For bencorth of poor Claudi.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming,

To night I take my lease, this naughty man

Shall face to face be brought to Margettes,

Who I beleue was packt in all this wrong,

Hired it by your brother.

Bar. No by my soule the was not,

Nor knew not what the doings when the foke to me,

But always hath been saft and vertuous.

In anie thing that I do know by her.

Conf. Moreover sir, which indeed is not vnder white

And black, this plaintiff here, the offender did call mee

Afe, I befchech you let it be rememered in his punishment,

And also the vważch heart them takle of one Deform'd,

They lay he weares a key in his rare and lock hang-

ing by it, and borrows money in Gods name, the which

he hadv'd so long, and never paied, that now men grow

hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods fakes I praze

you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy case and honest pains.

Conf. Your worship speaks like a most thankfull

And returneth you, and I praze God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Conf. God save the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I

thank thee,

Conf. I leave an arrant knave with your worship,

Which I befchech you worship to correct your selfe,

For the example of others: Gods keepe your worship,

With your worship well, God refore you to heall,

I humbly gine you leave to depart,

And if a merrie meeting may be wifht, God prohibit it to some neighbour.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Brut. Farewell my Lords, we looke for you to moro-

row.

Prin. We will not faile.

Conf. To sightlie morn with Hero.

Leon. Bring you these fellowes, we wilke with

Margettes, how her acquaintance grow with this lowd

Wellow.

Exeunt.

Enter Benedick and Margettes.

Ben. Praise thee sweete Miftiris Margettes, deferue

Well at thy hands, by helping mee to the speche of

Brutus.
Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Ben. In so high a title Margaret, that no man living shall come over it, for in most comely truth thou deseritest it.

Mar. To have no man come over euer, why, shall I always keep even blazes.?

Ben. Thy wit is as quick as the grey-blouded mount, it catches.

Mar. And your horse as bloud as the Fencers hounds, which hit, but hurt not.

Ben. A most mindly wit Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call Beatrice, I give thee the buckles.

Mar. GIVE vs the swords, we have bucklers of our owne.

Ben. If ye vs them Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maidens.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I thinke hath better fortune.

"Exit Margaret.

Ben. And therefore will come. The God of love that fits about, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pitifully I defende. I meanes in singing, but in loving. Leader the good swimmer, Treadous the first implets of pandars, and a whole bookes full of these anemom carpet-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the ten- eme hole of a blank verse, why they were never to love turned out and out of my poore selfe in love: taste I cannot shew it time, I haue tried, I can finde out no time to Lidie but babie, an innocente time: for forme, home, a hard time; for schoole foole, a babbling time: vester omnis moods, no I was not borne under a ri- ming Planet, for I cannot woore in feithfull tearmes.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweete Beatrice wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beatrice. Yes Sigior, and depart when you bid me.

Ben. Stay but till then.

Beatrice. Then, is spokne fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betwene you and Claudio.

Ben. Ouey loude words, and therupon I will keepe then.

Beatrice. Holde words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is deseomme, therefore I will depart whilw.

Ben. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right fence so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, Claudio vnder goes me my chalenge and either I must shorst- ly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beatrice. For them all together, which maintain do politique a state of euil, that they will not admit any good parde to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts didst thou first fall in love for me?

Ben. Suffer loue so a good epitaph, I do suffer loue indirecdt for I love thee against my will.

Beatrice. In the light of your heart I think passion more, if you plight it for my fake, I will plight it for yours, for I will never loue that which my friend hates.

Ben. Thou and I are but wife to woor peaceable.

Beatrice. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wife man among twentie that will praffle himselfe.
This then for whom we rendred vp this woe. Exeunt, Enter Leona, Bnt, Marg, Vnula, old man, Frier, Her, Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent? Leo. So are the Prince and Claudia who accuss'd her, Upon the eount that you had deisised, But, Mary, this was some fear for this, Although against her will as it appereas, In the true course of all the question. Old. Well, I am glad that all things are so well. Bnt. And so am I, being eile by faith enforce'd To call young Claudia to a reckoning for it. Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewmen all, Withdraw into a chamber by your felves, And when I send for you, come hither mask'd: The Prince and Claudia promis'd by this howre To viisit me, you know your office Brother, You must be father to your brother's daughter, And give her to young Claudia. Exeunt Ladies. Old. Which I will doe with confirm'ed countenance. Bnt. Frier, I must intrest your pauns, I think, Frier. To do what Signior? Bnt. To hinder me, or provoke me, one of them: Signior for Lusanna, truth it is good Signior, Your neece regards me with an eye of faavour. Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true. Bnt. And I do with an eye of love requite her. Leo. The flight whereof I think you had from me, From Claudia, and the Prince, but what's your will? Benedict, Your answer is as Egnostical, But formy will, my will is, your good will May hand with ours, this day to be conioynd, In the state of honourable marriage, In which (good Frier) shall define your helpe. Leo. My heart is with your liking. Frier. And my helpe. Enter Prince and Claudia, with attendants. Prim. Good morrow to this faire assembly. Leo. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudia: We hence attend you, are you yet determined? To day to marry with my daughters brother? Claudia. Hee hold my minde were fee an Ethiope. Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready. Prim. Good morrow Benefikey, why what is the matter? That you have such a February face, So full of frost, of horne, and cloudiness. Claudia. I think he thinesk upon the savage bull: Tusks, fearer man, we'll rip by homs with gold, And all Europa shall rejoice at thee, As once Europa did at lucky Jove, When he would play the noble beast in loue. Bnt. Bull Jove, fir, had an amiable low, And some fuchs strange bull leap't your fathers Cow, A got a Calife in that fame noble feast, Much like to you, for you have inb' his blste. Enter brother, Her, Beatrice, Margarit, Vnula. Cla. For this I owe you here comes other recknins, Which is the Lady I must seize upon? Leo. This sance is still, and I doe give you her. Cla. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face. Leon. No that you shall not, till you take her hand, Before this Frier, and I warrue to marry her. Gabe. Give you your hand before this holy Frier, I am your husband if you like one. Hero. And when I lidd I was your other wife, And when you lidd, you were my other husband. Cla. Another Hero? Hero. Nothing certain. One Hero died, but I doe live, And surely as I live, I am a maid. Prim. The former Hero, Hero that is dead. Leon. Shee dyed my Lord, but whilsts her slander liv'd. Frier. All this amazement I can qualifie. When after that the holy rites are ended, I tell you largely of faire Hero's death: Meane time let wonder seeme familar, And to the chappell let ws presently, Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is Beatrice? Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will? Ben. Doe not you love me? Beat. Why no, more then reason, Ben. Why then your uncle, and the Prince, & Clau- dia, have beene deceynd, they swore you did. Beat. Doe not you love me? Ben. True, no more then reason. Beat. Why then my Cofin Margarita and Vsula Are much deceiued, for they did sweare you did. Ben. They sweare were about alacke for me. Beat. They sweare were you wel-neye dead for me. Ben. This is no matter, then you do not love me? Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence. Leon. Come Cofin, I am sure you love the gentlemen. Cla. And I hee sworne upon't, that he loves her, For heres a paper written in his hand, A halting lornet of his owne pure braine, Fasioned to Beatrice, Her and heres another, Writ in my cofins hand, fileth from her pocket, Containing her affection unto Benedick, Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our hearts: come I will have thee, but by this light I take thee for pittie. Beat. I would not deny you, but by this good day I yeeld upon great perwision, & partly to save your life, for I was told, you were in a consummation. Leon. Peace I will flipe your mouth, Prim. How doth thou Benedick the married man? Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince : a Colledge of witte-crackers cannot floute mee out of my humour, doth thou think I care for a Satyr or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a shall wear nothing handsome about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say a-gainst it, and therefore neuer floute me, for I have laied against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion: for thy part Claudia, I did thinke to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinman, live vn- bruised, and love my cousin. Cla. I had well hop'd I'ld not have denied Beatrice, I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy singe life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of queitho thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee. Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lightern our own hearts, and our wives heales. Leon. We'll haue dancing afterward. Bene. First, of my word, therefore play mufick. Prince, thou art fad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no staff more necesary when one is tired with horns. Enter Mf. Melina. My Lord, your brother John is tane in fights, And brought with armed men backe to Melina. Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, he desirous thee brave punishments for him: strike vp Pipers. Dance. L. F I N I S.