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Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
  </title>
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&amp;
  </title>
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1616.</author>
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<editor>Condell, Henry, -1627</editor>
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  The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.</funder>
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<date when="2014-09-11">11 September 2014</date>
Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &

tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, &

tragedies

First Folio

London, England:

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke

1623

8 November 1623

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

S111228

015592789

ESTC, S111228

Greg, III, p. 1109-12

Pforzheimer, 905

STC (2nd ed.), 22273
<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>

Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>


The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA⁶ (πA1+1) 2C² a- g⁶ χ g⁶ h- v⁶ x⁴ χ1.2 [para.-][para.]³[para.]³[para]¹ aa-ff⁶ hh⁶ kk-bbb⁶; 2. West: πA⁶ (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)²A-2B⁶ 2C² a- 'gg3.4' (±'gg3³') [para.-][para.]³[para]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶ x⁶ 2y-3b⁶.

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.


Head- and tail- pieces; initials. With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p>
</additions>

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</history>
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<p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p>
</origin>
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<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Third Folio. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p>
After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p><p>For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
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  <persName type="form">Leo.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Leon.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Leona.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Leonato.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Pedro.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Vrsu.</persName>
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  <head rend="center">Much adoe about Nothing.</head>
  <div type="act" n="1">
    <div type="scene" n="1">
      <head rend="italic center">Actus primus, Scena prima.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Leonato Gouernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, He\ldots ro his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a messenger.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
        <speaker rend="italic center">Leonato.</speaker>
        <p><c rend="decoratedCapital">I</c> Learne in this Letter, that <hi rend="italic">Don Peter</hi> of <hi rend="italic">Arragon</hi>, comes this night to <hi rend="italic">Messina</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ado-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
        <p>He is very neere by this: he was not <lb>three Leagues off when I left him.</p>
      </sp>
    </div>
  </div>
  <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
    <p>How many Gentlemen haue you lost in this <lb>action?</lb></p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
    <p>But few of any sort, and none of name.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-leo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
    <p>A victorie is twice it selfe, when the atchieuer
brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don Pe­­ter hath bestowed much honor on a yong Florentine, called Claudio.

himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expecta­tion, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

he hath an Vnckle heere in Messina, wil be very much glad of it.

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

Did he breake out into teares?

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

I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from
the warres, or no?</p></sp>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-mes" scope="1"><sp rend="italic">Mess.</sp></sp>

<p>I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort.</p></sp>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-leo" scope="1"><sp rend="italic">Leon.</sp></sp>

<p>What is he that you aske for Neece?</p></sp>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-her" scope="1"><sp rend="italic">Hero.</sp></sp>

<p>My cousin meanes Signior Benedick of Padua</p></sp>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-mes" scope="1"><sp rend="italic">Mess.</sp></sp>

<p>O he's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.</p></sp>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-bea" scope="1"><sp rend="italic">Beat.</sp></sp>

<p>He set vp his bils here in Messina, and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath he kil'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.</p></sp>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-leo" scope="1"><sp rend="italic">Leon.</sp></sp>

<p>'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'l be meet with you, I doubt it not.</p></sp>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-mes" scope="1"><sp rend="italic">Mess.</sp></sp>

<p>He hath done good seruice Lady in these wars.</p></sp>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-bea" scope="1"><sp rend="italic">Beat.</sp></sp>

<p>You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher; he hath an excellent stomacke.</p></sp>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-mes" scope="2"><sp rend="italic">Mess.</sp></sp>

<p>And a good souldier too Lady.</p></sp>
And a good soldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stuff with all honourable virtues.

It is so indeed, he is no less than a stuff man: but for the stuffing well, we are all mortal.

You must not (sir) mistake my niece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her:

they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have 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 reasnable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euery month a new sworn brother.

Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with y
No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

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

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

I will hold friends with you Lady.

You'l ne're run mad Neece.

No, not till a hot Ianuary.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar, and Iohn the bastard. Enter don Pedro, Good Signior Leonato, you are come
to meet

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

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
  <p>Nearer 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 happinesse takes his leave.</p>
</sp>

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

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

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
  <p>You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
  <p>Her mother hath many times told me so.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bened.</speaker>
  <p>Were you in doubt that you askt her?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
  <p>Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pedro.</speaker>
  <p>You haue it full Benedicke, we may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her selfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
  <p>If Signior <hi rend="italic">Leonato</hi> be her father, she would not haue his head on her shoulders for al Messina, as like him as she is.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>

<p>I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
  <p>What my deere Ladie Disdaine! are you yet living?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>Is it possible Disdaine should die, while shee hath such meete foeode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe must convert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>Then is curtesie a turne coat, but it is cer\x00AD; taine I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I loue none.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>A deere happinesse to women, they would else haue beene troubled with a pernitious Suter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man sweare he loues me.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde, some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea"/>
Beat.<p>A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.</p>

Ben.<p>I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I haue done.</p>

Ben.<p>I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but k</p>

Leonato, signior Claudio, and signior Benedicke;

my deere friend Leonato, hath invited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily praies some occasion may de tense longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.</p>

Iohn.<p>I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.</p>

Leon.<p>Please it your grace leade on.</p>

Pedro.<p>Your hand Leonato, we will goe together.</p>

Exeunt. Manet Benedicke
and Claudio.<stage>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
  <p>Benedicke</hi>, didst thou note the daughter of sig&
  <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
    <p>I noted her not, but I lookt on her.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
    <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
    <p>Is she not a modest yong Ladie?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
    <p>Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true iudgement? or would you haue me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
    <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
    <p>No, I pray thee speake in sober iudgement.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
    <p>Why yfaith me thinks shee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can afoord her, that were shee other then she is, she were vnhandsome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
    <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
    <p>Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou lik'est her.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-ben">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
    <p>Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ado-cla">
    <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
    <p>Can the world buie such a iewell?</p>
  </sp>
</sp>
<speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>

<p>Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this</p>

<lb/>with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowing iacke, to</lb/>tell vs Cupid is a good Hare&amp;x2011;finder, and Vulcan a rare</lb/>

<p>Carpenter: Come, in what key shall</p>

<choice><orig>aman</orig><corr>a man</corr></choice> take you to</lb/>goe in the song?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
  <p>In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer</p>
  <lb/>I looke on.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no</p>
  <lb/>such matter: there's her cosin, and she were not possete</lb/>with a furie, exceeds her as much in beautie, as the first</lb/>of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you haue</lb/>no intent to turne husband, haue you?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
  <p>I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had</p>
  <lb/>sworne the contrarie, if <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi> would be my wife.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>1st come to this? in faith hath not the world one</p>
  <lb/>man but he will weare his cap with suspition? shall I</lb/>ne&amp;x00AD;</p>

<lb/>uer see a batcheller of three score againe? goe to yfaith,</lb/>and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare</lb/>the print of it, and sigh away sundaes: looke, <hi rend="italic">don Pedro</hi>

<p>is returned to seeke you.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter don Pedro, Iohn the bastard.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pedr.</speaker>
  <p>What secret hath held you here, that you fol&amp;x00AD;</p>
  <lb/>owed not to <hi rend="italic">Leonatoes</hi>?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bened.</speaker>
  <p>I would your Grace would constraine mee to</p>
  <lb/>tell.</p>
I charge thee on thy allegiance.

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

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

If this were so, so were it vttred.

If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie.

You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

By my troth I speake my thought.

And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.
And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine.

That I loue her, I feele.

That she is worthie, I know.

That I neither feele how shee should be loued, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Thou wast euer an obstinate heretique in the despite of Beautie.

And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

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

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

That I will see thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.
With anger, with sickness, or with hunger,
my Lord, not with love: prove that ever I loose more
blood with love, then I will get againe with drinking,
pick out mine eyes with a Ballet's maker's penne,
and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel house for
the signe

of blinde Cupid.

Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith,

thou wilt prove a notable argument.

If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot
at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the
shoulder, and cal'd Adam.

Well, as time shall trie: In time the savage bull doth beare

yoake.

The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible

Benedicke be it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and set
them in my forehead, and let me be wildly 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 Benedicke the married man.

If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horned mad.

Nay, if Cupid haue not spent all his Quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.
I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro.

Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior Benedicke, repaire to Leo, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Bene.

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

Clau.

To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro.

The sixt of Iuly. Your louing friend, Benedick.

Bene.

Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leaue you.

Exit.

My Liege, your Highnesse now may doe mee good.

My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how, and thou shalt see how apt it is to learne any hard Lesson that may do thee good.

Clau.
Hath Leonato any sonne my Lord? No childe but Hero, she's his onely heire. Dost thou affect her Claudio? O my Lord, When you went onward on this ended action, An ink mark follows the end of this line. I look'd vpon her with a souldiers eie, Than lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand, But now I am return'd, and that warre thoughts Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes, Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting mee how faire yong Hero is, Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres. Thou wilt be like a louer presently, And tire the hearer with a booke of words: If thou dost loue faire Hero, cherish it, And I will breake with her: wast not to this end, That thou began to twist so fine a story? I look'd vpon her with a souldiers eie, Than to drieu liking to the name of loue: But now I am return'd, and that warre thoughts, Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes, Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting mee how faire yong Hero is, Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres. Thou wilt be like a louer presently, And tire the hearer with a booke of words: If thou dost loue faire Hero, cherish it, And I will breake with her: wast not to this end, That thou began to twist so fine a story? I look'd vpon her with a souldiers eie, Than to drieu liking to the name of loue: But now I am return'd, and that warre thoughts, Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes, Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting mee how faire yong Hero is, Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres. Thou wilt be like a louer presently, And tire the hearer with a booke of words: If thou dost loue faire Hero, cherish it, And I will breake with her: wast not to this end, That thou began to twist so fine a story?
And in her bosome I'll unclaspe my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I break:
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine,
In practise let us put it presently.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.
Leo.
How now brother, where is my cosen your son:
hath he provided this musicke?

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

Lo.
Are they good?
As the events stamps 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 overheard by a man of mine: the Prince disguised:
covered to that hee loued my niece your daughter:
ter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance;
and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

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

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it appear it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if adventure this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: cousins, you know what you have to doe, O I cry you merrie friend, goe you with mee and I will use your skill, good cousin haue a care this busie time.

Exeunt. Enter Sir Iohn the Bastard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

Ioh. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadnesse is without limit.

Con. You should heare reason.

Iohn. And when I haue heard it, what blessing geth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

Ioh. I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art, borne vnder Saturne) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying mischief: I cannot hide what I
am: I must bee sad when I haue cause, and smile at no 
mans iests, eat when I haue stomacke, and wait for no 
mans leisure: sleepe when I am drowsie, and tend on no 
mans businesse, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man 
in his humor.</p>

Yea, but you must not make the ful show of this, 
till you may doe it without controllment, you haue of 
late stood out against your brother, and hee hath tane 
you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you 
should take root, but by the faire weather that you make 
your selfe, it is needful that you frame the season for your 
owne haruest.</p>

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

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

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

Who comes here? what newes 
Borachio.</p>

I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince 
your brother is royally entertained by 
Leonato, and I can
give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Will it serve for any Modell to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betrothes himselfe to vnquietnesse?

Mary it is your brothers right hand.

Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Euen he.

A proper squier, and who, and who, which way lookes he?

Mary on Hero, the daughter and Heire of Leo.

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

Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smaeking a musty roome, comes me the Prince and Aras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince should woee Hero for himselfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue her to Count Claudio.
Iohn.

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

Conr.

To the death my Lord.

Iohn.

Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: shall we goe proue whats to be done?

Bor.

Wee'll wait vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.

Was not Count Iohn here at supper?

I saw him not.

How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I neuer can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after.

Was not Count Iohn here at supper?
He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. Bene'dick't, the one is too like an image and saies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldest sonne, euermore tatling.

Leon. Then halfe signior Bene'dicks't tongue in Count Iohn's mouth, and halfe Count Iohn's melancholy in Sig'nard Bene'dicks't face.

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

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

Beat. Lust, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing, I am at him vpon my knees euery morning and euening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a
beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

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

You may light vpon a husband that hath no beard.

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

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

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

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

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

Not till God make men of some other mettle then earth, would it not grieve a woman to be mastred with a peice of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? no vnckle, ile none: Adams sonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sinne to match in my kinred.

The fault will be in the musicke cosin, if you be not woed in good time: if the Prince bee too important, tell him there is measure in euery thing, & dance out the answere, for heare me Hero, wooing, wedding, & repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the pace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his graue.
I have a good eye uncle, I can see a Church by daylight.

Leon.

The revellers are entering brother, make good roome.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthasar,
or dumbe John, Maskers with a drum.

Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

So you walke softly, and looke sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walke, and especially when I walke away.

With me in your company.

Why then your visor should be thatcht.

My visor is Philemons roofe, within the house is Loue.
<p>Speake low if you speake Loue.</p>

<p>Bene.</p>

<p>Well, I would you did like me.</p>

<p>Mar.</p>

<p>So would not I for your owne sake, for I haue many ill qualities.</p>

<p>Bene.</p>

<p>Which is one?</p>

<p>Mar.</p>

<p>I say my prayers alowd.</p>

<p>Mar.</p>

<p>I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.</p>

<p>Balt.</p>

<p>Amen.</p>

<p>Mar.</p>

<p>And God keepe him out of my sight when the daunce is done: answer Clarke.</p>

<p>Balt.</p>

<p>No more words, the Clarke is answered.</p>

<p>Vrsula.</p>

<p>I know you well enough, you are Signior Anthonio.</p>

<p>Anth.</p>

<p>At a word, I am not.</p>
Vrsula.

I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth.

To tell you true, I counterfet him.

Vrsu.

You could neuer doe him so ill well, vnlesse you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down,

you are he, you are he.

Anth.

At a word I am not.

Vrsula.

Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

Beat.

Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene.

No, you shall pardon me.

Beat.

That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signi

or Benedicke that said so.
<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
<p>What's he?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>I am sure you know him well enough.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>Not I, beleeeue me.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>Did he neuer make you laugh?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>I pray you what is he?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>Why he is the Princes ieaster, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in deuising impossible slanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boorded me.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you say.</p>
</sp>

<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>Do, do, hee'l but breake a comparison or two on me, which peraduenture (not marke, or not laugh'd at) strikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Par</p>
  <lb>tridge wing saued, for the foole will eate no supper that night. We must follow the Leaders.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
  <p>In euery good thing.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bea.</speaker>
</sp>
Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them at the next turning.<p>
</p>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Musicke for the dance.</stage>

Iohn.
<p>Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one visor remaines.</p>

Borachio.
<p>And that is Claudio</p>

Iohn.
<p>Are not you signior Benedicke</p>

Claudio.
<p>How know you he loues her?</p>

Iohn.
<p>I heard him sweare his affection</p>

Bor.
<p>So did I too, and he swore he would marrie her to night.</p>
Come, let us to the banquet.

Ex. manet Clau.

Thus answere I in name of Benedicke,

'Tis certaine so, the Prince woes for himselfe:

Friendship is constant in all other things,

Therefore all hearts in loue vse their owne tongues.

Let euerie eye negotiate for it selfe,

And trust no Agent: for beaute is a witch,

This is an accident of hourlye proofe,

Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore Hero.

Yea, the same.

Come, will you goe with me?

Euen to the next Willow, about your own businesse, Count. What fashion will you weare the Garland off? About your necke, like an Usurers chaine? Or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants scarfe? You must weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Enter Benedicke.

Yea, the same.

Come, will you goe with me?

Euen to the next Willow, about your own businesse, Count. What fashion will you weare the
I wish him ioy of her.

Why that's spoken like an honest Drouier, so they sel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold have serued you thus?

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

If it will not be, Ile leaue you.

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

Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?

Troth my Lord, I haue played the part of Lady

Enter the Prince.
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 forsaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

To be whipt, what's his fault?

Yet it had not been amiss the rod had beene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have worn himselfe, and the rod hee might have bestowed on you, who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds nest.

The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunst with her, told her shee is much wrong'd by you.
O she misude me past the indulgence of a block:
an oak but with one green leaf on it, would have
swered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold
then a great thaw, huulding jest vpon jest, with such
possible convenience upon me, that I stood like a man at a
marke, with a whole army shooting at me: she speaks
as terrible as terminations, there were no living neere
her, she would infect to the north star: I would not
marry her, though she were indowed with all that
Adam had left him before he transgress, she would have made
Hercules haue turnd spit, yea, and have clift his club to
make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde
her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God
some scholler would conjure her, for certainly while she
is here, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary,
and people sinne vpon purpose, because they would goe
thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation
followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Will your Grace command mee any service to
the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest arrand now
to the Antypodes that you can devise to send me on: I
will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch
of Asia: bring you the length of Prester Iohns foot: fetch
you a hayre off the great beard: doe you any em
beassage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words
conference, with this Harpy: you have no employment for me?

None, but to desire your good company.
Bene.

O God sir, heeres a dish I loue not, I cannot endure this Lady tongue.

Exit.

Come Lady, come, you haue lost the heart of Signior Benedicke.

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

You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prooue the mother of fooles: I haue brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seeke.

Why how now Count, wherfore are you sad?

Not sad my Lord.

How then? sicke?

Not sad my Lord.

How then? sicke?

Neither, my Lord.
The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and some thing of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though Ile be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is false: Claudio, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire Hero is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

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

Beatr. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

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

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

Pedro. Infaith Lady you haue a merry heart.

Beatr. Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy side of Care, my coosin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.
And so she doth coosin. 

Good Lord for alliance: thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburn'd, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Lady Beatrice, I will get you one. 

I would rather have one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by their work days, your Grace is too costly to wear every day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry howre.

day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry howre.

No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a starre daunst, and under that was I borne: sins God giue you ioy.

Neece, will you looke to those things I told you of?

Neece, will you looke to those things I told you of?
Beat.<p>I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon.</p>Exit Beatrice.<p></p><p>By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.</p><p>There's little of the melancholy element in her</p><p>my Lord, she is neuer sad, but when she sleepes, and not</p><p>euer sad then: for I haue heard my daughter say, she hath</p><p>often dreamt of vnhappinesse, and wakt her selfe with</p><p>laughing.</p><p>Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.</p><p>O, by no meane, she mocks all her wooers</p><p>out of suite.</p><p>O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke</p><p>married, they would talke themselues madde.</p><p>To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches,</p><p>married, then Loue haue all his rites.</p><p>They goes on crutches, till Loue haue all his rites.</p><p>She were an excellent wife for <hi>Benedick</hi>.</p><p>Counte <hi>Claudio</hi>, when meane you to</p><p>goe to</p><p>Church</p><p>To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches,
Not till Monday, my deare sonne, which is hence a iust seuen night, and a time too briefe too, to haue all things answer minde.

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

My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee ten nights watchings.

And I my Lord.

And you to gentle Benedick is not the vnhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble straine, of approued valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will teach you how to humour your cosin, that shee shall fall in louse with Benedicke, and I, with your two helpes, will
so practise on Benedicke, that in despiught of his quicke wit, and his queasie stomacke, hee shall fall in loue with Beatrice: if wee can doe this, Cupid is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely loue gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

Exit.

Enter Iohn and Borachio.

It is so, the Count Claudio shall marry the daugh...

Iohn.

Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and whatsoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euenly with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Not honestly my Lord, but so couertly, that no dishonesty shall appeare in me.

Shew me brefely how.

I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere since, how much I am in the fauour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

woman to Hero.

Exit.
I remember.

I can at any vnseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to looke out at her Ladies chamber window.

What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage? The poyson of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned Claudio, whose estimation do you mightily hold vp, to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero, and kill her, looke you for a kind of zeale both to the Prince and Claudio (as in a loue of your brothers)
honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cosen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discover'd thus: they will scarce beleeue this without triall: offre them instances which shall beare no lesse likelihood, than to see mee at her chamber window, heare me call Margaret, Hero; heare Margaret term me Claudio, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will so fashion the matter, that iealousie shall be cal'd assurance, and all the preparation ouerthrowne.

Grow this to what aduerse issue it can, I will put it in practise: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

I will presentlie goe learne their day of marriage.

Exit.
<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
<p>In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <p>I am heere already sir.</p>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauiors to loue, will after hee hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne scorne, by falling in loue, & such a man is <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>,
</sp>

dub&#x00AD; I haue known when there was no musicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake caruing the fashion of a new dub&#x00AD; let: he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose (like an honest man & a souldier) and now is he turbo\nrend="inverted">n</c>d ortho&#x00AD;\nwith these eyes? I cannot tell, I think not: I will not bee sworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyster, but Ile take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyster of me, he shall neuer make me such a foole: 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 shee shall be, that's certaine: wise, or Ile none: vertuous, or Ile neuer cheapen her: faire, or Ile neuer looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discourse: an excellent Musitian, and her haire shal be of what colour it please God, hah\nrend="italic">!\</c>
</sp>

rend="italic">!\</c> the Prince and Monsieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilson.</stage>
Prin. Come, shall we heare this musicke?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how still the euening is, As husht on purpose to grace harmonie.

Prin. See you where Benedicke hath hid him selfe?

Claud. O very well my Lord: the musicke ended, Wee'll fit the kid foxe with a penny worth.

Prince. Come Balthasar, wee'll heare that song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voyce, To slander musicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the witnesse still of excellency, To Much adoe about Nothing. To slander Musicke any more then once. I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.

Balth. Because you talke 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 loues.
Nay pray thee come, or if thou wilt hold longer argument, doe it in notes.

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

Why these are very crotchets that he speaks, note notes forsooth, and nothing.

Now divine aire, now is his soule rauisht, is it not strange that sheepes guts should hale soules out of mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceiuers euer,
One foote in Sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant neuer,
Then sigh not so, but let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Conuerting all your sounds of woe,
Into hey nony nony.
Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heauy,
The fraud of men were euer so,
Since summer first was leauy,
Then sigh not so, &amp;c.

By my troth a good song.

And an ill singer, my Lord.

Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a shift.
And he had been a dog that should haue howld thus, they would haue hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no mischiefe, I had as liefe haue heard the night's rauen, come what plague could haue come af

I pray thee get vs some excelle nt musick: for to morrow night we would haue it at the Lady Heroes chamber window.

The best I can, my Lord.

Exit Balthasar.

what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece Beatrice was in loue with signior Benedicke?

O I, stalke on, stalke on, the foule sits. I did ne'er thinke that Lady would haue loued any man.

No, nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she should so dote on Signior Benedicke, whom shee hath in all outward behauiours seemed euer to abhorre.

Is't possible? sits the winde in that corner?
Leo.

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

May be she doth but counterfeit.

Faith like enough.

O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counterfeit, came so neere the life of passion as she discovers it.

Why what effects of passion shewes she?

Baite the hooke well, this fish will bite.

What effects my Lord? shee will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

She did indeed.

How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would haue thought her spirit had beene invincible against all assaults of affection.

I would haue sworne it had, my Lord, especially against Benedicke.
I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot sure hide himself in such reverence.

He hath taken the infection, hold it up.

Hath she made her affection known to Bene? I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.
Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence, railed at her self, that she should be so immodest to write, to one that she knew would flout her: I measure him, saies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if hee writ to mee, yea though I loue him, I should.

Clau. Then downe vpon her knees she falls, weeps, sobes, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praies, curses, O sweet Benedicke, God giue me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and the extasie hath so much ouerborne her, that my daughter is somtime afeard she will doe a desperate out-rage to her selfe, it is very true.

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

Clau. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poore Lady worse.

Prince. And he should, it were an almes to hang him, shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspition,) she is virtuous.

Claudio. And she is exceeding wise.

Prince. In euery thing, but in louing Benedicke.
O my Lord, wisedome and bloud combating in so tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that bloud hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I haue iust cause, being her Vnkle, and her Guardian.

I would shee had bestowed this dotage on mee, I would haue daft all other respects, and made her halfe my selfe: I pray you tell Benedicke of it, and heare what he will say.

Were it good thinke you?

She doth well, if she should make tender of her loue, Much adoe about Nothing.

He is a very proper man.

He hath indeed a good outward happines.

'Fore God, and in my minde very wise.
<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like<br/>
  <lb>wit.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
  <p>And I take him to be valiant.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>As <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, I assure you, and in the<br/>
  managing of<br/>
  <lb>quarrels you may see hee is wise, for either hee auoydes<br/>
  <lb>them with great discretion, or vndertakes them with a<br/>
  <lb>Christian&#x2011;like feare.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
  <p>If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe<br/>
  <lb>peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a<br/>
  <lb>quarrell with feare and trembling.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>And so will he doe, for the man doth fear God,<br/>
  <lb>howsoever it seemes not in him, by some large ieasts hee<br/>
  <lb>will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe<br/>
  <lb>see <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>, and tell him of her<br/>
  loue.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
  <p>Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out<br/>
  <lb>with good counsell.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
  <p>Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart<br/>
  <lb>out first.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>Well, we will heare further of it by your daugh&#x00AD;<br/>
  <lb>ter, let it coole the while, I loue <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> well, and I<br/>
  <lb>could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see<br/>
  <lb>how much he is vnworthy to haue so good a Lady.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
Leon.<p>My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.</p></sp>

Clau.<p>If he do not doat on her vpon this, I wil neuer trust my expectation.</p></sp>

Prin.<p>Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of ano&\x00AD;
ther's dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meerely a dumbe shew: let vs send her to call him into dinner.</p></sp>

Exeunt.<p>This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly borne, they haue the truth of this from Hero&\hi>, they seeme to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections haue the full bent: loue me? why it must be requited: I heare how I am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than giue any signe of affection: I did ne&\x00AD;
uer thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witnesse: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot re&\x00AD;
proue it, and wise, but for louing me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I wil be horribly in loue with her, I may chance have some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on mee, because I haue rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter a man loues the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batcheler, I did not think I should lye till I were maried, here comes man Loues the meat in
Lady, I doe spie some markes of loue in her.</p>
Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

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

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

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

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

Exit.

Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for those thankes then you took 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 villaine, if I doe not loue her I am a lew, I will goe get her picture.

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

[Act 3, Scene 1]

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vrsula.

Exit.
<speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>

Good <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> runne thee to the parlour,

There shalt thou finde my Cosin <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>,

Proposing with the Prince and <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>,

Whisper her eare, and tell her I and <hi rend="italic">Vrsula</hi>,

Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her, say that thou ouer‑heardst us,

And bid her steale into the pleached bower,

Forbid the sunne to enter: like fauourites,

Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride,

To listen our purpose, this is thy office,

Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone.

Marg.

Ile make her come I warrant you presently.

Now <hi rend="italic">Vrsula</hi>, when <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> doth come,

As we do trace this alley vp and downe,

Our talke must onely be of <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi>

When I doe name him, let it be thy part,

To praise him more then euer man did merit,

My talke to thee must be how <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> is sicke in loue with <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>; of this matter,

Is little <hi rend="italic">Cupids</hi> crafty arrow made,

That onely wounds by heare &amp;#x2011;say: now begin,

For looke where <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> like a Lapwing runs

Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

Vrs.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish

Cut with her golden ores the siluer streame,

And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite:

So angle we for <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, who euen now,
Is couched in the wood, Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

Then go we neare her that her eare loose nothing, No truely Vrsula, she is too disdainfull,

I know her spirits are as coy and wilde, As Haggerds of the rocke.

But are you sure, That Benedicke loues Beatrice so intirely?

So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman Deserue as full as fortunate a bed, As euer Beatrice shall couch upon?

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

No, rather I will goe to Benedicke, And counsaile him to fight against his passion, And truly Ile devise some honest slanders, To staine my cosin with, one doth not know, How much an ill word may impoison liking.

O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong, She cannot be so much without true iudgement, Hauing so swift and excellent a wit As she is prisde to haue, as to refuse So rare a Gentleman as signior Benedicke.

Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

For shape, for bearing argument and valour, Goes formost in report through Italy.

Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

His excellence did earne it ere he had it: When are you married Madame?

Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in, Ile shew thee some attires, and haue thy counsell, Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.
Shee's tane I warrant you, We haue caught her Madame?

If it proue so, then louing goes by haps, Some Cupid kills with arrowes, some with traps.

What fire is in mine eares? can this be true? Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much? Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew, No glory liues behinde the backe of such. And Benedicke, loue on, I will requite thee,

Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand: If thou dost loue, my kindnesse shall incite thee To binde our loues vp in a holy band. For others say thou dost deserue, and I Beleeue it better then reportingly.

I doe but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon; Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchsafe me.

Nay, that would be as great a soyle in the new glosse of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with Benedicke for his companie, for
from the crowne of his head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut Cupids bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue speakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.

Leo. So say I, methinkes you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in loue.

Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.


Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.
Bene.

Well, euery one cannot master a griefe, but hee that has it.

Clau.

Yet say I, he is in loue.

Prin.

There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnlesse it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare he is.

Clau.

If he be not in loue with some woman, there is no beleeuing old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings, What should that bode?

Prin.

Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?

Clau.

No, but the Barbers man hath beene seen with him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath already stuft tennis balls.

Leon.

Indeed he lookes yonger than hee did, by the losse of a beard.

Nay a rubs himselfe Ciuit, can you smell him out by that?

That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in
<lb>/loue.</lb>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>The greatest note of it is his melancholy.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
  <p>And</p>
</sp>
<choice><orig>ভe<n x="163" y="276" type="catchword" place="footRight">Prince.</n></orig><corr>
  <choice><orig>ভe<n x="163" y="276" type="catchword" place="footRight">Much adoe about Nothing.</n></orig></corr>
</choice>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare they say of him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, but his iesting spirit, is now crept into a lute&amp;#x2011;string, and now gouern'd by stops.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>Indeed that tels a heauy tale for him: conclude, he is in loue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, but I know who loues him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
  <p>That would I know too, I warrant one that knowes him not.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
  <p>Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all,
<lb>dies for him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>Shee shall be buried with her face vpwards.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>Yet is this no charme for the tooth&amp;#x2011;ake, old sig&amp;#x00AD;</p>
  <lb>nior, walke aside with mee, I haue studied eight or nine
  <lb>wise words to speake to you, which these
  <lb>must not heare.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>For my life to breake with him about <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
  <p>Tis euen so, <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> haue by this
  <lb>played their parts with <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>,
  and then the two Beares
  <lb>will not bite one another when they meete.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iohn the Bastard.</stage>
<sp who="#-ado-joh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <p>My Lord and brother, God saue you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>Good den brother.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#-ado-joh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <p>If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
  <p>In priuate<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#-ado-joh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <p>If it please you, yet Count <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi> may heare,
<lb>for what I would speake of, concernes him.</lb>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>What's the matter?</p>
</sp></p>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-joh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <p>Means your Lordship to be married to morrow?</p>
</sp></p>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>You know he does.</p>
</sp></p>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-joh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <p>I know not that when he knowes what I know.</p>
</sp></p>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
  <p>If there be any impediment, I pray you discovery it.</p>
</sp></p>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-joh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <p>You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in dearenesse of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing marriage: surely sute ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.</p>
</sp></p>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <p>Why, what's the matter?</p>
</sp></p>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-joh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bastard.</speaker>
  <p>I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortned, (for she hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyall.</p>
</sp></p>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
  <p>Who <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi>?</p>
</sp></p>

<p><sp who="#F-ado-joh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
</sp></p>
Euen shee, Leonatoes Hero, your Hero, every mans Hero.

Disloyall?

The word is too good to paint out her wicked nesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further war.

goe but with mee to night, you shal see her chamber window entred, euen the night before her wedding day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

May this be so?

I will not thinke it.

If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you haue seene more, heard more, proceed accordingly.

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

And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will ioyne with thee to disgrace her.

I will disparage her no farther, till you are my
witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue shew it selfe.
</sp>
</div>
</div>
</div>
</div>

<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>

<stage type="entrance">Enter Dogbery and his comptainer with the watch.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ado-dog">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dog.</speaker>
  <p>Are you good men and true?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ver">
  <speaker rend="italic">Verg.</speaker>
  <p>Yea, or else it were pitty but they should suffer saluation body and soule.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-dog">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dogb.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should haue any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ver">
  <speaker rend="italic">Verges.</speaker>
  <p>Well, giue them their charge, neighbor Dogbery</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-dog">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dog.</speaker>
  <p>First, who thinke you the most desartlesse man to be Constable?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-wat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Watch. 1.</speaker>
</sp>
Hugh Ote-cake sir, or George Sea-coale, for they can write and reade.

Dogb.

Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a well-fauoured man,

is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Dogb.

You haue: I knew it would be your answere: well, for your fauour sir, why giue God thankes, & make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are thought heere to be the most senslesse and fit man for the Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Princes name.

Dogb.

How if a will not stand?

Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knaue.

Verges.

If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes subjectts.

Dogb.

True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subjectts: you shall also make no noise in the
streetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch.

We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog.

Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only haue a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed.

Watch.

How if they will not?

Dog.

Why then let them alone till they are sober, if they make you not then the better answere, you may say, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch.

If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not lay hands on him.

Dog.

Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you doe take a thiefe, is, to let him shew selfe what he is, and steale out of your company.
Ver.

You haue bin alwaies cal'd a merciful partner.

Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath anie honestie in him.

If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

How if the nurse be asleepe and will not heare vs?

Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will neuer answere a calfe when he bleates.

'Tis verie true.

This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may staie him.

Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Fiue shillings to one on't with anie man that
knowes the Statutes, he may staie him, marrie not out the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verges.

Birladie I thinke it be so.

Dog.

Well masters, we heare our charge, let vs go sit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior Leonatoes doore, for the wedding be ing there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigilant I beseech you.

Exeunt.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

What, Conrade? Here man, I am at thy elbow.
<sp who="#F-ado-bor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
  <p>Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would
  <lb>a scabbe follow.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-con">
  <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
  <p>I will owe thee an answere for that, and now
  <lb>forward with thy tale.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
  <p>Stand thee close then vnder this penthouse, for it
  <lb>drissels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vtter all to
  <lb>thee.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-wat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Watch.</speaker>
  <p>Some treason masters, yet stand close.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
  <p>Therefore know, I haue earned of <hi rend="italic">Don Iohn</hi> a
  <lb>thousand Ducates.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-con">
  <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
  <p>Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
  <p>Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible a\&#x00AD;nie villanie should be so rich<c rend="italic">?</c></p>
</sp>

when rich villains haue
<lb>neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price
<lb>they will.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-con">
  <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
  <p>I wonder at it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
  <p>That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest
  <lb>that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is
  <lb>thing to a man.</lb></p>
</sp>

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

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bor. I meane the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but seest thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

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

Bor. Did'st thou not heare some bodie?

Con. No, 'twas the vaine on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thiefe this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hot\201AD; blouds, betweene foureteene &amp; fiue &amp; thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoes in the rechie painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old Church window, sometime like the shauen Hercules in the smircht worm\201een tapestrie, where his cod piece seemes as massie as his club.

All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out
more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy selfe
giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of
thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I haue to night
wooed Margaret the Lady Heroes gentle woman, by the
name of Hero, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber,
vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince Claudio and my Master planted,
and placed, and possessed
by my Master Don Iohn, saw a far off in the Orchard this
amiable incounter.

And thought thy Margaret? Two of them did, the Prince and
my Master knew she was Margaret and partly by
his oathes, which first possest them, partly by the darke
night which did deceiue them, but chiefly, by my
nie, which did confirme any slander that Don Iohn had
made, away
Claudio enraged, swore hee
meete her as he was apointed next morning at the
Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her
with
he saw o're night, and send her home againe
a husba
Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name stand.

Watch. 2. Call vp the right master Constable,

Who was knowne in the Common wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a

Watch. 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I war rant you,

Masters, neuer speake, let vs o bey you to goe

We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, be ing taken vp of these mens bils.

A commoditie in question I warrant you, come

Obey you.

Exeunt.
Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Vrsula.

<sp who="#F-ado-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
  <p>Good <hi rend="italic">Vrsu.</hi> wake my cosin <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, and de&amp;#x00AD;
      <lb/>sire her to rise.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-urs">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vrsu.</speaker>
  <p>I will Lady.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
  <p>And bid her come hither.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-urs">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vrs.</speaker>
  <p>Well.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>
  <p>No pray thee good <hi rend="italic">Meg</hi>, Ile</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
  <p>By my troth's not so good, and I</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>I like the new tire</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-her">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bero.</speaker>
  <p>My cosin's a foole, and thou art another, ile</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>I like the new tire</p>
</sp>
your gown's a most rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of Millaines
gowne that they praise so.

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

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

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

Hero. Fie vpon thee, art not asham'd? Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife,
otherwise 'tis light and not heavu, aske my Lady Beatrice. else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Good morrow Coze.

Good morrow sweet Hero.

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

I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

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

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

O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles.

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

For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

For the letter that begins them all, H.
<p>Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sayling by the starre.</p>

<p>What meanes the foole trow?</p>

<p>Nothing I, but God send euery one their harts desire.</p>

<p>These gloues the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.</p>

<p>I am stuft cosin, I cannot smell.</p>

<p>A maid and stuft! there's goodly catching of colde.</p>

<p>O God helpe me, God help me, how long haue you profest apprehension?</p>

<p>Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?</p>

<p>It is not seene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.</p>

<p>Get you some of this distill'd carduus benedictus and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.</p>
<sp who="#F-ado-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
    <p>There thou prickst her with a thissell.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
    <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
    <p>Why <hi rend="italic">Benedictus</hi>?, why <hi rend="italic">benedictus</hi>? you haue some mo<lm rend="italic">rall in this</lm> in this <hi rend="italic">benedictus</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <p>Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke per<lb rend="italic">chance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not</lb> such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke <lb rend="italic">my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you</lb> will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet <hi rend="italic">Benedicke</hi> was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore <lb rend="italic">hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despi</lb>ght of his <lb rend="italic">heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you</lb> may be couerted I know not, but me thinkes you looke <lb rend="italic">with your eies as other women doe.</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
    <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
    <p>What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <p>Not a false gallop.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Vrsula.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ado-urs">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vrsula.</speaker>
    <p>Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, sig<lb rend="italic">nior</lb> Benedicke</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-her">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hero.</speaker>
    <p>Helpe me to dresse mee good coze, good <hi rend="italic">Meg</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Vrsula</hi>.</p>
</sp>
Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Constable. Mary sir I would haue some confidence with you, that decernes you nearly.

Leonato. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

Constable. Comparisons are odorous, palabras neighbour Verges.
<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>

<p>Neighbours, you are tedious.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-dog">
  <p>It pleases your worship to say so, but we are
  the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part,
  if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to
  bestow it all of your worship.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-dog">
  <p>All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?</p>
</sp>

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

Wor\x00AD;

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <p>ship as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a
  poore man, I am glad to heare it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ver">
  <p>Marry sir our watch to night, except\ngap extent="1"\n  unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#ES'/\nging your
  worships presence, haue tane a couple of as arrant
  knaues as any in Messina.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-dog">
  <p>A good old man sir, hee will be talking as
  they say, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe vs,
  it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour <hi
  rend="italic">Verges</hi>,
  well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse,
  one must ride behinde, an honest soule yfaith sir, by my
  troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee
  wor\x00AD;</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo"/>
Leon.

Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Con. Do.

Gifts that God giues.

Leon.

I must leaue you.

Con. Dog.

One word sir, our watch sir haue indeed comprehended two aspitious persons, & we would haue them this morning examined before your worship.

Con. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Ile wait vpon them, I am ready.

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to Franci Sea‑coale, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole:

Francis Sea & 2011;

We are now to examine those men.
Verges.

And we must doe it wisely.

Dogb.

Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you:

Much adoe about Nothing.

heere's that shall driue some to a non come,

excommuni
cation, and meet me at the Iaile.

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke,

Come Frier, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shal recount their particular duties afterwards.

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

No.

To be married to her: Frier, you come to mar

rie her.
Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

I doe.

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

Know you anie, Hero?

None my Lord.

I dare make his answer, None.

O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!
As freely sonne as God did giue her me.

And what haue I to giue you back, whose worth may counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Not to be married, Not to knit my soule to an approued wanton.

Deere my Lord, if you in your owne reason roofe,

Haue vanquisht the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginitie.

I know what you would say: if I haue knowne she did imbrace me as a husband, and so extenuate the forhand sinne: No
Leonato,

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

And seem'd I euer otherwise to you?
Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
You seeme to me as Diane in her Orbe,
As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than Venus, or those pampred animalls,
That rage in sauage sensualitie.

Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?
What should I speake?
I stand dishonour'd that haue gone about,
To linke my deare friend to a common stale.
Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?
Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
This lookes not like a nuptiall.
True, O God!
Leonato, stand I here? Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's brother? Is this face? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Hero. O God defend me how am I beset, what kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. Marry that can Hero, Hero himself can blot out Heroes' virtue.

What man was he, talkt with you yesternight, Out at your window betwixt twelve and one? Now if you are a maid, answer to this.

I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.
Prince. Why then you are no maiden. 

Leonato, I am sorry you must heare: vpon mine honor, My selfe, my brother, and this grieued Count Did see her, hear her, at that howre last night, 

Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window, 

Who hath indeed most like a liberall villaine, Confest the vile encounters they haue had 

A thousand times in secret.

Iohn. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord, Not to be spoken of, 

There is not chastitie enough in language, Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty Lady 

I am sorry for thy much misgouernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a hadst thou beene 

If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart? 

But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell 

Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie, 

For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue, 

And on my eie lids shall Coniecture hang, 

To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme, 

And neuer shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why how now cosin, wherfore sink you down?

Bast. Come, let vs go: these things come thus to light, 

Smother her spirits vp.

Bene. How doth the Lady?
Beat. I thinke, helpe vnclc, Hero, why Hero, Vncle, Signor Benedicke, Frier.

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,

Death is the fairest couer for her shame That may be wisht for.

How now cosin Hero?

Haue comfort Ladie.

Dost thou looke vp? Yea, wherefore should she not?

Wherfore? Why doth not euery earthly thing Cry shame vpon her? Could she heere denie The storie that is printed in her blood?

Do not liue Hero, do not ope thine eyes:

For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,

My selfe would on the reward of reproaches

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

Chid I, for that at frugal Natures frame?

O one too much by thee: why had I one?

Why euer was't thou louelie in my eies?

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

Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say.
O on my soule my cosin is belied.
Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?
No, truly: not although vntill last night,
I haue this tweluemonth bin her bedfellow.
Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.
Would the Princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who lou'd her so, that speaking of her foulnesse,
Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.
Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene silent so long, and giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by
A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,
In Angel whitenesse beare away those blushes,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Trust not my reading, nor my obseruations,
Which with experimental se&le doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,
My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,
If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltlesse heere,
Vnder some biting error.

Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,
Is, that she wil not adde to her damnation,
A sinne of periury, she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to couer with excuse,
That which appeares in proper nakednesse?"
These hands shall teare her: If they wrong her honour,

The proudest of them shall wel heare of it.

Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,

Nor age so eate vp my inuention,

Nor Fortune made such hauocke of my meanes,

Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,

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

Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,

Ability in meanes, and chiose of friends,

To quit me of them thoroughly.

---

Pause awhile:

And let my counsell sway you in this case,

Your daughter heere the Princesse (left for dead)

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,

And publish it, that she is dead indeed:

Maintaine a mourning ostentation,

And on your Families old monument,

Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,

That appertaine vnto a buriall.

---

What shall become of this? What wil this do?

Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe,

Change slander to remorse, that is some good,

But not for that dreame I on this strange course,

But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:

She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,

Vpon the instant that she was accus'd,

Shal be lamented, pittied, and excus'd

Of euery hearer: for it so fals out,

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

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

Why then we racke the value, then we finde

The vertue that possession would not shew vs

Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with

When he shal heare she dyed vpon his words,

Th'Idea of her life shal sweetly creepe

Into his study of imagination.

And euery louely Organ of her life,

Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:

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

Signior Leonato, let the Frier aduise you,
And though you know my inwardnesse and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and Claudio.

Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and iustlie, as your soule
Should with your bodie.

Being that I flow in greefe,
The smallest twine may lead me.

'Tis well consented, presently away,
For to strange sores, strangely they straine the cure,
Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience &amp; endure.

Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and iustlie, as your soule
Should with your bodie.

And though you know my inwardnesse and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and

'If I had not so accused her:
No, though he thought his accusation true:
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.

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And though you know my inwardnesse and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and

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No, though he thought his accusation true:
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And if it sort not well, you may conceale her
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In some reclusiue and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, mindes and injuries.

Signior Leonato, let the Frier aduise you,
And though you know my inwardnesse and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and Claudio.
<speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
<p>Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>I will not desire that.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>You haue no reason, I doe it freely.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>Surelie I do beleeeue your fair cosin is wrong'd.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>Ah, how much might the man deserue of mee</p>
  <p>that would right her!</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>Is there any way to shew such friendship?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>A verie even way, but no such friend.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>May a man doe it?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>It is a mans office, but not yours.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
  <p>I doe loue nothing in the world so well as you,</p>
  <p>is not that strange?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-bea">
  <speaker rend="italic">Beat.</speaker>
  <p>As strange as the thing I know not, it were as</p>
  <p>possible for me to say, I loued nothing so well as you, but</p>
  <p>beleeue me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor</p>
  <p>I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
</sp>
By my sword Beatrice thou lou'st me.

Doe not sweare by it and eat it.

I will sweare by it that you loue mee, and I will make him eat it that sayes I loue not you.

Will you not eat your word?

With no sawce that can be deuised to it, I protest I loue thee.

Why then God forgiue me.

What offence sweet Beatrice?

You haue stayed me in a happy howre, I was a bout to protest I loued you.

And doe it with all thy heart.

I loue you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Kill Claudio.
Bene.

Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat.

You kill me to deny, farewell.

Bene.

Bene.

Tarrie sweet Beatrice.

I am gone, though I am here, there is no love in you, nay I pray you let me go.

Bene.

Beatrice.

Infaith I will go.

We'll be friends first.

You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Is Claudio thine enemie?

Is a not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand untill they come to take hands, and then with publike accusation vncouered slander, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market.
Heare me <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>.

Talke with a man out at a window, a proper saying.

Nay but <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, she is wrong'd, shee is slandered,

she is vn-done.

Princes and Counties! surelie a Princeely testi—one lie, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake!

But manhood is melted into cursies, valour into complement, and men are one lie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>, that only tells a lie, and sweares it:

I cannot be a man with wishing, therfore I will die a man with grieuing.

Tarry good <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, by this hand I loue thee.
Bened.

<p>Thinke you in your soule the Count hath wrong'd Hero?</p>

Beat.

<p>Yea, as sure as I haue a thought, or a soule.</p>

Bene.

<p>Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I will kisse your hand, and so leaue you: by this hand shall render me a deere account: as you heare of me, so thinke of me: goe comfort your coosin, I must say she is dead, and so farewell.</p>

Keeper.

<p>Is our whole dissembly appeard?</p>

Cowley.

<p>O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton.</p>

Sexton.

<p>Which be the malefactors?</p>

Andrew.

<p>Marry that am I, and my partner.</p>

Cowley.

<p>Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition to examine.</p>

Sexton.

<p>But which are the offenders that are to be examined, let them come before master Constable.</p>
Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is your name, friend?

Borachio. 

Pray write downe Borachio. Yours sirra.

I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is Conrade.

Marry sir, we say we are none.

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

Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?
<speaker rend="italic">Sext.</speaker>
<p>Master Constable, you goe not the way to examine, you must call forth the watch that are their</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-kem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kemp.</speaker>
 <p>Yea marry, that's the eftest way, let the watch come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name, accuse these men.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch 1.</speaker>
 <p>This man said sir, that <hi rend="italic">Don Iohn</hi> the Princes brother was a villaine.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-kem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kemp.</speaker>
 <p>Write down, Prince <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> a villaine: why this is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-bor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bora.</speaker>
 <p>Mast Master Constable.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-kem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kemp.</speaker>
 <p>Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke I promise thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-sex">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sexton.</speaker>
 <p>What heard you him say else?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-wat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Watch 2.</speaker>
 <p>Mary that he had receiued a thousand Dukates of <hi rend="italic">Don Iohn</hi>, for accusing the Lady <hi rend="italic">Hero</hi> wrong, fully.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Kem.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0137-0.jpg" n="117"/>
<fw type="rh">Much adoee about Nothing.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ado-kem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kemp.</speaker>
</sp>
Flat Burglarie as euer was committed.

Yea by th'masse that it is.

What else fellow?

And that Count Claudio did meane vpon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euer lasting redemption for this.

What else?

This is all.

This is more masters then you can deny, Prince Iohn is this morning secretly stolne away: was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and vpon the griefe of this sodainely died: Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato, I will goe before, and shew him their examination.

Come, let them be opinion'd.

Let them be in the hands of
Coxcombe.

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

Kemp.

Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee downe an asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse: though it be not written down, yet forget not y <c rend="superscript">t</c> I am an asse: No thou villaine, y <c rend="superscript">u</c> art full of piety as shall be prou'd <c rend="italic">u</c>pon thee by good witnesse, I am a wise fellow, and <c rend="italic">h</c>oushoul and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as any in <c rend="italic">h</c>oushoul rich <c rend="italic">h</c>oushoul rich <c rend="italic">h</c>oushoul rich <c rend="italic">h</c>oushoul rich <c rend="italic">h</c>oushoul rich <c rend="italic">h</c>oushoul rich <c rend="italic">h</c>oushoul rich 

some about him: bring him away: O that I had been writ downe an asse <c rend="italic">l</c>!

Enter Leonato and his brother.

If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe; And 'tis not wisedome thus to second griefe; Against your selfe.

Exit.
Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsaile,
Which falls into mine eares as profitlesse,
Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,
But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine.
Bring me a father that so lou'd his childe,
Whose joy of her is ouerwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speake of patience,
Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it answere euery straine for straine,
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
Patch griefe with proverbs, make misfortune drunke,
With candle wasters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no such man, for brother, men
Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that griefe,
Which they themselues not feele, but tasting it,
Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before,
Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred,
Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,
No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience,
To those that wring vnder the load of sorrow:
But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie to be so morall, when he shall endure
The like himselfe: therefore giue me no counsaile,
My griefs cry lowder then advertisement.
Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and bloud,
For there was neuer yet Philosopher,
That could endure the tooth and make patiently,
How euer they haue writ the stile of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme vpon your selfe,
Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.
Leon.

There thou speakest reason, nay I will doe so. My soule doth tell me, Hero is belied.

And that shall Claudio know, so shall the Prince, And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily.

Good den, good den.

Good day to both of you.

Heare you my Lords?

We haue some haste Leonato.

Some haste my Lord! wel, fareyouwel my Lord,

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Who wrongs him?
<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
  <l>Marry y<e rend="superscript">u</e> dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:</l>
  <l>Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy sword,</l>
  <l>I feare thee not.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
  <l>Marry beshrew my hand,</l>
  <l>If it should giue your age such cause of feare,</l>
  <l>Infaith my hand meant nothing to my sword.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
  <l>Tush, tush, man, neuer fleere and iest at me,</l>
  <l>I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole,</l>
  <l>As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,</l>
  <l>What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,</l>
  <l>Were I not old, know <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi> to thy head,</l>
  <l>Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent childe and me,</l>
  <l>That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,</l>
  <l>And with grey hairies and bruise of many daies,</l>
  <l>Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,</l>
  <l>I say thou hast belied mine innocent childe.</l>
  <l>Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,</l>
  <l>And she lies buried with her ancestors:</l>
  <l>O in a tombe where neuer scandall slept,</l>
  <l>Saue this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
  <l>My villany?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leonato.</speaker>
  <l>Thine <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, thine I say.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
  <l>You say not right old man.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord, my Lord,</l>
  <l>Ile proue it on his body if he dare,</l>
  <l>Despight his nice fence, and his actiue practise,</l>
  <l>His Maie of youth, and bloome of lustihood.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Claud.</speaker>
  <l>Away, I will not haue to do with you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
  <l>Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kild my child.</l>
  <l>If thou kilst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bro.</speaker>
  <l>He shall kill two of vs, and men indeed.</l>
  <l>But that's no matter, let him kill one first;</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Win</fw>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
  <l>Brother.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brot.</speaker>
  <l>Content your self, God knows I lou'd my neece,</l>
  <l>And she is dead, slander'd to death by villaines,</l>
  <l>That dare as well answer a man indeede,</l>
  <l>As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.</l>
  <l>Boyes,apes, bragarts, lackes, milke</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
  <l>Brother <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brot.</speaker>
  <l>Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea</l>
  <l>And what they weigh, euen to the vtmost scruple,</l>
  <l>Scambling, out</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-leo">
  <l>That lye, and cog, and flout, depraue, and slander,</l>
  <l>Goe antiquely, and show outward hidiousnesse,</l>
  <l>And speake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,</l>
  <l>How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.</l>
  <l>And this is all.</l>
</sp>
Leon.

But brother Anthonie.

Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience:
My heart is sorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing:
But what was true, and very full of proofe.

My Lord, my Lord.

I will not heare you.

Enter Benedicke.

No come brother, away, I will be heard.

See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.

Now signior, what newes?

Good day my Lord.

See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.
Welcome signior, you are almost come to part
almost a fray.

Who = #F-ado-cla

Clau.

Wee ha'd likt to haue had our two noses snapt
off with two old men without teeth.

Who = #F-ado-ped

Prin.

Leonato and his brother, what think'st thou? had wee fought, I doubt we should haue beene too yong for them.

Who = #F-ado-ben

Ben.

In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came to seeke you both.

Who = #F-ado-cla

Clau.

We haue beene vp and downe to seeke thee, for we are high proofe melancholly, and would faine haue it beaten away, wilt thou vse thy wit?

Who = #F-ado-ben

Ben.

It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it?

Who = #F-ado-ped

Prin.

Doest thou weare thy wit by thy side?

Who = #F-ado-cla

Clau.

Neuer any did so, though verie many haue been beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the min AD;

strels, draw to pleasure vs.

Who = #F-ado-ped

Prin.

As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou sicke, or angrie?

Who = #F-ado-cla

Clau.

What, courage man: what though care kil'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ben.</speaker>
  <p>Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and</p>
  <lb>you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another</lb>
</sp>

<lb>ject.</lb>

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

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

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

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

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

<cb n="2"/>

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

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

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

<sp who="#F-ado-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
</sp>
I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue most seriously, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a wood cocke too?

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

Prin. Ile tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: true saies she, a fine little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies shee, a great grosse one: nay said I, a good wit: iust said she, it hurts no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certaine said she, a wise gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues: that I beleue said shee, for hee swore a thing to me on munday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did shee an howre together trans shape thy particular vertues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the propest man in Italie.

Claud. All, all, and moreouer, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when shall we set the sauage Bulls hornes on the sensible Benedicks head?
Yea and text vnderneath, heere dwells Bene the married man.

Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will leaue you now to your gossep-like humor, you breakest as braggers do their blades, which God be thank'd: my Lord, for your manie courtesies I thank you, I must discontinue your companie, your brother the Bastard is fled from Messina:
you haue among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lacke;

beard there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be with him.

He is in earnest.

And hath challeng'd thee.

Most sincerely.

What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaues off his wit.

Enter Constable, Conrade, and Borachio.
a Doctor to such a man.</p>
</sp>
</lb>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>But soft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and <lb>
  be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-dog">
  <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Come you sir, if justice cannot tame you, shee <lb>
  shall nere weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and <lb>
  you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be lookt to.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>How now, two of my brothers men bound? <hi rend="italic">Bo</hi>&#x00AD;
  <lb> one.</p>
</sp>

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

<p>Ha<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#ES"/>ken after their offence my Lord.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-dog">
  <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Officers, what offence haue these men done?</p>
</sp>

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

<sp who="#F-ado-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Marrie sir, they haue committed false report, <lb>
  moreouer they haue spoken vntruths, secondarily they <lb>
  are slanders, sixt and lastly, they haue belyed a Ladie, <lb>
  thirdly, they haue verified vniust things, and to conclude <lb>
  they are lying knaues.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ado-dog">
  <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>First I aske thee what they haue done, thrdlie <lb>
  I aske thee <choice><orig>vwhat's</orig><corr>what's</corr></choice> their offence, sixt and lastlie why they <lb>
  are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their <lb>
  charge.</p>
Rightlie reasoned, and in his owne diuision, and by my troth there's one meaning suited.

Who haue you offended masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too cunning to be vnderstood, your offence?

Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine answere: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I haue deceiued euen your verie eies: brought to light, in the night ouerheard me confessing to this man, how Don Iohn your brother incensed me to slander the Ladie Hero, how you were brought into the Orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Heroes garments, how you disgrace'd her marrie her: my villanie they haue vpon record, you should marrie her: my villanie they haue vpon record, and briefelie, I desire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

Runs not this speech like yron through your bloud?

I haue drunke poison whiles he utter'd it.

Who haue you offended masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too cunning to be vnderstood,
But did my Brother set thee on to this?

Yea, and paid me richly for the practise of it.

He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie, And fled he is vpon this villanie.

Sweet Hero, now thy image doth appeare.

In the rare semblance that I lou'd it first.

Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time our Sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and masters, do not forget to specific when time & place shall serue, that I am an Asse.

Come, bring away the plaintiffs, by this time our Sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Which is the villaine? let me see his eies, That when I note another man like him, I may auoide him:

If you would know your wronger, looke on me.
who = "#F-ado-bor"

<speaker rend="italic">Bor.</speaker>
<p>Yea, euen I alone.</p>

</sp>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Leo.</speaker>
<br>No, not so villaine, thou beliest thy selfe,<br>
Here stand a paire of honourable men,<br>
A third is fled that had a hand in it:<br>
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,<br>
Record it with your high and worthie deedes,<br>
Twas brauely done, if you bethinke you of it.<br></sp>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
<br>I know not how to pray your patience,<br>
Yet I must speake, choose your reuenge your selfe,<br>
Impose me to what penance your inuention<br>
Can lay vpon my sinne, yet sinn'd I not,<br>
But in mistaking.<br></sp>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
<br>By my soule nor I,<br>
And yet to satisfie this good old man,<br>
I <gap>ould bend vnder anie heauie
<br>That heele enioyne me to.<br></sp>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
<br>I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,<br>That were impossible, but I praie you both,<br>Possesse the people in <hi rend="italic">Messina</hi>
here,<br>
How innocent she died, and if your loue<br>Can labour aught in sad inuention,<br>Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,<br>And sing it to her bones, sing it to night:<br>To morrow morning come you to my house,<br>And since you could not be my sonne in law,<br>Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,<br>Almost the copie of my childe that's dead,<br>And she alone is heire to both of vs,<br>Giue her the right you should haue giu'n her cosin,<br>And so dies my reuenge.<br></sp>

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

O noble sir!
Your ouerkindnesse doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poore <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>.

O noble sir!
Your ouerkindnesse doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poore <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>.

To morrow then I will expect your comming,
To night I take my leaue, this naughtie man
Shall face to face be brought to <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>.

Who indeede is not vnder white and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee asse, I beseech you let it be remembred in his punishment, and also the <choice><orig>vvatch</orig><corr>watch</corr></choice> heard them talke of one Deformed, they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock
hangning by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which he hath vs'd so long, and neuer paied, that now men grow hard harted and will lend nothing for Gods sake:

moreouer sir, which indeede is not vnnder white and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee asse, I beseech you let it be remembred in his punishement, and also the <choice><orig>vvatch</orig><corr>watch</corr></choice> heard them talke of one Deformed, they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock
hangning by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which he hath vs'd so long, and neuer paied, that now men grow hard harted and will lend nothing for Gods sake:

Moreouer sir, which indeede is not vnnder white and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee asse, I beseech you let it be remembred in his punishement, and also the <choice><orig>vvatch</orig><corr>watch</corr></choice> heard them talke of one Deformed, they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock
hangning by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which he hath vs'd so long, and neuer paied, that now men grow hard harted and will lend nothing for Gods sake:

Moreouer sir, which indeede is not vnnder white and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee asse, I beseech you let it be remembred in his punishement, and also the <choice><orig>vvatch</orig><corr>watch</corr></choice> heard them talke of one Deformed, they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock
hangning by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which he hath vs'd so long, and neuer paied, that now men grow hard harted and will lend nothing for Gods sake:

I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.
Your <choice><orig>vworship</orig><corr>worship</corr></choice> speakes like a most thankefull

Who beleue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Who beleue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Who beleue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Who beleue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Who beleue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.
Leon. There's for thy paines.

Const. God saue the foundation.

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

Const. I leaue an arrant knaue with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct your selfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worship, I wish your worship, I humblie giue you leaue to depart, and if a merie meeting may be wisht, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

Leon. Untill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Brot. Farewell my Lords, looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To night ile mourne with Hero:
Bring you these fellowes on, weel take.

How her acquaintance grew this lewd fellow.

deserve

at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of Bea

man liuing

deser

shall come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou

waies keepe below staires?

 Thy wit is as quicke as the greyhound's mouth,
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
<p>A most manly wit <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>, it will not hurt a</p>
</sp>

not hurt a <lb/>woman: and so I pray thee call <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi>, I giue thee the <lb/>bucklers.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>Giue vs the swords, wee haue bucklers of our <lb/>owne.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-ben">
<speaker rend="italic">Bene.</speaker>
<p>If you vse them <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>, you must put in the <lb/>pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for <lb/>Maides.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ado-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<p>Well, I will call <hi rend="italic">Beatrice</hi> to you, who I thinke <lb/>hath legges.</p>
</sp>

Margarite.</stage>

<p>And therefore will come. The God of loue that <lb/>sits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pitti&amp;x00AD; <lb/>full I deserue. I meane in singing, but in louing, Lean&amp;x00AD; <lb/>der the good swimmer, Troilous the first imploier of <lb/>pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam car&amp;x00AD; <lb/>pet&amp;x2011;mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the e&amp;x00AD; <lb/>uen rode of a blanke verse, why they were neuer so true&amp;x00AD; <lb/>ly turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue: mar&amp;x00AD; <lb/>rie I cannot shew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no <lb/>rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne,
horne, a hard
<choice><orig>time</orig><corr>rime</corr></choice>: for schoole foole, a babling
<choice><orig>time</orig><corr>rime</corr></choice>: 
<lb/>
verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnnder a ri-
<lb/>ming Plannet, for I cannot woee in festiuall tearmes:
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Beatrice.</stage>
<sweete rend="italic">Beatrice</sweete><hi rend="italic">would'st thou come</hi>
when I cal'd
<lb/>thee?"</p>

Ye Signior, and depart when you bid me."</p>

O stay but till then."</p>

Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere
<lb/>I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with

knowing what hath past betweene you and <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>.

Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse
<lb/>thee."</p>

Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind
<lb/>is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome,

therefore I will depart vnkist."</p>

Thou hast frighted the word out of his right
<lb/>sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly,
<lb/>Claudio</lb><hi rend="italic">vndergoes my challenge,

and either I must short
<lb/>ly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and
<lb/>I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst
<lb/>thou first fall in loue with me?"</p>
For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a state of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?

Bene.

Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do suffer loue in deede, for I loue thee against my will.

Beatrice, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall liue no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

And how long is that thinke you?

Question, why an hower in clamour and a quar& ter in rhewme, therfore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don womre (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witnesse is praise worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cosin?
Beat.

Verie ill.

Bene.

And how doe you?

Beat.

Verie ill too.

Enter Vrsula.

Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue you too, for here comes one in haste.

Madam, you must come to your Vnkle, yon ders old coile at home, it is prooued my Ladie He ro hath bin falselie accusde, the Prince and Claudio mightilie abusde, and Don Iohn is the author o all, who is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?

Will you go heare this newes Signior?

I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bu  ried in thy eies: and moreouer, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles.

Exeunt.
Lord.

It is my Lord.

Epitaph.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death in guardian of her wrongs,

Liues in death with glorious fame:

Hang thou there vpon the tombe,

Praising her when I am dombe.

Clau.

Now musick sound & sing your solemn hymne

Song.

Pardon goddesse of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight,

For the which with songs of woe,

Round about her tombe they goe:

Midnight assist our mone, helpe vs to sigh and grone.

Heauily, heauily.

Graues yawne and yeelde your dead,

Till death be vterred,

Heauenly, heauenly.

Lo.

Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do

Good morrow masters, put your Torches out,

The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day

Before the wheeles of Phoebus, round about

Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:

Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.

Good morrow masters, put your Torches out,

The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day

Before the wheeles of Phoebus, round about

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Good morrow masters, put your Torches out,

The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day

Before the wheeles of Phoebus, round about

Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:

Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.
Prin. Come let us hence, and put on other weeds, and then to Leonatoes we will goe.

Clau. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds, then Much adoe about Nothing.

Th[e]n this for whom we rendred vp this woe.

Exeunt.


Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leo. So are the Prince and Claudio who accus'd her, upon the errour that you heard debated:

But Margaret was in some fault for this,

Although against her will as it appeares,

In the true course of all the question.

Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by your selues, and when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this howre To visit me, you know your office Brother, You must be father to your brothers daughter, And giue her to young Claudio.

Exeunt Ladies.

Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance. Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke. To doe what Signior? Signior, Your answer sir is Enigmaticall, but for my will, my will is, your good will, May stand with ours, this day to be conioyn'd, in the state of honourable marriage, and the Prince, but what's your will?

Your necce regards me with an eye of fauour. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true. And I doe with an eye of loue requite her. The sight whereof I thinke you had from me, From Leonato, truth it is good, and the Prince, but what's your will?
Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my helpe.

Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.

We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd, To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Ile hold my minde were she an Ethiope.

Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

Good morrow Benedicke, why what's the matter?

That you haue such a Februarie face, So full of frost, of storme, and clowdinesse.

I thinke he thinkes vpon the sauage bull: Tush, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold, And all Europa shall reioyce at thee, As once Europa did at lusty Ioue,

When he would play the noble beast in loue.

Bull sir, had an amiable low, And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow.

A got a Calfe in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you haue iust his bleat.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrsula.

Cla.

For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.

Which is the Lady I must seize vpon?

Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

This same is she, and I doe giue you her.

Giue me your hand before this holy Frier, I am your husband if you like of me.

Another Hero?

The former Hero, that is dead.

Leon.
She died my Lord, but whiles her slander liu'd.

All this amazement can I qualifie,

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of faire Heroes

death:

Meane time let wonder seeme familiar,

And to the chappell let vs presently.

Soft and faire Frier, which is Beatrice?

I answer to that name, what is your will?

Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, haue beene deceiued, they swore you did.

Doe not you loue mee?

Why then my Cosin Margaret and Ursula Are much decei'd, for they did sweare you did.

Are much decei'ud, for they did sweare you did.
They swore you were almost sick for me.

They swore you were well dead for me.

'Tis no matter, then you do not love me?

No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Come Cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

And I'll be sworn you don't, that he loves her,

For heres a paper written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,

Fashioned to Beatrice.

And heres another,

Writ in my cozin's hand, stolen from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick.

A miracle, here's our own hands against our hearts: come I will have thee, but by this light I take thee for pity.

I would not deny you, but by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, partly to save your life; for I was told, you were in a consumption.

Peace I will stop your mouth.
Prin. How dost thou Benedicke the married man?

Bene. I will tell thee what Prince: a College of wits and crackers cannot flout me out of my humour, dost thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with brains, a shall wear nothing handsomely about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it, and therefore never flout at me, for I have said against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion: for thy part Claudio, I did thinke to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, liue vnibriss'd, and loue my cousin.

Cla. I had well hop'd you wouldst have denied Beatrice, yet I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of thy will 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 lighten our own hearts, and our wifes heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.
wife, get thee a
wife, there is no
staff more reverend then one tipt with horn.

Enter. Mes.

My Lord, your brother Iohn is tane in flight,
And brought with armed men backe to Messina.

Think not on him till to morrow, ile devise thee braue punishments for him: strike vp Pipers. Dance.

L

FINIS.