Much ado about Nothing.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Leonato, Governor of Messina, his wife, Hero, his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, with a Messenger.

Leonato.

Learn in this Letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

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

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

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

Leon. A victory is twice so felicitous, when the achiever brings home full numbers: I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much delved of this part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro, he hath borne himself, beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb, the features of a lion, he hath indeed better suited expectancy, than you must expect to meet a man who, he hath a Vincible here in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much that joy could not flow it itstelf modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overwork of kindness: there are no face truer, then those that are so wish'd, how much better is it to weep at joy, then to joy at weeping.

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

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

Leon. What is it that you ask for Nece?

Hero. My Cousin means Signior Benedicto of Padua.

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

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenge Cupid at the fight, and my Vincible too! reading the Challenge, fiber'd for Cupid, and challenge'd him at the Burbo, I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Fair Nece, you tax Signior Benedicto too much, but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, Lady in those wars.

Mess. You had mutiny victual, and hee hath helped to eate in; hee's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent homacke.

Mess. And a good souldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good souldier to a Lady. What is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a Man to a Man, full with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is to indeed; he is no lese than a souldier, but for the chunking, we are at all mortall.

Leon. You must not (if) mistake my Niece, there is a kinde of merry War betweene Signior Benedick and her; they never meet, but there's a skirtish of wit betweene them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, foure of his five wits went halving off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if hee have wit enough to keepe him selfe warme, let him beare it for a difference between himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his Companion now? He hath every month a new sworne brother.

Mess. 1st possible?

Beat. Very eaily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashio of his hat, it ever changes with the next blocke.

Mess. I see (Lady,) the Gentleman is not in your books.

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

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

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the Pellegrine, and the taker runnes presently madde. God helpe the noble Claudio, he that hath the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere it be cure.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Dye good friend.

Leon. You'll never run mad Nece.

Beat. No, nor till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicto, Bathazar, and John the Baptist.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meete your trouble: the fashio of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likenesse of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.
Pedro. You imbrace your charge more willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Lee. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Ben. Were you in doubt that you ask her?

Lee. Signior Benedick, no, for then were you a child.

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

Ben. If Signior Leonato be her Father, false would not have his head on her shoulders for all Mefistro, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick, no body marks you.

Ben. What my deare Lady Diddaiane! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Diddaiane should die, while she hath such meat food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Courteisie itselfe must convert to Diddaine, if you come in her presence.

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

Beat. A deare happening to women, they would else have beene troubled with a pernicious Sutor, I thank God and my colde blood, I am of your humour: for that I had rather hearre my Dog bark at a Crow, then a man swearre he loves me.

Ben. God keep your Ladiship fill in that minde, some Gentleman or other shall Predefinite scatich face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and twere sucha face as yours were.

Ben. Well you are a rare Parrat-teacher.

Beat. A Bird of my tongue, is better then a heart of yours.

Ben. I would my hoste had the speed of your tongue, and goe good a continuator, but keep your way Gods name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a lades tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the summe of all: Leonato, Signior Claude, and Signior Benedick, my deare friend Leonato, hath invited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may determine us longer: I dare swearre he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swearre, my Lord, you shal not be forsworne, let me bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duties.

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

Lee. Please it your Grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand Leonato, we will goe together.

Leonato. Monet Benedick and Claude.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Ben. I noted her not, but I look on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest yong lady?

Ben. Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake after my coulume, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?
Bene. That a woman conceived me, thank her: that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a rechaime winded in my forehead, or hang my bag in an invisible baldricke, all women shall pardon me: because I will not doe them the wrong to inform it, I will doe my selfe the right to true none: and the lies, for which I may goe the finer I will live a Batchelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I dye, looke pale with love.

Bene. With hunger, with filthene, with hunger, my lord, no withlove: I prove that ever I looke more blood with love, then I will get againe with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me up at the door of a brochel-boute for the signe of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

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

Pedro. Well, as time shall trye: In time the favelage Bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The favelage bull may, but if ever the senfible Benedick bear it, plucke off the bulles horses, and let them in my forehead, and let me be wilde painted, and in such great letters as they write, here is good horse to hire: let them signifie under my signe, here you may see Benedick the married man.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wert but as horse mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his Quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I looke for an earth quake too soon.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours, in the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper, for indeed he hath made great preparation.

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

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

Pedro. The fiant of Infy. Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay mockenote, mocke not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly batted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your confidence, and so I leave you.

Exeunt.  

Class. My Leige, your Highness now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it how, And thou shalt fee how sate it is to leame.

Any hard Iffon that may doe thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any fome my lord?

Pedro. No child but Here, she's his only heir.

Doth that affect her Claudia?

Claud. O my lord,

When you went outward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a tender eye, That like'd, but had a rough device in hand, Than to drive liking to the name of love:

But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts Have left their places vacant: in their apartments,

Come thro'ning soft and delicat desires,

All prompting me how faire yong Here is,

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

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover prettily, And tire the hearer with a booke of words:

If thou not love faire Here, cherish it,

And I will breake with her: wait not to this end,

That thou beginnest to wilt to fine a story?

Claud. How liuely doe you minifter to love,

That know loves grieffe by his complexion!

But left my liking might too fastaine seeme,

I would have faile'd it with a longer receat.

Pedro. What need the bridge, much broder then the

The fairest grant is the necessity?

(flood)

Looke what will serue, is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest.

And I will fit thee with the remedy,

I know we shall have reveyling to night,

I will USC thy part in some disguisse,

And tell faire Here I am Claudio,

And in her bosome I unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong incounter of my amorous tale:

Then after, to her father will I break,

And the conclusion is, the shall be thine,

In pratiche let us put it presently.

Exeunt.  

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my coven your son:

hath he provided this muffeke?

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

Leo. Are they good?

Old. As the event shall hap, but they have a good cover: they have well outward: The Prince and Count Claudio walking in attick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the Prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance: and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

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

Old. A good harpe fellow, I will send for him, and question him your selue.

Leo. No, no: we will hold it as a dream, till it appear it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that the may be the better prepared for answer, if peradventure this betrothe: goe you and tell her of it: confess, you know what you have to doe, O I lye you mercy friend, goe you with me and I will use your skill, good coin have a care this bucke time.

Exeunt.  

Enter Sir John the Scapard, and Conrade his companion.

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

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the faintheer is without limit.

Con. You should haue reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blesting bringeth it?

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

John. I wonder that you (beings thou failest thou art, borne under Saturnes) goest about to apply a mortell medicine, to a mortifying mischief: I cannot hide. what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no mans jets; eat when I have stomacke, and wait for no mans jeer: I fleape when I am drowze, and tend on no mans buinesse when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yes, but you must not make the full blow of this till you may doe it without controulment, you have of late
late stood out against your brother, and he hath taken you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fairest weather that you make your selfe, it is needful that you frame the season for your owne interest.

John. I had rather a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob love from any in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering benefit man.) it must not be denied but I am a plain dealing villain, I am traited with a mussell, and enfranchised with a clog, therefore I have 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 mean time, let me be that I am, and feake not to alter me.


Bur. 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.

John. Will it serve for any Modell to build mischeife on? What is he for a fool, that betrothes him selfe to unquietness?

Bur. Marry it is your brothers right hand.

John. Who, the most exquiste Claudia?

Bur. Even he.

John. A proper tuck, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bur. Marry on Hero, the daughter and Heire of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick, how come you to this?

Bur. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a fluffy room, comes me the Prince and Claudia, hand in hand in full conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it aggreed upon, that the Prince should wooe Hero for his selfe, and having obtained her, give to her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come, let us thicker, this may prove food to my displeasure, that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can crooke him any way, I bifie my felke every way you are both sure, and will afflit me?

Cor. To the death my Lord.

John. Let us to the great supper, there cheere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my mind: shall we goe prove what's to be done?

Bur. We'll wait upon your lordship. Exeunt.

ACTUS Secundus.

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

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Brot. I saw him not.

Beat. So tareth that Gentleman looks, I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an houre after. Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.
Leon. Cousin you apprehend passing thrively.

Beat. I have a good eye uncle, I can see a Church
by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering brother, make good
room.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedick, and Waltheor,
or dumb John, Masters with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk folly, and looke sithely, and say
nothing. I am yours for your sake, and especially if
I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the
Lute should be like the cask.

Pedro. My vistor is Eolus, I do not, within the house
is love.

Hero. Why then your vistor should be thatch.

Pedro. Speak low if you speake Love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for my owne sake, for I have
many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dancer.

Bene. Amen.

Mar. And God keep him out of my sight when the
dance is done or answer Clarke.

Bene. No more words, the Clarke is answered.

Volfia. I know you well enough, you are Signior Antonia.

Amb. At a word, I am not.

Volfia. I know you by the waving of your head.

Amb. To tell you true, I counterfeite him.

Volfia. You could not doe him to ill well, unless you
were the very man: here’s his dry hand up and downe,
you are he, you are he.

Amb. At a word, I am not.

Volfia. Come, come, doe you think I do not know
by your excellent wit? can vextcide hide it selfe? goe
to, mamme, you are he, grace shall appeare, and there’s
an end.

Bene. Will you not tell me what you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Bene. Nor will you tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Bene. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good
wit out of the hundred merry tales well, this was Signi
or Benedick that said so.

Bene. What’s he?

Bene. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Bene. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Bene. Why he is the Princes jesters, a very dulle foole,
one by his gift is, in devising impossible flanders, nor
but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is
not in his wit, but in his villany, for hee both pleaseth
men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and
beat him; I am sure he is in the Fleece, I would he had
boordeed me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ie tell him what
you say.

Beat. Doe, doe, he’l but breake a comparition or two
on you, which adventures oft when not martke, or not laugh’d
at) strikes him into melancholy; and then there’s Par
tridge winged fawed, for the foole willate no fipper that
night. We must follow the Leaders.

Beat. In very good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they teade to any ill, I will leave them at
the next turning.

Exeunt. Much ado about Nothing.

John. Sure my brother is amorous o’Nero, and hath
withdrew his father to break him with a fight; the
Ladies follow her, and one vistor remains.

Bene. And that is Claudio, I know him by his be-
ring.

John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claus. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very neere my brother in his
love, he is enamour’d on Hero, I prays you dissuade him
from her, she is no equall for his birth; you may doe the
part of an honest man in it.

Claus. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him weary his affection:

Bene. So did I too, and he swore he would marry her
to night.


Clau. Thus say I in name of Benedicke,

But beare these ill newes with the ears of Claudio:

Tis certaine fo, the Prince woos for himselfe:

Friendship is constant in all other things,

Save in the Offence and affaires of love:

Therefore all hearts in love use their owne tongues,

Let every eye negociate for it selfe;

And trust no Agent; for beauty is a witch,

Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:

This is an accident of hourly proofe,

Which I mistrust not. Farewell therefore Hero.

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio.

Clau. Yea the same.

Bene. Come, will you goe with me?

Clau. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next Willow, about your owne bu-
finelle, Count. What fashion will you weare the Gar-
land off? About your necke, like an Virisnes chaine? Or
under your arme, like a Lieutenants farce? You must
weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Clau. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why that’s spoken like an honest Drovers, so
they fell Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince would
have servfed you thus?

Clau. I pray you leave me.

Bene. No, you strike like the blindman, I was the
boy that stole your meste, and you’ll beat the post.

Clau. It will not be, Ile leave you.

Bene. Alas, you hurt foole, now will he creeping into
edges: but that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and
not know mee: the Princes foole! Ha? It may be I goe
under that ride, because I am merry: you but to I am
apt to doe myselfe wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the
bale (though bitter) disposition of Beatrice, that put’s
the world into her person, and t’o gives me out: well, t’
be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where’s the Count, did you see
him?
Benv. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady
Fame. I found her here as melancholy as a Lodge in a
Warren, I told him, and I think, told him true, that your
grace had got the will of this young Lady; and I offered
him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a
garland, as being forlorn, or to bind him a rod, as be-
ing worthy to be whip.
Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?
Benv. The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who
being over-joyed with finding a birds nest, flewes it his
companion, and he left it.
Pedro. What mean you, a transgression? the
transgression is in the theater.
Benv. Yet it had not beene amiss the rod had beene
made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have
worn himselfe, and the rod he might have beftowed on
you, who (as I take it) have done his birds nest.
Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them
to the owner.
Benv. If their singing answer your sayling, by my faith
you say honestly.
Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you, the
Gentleman that daunt with her, told her she is much
wrong'd you.
Benv. O she misdunte me pat the incanship of a blocke:
an oak but with one greene leaft on it, would have an-
swered her: my very vifor begun to animallize, and fmeld
with her: the told mee, not thinking I had beene my
felle, that I was the Prince leafe, and that I was duller
then a great shaw, husling falt upon felts, with such im-
possible convenience upon me, that I flooked as man at a
marke, with a whole army shootting at me, the fpeakes
poyndard, and every word flabs: if her breath were as
terrible as terminations, there were to living were
her, she would in fect to the north fquare: I would not
marry her, though the were indowed with all that Adam
had left him before he transgressed, the would have made
Her cofin have turnd spit, yes, and have left his club to
make the fire too: come, take not of her, you shall find
her the infaure! Are in good apparel. I would to God
some fcholers would confide her, for certainly while she
is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a fanchury,
and people fiane upon purpole, because they would goe
thither, so indeed all quiet, horrors, and perturbation
followes her.

Enter Claudio, and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.
Pedro. Look here the comes.
Benv. Will your Grace command me any service
to the world end? I will goo on the flighted arund now
to the Antipodes that you can devote to me: I will
fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of
Afia: bring you the length of Professor Johnson: fetch
you a hare off the great Claudio's beard; doe you any
enfame to the Pigmates, rather than hold three words
conference, with this Harpy: you have no employment
for me?
Pedro. None, but to defire your good company.
Benv. O God fr, heeres a dish I love not, I cannot
indure this Ladyes tongue.

'Exit.'
Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have lost the heart
of Signior Benedick.
Beat. Indeed my lord, he lent me it a while, and I
gave him fufe for it, a double heart for a single one, marry
once before he woe it of me, with falle dice, therefore
your Grace may well pay I have loft it.

Pedro. You have put him downe Lady, you have put
him downe.
Beat. So I would not he should doe me, my lord, left
I should prove the mother of fulees: I have brought
Count Claudio, whom you sent me to feeke.
Pedro. Why how now Count, wherefore are you sad?
Beat. Not sad my lord.
Pedro. How then, fickle?
Clau. Neither, my lord.
Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor fickle, nor merry,
or well: but civill Count, civill as an Orange, and some-
thing of a jealous complexion.
Pedro. Faith Lady, I think your blazon to be true,
though I be fwearne, if he bee fo, his conceit is false:
here Claudio, I have wood in thy name, and faire Hero
is won, I have broke with her father, and his good will
obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee
joy.
Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her
my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace
fay, Amen to it.
Beat. Speake Count, tis your Qu.
Clau. Silence is the perfectt Harault of joy, I were
but little happy if I could fay, how much? Lady, as you
are mine, I am yours, I give away my felle for you, and
doart upon the exchange.
Beat. Speake cofin, or (if you cannot) flop his mouth
with a knife, and lef not him fpeake neither.
Pedro. Inflaunt Lady you have a merry heart.
Beat. Yes my lord I thanke it, poore boole it keepes
on the windy tide of care, my coin tells him in his care
that he is in my heart.
Clau. And to the cloth cofin.
Beat. Good Lord for allience: thus goes every one
to the world but I, and I am hit burnd, I may fit in a
corner and cry, Laughe for a husband.
Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.
Beat. I would rather have one of your fathers getting
hath your Grace neere a brother like you? your father
got excellent husbands, it was maid could come by them.
Prince. Will you have me? Lady.
Beat. No, my lord, misfle I might have another for
workingdayes, your Grace is too cold to wear every
day: but I beseech your Grace pardon me, I was borne
to speake all mirth, and no matter.
Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry,
bell becomes you, for out of question, you were borne
in a merry hature.
Beat. No fure my lord, my mother eued, but then
there was a florine dam'd, and under that I was borne: co-
sins God give you joy.
Leon. Nece, will you look to those things I told you
of?
Beat. I cry you mercy Uncle, by your Graces pardon.

Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth a pleafant spirited Lady.
Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her
my lord, she is never sad, but when the fleses, and not
ever sad then for I have heard my daughter say, she hath
often dreamt of unhappinesse, and wake her folic with
laughing.
Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.
Leon. O, by no meanes, the make all her woers out
of fitte.
Prince. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.
Leon. O lord, my lord, it they were but a weake mar-
ried.
married, they would take themselves mad.

Prince. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to Church?

Claud. To morrow my Lord, time goes on crotches, till Love have all his rites.

Lear. Nor till Monday, my deare faunce, which is hence a just seven nights, and a time too brief to, to have all things at one mind.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee Claudio, the time shall not go daily by us, I will in the interim, undertake one of Hercules labours, which is to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, th'one with th'oother, I would faine have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Lea. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me tea nights watchings.

Claud. And I my lord.

Prin. And you too gentle Here.

Here. I will doe any modest office, my lord, to helpe my coffin to a good husband.

Prin. And Benedick is not the unhopefulliest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, he is of a noble stature, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty, I will teach you how to humour your coffin, that the shal fall in love with Benedick, and I, with your two helpers, will so prattice on Benedick, that in desight of his quick wit, and his quiesque stomac, he shal fall in love with Beatrice; if we can doe this, Cupid is no longer an Archer, his glory beall ours, for we are the only love-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift, Exeunt. 

Enter John and Borachio.

Job. It is so, the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Borachio. Ye is my lord, but I can crosse it.

John. Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be medicable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes ars heart his affection, ranges evenly with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Borachio. Not honestly my lord, but to covertly, that no dishonestly shall appeare in me.

John. Show me brefely how.

Borachio. I think I told your lordship a yere since, how much I am in the favoure of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Here.

John. I remember.

Borachio. I can at any unconfomitable instante of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

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

Borachio. The poyson of that eyes in you to temper, geue you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his Honor in marryng the renowned Claudio, whole effinmation doe you mightly hold up, to a contaminate state, such a one as Here.

John. What proofe shal I make of that?

Borachio. Proofe enough, to mislike the Prince, to vexe Claudio, to undo Here, and kill Leonato, looke you for any other ill.

John. Oonely to despit them, I will endeavoure any thing.

Borachio. Geoethen, find me a smere houres, to draw on Pedro and the Count Claudio alone, tell them that you know that Here loves me, intend a kind of zexile both to the Prince and Claudio (as in a love of your brothers honorable who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, which is thus like to be coven'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discover'd: thus, they will fearfully believe this without trial: offer them inducements which shall be to no lese likelihood, than to see me at her chamber window, here me call Margaret, Hero; see Margaret terme me Claudio, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meanes time, I will go fashion the matter, that Here shall be abled, and there shall appear such seeming truths of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousie shall be call'd alacrity, and all the preparation overthrown.

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

Borachio. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning (hall not shame me.

John. I will presently goe learen their day of marriage. 

Exeunt. 

Enter Benedick alone.

Benedick. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

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

Boy. I am here already sir.

Benedick. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and bereagaine, I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicateth his behauiours to love, will after he hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne faireness, by falling in love, (such a man is Claudio), I have knowne when there was no musick with him but the drum and the sife, and now had he rather heare the taber and the pipe: I have knowne when he would have walked ten mile a foot, to see a good amours, and now will he lyten nights awake carrying the vasion of a new dable, the lest was to speake plains, and to the purpose like an honest man and a flowing: now is he turned orthography, his words are a very fantasticall banquet, fults so many strange diffireces may I be so converted, and see with theire eyes? I cannot tell, I thinkke not: I will not bee sworne, but love may transforme me to an ouer, but I take my oath on it, till he have made an offer of me, he shall never make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wife, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: rich she shall be, that scartelle: wife, or Ile none, vertuous, or Ile never cleare her faire: or He never leerne on her milde, or come not here me: Noble, or not for an Angel: of good discouerse: an excellent Musitian, and her bairne shal be of what colour it plete God, bah! the Prince and Montfieur Love, I will idee me in the Arbor.

Exeunt Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Lucio Wilson.

Prince. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claudio. Ye my good lord: how shall the evening be?

A$$art on purpose to grace harmony.

Prince. See you where Benedick hath hid himselfe?

Claudio. O very well my lord: the musick ended,

We'll set the kid-boxe with a penny worth.

Prince. Come Balbazar, we'll hear that again.

Beth, O good my lord, take not so bad a voyce,

To slander musick any more then once.

Prince.
Prince. It is the wondrous fill of excellency,
To pure a strange face in his own perfection,
I pray thee, sir, and let me woo no more.

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

Prince. Nay pray thee, come,
Or thou wilt hold longer argument.

Doth it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's a note of mine that's worth the noting.

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

Bett. Now divine ayre, now is his soule ravel'd, is it
not strange that sneakes girts should hale feetes out of men's bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sing no more Ladys, sing no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foe in Sea, and one on Shore,
To nothing can I venture.

Then sigh no more, but let them go,
And be you better and bony,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Into hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more dutties, sing no more,
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The sound of men were ever so,
Since summer first was heavy.

You sigh no more for thee.

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill finger, my lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no, faith, thou fignit well enough for a fift.

Bett. And he had beene a dog that should have bowld thus, they would have hangd him, and I pray God his bad voyage be no mishicle, I had as lefte he have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, doth then hear Balthazar? I pray thee get some excellent musick: for to morrow night we shall have it at the lady Heroes chamber window.

Balth. The bell I can my lord. Exit Balthazar.

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

Clau. O, itake on, flake on, the fonde flites. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but mall wonderfull, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom the hath in all outward behaviors seems ever to abhorre.

Bett. Is't possible? fis the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that the loves him with an imaged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be the doth but counterfeit.

Bald. Faithlike enough.

Leon. O God! I counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion, came so near the life of passion as the discovers it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion shewes thee?

Clau. Bait the hook well, the fish will bite.

Leao. What effect of my lord? she will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Clau. She did indeed.

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

Leo. I would have sworne it had, my lord, especialy against Benedick.

Bald. I should think this a gull, but that the whitebearded fellow speaks it: know not our care hide himself in such reverence.

Clau. He hath an infection, hold it up.

Prince. Hath the made her affectation knowne to Benedick?

Leonato. No, and swears the never will, that's her corne.

Clau. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter faies: shall I fay her, that he so oft encounters him with leerne, write to him that I love him?

Leo. This fayres she now when she is beginning to write to him, she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will the fit in her smocks till she will write a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Clau. Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O when she had write it, and was reading it ever, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the flakes.

Clau. That.

Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halfe, railed at her selfe, that she should be so impudent to write, to one that she knew would fure her: I measure him, fayes she, by my owne spirit, for I should dout: him if he write to me, yet though I love him, I shoul.

Clau. Then downe upon her knees the falls, weeps, sobes, beats her heart, tears her haire, prays, curies, O sweet Benedick, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter faies so, and the extrafie hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will doe a desperate out-take to her felle, it is very true.

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

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

Prin. And he should, it were an almes to hang him, she's an excellente sweet lady, and (out of all suspicion) she is verisous.

Clau. And she is exceeding wise.

Prin. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wifedome and blood combating in to tender a body, we have yet proved to one, that blood hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I have just cause being her uncle, and her guardian.

Prince. I would she had beloved me this storage on me, I would have daffe all other respits, and made her halfe my life: I pray you tell Benedick of it, and heare what he will say.

Leon. Were it good think you?

Clau. How thinkes surely she will dye, for the fayres she will dye, if he love her not, and she will dye ere she make her love knowne, and she will dye if he love her, rather than she will hate one breath of her accustomed crostenesse.

Prin. She doth well, if she should make tender of her love,
Much ado about Nothing. 109

Bea. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thank me, if it had beene painefull; I would not have came.

Bea. You take pleasure then in the meassage.

Bea. Ye shall tooke as much as you may take upon knives point, and chance a daw withall; you have no tomacke, nor answer, face you well.

Exit.

Bea. Ha!, against my will I am fent to bid you come in to dinner: there's a double meaning in that. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then you tooke paines to thank me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is as cafe to thank me: if I do not take pitty of her I am a villain, if I do not love her I am a Jew, I will go get her picture.

Exit.

A Nous Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Ursula.

Marg. To make her come I warrant presently. Exit. Enter Hero. Now Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and downe, Our tale must only be of Benedick, When I do name him, let it be in part, To praise him more then enter Man did merit, My tale to thee must be how Benedick Is fickle in love with Beatrice of this matter, is little Cupids crafty arrow made, That only wounds by heart; now say begin, Enter Beatrice.

For looke where Beatrice like a Lapwing rune Close by the ground, to hear our conference. Virg. The pleasent it anging is to see the fift Cut with her golden oves the silver streame, And greedily devour the treacherous baze, So angle we for Beatrice, who even now, Is couched in the wood-bine coverture, Fear ye not my part of the Dialogue. Her. Then do we nearing her that her care lofe nothing, Of the fule I were bate that we lay for it: No truthy Ursula, she is too disdainfull, I know her spirits are as coy and wise, As Haggard of the rocke. Ursula Bate, are you faire, That Benedick loves Beatrice to tillity? Her. So fakes the Prince, and my new trothed Lord. Virg. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam? Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it, But I persuad worm, if they lou'd Benedick, 

Enter Beatrice.

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

Beat. Faire Beatrice, I thank you for your paines.
To with him wrangle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

\textit{Vivico.} Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deferve as full as fortunes a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall confound him?

\textit{Hero.} O God of love! I know he doth deserve,
As much as may be yeilded to a man
But nature never fram’d a woman’s heart.
Of proudness stiffe then that of Beatrice:

\textit{Dido.} Dicae and Soane ride sparking in her eye,
Mif-prizing what they look on, and her wit.
Values it little, high that to her
All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so feele inured.

\textit{Vivico.} Sure I think so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest he make sport at it.

\textit{Hero.} Why you speak so truthfully, I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely feature’d.
But the would spell him back’d as ever friend’d,
She would swear the gentleman should be her fister:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an antice,
Make a noble blot: if tall, a harmless headed.
If low, an age very dildie cut:
If speaking, why a vain blome with all winds,
If silent, why a blocke moved with none.

Thus turns the man every wise, every wise, seare out,
And never gives to Truth and Virtue, that
Which simpleness and merie purchase.

\textit{Unfa.} Sure, fine, fitch capering is not commendable,
How, no, nor to be odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,
She would mocke me into aye, O she would laugh me out
Of my selfe, pridice to me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick like covered fire,
Conf mum in away in fithes, wight inwardly:
It were a bitter death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

\textit{Vivico.} Yet tell her of it, heare what she will say.

\textit{Hero.} No, nor I will goe to Benedick,
And couneille him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ie devise some honft flanders,
To thinner my coin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impose liking.

\textit{Unfa.} O doe not do your coin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
Having so swift and excellente a wit.
As she is pridice to have, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as signor Benedick.

\textit{Hero.} He is the only man of it,
Alwayes excepted, my deare Claudio.

\textit{Vivico.} I pray you be not angry with me, madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing argument and valor.
Goes forsooth in report through Italy.

\textit{Hero.} Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

\textit{Vivico.} His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?

\textit{Hero.} Why every day to morrow, come goe in,
I fhew thee some attires, and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnishe me to morrow.

\textit{Vivico.} Shee’s tame I warrant you,
We have caught her Madame?

\textit{Hero.} If it prove so, then loving goes by haps,
Some Cupids kills with arrows, some with traps.
Exit.

\textit{Beat.} What fire is in mine ear? be sund this be true?
Stand I condemning for pride and seem so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adieu,
No glory lies behind the backe of such.

And Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindneffe shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For other say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better then reportingly.

\textit{Exis.}

\textbf{Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.}

\textit{Prince.} I do but play till your marriage be consummate,
And then go I toward Arragon.

\textit{Claud.} He bring you thither my Lord, if you vouchsafe me.

\textit{Prince.} Nay, that would be as great a foyle in the new
Gloffe of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat
And forbid him to weare it, I will one bee bold with
Benedick for his companie; for from the crowne of his
Head, to the fole of his foote, he is all mirth, he hath twice
Or thrice cut Cupid bow-stringing, and the little hang-man
dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as found as a bell,
And his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks,
His tongue speaks.

\textit{Bene.} Gallants, I am not as I have bin.

\textit{Leo.} So say I; methinks you are fadder.

\textit{Claud.} I hope he be in love.

\textit{Prince.} Hang him truant, there’s nowe true drop of blood
In him to be truly toucht with love, if he be sad, he wants
Money.

\textit{Bene.} I have the tooth-ach:

\textit{Princ.} Draw it.

\textit{Bene.} Hang it.

\textit{Claud.} You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

\textit{Prince.} What for the tooth-ach.

\textit{Leon.} Where be but a humour or a wound.

\textit{Bene.} Well, every one can’t suffer a grief, but he
That has it.

\textit{Claud.} Yet say he, is he in love.

\textit{Prince.} There is no appearance of fanchise in him, unless
It bee fancy that he hath to strange dignities, as to bee a
Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: unless hee
Have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears hee hath, hee
Is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appeare
He has.

\textit{Claud.} If he be not in love with some woman, there is no
Believing old signs, a brutes his hat a morning: What
Should that be?

\textit{Prince.} Hath any man see him at the Barber?

\textit{Claud.} No, but the Barber’s man hath been seen with
him, and the old ornament of his cheke hath alreadie
Fluthe tennis ral.

\textit{Leon.} Indeed he looks younger than he did, by the loffe
Of a beard.

\textit{Prince.} Nay a rubs himselfe with Cuint, can you smelt
Him out by that?

\textit{Claud.} That’s as much as to say, the sweet youth’s in
love.

\textit{Prince.} The greattest note of it is his melancholy.

\textit{Claud.} And when was he wont to walk his face?

\textit{Prince.} Year, or to paint himselfe? for which I hear
What they say of him.

\textit{Claud.} Nay, but his jelting spirit, which is now crept
Into a lusty-string, and now governed by stops.

\textit{Prince.}
Much ado about Nothing.

Prin. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him; conclude, he is in love.

Claus. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prin. That would I know too; I warrant one that knows him not.

Claus. Yes; and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies for him.

Prin. Shall be shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bess. Yet is this no change for the tooth-ake, old signior, walk aside with mee, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

Prin. For my life to break with him about Beatrice.

Claus. 'Tis even so, Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two Bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter John the Baffard.

Baff. My Lord and brother, God save you.

Prin. Good God, dear brother.

Baff. If your leisure serves, I would speak with you.

Prin. In private.

Baff. If it please you, yet Count Claudio may heare, for what I would speak of, concerns him.

Prin. 'Tis the matter!

Baff. Means your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Baff. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Claus. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Baff. You may think I love you not, let that appear heretofore, & ynee better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (I think he holds you well, and in dearerence of heart hath hopes to effect your enticing marriage; for I am spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Baff. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortened (for the hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is disobliged.

Claus. Who? Hero?

Baff. Even shee, Lamentes Hero, your Hero, every man, Hero.

Claus. Difflory?

Baff. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness, I could say the were worse, thinkes you of a worse title, and I will fit her to its wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you shall see her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: but it would better fit your honour to change your mindes.

Claus. May this be so?

Prin. I will not think in it.

Baff. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you end, and when you have seen more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

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

Prin. And as I wou'd fore-thread to obtaine her, I will joyne with thee to disgrace her.

Baff. I will disgrace her no further, till you are my witnesses, bear it coldly, but till night, and let the ill see it selfe.

Prin. O day untowardly turned.

Claus. O mischiefe strangely thwarting!

Baff. O plague right well prevented so will you stay, when have seen the face of.

Enter Dogberry and his compard with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pitie but they should suffer signalation body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being choosen for the Prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most defartele man to be Constable?

Watch. 1. Hugh Outsikef, or George Sea-coale, for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath blest you with a good name to be a well-favoured man, the gift of fortune, but to write and read, comes by Nature.

Watch. 2. Both which Master Constaile.

Dog. You have it, I knew it would be your answer: well, for your favour, why give God thanks, & make no boast of it, and for your reading, let that appeare when there is neede of fuche vanity. You are thought here to be the most inestimable and fit man for the Constaile of the watch: therefore bear you the lanthorne: this is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to do and any man stand in the Princes name.

Watch. 2. How if a will not stand?

Dog. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and pretendly call the rest of the Watch together, and thank God you are ridd of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Princes subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streets: for, for the Watch to babble and take, is most tolerable, and not to be inured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than take, we know what belongs to a Watch.

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

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why then let them alone till they be sober, if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well said.

Dog. If you meet a theefe, you may surprize him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kindes of men, the leefe you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a theefe, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly by your office you may, but I thinke they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a theefe, is to let him shew himselfe what he is, and how he is cut out of your company.

Verg. You have hit alwayes said a mercifull master.

Dog. Truly I wou'd not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.
Much ado about Nothing.

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

Watch. How if the nurse be asleepe and will not hear us?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not hear her Lambe when it bates, will never answer a call when he bleates.

Verg. Tis very true.

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

Verg. Nay blithly that I think a cannot.

Dog. Five prating to one on't with any man that knowes the Statutes, he may flate him, marry not without 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.

Verg. Birlady I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, well matter good night, and there be any matter of weight changes, call up me, keep ye fellows in counts, and you owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well matter, we hear our charge: let us go first here upon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbor: I pray you watch about figur's, Leans ou', door, for the prince being there to morrow, there is a great coile to night, a-dew, be vigilant I beseech you.

Enter burachio and Conrades.

Bor. What, Conrade?

Watch. Peace, sit down.

Bor. Conrade I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

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

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

Bor. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason matter, yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand Dacates.

Con. Is it possible that any villain should be so dear?

Bor. Thou shouldest rather ask if it were possible any villain should bee so rich for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That the worst art unconfirmed, thou knowest that the fashion of a doubler, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bor. I mean the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Truth, I may as well say the fool's the fool, but seek thou not what a deformed thee? this fashion is.

Watch. I know that deformed, a bos a vile theeke, this vill. yeare, a goes up and downe like a gentle-man, I remember his name.

Bor. Didst thou not hear some body?

Con. No, twas the vane on the house.

Bor. Seems thou not I say what a deformed thee? this fashion is, how giddilyly a turns about all the Hot-
Much ado about Nothing.

Enter Beatrice.

Beatrice. Good morning Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet Her. Why how now? do you speak in the sick time? I am out of all other tune, me thinks.

Mar. Claps into Light a love, (that goes without a barrier,) do you fing it and lie dance it.

Beat. Ye light aloof with your heels, then if your husband have stiles enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis a fife, five a clocke coffin, 'tis time you were ready by my troth I am exceeding ill, he ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a hore, or a husband?

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

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more failing by the flaire.

Beat. What means the fool's trove?

Mar. Nothing but, God send every one their hearts desire.

Beat. These glove the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff coffin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and stout! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O God help me, God help me, how long have you profited apprehension?

Mar. Ever since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

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

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd corded benedicta and lay it to your heart, it is the only thing for a qualm.

Her. There is, thou pricketh her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedicte, why benedict? you have some morall in this benedicta?

Her. Morall? no, by my troth, I have no morall meaning; I meant plain holy thistle, you may think perchance that I think you are in love, nay bishady, I am not such a fool, to think what I lift of me, nor lift not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet benedicta was such another, and now is he become a man, he frowre he would never marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he gries his meat without grudgling, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinks you looke with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes?
Much ado about Nothing.

Enter Prince, Ballard, Leontes, Frier, Claudi, Benedick, Hero and Beatrice.

Leo. Come Frier, France, be briefe, only to the plaine forms of marriage, and you shall recount your particular duties afterwards.

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

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her, Frier, you come to marry her.

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

Hero. I do.

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

Clau. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None of my Lord.

Frier. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.


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

Clau. Stand thee by Frier, fathers by your leave,

Will you wish free and unconfounded sole
Give me this maid your daughter?

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

Clau. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:
There Leontes, take her back again,
Give not this rotten Orange to your friend,
She's but the signe and semblance of her honour
Behold how like a maid the blushes here!
O what authority and thow of truth
Can cunning flame cover, it flesh withall
Comes not that blood as modest evidence,
To witnesse simple Vertue, would you not declare
All you that fee her, that she were a maid,
By thee exterior thevess? but she is none for she knows the heat of a luxuriant bed
Her blush is guiltinne, not modestie.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,
Not knit my foule to an approved wisten.

Leon. Pray, my Lord, if you in your owne proofe,
Have vanqusht the resilience of your youth,
And made defeat of her virginity.

Clau. I know what you would say if I have knowne
You will say, she did embrase me as a husband,
And so extermate the forehand flame: No Leontes,
I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister shewed
Bathfull incertity and comely love.

Hero. And fain'd I ever otherwise to you?

Clau. Our on thee seeming, I will write against it,
You feme to me as Diane in her Orbe,
As chalfe as is the budde ere it bee blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than Uneas, or those pumpped animals,
That rage in savage felicity.

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

Leom. Sweete Prince, why speake not your.

Prin. What should I speake?

I stand dishonour'd that have gone about,
To like my deare friend to a common tale.

Leom. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

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

Bene. This looks not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. Leontes, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?
Is this the face Hero? are our eyes our own?

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

Clau. Let me but move one word to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leom. I charge thee do as thou art my childe.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I bett,
What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Leo. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not here? who can blot that name?

Clau. Marry that can here,

Clau. Here it felle can blot out Heroes vertue.

What man was he, talking with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now if you are a mad answere to this.

Hero. I talk't with no man at that hour my Lord.

Prin. Why then you are no maiden. Leontes,
I am sorry you must hear; upon mine honor,
My selfe, my brother, and this grieved Count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour when night,
Talked with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed most like a liberal villain,
Confesst the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be spoken of,
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus pretty Lady
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Clau. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou beene
If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed
About thy thoughts and connatillies of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell
Thou pure impety, and impious purity
For thee he lockup all the gates of love,
And on my cite-fide shall Conjecture hang,
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leo. Hath no man so kind here a point for me?

Bast. Why how now confin, wherefore sike you down?

Bast. Come, let vs go these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

Bast. How doth the Lady?

Bast. Dead I think, and help me, naycle.

Hero, why Hero, naycle, Sighor Benedick, Frier.

Leo. O Fate! I take not away thy heayn hand,
Death is the fairest cover for her fame
That may be wifht for.

Best. How?
Much a-do about Nothing.

At hours unmitte, or that I yeftermight
Main'd the change of words with any creature,
Refute me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. There is some strange misprision in the Prince.
Benv. Two of them have the very bent of honor,
And if their wishes were mirthed in this:
The prattle of it lies in Iago the bairn,
Whole spirits toil in frame of villains.

Leos. I know not if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall take care if they wrong her honour,
The proudlest of them shall well heare of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age to cace up my invention,
Nor Fortune made such havocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life eft me so much of friends,
But they shall finde, wak'd in such a kinde,
Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in meanes, and choise of friends,
To quitt me of them thoroughly.

Fri. Pause awhile,
And let my counsell sway you in this cafe,
Your daughter heere the Prince(esse) (left for dead)
Let her an hile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintaine a mourning ostentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournful Epitaphes and do all rites,
That appearse unto a burial.

Leos. What shall become of this? What will this do?
Fri. Marry this well caried, 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 trannie looke for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be, shall maintaine,
Upon the infant that she was accustome,
Shall be lamented, pitted, and exculs'd,
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Whence is the price, then we finde
The vertue that potestion would not thow us
Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with Claudio,
When he shall heare the dyed upon his words,
The Idea of her life shall twenty creep
Into his hand of imagin.
And every lovely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite.
More moving, delightful, and ful of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soule,
Than when the liv'd indeed: then shall he mourne,
If ever Love had interest in his Liver,
And with his heart so accustome her.
No,though he thought his accustation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not but success;
Will fasten the event in better shape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if allayme but this be levell'd late,
The supposition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it fort not well, you may concleare her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some recitative and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.

Benv. Signior Honor, let the Friar advise you,
And though you know my inwardkle and love
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio.
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this, As secretly and justly, as your soole Should with your body.

Lew. Being that I play in Greeke, The smallest twain may make me.

Prior. Til well contented, presently away.

For to strange fores, strangely they traine the cure.

Come Lady, to bede, this wedding day

Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience & endure. Exeunt.

Bess. Lady Bessiere, have you wept all this whilom?

Beat. Yes, and I will weep a while longer.

Bess. I will not deere that.

Beat. You have no reason, I doe it freely.

Bess. Surely do believe your sorfe comin is wrong'd.

Beat. Alas, how much might the man deere of mee that would right here?

Beat. Is there no way to shew such friendship?

Bess. A very easy way, but no such friend.

Beat. May a man doe it?

Bess. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bess. I do love nothing in the world so well as you, is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing to well as you, but believe me not, and yet tie not, I confesse no thing, nor I deny nothing, I am sorry for my confine.

Bess. By my word Beatrice thou bas' me.

Beat. Do not twere by it and eat it.

Beat. I will twere by it that you love me, and will make him eat it that fayes I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your words?

Beat. With no fawcne that can be deviled to it, I proff I love thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Beat. What offence sweate Beatrice?

Beat. You have staved me in a happy hower, I was about to proff I loved you.

Beat. And doke with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to proff.

Beat. Come, bid me doone thing for thee:

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Beat. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny, farewell.

Beat. Terrifie Beatrice.

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

Beat. Beatrice.

Beat. In faith I will go.

Beat. We will be friends first.

Beat. You shall often be friends with me, thou art right with mine enemy.

Beat. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approved in the heighbours villaines, that hath flandered, coughed, dithonounced my kinwoman? O that I were a man whar, bear her in hand unly till they come to rakes hands, and then with plume acculation uncoverd flander, unmitivated rancon? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Beat. Beatrice.

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

Beat. Nay but Beatrice.

Beat. Sweet Hero, she is wrong'd, shee is flandered, she is undone.

Beat. Beatrice.
Much ado about Nothing.

Kemp. Flat Burgracie as ever was committed.

Con. Yea by th'muffle that it is.

Sex. What elfe fellow?

Watch. 1. And that Count Claudio did mane upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villain! thou wilt be condem'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. Whos elfe?

Watch. This is all.

Sex. But this is more maisters then you can deny, Prince John this morning secretly fiole away: Hero was in this manner accust, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this fioledly died: Matter Confiable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato, I will go before, and they them his examination.

Con. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sex. Let them be in the hands of Constance.

Con. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? Let him write downe the Princes Officer Constance? come, bind them thou naughty varlet.

Con. Away, you are an aife, you are an aife.

Kemp. Doft thou not suspect my place? doft thou not suspect my yeeres? O that hee were here to write me downe an aife! but matters, remember that I am an aife: though hee be not written down, yet forget not! I am an aife: No thou villain, ye art full of perty as shal be prov'd upon thee by good witnesse, I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a boughelder, and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in'tellins, and one that knowes the Law, see to, and a rich fellow enough, goes, and a fellow that hath had losses, and another that hath two gownes, and every thing handsome about him, bring him away: O that I had been writ downe an aife! 

Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe, and this is not wisdom thus to causer griefe, against your selfe.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsail, Which falls into mine ears as profanetie, As water in a saue: give not me counsale, Nor let no comfort els delight mine ears, But such a one whose wronge doth fote with mine, Bring me a father that folov'd his child, Whose joy of her is over-welmed like mine, And bid him speake of patience, Measure his woe the length and brench of mine, And let it antw're every straine for straine, As thus for thus, and fiche a griev with fiche, In every lencement, branch, shape, and forme; If such a one will minne and stroke his head, And forrow, walke, crie him, when he should groane, Patch griev with provencers, make misfortune drunkene, With candle-waters bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience. But there is no such man, for brother, men Can com fort, and speake comfort to that grieffe, Which they themselves not feel, but faying it, Their counsale turns to paition, which before, Would give preceptual medicine to rage, Fetter strong madnesse in a filched thred, Charnge aech with arie, and agony with words, And so, tile all mens office, to speake patience To thole that wring vnder the load of sorrow: But no mans vertue nor suficiencie To be fo morall, when he shall endure The like himselfe: therefore give me no counsale, My griefes cry lower then advertisement.

Bro. Therein do men from children nothing differ. Leon. I pray thee peace, I will be filch and blood, For there was never yet Philosophers That could endure the toothake patiently, How ever they have writ the file of gods, And made a path at chance and suffereance:

Bro. Yet bend not all the harme upon your selfe, Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speake not reproofly, I will doe so, My soule doth tell me, Hero is belled, And that shal Claudio know, so shall the Prince, And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brother. Here comes the Prince and Claudio haftly.

Prin. Good day, good day.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Have you my Lords?

Prin. We have some halte Leonato.

Leon. Some halte my Lord, well fare you well, my Lord, Are you so haftly now, well, all is one.

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

Bro. If he could right himselle with quarrelling, Some of us would ly low.

Clau. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry thou dost wrong me, thou dissimuler, thou Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I fear thee not.

Clau. Marry bestraw my hand, If it should give you a greech, I fear not:

In faith I have lost nothing in my sword.

Leon. Tull, tull, man, never shere and jeft at me, I speake not like a dumbe, nor a foole, As under priviledge of age to bragge, What I have done being young, or what would doe, Were I not old, know Claudio to thy head, Thou haft so wrongd me innocent child, And that I am forc'd to lay my reverence by, And with grey haites and bristle of many dais, Doe challenge thee to trial of a man, I lay thou haft belt mine innocent child.

Thy flander hath gone through and through her heart, And the lies buried with her ancesters: O in a tombe where never scandall speer, Save this of hers, fram by thy villanie.

Clau. My villany?

Leon. Thine Claudio, chine I say.

Prin. You say nor right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord, He prove it on his body if he dare, Despiteth his nice fence, and his active praficie, His Mai of youth, and bloome of fullhood.

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

Leon. Canst thou so daie me? thou bast killd my child, If thou killd me boy, then that killd a man.

Bro. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed, But that's no matter, let him kill one first.
Win me and weare me, let him answere me,  
Come follow me, boy, come sir, boy, come follow me  
Sir boy, let whip you from your howling fence,  
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.  

Leon. Brother.  
Bro. Content your selfe, God knows I lov’d my niece;  
And the is dead, flander’d to death by villains,  
That dare as well answere a man indeed,  
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.  
Boyes, pages, braggers, fackes, milke-fops.  

Leon. Brother Anthony.  
Trav. Hold you content, what man I know them, yea  
And what they weight, even to the vntoost scruple,  
Scumbling, out-facing, fashing-mongring boyes,  
That ly, and cog, and short, deprave, and flander,  
Goe antiquely and shew outward lioudiousness,  
And speake of ha a dozen dangrous words,  
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.  
And this is all.  

Leon. But brother Anthony.  
Att. Come, ’tis no matter,  
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.  

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience,  
My heart is sore for your daughter’s death:  
But on my honour she was charg’d with nothing  
But was true, and very full of proofs.  

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.  

Pri. I will not hear you.  

Enter Benedick.  

Leon. No, I come brother, away, I will be heard.  

Exit Leon.  

Bro. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.  

Pri. See, &c., here comes the man we went to seek.  

Clau. Now signior, what news?  

Ben. Good day my Lord:  

Pri. Welcome signior, you are almost come to part  
Almost a fray.  

Clau. Wee had like to have had out two notes snap  
Off with two old men without teeth.  

Pri. Leonato and his brother, what think’st thou had  
Wee sought, I doubt we should have beene too young for  
them.  
Ben. In a false quarrel there is no true valour, I came to  
seeke you both.  

Clau. We have beene up and downe to seeke thee, for  
we have high proffes melancholy, and would have it  
beaten away, will thou use thy wit?  

Ben. It is in my frabber, shall I draw it?  

Pri. Doest thou weare thy wit by thy fide?  

Clau. Neverany did do, though many have beene  
beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the  
miniatures, to please to use.  

Pri. As I am an honest man he looks pale, are thou  
sick, or angry?  

Clau. What a courage man: what though care kill’d a  
cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.  

Ben. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the carreer, and  
you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another  
subject.  

Clau. Nay then give him another slaue, this last  
was broke crost.  

Pri. By this light, he changes more and more, I think  
he is angry indeed.  

Clau. If he be, he knows how to turne his giblet.  

Ben. Shall I speak a word in your care?  

Clau. God blest me from a challenge.  

Ben. You are a villaine, I jest not, I will make it good  
how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:  
do me right, or I will protest your cowardice: you have  
killed a sweete Lady, and her death shall fall heavy on  
you, let me hear from you.  

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

Pri. What a feat?  

Clau. I faith I thankme, he hath bid me to a calves  
head and a Capon, the which if I do not carve most  
curry, say my knife’s naught, shall I not finde a wood-  
cooke too?  

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

Clau. He tell thee how Beatrice prais’d thy wit the  
other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit, a true wit,  
and a little one: no said I, a great wit: right faies thee, a  
great groose: I said I, a good wit: I said I, it hurts  
no body: I said I, the gentleman is wise: I said I,  
the wife gentleman: I said I, he hath the tongues:  
that I believe faies thee, for hee swore a thing to me  
on monday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning:  
there’s a double touge, there’s two tongues: thus did  
thee an howre tower tran-shape thy particular ver-  
tues, yet at last the concluded with a sigh, thou waft the  
prospicent man in Italy.  

Clau. For the which the wept heartily, and said thee  
could nor.  

Pri. Yes that he did, but yet for all that, and if thee  
did not hate him deadly, she would have lov’d him dearly,  
the old man’s daughter told us all.  

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

Pri. But when shall we set the savage Bulls hornes  
on the sensible Benedick head?  

Clau. Yea and text vnder-neath, here dwells Benedi-  
cick, the married man.  

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will  
leave you now to your goffers like humor, you breake  
jets as braggers doth their blades, which God be thank-  
ed hurt not: my Lord, for your many courtesies I thank  
you, I must discontinue your company, your brother  
the Baitard is fled from Messia; you have among you,  
kill’d a sweete and innocent Lady for my Lord Lacke-  
beard there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be  
with him.  

Pri. He is in earne.  

Clau. In most profound earnefl, and Ile warrant you  
for the love of Beatrice.  

Pri. And hath challenge’d thee.  

Clau. Moft sincerely.  

Pri. What a prettie thing is, when he goes in his  
doubler and holfe, and leaves off his wit.  

Enter Constable, Comrade, and Borachio.  

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

Pri. But fost you, let me fee; plucke up my heart, and  
be ladi, did he not lay my brother was fleed?  

Clau. Come you tye, if justice cannete you, thee  
shall ne’er weigh more reasonings in her balancenay, and  
you bee a curling hypocrite once, you must be look to.  

Pri. How now, two of my brothers men bounde?  
Borachio once.  

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.  

Pri. Officers, what offence have their men done:  

Con. Marrie
Much ado about Nothing.

Conf. Marrieffr., they have committed false report, moreover they have spoken untruths, secondarily they are slanderers, sly and falsely, they have belied a lady, thirdly, they have verified unjust things, and to conclude they are lying knaves.

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

Clas. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division, and by my troth, there's one meaning well fitted.

Prin. When have you offended matiners, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Conf. is too cunning to be understood, what's your answer?

Bar. Sweet Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wife's done could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me conferring, how Don John your brother incensed me on my brother incensed the lady Hero, how you were brought into the Orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Heroes garments, how you disguis'd her when you should marry her; my villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seale with my death, then repeat over to my frame: the Lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

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

Clas. I have drunk poison whilst he viter'd it.

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

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

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery.

And fled he is upon this villany.

Clas. Sweet Hero, now thy image doth appear.

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

Conf. Come, bring away the plaintiffs, by this time our Sexton hath reform'd Signior Leonato of the matter: and matiners, do not forget to specify when time & place shall serve, I am an Asse.

Con. &. Here, here comes matiner Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,

That when I look, another man like him,

I may avoid him: which of these is he?

Bar. If you would know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou art thou the base that with thy breath hath kild mine innocent child?

Bar. Yes, even I alone.

Leon. No, not to villain, thou belieth thyself,

Here flan'd a pair of honourable men,

A third is fled that had a hand in it:

I thank you Princes for your daughters death,

Record it with your high and worthy deedes,

'Twas bravely done, if you thank you of it.

Clas. I know not how to pray your patience,

Yet I must speake, choose your revenge your selfe,

Impose me to what penance your invention

Can lay upon my life, yet found I nor,

But in maimage.

Prin. By my soule nor I,

And yet to satisfy this good old man,
120

Much ado about Nothing.

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

Benv. In so high a title Margaret, that no man living
shall come over it, far in most comely truth thou deter-
minedst it.

Mar. To have no man come over me, why, shall I al-
ways keep below stairs?

Benv. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth,
it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foils, which
hit, but hurt not.

Benv. A most manly wit Margaret, it will not hurt a
woman: and so I pray thee call Beatrice, I give thee the
bucklers.

Mar. Give us the swords, wee have bucklers of our
own.

Benv. If you use them Margaret, you must put in the
pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for
Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice, who I thinke hath
legges.

Benv. And therefore will come. The god of love that
fits above, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pitiful
I delvere. I meant in living, but in loving, Leander
the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars,
and a whole booke full of these Quantum carpet-mon-
gers, whose name yet runne so moostly in the even rode
of a blank verse, why they were never so truly turned
over as my poore selfe in love: marry I cannot shew it
rime. I have tried, I can finde out no rime to Latie but
badly. An innocents rime: for forme, forme, a hard rime;
for chonic foole, a bawling rime: very ominous endings,
no I was not borne under aaming planner, for I cannot
wrote in festivel teatons:

Enter Beatrice.

Sweete Beatrice wouldst thou come when I calld thee?

Benv. Yes Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Benv. O stay but till then.

Benv. Then is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere
I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with know-
ing what hath pass betwixt you and Claudio.

Benv. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse
thee.

Benv. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule winde
is but foule breath, and foule breath is nothin, therefore
I will depart mistrust.

Benv. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right
place, so forcible is thy word, but I must tell thee plainly,
Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must there-
by heare from him, or I will subtribute him a coward, and
I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst
thou first fall in love with me?

Benv. For them all together, which maintain a poli-
tique a flare of evil, that they will not admitt any good
part to intermingle with them: but for which of my
good parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Benv. Suffer love, a good epithet, I do suffer love in-
deed, for I love thee against my will.

Benv. In plight of your heart I thankes, alas poor heart,
if you plight it for my sake, I will plight it for yours. For
I will never love that which my friend hates.

Benv. Thou and I are too wise to woe peacable.

Benv. It appears not in this condition, there's not one
wife man among twen that will praise himselfe.

Ben. An old, an old infanct Beatrice, that liv'd in
the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not rest in
this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall live no
longer in monuments, then the Bells ring, and the Widow
weepes.

Benv. And how long is that think you?

Benv. Quellion, why an hower in clamon and a quar-
ter in thew, therefore it is most expedient for the wife,
if Don vorrme (his confidence) finde no impediment to
the contrary, to be the trumpeter of his owne vertues, as
I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who my
selfe will bear witness is praise worthy, and now tell me
how doth yon comin?

Benv. Very ill.

Benv. And how do you?

Benv. Very ill too.

Enter Viseus.

Benv. Serve God, love me, and mend, there will I leave
you too, for here comes one in haste.

Viseus. Madam, you must come to your Vine, yonders
old coile at home, it is proved my lady Hero hath bin
falsely accuse, the Prince and Claudio mightly abuse,
and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone:
will you come presently?

Benv. Will you go heare this newses Signior?

Benv. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be
buried in thy eyes: and moreover, I will goe with thee
to thy Vuiles,

Exeunt.

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or four with Tapers.

Clau. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Lord. It is my Lord.

Epist. Done to death by slanderous tongues,

Wash the hero that here lies,

Death in guarde of her wrongs,

Give her shame which never dies,

So she that didst with shame,

Lies in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tombe,

Praying her when I am done.

Clau. Now maillik found and sing your solemn hymne.

Song.

Pardon goddesse of the night,

Thou that didst thy virgin knight,

For the which wise songs of woes,

Round about her tomb they goe.

Midnight suffit our meas, helps us to seek and groan.

Heavily, heavily,

Grace ye ymage and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered,

Heavenly heavenly.

(La. Now unto thy bones good night, yeere will I do

Prine. Good morrow mister, put your Torches out,

The wolves are preied, and looke, the gentle day

Before the wheels of Phaebus, round about

Dapples the drowsie Eait with spots of grey:

Thanks to you all, and leave us, fare you well.

Clau. Good morrow mister, each his severall way,

Prine. Come let us hence, and put on other weeds,

And then to Leonato we will goe.

Clau. And hymne now with tuckler line speed;

Then
Much ado about Nothing.

Then this for whom we rendred up this woe. 

Enter Leonato, Beatrice, Mark, Ursula, old man, Friar, Hero.

Friar. Did not thee he the innocent?

Lea. So are the Prince and Claudio who accus'd her, 

Upon the error that you heard debated. 

But Measure was in some fault for this; 

Although against her will it appears, 

In the due course of all the question.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things go so well. 

Ben. And to go being else by force or fortune,

To call yong Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well daughter, and yong Gentlewomen all, 

Withdraw into a Chamber by your selves, 

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:

The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour 

To visit mee, you know your olde Brother, 

You must be father to your Brothres daughter, 

And give her to yong Claudio. 

Enter Ladies.

Old. Which I will do with confirm'd contentence. 

Ben. Friar, I must intercay your paines, I think.

 Friar. To do what Signior? 

Ben. To binde me, or loose me, one of them: 

Signior Leonato, truth it is good Signior, 

Your Niece regars me with an eye of favour. 

Old. That eye my daughter lentes her, its most true.

Ben. And I doe with an eye of love requite her. 

Leon. The fight whereof I think you had from me, 

From Claudio and the friar, but what's your will? 

Ben. Your answer sir is Enigmatical, 

But for my will, my will is, your good will 

May stand with ours, this day to be conjonied, 

I'meare of this honourable marriage, 

In which good Friar I shall desire your helpe. 

Leon. My heart is with your yoking. 

Fryer. And my helpe.

Enter Prince and Claudio with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly. 

Leon. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudio, 

We here attend you, are you yet determinded, 

To day to marry with my brothres daughter? 

Claud. Ie hold my mindes were the an Ethiope. 

Leon. Call her forth brother, heres the Friar ready. 

Prin. Good morrow Benedick, why what's the matter? 

That you have such a February face, 

So full of trowl, of strowme, and cloudinesse. 

Claud. I think he thinkeg upon the lavege bull: 

Thor, a rare man, we'll trip thy horse with gold, 

And all Europa shall be lover at thee. 

As once Europia did at fifty love. 

When he would play the noble beast in love. 

Ben. Ball love sir, had an amiable low, 

And some such strange bull kept your fathers Cow, 

A got a Calfe at that same noble feast, 

Muchlike to you, for you have just his beate. 

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Marguerite, Ursula.

Claud. For this iowe I love here comes other reckinges. 

Which is the Lady I must feize upon? 

Leon. This fame is the, and I doe give you her. 

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

Leon. No that you shall not, till you take her hand, 

Before this Friar, and Iewarch to marry her. 

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy Friar, 

I am your husbant if you like of me. 

Hero. And when I live I was your other wife, 

And when you love'd, you were my other husbant. 

Claud. Another Hero! 

Hero. Nothing certain. 

One Hero died, but I doe live, 

And falsely as I live, I am a maid. 

Prin. The former Hero, that is dead. 

Leon. Shew me her child, but white her luster li'd. 

Friar. All this amazement can I quallifie. 

When after that the holy rites are ended, 

Ie tell you largly of the faire Heroes death: 

Meeane time let wonder come familiar, 

And to the apppell let us presently. 

Ben. Soft and rare Friar, which is Beatrice? 

Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will? 

Ben. Doest thou love me? 

Beat. Why no, more then reason. 

Ben. Why then your Vnde, and the Prince, & Claudi, 

have been deceived, they wrothe you did. 

Beat. Doest not you love me? 

Ben. Troth no, no more then reason. 

Beat. Why then my Cousin Mark and Ursula, 

Are much deceiv'd, for they did swear you did. 

Beat. They swore you were almo st lycke for me. 

Beat. They swore you were well nigh dead for me. 

Beat. 'Tis no matter, then you do not love me. 

Beat. Not truly, but in friendly remembrance. 

Leon. Come Cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman. 

Claud. And I be sworn upon that he loves her, 

For here a paper written in his hand, 

A haiting portlet of his own pure braine, 

Fathion'd to tourse. 

Hero. And here's another, 

Writ in my cousin hand, stolen from her pocket, 

Containing her affection unto Benedick. 

Bened. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our 

hearts: cope I will have thee, but by this light I take 

thee for pittie. 

Beat. I would not deny thee, but by this good day, 

I yield upon great persuasione, and partly to save thy life, 

for I was told, you were in a consultation. 

Leon. Peace I will stop your mouth. 

Prin. How dost thou Benedick the married man? 

Beat. Ietell thee what Prince: a Collonge of wiccrackers cannot find me out of my humour, doth thou thinke I care for a Satyre or an Epigram no, a man will be beaten with brains, a shall wear nothing handceme about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say againste it: and therefore never flout at me, for I have laid against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion I for thy part Claudio. I did thinke to have been thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin. 

Claud. I had well hoped I should have denied Beatrice, if I might have credell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee. 

Leon. Come, come, we are friends, let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heales. 

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards. 

Beat. Fairly, of my word, therefore play musicke: Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no stave more reverend then one ript with horn. 

Enter Mess. 

Mess. My Lord, your brother John is came in flight, 

And brought with armed men backe to me. 

Beat. Thinke not upon him till to morrow, be devisie 

thee brave punishments for him: strike up Papers Dance.