Dr. Karl Elze

With kind regards from

P. Daniel.
MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING,
written by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE QUARTO EDITION,
1600.

A FACSIMILE
by
CHARLES PRAETORIUS.

WITH INTRODUCTION
by
PETER AUGUSTIN DANIEL.

LONDON:
Produced by C. Praetorius, 14 Clareville Grove,
Hereford Square, S.W.
1886.
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40 SHAKSPERE QUARFO FACSIMILES,
WITH INTRODUCTIONS, LINE-NUMBERS, &C, BY SHAKSPERE SCHOLARS,
ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR F. J. FURNIVALL.

SURDACH

1. Those by W. Griggs.

No.
1. Hamlet. 1603.
2. Hamlet. 1604.
3. Midsummer Night's Dream, 1600. (Fisher.)
4. Midsummer Night's Dream, 1600. (Roberts.)
5. Loves Labor's Lost. 1598.
7. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (Roberts.)

No.
8. Henry IV. 1st Part. 1598.
9. Henry IV. 2nd Part. 1600.
12. Venus and Adonis. 1593.

2. Those by C. Praetorius.

15. Taming of a Shrew. 1594.
16. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (I. R. for Thomas Heyes.)
18. Richard II. 1597. Mr Huth. (Fotografft.)
20. Richard II. 1608. (Fotografft.)
24. The Whole Contention. 1619. Part II. (for 3 Henry VI.)
25. Romeo and Juliet. 1597.
26. Romeo and Juliet. Undated. (Fotografft.)
27. Contention. 1594. (not yet done.)
28. True Tragedy. 1596. (not yet done.)
29. The Famous Victories. 1528. (not yet done.)
30. The Troublesome Raigne. 1591. (For King John: not yet done.)

[Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 14.]
INTRODUCTION.

Under date 4th August, presumably in the year 1600, there is an entry in the Stationers' Register to the effect that Much Ado about Nothing and other plays, As You Like It, Henry V. and Every Man in his Humour, were "to be staied."

The reason for this stay or injunction is not known; but shortly after, on the 23rd August 1600, we find Much Ado and the second part of Henry IV. entered for Andrew Wyse and William Aspley, and both plays were printed for them, in this same year, by V. S. [Valentine Sims].

As regards the Publishers of these two Plays, I do not find in the British Museum Catalogue of Early English Books that Wise and Aspley had ever any other partnership relations. Wise appears to have been in business from 1594 to 1602. During the years 1597–1599 he published the first two Qo. editions of each of the three plays, Richard II., Richard III. and 1st Pt. of Henry IV., and, in 1602, a third edition of Richard III. On the 25th Jan. 1603 he transferred his right in all three to Matthew Law, by whom nine subsequent editions (2 of Richard II.; 3 of Richard III., and 4 of Henry IV. Pt. i) were published prior to their appearance in the first Folio. In view of these numerous publications it is a singular but unexplained fact that no second quarto editions of two such popular plays as Much Ado and 2 Henry IV. should have been issued.

Aspley is shown by the Catalogue above-mentioned to have been in business from 1599 to 1630; his name appears on the title-page of some copies of the Sonnets, 1609, as the bookseller, and in 1623 he was one of the four booksellers at whose charges the first Fo. ed. of Shakespeare's Plays was printed (see Colophon of that vol.). The two plays with which he was specially connected made their appearance in that volume under very different circumstances; for while, as we shall see, Much Ado was little more than a reprint of the Qo., it is very doubtful whether the Qo. ed. of 2 Henry IV. was used at all as copy for the Fo. version. Mr H. A. Evans does indeed, in his Introduction (p. viii) to the Facsimile of that Qo., point out some instances of what appears to be reproduction of Qo. blunders, and a few other seeming points of contact might be adduced; but on the whole I incline to agree with the Cambridge
editors that the printers of the Fo. had only MS. copy for 2
Henry IV.

The entries in the Stationers' Register of course determine the
latest date that can be assigned to Much Ado. How much earlier
it was produced is uncertain. Meres does not mention it in the
list of twelve plays which he gives in his Palladis Tamia, 1598,
and although this of course is no proof that it was not then in
existence, Meres has shown himself to be so well informed with
regard to the literature of the day, published and unpublished, that
the absence from his list of so popular a play as this must at once
have become, has been accepted by nearly all editors as a main
argument for fixing the date of its production at some time in 1599,
1600.

Another point to be considered in regard to date is Will Kemp's
connection with the play: from the prefixes to the speeches in Act
IV. sc. ii., we learn that he took the part of Dogberry and was no
doubt its first personator, or "creator," according to modern theatheral
parlance, and did we know the exact time at which he
withdrew from the Chamberlain's Company we might possibly be
able to determine the date to be assigned to the play more precisely
than by the entries in the Stationers' Register we now can do. That
he was a member of the Company in 1598 we have the testimony
of Ben Jonson, who includes his name in the list of Chamberlain's
men who acted in Every Man in his Humour in that year; Jonson
does not mention him in a similar list of the actors of Every Man
out of his Humour, performed by the same Company in 1599; but
we cannot therefore conclude that Kemp had then quitted that
company; Kemp and Shakespeare, in fact, are in exactly the same
position as regards these two plays: both performed in the first,
neither in the second; and we know of course that Shakespeare had
not parted company with the Chamberlain's men. From this
mention of him in 1598 till his name appears in Henslowe's Diary,
10 March, 1602, we know nothing of Kemp's career, with the
exception of the fact that in the Lent of 1599 he danced his famous
Morris between London and Norwich; but as this was during the
theatrical vacation it would not have interfered with his duties in the
company. The account of this Morris, which he published the
next year as his Nine daies wonder, was entered in the Stationers'
Register, 22 April, 1600.

The appearance then of Kemp's name in the play, as the
original personator of Dogberry, is in no way inconsistent with the
generally received opinion that Much Ado was produced at some
time between the date of Meres's book and the entries of the play
in the Stationers' Register.

I have said above that Meres makes no mention of our play;
but included in his list of twelve he gives us the title of a play called *Love labours wonne*, and Mr A. E. Brae in his pamphlet entitled *Collier, Coleridge and Shakespeare*, 1860, endeavours to prove that this is merely another title for *Much Ado about Nothing*. This identification if established would necessarily throw back the date of our play to some time not later than the beginning of 1598; but I own, ingenious as Mr Brae's arguments certainly are, they fail to carry conviction to my mind. *Much Ado* is not the only play which is supposed to be referred to under the title of *Love labours wonne*: Dr. Farmer in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare* (see Vol. I. p. 314, *Var. 1821*), suggested *All's Well that Ends Well* as probably the supposed lost play; the Rev. Joseph Hunter in his *Disquisition on The Tempest*, 1841, and again in his *New Illustrations*, 1845, Vol. I. pp. 130 and 359, argued in favour of *The Tempest*; Prof. G. L. Craik, in his *English of Shakespeare*, 1st ed. 1857, p. 7, advocated the claims of the *Taming of the Shrew*, and after carefully considering all these claims I see no reason why *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* should not also enter into the competition; though possibly it will be thought that a title which can be made to fit so many different plays probably belongs to none of them.

At any rate it does not seem to me that the claim of *Much Ado* to this title is sufficiently established to allow of its intervention on the question of the date of that play.

A matter presenting less scope for ingenious speculation, but one of very much greater importance, is that of the relationship of the Qo. and Fo. versions; 'till this is ascertained, and their relative authority determined, no satisfactory settlement of the text is possible.

As regards *Much Ado* the question presents no great difficulties, and it may be stated briefly and with confidence that in 1623 the only authority Messrs. Heminge and Condell had for their Folio edition was a copy of the quarto containing a few MS. alterations and corrections made probably years before, and not specially for this purpose. By far the greater number of the variations of the Fo. must, however, be attributed to carelessness on the part of its printer, not to MS. alterations made by the corrector of the Qo.; indeed the fewness and small importance of those which can be attributed to deliberate alteration and correction forbid the notion that any independent MS. of the Play could have been consulted for the purpose, or that any sustained effort was made to supply the deficiencies of the Qo. and correct its errors.

In the Fo. we find the Play divided into Acts, and Sc. i. of the first Act marked; but no further attempt to number the scenes was made. The Fo., or rather the "corrected" Qo. from which it was printed, must also be credited with the marking of four or five
more exits than appear in the Qo.; but, as regards the stage directions and distribution of speeches generally, both editions are almost equally deficient and faulty. The only variations worth notice in this respect are:

Act II. sc. i. l. 88. The Qo. has Enter prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthasar, or dumb John. To this muddle the Fo., without correcting it, adds Maskers with a drum. In the same scene, l. 160, the Qo. has Dance exeunt, which the Fo. changes to Exeunt./ Musicke for the dance.

In the same scene, l. 217, the Qo. has Enter the Prince, Hero, Leonato, John and Borachio, and Conrade. The Fo. rightly omits all after Prince, and at l. 270 where the Qo. has Enter Claudio and Beatrice, the Fo. rightly adds Hero, Leonato.

Act II. sc. iii. at line 38 the Qo. has Enter prince, Leonato, Claudio, Musicke, and at line 44 Enter Balthasar with musicke. For these two stage directions the Fo. only has, at l. 38, Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilson. 1

Act II. sc. iii. 195. A speech given to Claudio in Qo. is assigned to Leonato in Fo.; either may be right.

Act III. sc. i. in the first entrance, the Fo. corrupts Hero’s Gentlewomen to Gentlemen.

Act III. sc. ii. l. 54. A speech wrongly assigned to Benedick in the Qo. is in the Fo. given to Prince; though it might equally well have been given to Leonato.

Act V. sc. i. l. 209. The Fo. for Enter Constables has Enter Constable; and at l. 267 where the Qo. has Enter Leonato, his brother and the Sexton, the Fo. wrongly omits all after Leonato.

Act V. sc. iv. l. 33, at the entry of the Prince and Claudio, the Fo. changes and two or three other to with attendants.

In other places the Fo. reproduces the stage directions just as they appear in the Qo.; Innogen, wife of Leonato, a character not

1 Mr Collier supposed that “Iacke Wilson” might be identical with a “John Wilson, son of Nicholas Wilson, minstrel,” a record of whose birth, 24th April, 1585, he had discovered in the registers of St. Giles, Cripplegate; he thought too that this might be the same individual as the “Mr Wilson, the singer,” who dined with Alleyne, the actor, on the anniversary of his wedding, 22 Oct. 1620, and that he was not only a singer, but a composer of Shaksperian music. (See his Memoirs of Alleyne, Sh. Soc. 1841, p. 153.—Sh. Soc. Papers, 1845, Vol. II. p. 33, and Introduction to Memoirs of Actors, Sh. Soc. 1846, p. xvii.) This last piece of information Mr Collier would seem to have derived in an imperfect manner from Dr E. F. Rimbault, who in 1846, in a pamphlet entitled Who was Jack Wilson? sought, with some degree of probability, to identify him with John Wilson, Dr and Prof. of Music at Oxford, who was born 1594 and died 1673.

It is evident from the birth dates of these two individuals that neither of them could be the original personator of Balthasar; but either might, for anything we know to the contrary, have taken the part at some revival of the play. Hence the insertion of the name in the theatrical copy of the Qo.
in the Play at all, is reproduced in the Fo. as in the Qo. in the entrances to Act I. sc. i., and Act II. sc. i.; in Act I. sc. i. l. 205, the Fo. follows the Qo. in making "John the bastard" enter with Don Pedro, though he has nothing whatever to do with this part of the scene; the cousins or attendants whom Leonato addresses at the end of Act I. sc. ii. are no more provided in the stage directions of the Fo. than of the Qo.; in Act II. sc. i. ll. 104, 107, 109, three speeches belonging to Balthasar remain in the Fo. as in the Qo. to Benedick; no correction appears in the Fo. of the jumble by which in III. iii. l. 187 Conrade is made to speak both his own and the watchman's speeches; the confusion of prefixes to the speeches in Act IV. sc. ii.—where Kemp's and Cowley's names are given instead of those of the characters they represented—is the same in the Fo. as in the Qo., with the exception that the prefix to the mangled speeches, ll. 70, 71, which the Qo. gives to Cowley is changed in the Fo. to Sex. i.e. the Sexton, who has already left the stage; in Act V. sc. iii., in both Qo. and Fo., Claudio's speech ll. 22, 23 is given to Lo. [Lord] and printed as prose; and in Act V. sc. v. l. 98, the Fo., as the Qo., gives to Leonato the privilege which belongs to Benedick, of stopping Beatrice's sweet mouth.

In the text itself we find in the Fo. the same persistence in the errors and peculiarities of the Qo. The following instances—the number of which might be largely increased—will, added to those already displayed in connection with the stage-directions, suffice to establish the dependence of the Fo. on the Qo.:

I. i. 1 and 10. In both places Don Pedro called Peter.

I. i. 59—
"But for the stuffing well, we are all mortall."—stuffing and well wrongly connected.

I. i. 89. Benedick called Benedict.

III. ii. 28—
"Well every one cannot master a grieve, but he that has it."

III. ii. 118—
"If you loue her, then to-morrow wed her."—Comma should come after then.

III. iii. 11. George Sea-cole. In Act III. sc. v. he becomes Francis.

III. iii. 158—
"how the Prince Claudio and my master planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don Iohn."—Evidently corrupt; should probably read—"how the Prince and Claudio planted and placed and possessed by my master Don Iohn."

III. v. 10—
"Speakes a little of the matter."—of for off.
IV. i. 57—
"Out on thee seeming," etc.

IV. i. 103—
"About thy thoughts and counsails of thy heart."—thy for the.

IV. i. 145-147. Benedick's speech. "Sir, sir, ... what to say."—Printed as prose.

IV. i. 157-160. Commencement of Friar's speech. "Heare me ... I have markt."—Printed as prose.

IV. i. 204—
"Your daughter heere the Princesse (left for dead)"—should be—the princes left for dead.

V. ii. 47—
"let me goe with that I came"—should be came for.

It was perhaps scarcely worth while to take into account obvious blunders peculiar to the Fo., but, as showing the general inferiority of its text, the following instances may be noted:—

I. i. 51. ease for eate; I. iii. 41. I will make for I make; II. i.

1 On this instance the Cambridge Editors remark—"The commencement of the Friar's speech comes at the bottom of page, sig. G. i. (r) of the Quarto. The type appears to have been accidentally dislocated, and the passage was then set up as prose." The Editors further suppose that "some words were probably lost in the operation," and they accordingly mark a lacuna in their Globe edition.

A theory of a bit of "pie" resulting in corruption of the text demands very careful consideration. I do not perceive that any words are wanting for the sense, and my examination of the page (49 of our Facsimile) inclines me to believe that there was nothing accidental in the printing of a portion of it as prose. The page, it will be observed, is abnormally long, and consists of 39 lines; whereas the regular full page, including line for signature and catch-word, has 38 only: but if this page had been printed metrically throughout it would have required 42 lines; of which three would have been occupied by Benedick's speech, ll. 145-7, and four by the commencement of the Friar's speech. Now it is not to be supposed that the whole play was set up by one man, and it is therefore allowable to imagine that the portion assigned to—let us say—Compositor A. may have ended with the last line of this page: the following portion, given out to Compositor B., may have been made up into pages before A. had finished his stint. Were B.'s pages to be pulled to pieces to make room for the fig end of A.'s work? I imagine not: it was less trouble to compress a few lines of verse into prose and, with the help of an extra line, to get all A.'s work into his last page, as we now see it in p. 49 of our Facsimile. Probably to a somewhat similar transaction in the printing office was due the appearance in prose of the first part of Mercutio's famous Queen Mab speech in Romeo and Juliet. See p. 19 of the Facsimile of Q2 of that play, edited by Mr H. A. Evans.

It is worth noting here that this p. 49 of Much A do has received some slight corrections in its passage through the press: in l. 125, "Do not live Hero, do not ope thine eies;", the British Museum copy, C. 12. g. 29, has a comma in lieu of a colon at the end of the line; in line 149, "Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?", the same copy has no comma after Lady and has a full stop in place of the note of interrogation at the end of the line; the last words also of the page, "have markt," do not in this copy range with the line above, but are the breadth of one letter within the line.
100. Loue for loue; II. i. 284. this Lady tongue for my Ladie Tongue; II. i. 305. something of a jealous complexion, a for that; II. i. 328. he is in my heart, my for her; II. ii. 34. on for Don; III. i. 79. It were a better death, to die with mockes, to for then; IV. i. 128. reward for reeward; V. i. 6. comfort for comforter; V. ii. 33. name for names; V. ii. 38, 39. time (twice) for rime.

The chief sins however of the Fo. in this respect are sins of omission; besides numerous single words, the omission of which may be unhesitatingly ascribed to carelessness on the part of the printer, the Fo. omits some eight or nine lines, here noted; the omitted passages being printed in Italic:—

I. i. 311, 312—
"And I will breake with hir, and with her father, And thou shalt have her: wast not to this end," etc.

A common error of the press: the eye of the compositor glancing to the her in the second line, he overlooked the words between. See similar instances noted at the end of Dr Furnivall's Forewords to the Q2 Hamlet Facsimile.

III. ii. 33-37—
"as to be a Dutch-man to day, a French-man to morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as a Germaine from the waste downwards, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no dublet."

Malone suggested that this passage may have been struck out "to avoid giving any offence to the Spaniards, with whom James became a friend in 1604."

IV. i. 20—
"What men daily do, not knowing what they do."

Here, as in the first instance, the compositor having set up the first do, supposed he had arrived at the second.

IV. ii. 18-23—
Kemp [Dogberry] loq. . . . "maisters, do you serue God? Both. Yea sir we hope. Kem. Write down, that they hope they serue God; and write God first, for God defend but God should goe before such villaines: maisters it is proued," etc.

Blackstone supposes that this omission "may be accounted for from the stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21."

V. iv. 33—
"Here comes the Prince and Claudio."

I have given Malone’s and Blackstone’s reasons for the omission of two of these passages; but I apprehend they may all be set down to accident.
In reviewing then the errors of the Fo., enough, I think, has been said to prove beyond dispute its connection with the Qo.: it now remains to consider whether that connection has been in any way affected by the supervising authority of a MS. copy of the play, as has been shown to be the case with some other plays where the Qo. editions have been made use of in providing "copy" for the printers of the Fo.

I have already expressed my conviction that no such MS. copy was consulted for the Fo. edition of *Much Ado*; but in order that the reader may have before him all the evidence on which such an opinion could be founded, I have made out a list of all the corrections and variations of the Fo. that have been received into modern texts, Mr. Knight's especially; for he more than any other editor has taken the Fo. for his guide. When he rejects its authority in favour of the Qo. the Fo. reading must indeed be "grandly suspicious." In this list I have marked with a star [*] all such variations as I consider to be obvious corrections: there will not, I think, be found among them any that might not have been made by an ordinarily intelligent reader of the Qo. A number of others I have marked with a dagger [†]: most of these seem to me very palpable blunders, and I should not have encumbered my list with them were it not that Mr Knight has adopted and popularized them in his numerous editions. Another few I have marked with a parallel [||]: their acceptance or rejection would, I presume, depend on the degree of authority to be assigned to Qo. or Fo. For the rest, which I have left blank, I think we need not look further than to the caprice or carelessness of the printer for their origin.

The quotations are taken from the Qo., followed by the variations of the Fo.

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<th>Qo.</th>
<th>Fo.</th>
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<tr>
<td>I. i. 51</td>
<td>&quot;he is&quot;—he's.</td>
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<td>I. i. 90</td>
<td>&quot;ere a be cured&quot;—ere he be cur'd.</td>
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<td>I. i. 93</td>
<td>&quot;You will never&quot;—you'll ne'er.</td>
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<tr>
<td>I. i. 106</td>
<td>&quot;are you come to meet your trouble&quot;—you are.</td>
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<tr>
<td>I. i. 147</td>
<td>&quot;Were you in doubt sir&quot;—sir om.</td>
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<tr>
<td>I. i. 314</td>
<td>&quot;That is the summe of all&quot;—This.</td>
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<td>I. ii. 4</td>
<td>&quot;How sweetly you do minister to lone&quot;—do you.</td>
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<td>I. ii. 10</td>
<td>&quot;I can tell you strange newes&quot;—strange om.</td>
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<tr>
<td>I. ii. 11</td>
<td>&quot;in mine orchard&quot;—my.</td>
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<tr>
<td>I. iii. 8</td>
<td>&quot;were thus much ouer-heard&quot;—much om.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>I. iii. 9</td>
<td>&quot;what blessing brings it&quot;—bringeth.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>I. iii. 10</td>
<td>&quot;at least a patient sufferance&quot;—yet.</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
† I. iii. 25—"where it is impossible you should take *true* root"—
   *true* om.
† I. iii. 63—"I whipt me behind the arras"—*me* om.
   II. i. 17—"if a could"—*he.*
   II. i. 34—"light on a husband"—*upon.*
† II. i. 56—"father, as it please you"—*father* om.
† II. i. 65—"to make an account of her life"—*an* om.
   II. i. 146—"he both *pleases* men"—*pleaseth.*
   II. i. 195—"*count*"—*count.*
† II. i. 222—"I tolde him, and I thinke I tolde him true"—last *I om.*
† II. i. 223—"the *goodwil* of this young Lady"—*will.*
† II. i. 263—"to binde him vp a rod"—*vp* om.
   II. i. 251—"that I was duller than a great thawe"—*and that.*
† II. i. 288—"a double heart for his single one"—*a.*
   II. i. 346—"out a question"—*of.*
   II. i. 370—"*countie*"—*count.*
† II. i. 376—"to haue al things answer my mind"—*my* om.
† II. ii. 37—"as in love of your brothers honor"—*in a love.*
   II. ii. 49—"such seeming *truth* of Heroes disloyaltie"—*truths.*
† II. ii. 57—"Be you constant"—*thou.*
* II. iii. 141—"your daughter told of *vs*"—*vs* om.
   || II. iii. 162—"he would make but a sport of it"—*but make.*
   || II. iii. 178—"what a will say"—*he.*
   || II. iii. 192—"*Before God*"—*Fore.*
† II. iii. 197—"you may say he is wise"—*see.*
† II. iii. 199—"a *most* christianlike feare"—*most* om.
† II. iii. 207—"shall we go *seeke* Benedicke"—*see.*
   II. iii. 217—"*vnworthy so good a lady*"—*to haue so.*
† II. iii. 223—"gentlewomen"—*gentlewoman.*
* III. i. 4—"*Vrsley*"—*Vrsula.*
|| III. i. 12—"to listen our *propose*"—*purpose.*
|| III. i. 58—"lest shee make sport at it"—*she.*
|| III. i. 104—"Shees *limed* I warrant you"—*tane.*
   III. ii. 39—"as you would haue it *appeare* he is*"—*to appeare.*
† III. ii. 64—"conclude, *conclude,* he is in love"—*conclude om.*
   III. ii. 106—"she *has bin*"—*hath beene.*
† III. ii. 132—"beare it coldely but 'till midnight"—*night.*
† III. iii. 37—"for the watch to babble and *to talke*"—*to om.*
III. iii. 45—"bid those that are drunke"—them.
* III. iii. 85—"the statutes"—statues.
III. iii. 134—"this vij. yeare"—yeares.
† III. iii. 148—"Al this I see, and I see"—I om.
† III. iii. 162—"And thought they Margaret was Hero?"—thy.
|| III. iii. 48—"youle see he shall lacke no barnes"—look.
|| III. v. 27—"a thousand pound more"—times.
III. v. 34—"ha tane"—haue.
† III. v. 54—"as it may appeare vnto you"—it om.
† IV. i. 77—"I charge thee do so, as thou art my child"—doe.
IV. i. 88—"Why then are you no maiden"—you are.
IV. i. 97—"Not to be spoke of"—spoken.
|| IV. i. 163—"In angel whitenesse beate away those blushes"—beare.
* IV. i. 277—"Do not sweare and eate it"—sweare by it.
† IV. i. 293—"You kill me to deny it"—it om.
IV. i. 318—"Counte, Counte Confect"—Count, Confect.
IV. i. 336—"I will kisse your hand, and so I leaue you"—I om.
* IV. ii. 53—"Yea by masse"—by th'.
V. i. 7—"whose wrongs doe sute with mine"—doth.
* V. i. 24—"Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage"—medicine.
V. i. 63—"mine innocent child"—my.
V. i. 162—"true said she, a fine little one"—saies.
† V. i. 272—"Art thou the slaue"—thou thou (printing the verse as prose).
† V. i. 81—"he shall liue no longer in monument then the bell rings"—monuments ... bells ring.
* V. iii. 10—"Praising her when I am dead"—dombe.
|| V. iii. 21—"Heauily heauily"—Heavenly, heavenly.
V. iv. 7—"all things sorts"—sort.

The Acts, scenes and lines of the Facsimile are numbered in accordance with the Globe edition on the outer margin; on this margin also a dagger [†] marks every line varying in any way in its text from the Fo.; lines peculiar to the Qo. and omitted in Fo. are marked with an asterisk [*]. On the inner margin a dagger marks any variation of the stage directions or of the prefixes to speeches, and a caret [<] marks the places where additional stage directions and the Act divisions are found in the Fo.

P. A. Daniel.

Sept. 1886.
Much ado about Nothing.

As it hath been sundrie times publique
acted by the right honourable, the Lord
Chamberlaine his servants.

Written by William Shakespeare.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Enter Leonato, governor of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

Learne in this letter, that don Peter of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very neare by this, he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen haue you lost in this action?

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

Leon. A victory is twice it selfe, when the atchiuer brings home ful numbers: I find here, that don Peter hath bestowed much honour on a yong Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserued on his part, and equally remembred by don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion, he hath indeed better bettred expectation then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an vnckle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I haue already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him, euен so much, that joy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

Leo.
Much ado

Leo. A kind ouerflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer then those that are so walsht, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returnd from the warres or no?

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

Leonato. What is he that you aske for nece?

Hero. My cofen meanes Signior Benedicke of Padua.

Mess. O hee's returnd, and as pleasanter euer he was.

Bea. He set vp his bill's here in Messina, and challengde Cupid at the Flight, and my vnclers fool reading the chalenge subscribde for Cupid, and challengde him at the Burbolt: I pray you, how many hath he kild and eaten in these warres? but how many hath he kild? for indeede I promised to eate all of his killing.

Leo. Faith nece you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but heele be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good seruice lady in these warres.

Beat. You had musly vittaile, and he hath holpe to eate it, he is a very valaunt trencher man, he hath an excellent flo-macke.

Mess. And a good fouldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good fouldiour to a Lady, but what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, a stuff with all honorable vertues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no leffe then a stuff man, but for the stuffing wel, we are at mortail.

Leo. You must not, sir, mistake my neece, there is a kind of merry warre betwixt Signior Benedicke and her, they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas he gets nothing by that, in our last confliet, 4 of his stue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouerned with one, so that if he haue wit enough to keep himself warm, let him beare it for a difference between himself and his horse, for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable
about Nothing.

ble creature, who is his companion now: he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

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

Mess. I see lady the gentleman is not in your bookes.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burue my study, but I pray you who is his companion? is there no yong squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

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

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a diseace, hee is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently madde, God help the noble Claudio, if he haue caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand poundere a be cured.

Mess. I will holde friends with you Ladie.

Beat. Do good friend.

Leon. You will never runne madde niece.

Beat. No, not till a hote January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approacht.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar and John the bastard.

Pedro Good signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is, to auoyd cost, and you incounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my house, in the likeness of your grace. for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from mee, sorrow abides, and happines takes his leave.

Pedro You embrace your charge too willingly: I thincke this is your daughter.

Leonato Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt sir that you askt her?

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

Pedro You have it full Benedicke, wee may gheffe by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers herself:

A 3 be
be happy Lady, for you are like an honourable father.
_Be._ If Signor Leonato be her father, she would not have
his head on her shoulders for all Messina as like him as she is.
_Beat._ I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.
_Bene._ What my dear lady Disdaine! are you yet living?
_Beat._ Is it possible Disdaine should die, while she hath such
meete foode to feede it, as signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe
must convert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence.
_Bene._ Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am
loved of all Ladies, onee the you excepted: and I would I could
finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I love
none.
_Beat._ A deere happyneffe to women, they would else haue
beene troubled with a pernicious fater, I thanke God and my
cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare
my dog barke at a crow, than a man sweare he loyes me.
_Bene._ God keepe your Ladiship still in that mind, so some
Gentleman or other shalc spare a predestinate scratcht face.
_Beat._ Scratching could not make it worse, and twere such
a face as yours were.
_Bene._ Well, you are a rare parrat teacher.
_Beat._ A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.
_Ben._ I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and
so good a continuer, but keep your way a Gods name, I haue
done.
_Beat._ You alwayes end with a iades tricke, I knowe you of
olde.
_Pedro_ That is the summe of all: Leonato, signior Claudio,
and signior Benedicke, my deere friend Leonato, hath inuited
you all, I tell him we shal play here, at the leaft a moneth, and
he heartily praieth some occaftion may detaine vs longer, I dare
sweare he is no hypocrite, but praieth from his heart.
_Leon._ If you sweare, my lord, you shall not be forsworne,
let mee bide you welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the
Prince your brother: I owe you all dutie.
_John_ I thanke you, I am not of many wordes, but I thanke
you._Leon._
about Nothing.

Leon. Please it your grace leade on?
Pedro Your hand Leonato, we wil go together.
EXECUT. Manet Benedicke & Claudio.

Claudio Benedicke, dirst thou note the daughter of Signior
Bene. I noted her not, but I lookte on her, (Leonato?
Claudio Is she not a modest young ladie?
Bene. Do you question me as an honest man should doe,
for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake
after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?
Claudio No, I pray thee speake in sober judgement.
Bene. Why yfaith me thinks shees too low for a hie praise,
too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, on-
lie this commendation I can afford her, that were shee other
then she is, she were vnhanesome, and being no other, but as she
is, I do not like her.
Claudio Thou thinkest I am in sport, I pray thee tell mee
truelie how thou likst her.
Bene. Would you buie her that you enquier after her?
Claudio Can the world buie such a jewel?
Bene. Yea, and a case to putte it into, but speake you this
with a sad browe? or doe you play the flowting jacke, to tell vs
Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come,
in what key shall a man take you to go in the song?
Claudio In mine cie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer I
lookt on.
Bened. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such
matter: theers her cosin, and shee were not possesse with a fury,
exceedes her as much in beautie, as the first of Mai dooth the
last of December: but I hope you have no intent to turne hus-
band, haue you?
Claudio I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had sworne
the contrarie, if Hero would be my wife.
Bened. If come to this? in faith hath not the worlde one
man but he will weare his cappe with suspition? shall I never
see a batcheller of three score againe? go to yfaith, and thou wilt
needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and
figh away sundaies: looke, don Pedro is returned to seek ye you.

Enter
Much ado

Enter don Pedro, John the bastard.

Pedro What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonates?
Bene. I would your Grace would contraine me to tell.

Pedro I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You heare, Count Claudio, I can be secret as a dumb man; I woulde haue you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) he is in loue, with who? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answer is, with Hero Leonatoes short daughter.

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

Pedro Amen, if you loue her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

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

Pedro By my troth I speake my thought.

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

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lorde, I spoke mine.

Clau. That I loue her, I feele.

Pedro That he is worthy, I know.

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

Pedro Thou waft ever an obstinate heretique in the despight of Beauty.

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

Bene. That a woman conceuied me, I thanke her: that she brought me vp, I likewise giue her most humble thankes: but that I will haue a rechate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisibill baldricke, all women shall pardon mee: because I will not doe them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to trust none: and the fine is, (for the which
about Nothing.

which I may go the faster,) I will live a bachelor.

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

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love: prove that ever I loose more blood with love then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eies with a Ballad-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel house for the signe of blinde Cupid.

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

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, and shooe at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call Adam.

Pedro Well, as time shall trie: in time the saucie bull doth beare the yoke.

Bene. The saucie bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedicke beare it, plucke off the bulls horsnes, and let them in my forehead, and let me be wildly painted, and in such great letters as they write, here is good horse to hyre: let them signifie vnder my signe, here you may see Benedicke the married man.

Claudio If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be born madde.

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

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro Well, you will temporize with the howres, in the meanie time, good signior Benedicke, repair to Leonatoes, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I haue almost matter enough in mee for suche an Embassage, and so I commit you.

Claudio To the tuition of God: from my house if I had it.

Pedro The sixt of Iuly: your loving friend Benedicke.

Bene. Nay mock not, mock not, the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but slightely basted on neither, ere you flowt old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. exit

B Claudio
Claudio My liege, your Highness now may doe mee good.

Pedro My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath Leonato any sonne, my lord?

Pedro No child but Hero, she is his onely heire:
Dost thou affect her Claudio?

Claudio O my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,
I lookt upon her with a soouldiers eye,
That likt, but had a rougher task in hand,
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am returne, and that warfare thoughts,
Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting mee how faire yong Hero is,
Saying I likt her ere I went to warres.

Pedro Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words,
If thou dost love faire Hero, cherish it,
And I will breake with hir, and with her father,
And thou shalt haue her: want not to this end,
That thou beganst to twist so fine a storie?

Clau. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know loues griefe by his complexion!
But left my liking might too sodaine seeme,
I would haue salued it with a longer treatise.

Pedro What need the bridge much broder then the flood?
The fairest graunt is the necessitie:
Looke what will serve is fit: tis once, thou louest,
And I will fit thee with the remedie,
I know we shall haue resuelling to night,
I wil assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell faire Hero I am Claudio,
And in her bosome ilevnelaspe my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And
about Nothing.

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break,
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine,
In practice let us put it presently.

Enter Leonato and an old man brother to Leonato

Leo. How now brother, where is my cousin your sonne, hath he pronounced this musique?

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

Leo. Are they good?

Old. As the events stampes them, but they have a good corner: they shew well outward, the prince and Count Claudio walking in a thickly pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much 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 daunce, and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly breake with you of it.

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

Old. A good sharp fellow, I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leo. No, no, we will hold it as a dreame till it appeare itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may bee the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true: go you and tel her of it: cousins, you know what you have to doe, O I crie you mercie friend, go you with me and I will vse your shill: good cousin haue a care this busie time.

Leo. A healthy Druse my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

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

Leo. You should heare reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Leo. If not a present remedy, at least a patient suffrance.

John. I wonder that thou (being as thou faist, thou art, borne vnder Saturne) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a
mortifying mischief: I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure: sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controulment; you have of late stooed out against your brother, and he hath taken you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the faire weather that you make your self, it is needful that you frame the season for your owne harvest.

John I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plain dealing villaine, I am trusted with a muffle, and enfranchis'd with a clogge, 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 seeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no vse of your discontent?

John I make all vse of it, for I vse it only,
Who comes here? what newes Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the prince your brother is royally entertain'd by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended mariage.

John Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? what is he for a fool that betrothes himselfe to vnquietnesse?

Bor. Mary it is your brother's right hand.

John Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Bor. Euen he.

John A proper squier, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bor. Mary one Hero the daughter and heire of Leonato.

John A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?
Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a
mufty roome, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in
hand in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras, and ther
heard it agreed apon, that the prince shoulde woe Hero for
himselfe, and having obtain'd her, give her to Counte Clau-
dio.

Come, come, let vs thither, this may prove food to my
displeasure, that young start vp hath all the glory of my over-
throw: if I can crosse him any way, I blesse my selfe euery way,
you are both sure, and will assist me.

To the death my Lord.

Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is the greater
that I am subdued, would the Cooke were a my mind, shall we
go proue what's to be done?

Weele wait upon your lordship.

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

Was not counte John here at supper?
brother I saw him not.

How tartely that gentleman lookes, I neuer can see
him but I am heart-burn'd an howr after.

He is of a very melancholy disposition.

He were an excellent man that were made iust in
the mid-way between him and Benedick, the one is too like an
image and faies nothing, and the other too like my ladies eldert
fonne, euermore taling.

Then halfe signior Benedickes tongue in Counte
Johns mouth, and halfe Counte Johns melancholy in Signior
Benedickes face.

With a good legge and a good foote vnkle, and
money inough in his purse, such a man would winne any wo-
man in the world if a could get her good will,

By my troth neece thou wilt neuer get theee a hus-
band, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Infaith shees too curst.

Too curst is more then curst, I shall leffen

B 3

Gods
Gods sending that way, for it is said, God sends a curst cow short hornes, but to a cow too curst, he sends none.

Leonato So, by being too curst, God will send you no hornes.

Beatrice I must, if he send me no husband, for the which blest ing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening; Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

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

Beatrice What should I do with him, dresse him in my apparell and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is lesse then a man: and he that is more then a youth, is not for me, and he that is lesse then a man, I am not for him, therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the Berrord, and leade his apes into hell.

Leonato Well then, go you into hell.

Beatrice No but to the gate, and there will the diuell meete me like an old cuckold with hornes on his head, and say, get you to heauen Beatrice, get you to heauen, heeres no place for you maids, so deliuer I vp my apes and away to saint Peter: for the heauens, he sheves me where the Batchellers sit, and there line we as merry as the day is long.

brother Well niece, I trust you will be rulde by your father.

Beatrice Yes faith, it is my cozens duty to make curstie and say, father, as it pleafe you: but yet for all that cozin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make an other curstie, and say, father, as it please me.

Leonato Well niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice Not til God make men of some other mettal then earth, would it not grieve a woman to be ouer mastered with a piece of valiant dalm to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marke? no vnkle, ile none: Adams sonnes are my brethren, and truely I holde it a sinne to mismatch in my kin red.

Leonato
about Nothing.

Leonato Daughter, remember what I told you, if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beatrice The fault will be in the musique cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and to daunce out the answer, for here me Hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch ijgge, a measure, and a cinquepace: the first suite is hot and hafty like a Scotch ijgge (and full as fantastical) the wedding manerly modest (as a measure) full of state and auncheontry, and then comes Repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, til he sinke into his grave.

Leonato Cousin you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beatrice I have a good eie vnckle, I can see a church by day-light.

Leonato The reuellers are entring brother, make good roome.

Enter prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthasar, or dumb John.

Pedro Lady will you walke about with your friend?

Hero So, you walke softly, and looke sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walke, and especially when I walke 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 fauour, for God defend the lute should be like the case.

Pedro My visor is Philemons roofe, within the house is IOUC.

Hero Why then your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro Speake low if you speake loue.

Ben. Well, I would you did like me.

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

Ben. Which is one?

Mar. I say my praiers alowd.
Much ado e

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

Marg. God match me with a good dauncer.

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keepe him out of my sight when the daunce is done: answer Clarke.

Balth. No more words, the Clarke is answered.

Vrsula I know you well enough, you are signior Anthony.

Antho. At a word I am not.

Vrsula I knowe you by the wagling of your head.

Antho. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Vrsula You could not doe him so ill well, vnlesse you were the very man: heeres his drie hand vp and down, you are he, you are he.

Antho. At a word, I am not.

Vrsula Come, come, do you thinke I do not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? go to, inumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and therres an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who tolde you so?

Bened. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Not will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred mery tales; wel, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bened. What is he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bened. Not I, beleue me.

Beat. Did he neuer make you laugh?

Bened. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the prince of jesters, very dul fool, only his giftis, in devising impossibl, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villanie, for he both pleaset men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beatethem: I am sure he is in the Fleece, I would he had boorded me.

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

Beat.
about Nothing.

Beat. Do, do, heele but break a comparison or two on me, which peraduercure,(not markt,or not laught at)strikes him into melancholy and then there a partridge wing faued, for the foole will eate no supper that night: wee must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

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

John Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Borachio And that is Claudio, I knowe him by his bearing.

John Are not you signior Benedicke?

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John Signior, you are very neere my brother in his loue, he is enamourd on Hero, I pray you diswade him from her, he is no equall for his birth, you may doe the parte of an honest man in it.

Claudio How know you he loues her?

John I heard him sweare his affection.

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

John Come let us to the banquet.  

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedicke, But heare these ill newes with the cares of Claudio:
Tis certaine so, the Prince wooes for himselfe,
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Saue in the office and affaires of loure:
Therefore all hearts in loue vfe their owne tongues.
Let euery eie negotiate for it selfe,
And truft no Agent: for Beauty is a witch,
Against whose channes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourely profe, (dicke)
Which I mistrusted not: farewel therefore Hero.  
Enter Bene-

Benedicke Count Claudio.

Claudio Yea, the same.
Much adoe

Benedict. Come, will you go with me?
Claudio. Whither?

Bened. Even to the next willow, about your owne busines, county: what fashion will you weare the garland of? about your nekke, like an Usurers chaine; or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants scarffe? you must weare it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claudio. I wish him ioy of her.
Bened. Why thats spoken like an honest Drouier, so they fell bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince would haue serv-ued you thus?

Claudio. I pray you leave me.
Benedicke. No: now you strike like the blindman, twas the boy that stole your meate, and you beate the post.

Claudio. If it will not be, ile leave you. exit

Benedicke. Alas poore hurt foule, now will hee creep into fedges: but that my Ladie Beatrice shoud know me, and not know mee: the princes fooleliah, it may be I goe vnder that title because I am merry: yea but so I am apte to doe my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the base (though bitter) disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out: well, ile be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince, Hero, Leonato, John and Borachio, and Conrade.

Pedro. Now signior, wheres the Counte, did you see him?
Benedicke. Troth my lord, I haue played the part of Ladie Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a War- ren. I tolde him, and I thinke I tolde him true, that your grace had got the goodwil of this young Lady, and I offred him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him up a rod, as being worthie to bee whipt.

Pedro. To bee whipt, what's his fault?
Benedicke. The flatte tranforgision of a Schoole-boy, who being over-joyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his compan-ion, and he steeles it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a tranforgision? the tranforg-
about Nothing.

Yet it had not beene amisse the rodde had beene made, & the garland too, for the garland he might haue worn himselfe, and the rodde he might haue beftowed on you, who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds neft.

Pedro I wil but teach them to sing, and reflore them to the owner.

Benedicke If their singing answer your faying, by my faith you fay honestly.

Pedro The ladie Beatrice hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunft with her, told her she is much wrongd by you.

Bened. O shee misufe me past the indurance of a blocke: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue answered her my very viſor beganne to asume life, and scold with her: she tolde me, not thinking I had beene my felfe, that I was the Princes iefter, that I was duller than a great thawe, huddleing ieft vpon ieft, with fuch impoflible conueiance vpon me, that I stood like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me: she speakes poynyards, and euer word ftabbes: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living neere her, shee would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though shee were indowed with al that Adam had left him before he transgreft, she would haue made Hercules haue turnd fpit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you fhall find her the infernal Ate in good apparell, I would to God fome scholler woulde coniure her, for certainly, while she is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a fancuary, and people finne vpon purpofe, becaufe they would goe thither, fo indeede all disquiet, horrore, and perturbation follows her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice.

Pedro Looke heere she comes.

Benedicke Will your grace command me any fervice to the worldes end? I will go on the lighteft arrand now to the Antypodes that you can deuife to fend me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furtheft inch of Asia: bring you
Much ado

II.i.

the length of Pretster John's foot: fetch you a haire off the great
Chams beard: do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather
than holde three words conference, with this harpy, you have
no imployment for me?

Pedro None, but to desire your good company.

Benedicke O God sir, heeres a dish I love not, I cannot in-
dure my Ladie Tongue.

Pedro Come Lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signi-
or Benedicke.

Beatrice Indeed my Lord, he lent it me awhile, and I gauce
him vse for it, a double heart for his single one, mary once be-
fore he wonne it of me, with false dice, therefore your grace
may well say I haue lost it.

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

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

Pedro Why how now Counte, wherefore are you sad?

Claudio Not sad my Lord.

Pedro How then? sicke?

Claudio Neither, my Lord.

Beatrice The Counte is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry,
nor well: but ciuill Counte, ciuill as an orange, and something
of that jealous complexion.

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

Leonato Counte take of me my daughter, and with her my
fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say A-
men to it.

Beatrice Speake Counte, tis your Qu.

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

Beat.
about Nothing.

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

Pedro Infaith lady you have a merry heart.

Beat. Ye my lord I thonke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy side of Care, my cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart

Clan. And so she doth cousin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your fathers getting: hast your grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands if a maide could come by them.

Prince Will you have me? lady.

Beat. No my lord, vnles I might have another for working-daiies, your grace is too costly to weare every day: but I beseech your grace pardon me, I was born to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out a question, you were borne in a merry hower.

Beat. No sure my lord, my mother cried, but then there was a starre daunft, and under that was I borne, cousins God give you joy.

Leonato Niece, will you looke to those things I tolde you of?

Beat I cry you mercy vnkle, by your graces pardon.

Prince By my troth a pleasant spirted lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her my lord, she is never sad, but when she sleepe, & not euer sad then: for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappines, and wak't her selfe with laughing.

Pedro She cannot endure to heare telle of a husband.

Leonato O by no meanes, she mockes al her wooers out of fute.
Muchadóe

Prince She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leonato O Lord, my lord, if they were but a weake married, they would take themselfes madde.

Prince Countie Claudio, when meane you to goe to church?

Claud. To morow my lord, Time goes on crutches, til Loue haue all his rites.

Leonato Not til monady, my deare sonne, which is hence a iust seuen night, and a time too briefe too, to haue all things answer my mind.

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

Leonato My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prince And you too gentle Hero?

Hero I wil do any modest office, my lord, to help my cosin to a good husband.

Prince And Benedicke is not the vnhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, he is of a noble strain, of approoued valour, and confirmde honesty, I will teach you how to humour your cosin, that she shall fall in loue with Benedicke, and I, with your two helpes, wil so practise on Benedicke, that in dispight of his quicke wit, and his queasie stomacke, she shall fall in loue with Beatrice: if we can do this, Cupid is no longer an Archer, his glory shall bee ours, for we are the onely loue-gods, goe in with mee, and I will tell you my drift.

Enter Iohn and Borachio.

Iohn It is so, the Counte Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea my lord, but I can crosse it.
about Nothing.

John Any barre, any crose, any impediment, will be med-
cinable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and whatsoever
comes athwart his affection, ranges euene ly with mine, how
canst thou crose this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly my lord, but so courtely, that no dishonesty
shall appear in me.

John Show me briefly how.

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

John I remember.

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

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

Bor. The poison of that lies in you to temper, goe you to
the prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath
wronged his honor in marrying the renowned Claudio, whose
estimation do you mightly hold up, to a contaminated state,
such a one as Hero.

John What profe shall I make of that?

Bor. Profe enough, to misuse the prince, to vexe Claudio,
to vndoe Hero, and kill Leonato, looke you for any other
issue?

John Onely to dispight them I will endeuour any thing.

Bor. Go then, find me a meete houre, to draw don Pedro and
the Counte Claudio alone, tell them that you know that Hero
loues me, intend a kind of zeale both to the prince & Claudio
(as in loue of your brothers honor who hath made this match)
and his friends reputation, who is thus like to bee costen'd with
the semblance of a maid, that you haue discouer'd thus: they wil
scarcely believe this without trial; offer them instances which
shall beare no leste likelihood, than to see me at her chamber
window, heare me call Margaret Hero, heare Marg. terme me
Claudio, & bring them to see this the very night before the in-
tended wedding, for in the mean time, I wil so fashion the matter,
that Hero shal be absent, and there shal appeare such seeming
truth of Heroes disloyaltie, that jealouie shal be cald assu-
rance
rance, and all the preparation overthrown.

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

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

John I will prefently go learn their day of marriage. exit

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy Signior.

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

Boy. I am here already Sir. exit.

Bene. I know that, but I would haue thee hence and here a-gaine. I do much wonder, that one man ſeeing how much an other man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauioirs to loue, will after he hath laught at ſuch ſhalow follies in others, become the argument of his owne ſcorne, by falling in loue, and ſuch a man is Claudio. I haue knowne when there was no musique with him but the drumme and the fife, and now had he rather heare the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walke ten mile afoot, to see a good armour, and now wil he lie ten nights awake caruing the fashion of a new dublet: he was woont to ſpeake plaine, and to the purpoſe (like an honest man and a fouldier) and now is he turned ortography, his words are a very fantaficall banquet, iuft so many strange dishes: may I be fo converted and see with these eies? I cannot tell, I thiſke not: I wil not be sworne but loue may transforme me to an oyster, but ſtreke take my oath on it, till he haue made and oyer of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well, an other is wife, yet I am well: an other vertuous, yet I am wel: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not com in my grace: rich ſhe ſhall be thats certain, wife, or ile none, vertuous, or ile ſeuer cheape her: faire, or ile never looke on her, mild, or come not neare me, noble, or not I for an angell, of good diſcourfe, an excellent musitian, and her haire.
about Nothing.

haire shall be of what colour it please God hath the prince and monsieur Loue, I will hide me in the arbor.

Enter prince, Leonato, Claudio, Musick.

Prince Come shall we heare this musique?
Claud. Yea my good lord: how fit the evening is,
As hauht on purpose to grace harmonie!

Prince See you where Benedieke hath hid himselfe?
Claud. O very wel my lord: the musique ended,
Weele fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Enter Balthasar with musicke.

Prince Come Balthasar, wee heare that song againe.
Balth. O good my lord, take not so bad a voice,
To slander musicke any more then once.

Prince It is the witnesses still of excellencie,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.

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

Prince Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine thats worth the noting.

Prince Why these are very crotchetts that he speakes,
Note notes forsooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine aire, now is his foule rauisht, is it not strange, that sheepes guts should hale soules out of mens bodies? well a home for my mony when alls done.

The Song.

Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers euer,
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant euer,
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonnie,
Much adoe

Concerting all your soundes of woe,
Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more,
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leauy,
Then sigh not so, &c.

Prince By my troth a good song.
Balth. And an ill singer my lord.
Prince Ha, no no faith, thou singst wil enough for a shift.
Ben. And he had bin a dog that should have howld thus,
they would have hanged him, and I pray God his bad voice
bode no mischeefe, I had as lieue have heard the night-rau'en,
come what plague could have come after it.
Prince Yea mary, doo'st thou heare Balthasar? I pray thee
get us some excellent musique; for to morow night we would
have it at the ladie Heroes chamber window.
Balth. The best I can my lord.

Exit Balthasar.

Prince Do so, farewell. Come hither Leonato, what was
it you told mee of to day, that your niece Beatrice was in love
with signior Benedicke?
Cla. O I, flake on, flake on, the foule fits. I did neuer think
that lady would have loved any man.
Leo. No nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she should
do dote on signior Benedicke, whom she hath in all outward
behauiors seem'd ever to abhorre.
Bene. Is't possible? sits the wind in that corner?
Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to think of
it, but that she loves him with an unraged affecution, it is past
the infinite of thought.
Prince May be the doth but counterfeit.
Claud. Faith like enough.
Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of
passion, came so neare the life of passion as she discouers it.

Prince
about Nothing.

Prince Why what effects of passion shews she?
Claud. Sait the hooke wel, this fish will bite.
Leon. What effects my Lord? she will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.
Claud. She did indeed.
Prince How, how I pray you, you amaze me, I would have thought her spritse had beene invincible against all assaults of affection.
Leo. I would have sworn it had, my Lord, especially against Benedicke.
Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot sure hide himself in such reverence.
Claud. He hath tane th'infection, hold it vp.
Prince Hath shee made her affection knowne to Benedicke?
Leonato No, and sweares shee neuer will, thats her torment.
Claudio Tis true indeed, so your daughter saies: shall I,saires she,that haue so oft encountered him with scorne,write to him that I love him?
Leo. This saies she now when she is beginning to write to him, for theel be vp twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smocke til she haue writ a sheete of paper: my daughter tels vs all.
Clau. Now you talk of a sheete of paper, I remember a pretty ieft your daughter told of vs.
Leonato O when she had writ it, and was reading it ouer, she found Benedicke and Beatrice betwene the sheete.
Claudio That.
Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence, raild at her self, that she should be so immodest to write, to one that she knew would flout her, I measure him, saies she, by my own spirit, for I should flout him, if he write to me, yea though I love him I should.
Clau. Then downe upon her knees she falls, weepes, sobs, beats her heart, teares her haire, prays, curses, O sweet Benedicke,
She doth indeed, my daughter faileth, and the ex-tasie hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is some-time afraid she will doe a desperate out-rage to her self, it is very true.

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

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

Prince And he shou’d it were an almes to hang him, she is an excellent sweete lady, and (out of all suspicion) she is vertuous.

Claudio And she is exceeding wise.

Prince In every thing but in loving Benedicke.

Leonato O my Lord, wisedome and blood combating in to tender a body, we have ten proofes to one, that blood hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I have inst CAUSE, being her uncle, and her gardian.

Prince I would shee had bestowed this domage on me, I would have daft all other respects, and made her raise my self: I pray you tell Benedicke of it, and heare what a will say.

Leonato Were it good thinke you?

Claudio Her thinkes surely she will die, for she sayes shee will die, if he loue her not, and shee will die ere shee make her love known, and she will die if he woot her, rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed crosnese.

Prince She doth well, if shee should make tender of her love, tis very possible heele scorn it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible spirite.

Claudio He is a very proper man.

Prince He hath indeede a good outward hapiness.

Claudio Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

Prince He dooth indeede shew some sparkes that are like wit.

Claudio And I take him to be valiant.

Prince As Hector, I assure you, and in the mannaging of quarrels you may say he is wise, for either hee auoydes them with
about Nothing.

with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christianlike fear.

Leonato: If he do fear God, a must necessarily keep peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Prince: And so will hee doe, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seemes not in him, by some large lieses hee will make: well I am sorry for your niece, shall we go seeke Benedicke, and tell him of her love?

Claudio: Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counsell.

Leonato: Nay that is impossible, shee may weare her heart out first.

Prince: Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I loue Benedicke wel, and I could with he would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is vnworthy so good a lady.

Leonato: My lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Claudio: If he do not doate on her vppon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Prince: Let there be the same nette spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry: the sporte will be, when they holde one an opinion of an others dotage, and no such matter, thats the scene that I would see, which will be meereely a dumbe shew: let vs send her to call him in to dinner.

Benedicke: This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly borne, they have the trueth of this from Hero, they seeme to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections have their full bent: loue me? why it must be requited: I hear how I am cenfurde, they say I will beare my selfe prouedly, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than giue any signe of affection: I did never thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are they that heare their detractiions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, tis a trueth, I can beare them wittnesse: and veruous, tis so, I cannot reprooue it, and wise, but for louing me, by my troth it is no
Much ado

no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her follie, for I will be horribly in loue with her, I may chaunce have some odde quirkes and remnents of witte broken on me, because I haue railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meate in his youth, that he cannot in-dure in his age. Shall quippes and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the carreere of his humor? No, the world must be peopled. When I saide I woulde die a batcheller, I did not think I shoule live till I were married, here comes Beatrice: by this day, shees a faire lady, I doe spie some markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

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

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

Beat. I took no more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thank me, if it had bin painful I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Ye aiust so much as you may take vpon a kniues point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no stomack signior, fare you well.

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner: there is a double meaning in that: I took no more paines for those thankes the you took pains to thank me, thats as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as eazy as thanks: if I do not take pitty of her I am a villain, if I do not loue her I am a Jew, I will go get her picture.

Enter Hero and two Gentlewomen, Margaret, and Ursley.

Hero. Good Margaret runne thee to the parlour, there shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice.

Proposing with the prince and Claudio, Whisper her eare and tell her I and Ursley, Walke in the orchard, and our whole discouerse is all of her, say that thou ouer heardst vs, And bid her steale into the pleached bowere Where hony-tuckles ripened by the sunne.
Forbid the sunne to enter like favourites,  
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride,  
Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her,  
To listen our propose, this is thy office,  
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.  

_Marg._ He make her come I warrant you presently.

_Hero._ Now _Vrfula_, when Beatrice doth come,  
As we do trace this alley vp and downe,  
Our tale must only be of Benedicke,  
When I do name him let it be thy part,  
To praise him more than euer man did merite,  
My tale to thee must be how Benedicke,  
is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter,  
is little Cupids crafty arrow made,  
That onely wounds by heare-fay: now begin,  
For looke where Beatrice like a Lapwing runs  
Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

_Enter Beatrice._

_Urfula._ The pleasantest angling is to see the fish  
Cut with her golden ores the siluer streame,  
And greedily devour the treacherous baite:  
So angle we for Beatrice, who euen now,  
Is couched in the wood-bine couerture,  
Fear ye not my part of the dialogue.

_Hero._ Then go we neare her that her eare loose nothing,  
Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it:  
No truly _Urfula_, she is too disdainfull,  
I know her spirits are as coy and wild,  
As haggerds of the rocke.

_Urfula._ But are you sure,  
That Benedicke loues Beatrice so intirely?  
_Hero._ So faies the prince, and my new trothed Lord.  
_Urfula._ And did they bid you tel her of it, madame?  
_Hero._ They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,  
But I perfwaded them, if they lou'de Benedicke,  
To wish him wrapple with affection,  
And neuer to let Beatrice know of it.
Much adoe

Venus. Why did you do so, doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve,
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never framed a woman's heart,
Of powder stuffe then that of Beatrice:
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on, and her wit
Valuest it selfe so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weake: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor protect of affections,
She is so selfe indeared.

Venus. Sure I thinke so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his loue left sheele makes sport at it.

Hero. Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featured.
But she would speake him backward: if faire faced,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an antique,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very wildly cut:
If speaking, why a vane blewne with all winds:
If silent, why a blocke mowed with none:
So turns the euery man the wrong side out,
And never giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simplenesse and merite purchaseth.

Venus. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No not to be so odde, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so: if I should speake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me
Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,
Therefore let Benedicke like couerd fire,
Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, then die with mockes,

Which
about Nothing.

Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Vrizula Yet tel her of it, heare what she will say.

Hero No rather I will go to Benedicke,
And confute him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile Denise some honest flanders,
To staine my coffin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may unpoison liking.

Vrizula O do not do your coffin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true judgement,
Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is prude to haue, as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedicke.

Hero He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted my deare Claudio

Vrizula I pray you be not angry with me, madame,
Speaking my fancy: signior Benedicke,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through Italy.

Hero Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Vrizula His excellence did earne it, ere he had it:
When are you married madame?

Hero Why every day to morrow, come go in,
Ile shew thee some attyres, and haue thy counfaile,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Vrizula Shees limed I warrant you,
We have caught her madame.

Hero If it prove so, then loving goes by haps,
Some Cupid kills with arrows some with traps.

Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory lies behind the backe of such.
And Benedicke, love on I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindnesse shall incite thee
To bind our louses vp in a holy bane.

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

E

Beleeue
Much adoe

Believe it better then reportingly.

Exit Prince.

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Prince I doe but say til your marriage be consummated, and then go I toward Aragon.

Claud. He bring you thither my lord, if you will vouchsafe me.

Prince Nay that would be as great a foyle in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it, I will only be bold with Benedick for his company, for from the crowne of his head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice thrice cut Cupides bow-string, and the little hang-man dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue speakes.

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

Leo. So say I, me thinkes you are sadder.

Clau. I hope he be in love.

Prince Hang him truant, there is no true drop of blood in him to be truly toucht with love, if he be sadder, he wants money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.

Prince Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Clau. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prince What? Figh for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Wel, every one cannot master a griefe, but he that has it.

Clau. Yet say I, he is in love.

Prince There is no apperance of fancie in him, vnlesse it be a fancie that he hath to strange disguises, as to be a Dutchman to day, a French-man to morrow, or in the shape of two counties at once, as a Germaine from the waste downward, all strops, and a Spaniard from the hip vpward, no dublet: vnlesse he haue a fancie to this foolery, as it appeares he hath, he is no foole for fancie, as you would haue it appeare he is.

Clau.
about Nothing.

Clau. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs, a brushes his hat a mornings, what should that bode?

Prince Hath any man seen him at the Barbers?

Clau. No, but the barbers man hath bin seen with him, and the olde ornament of his checke hath already stufft tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed he looks younger than he did, by the loste of a beard.

Prince Nay a rubs himselfe with civit, can you smell him out by that?

Claud. Thats as much as to say, the sweete youthe's in love.

Bene. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Prince Yea or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare what they say of him.

Claud. Nay but his iefting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now gouernd by slops.

Prince Indeed that tells a heauy tale for him: conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay but I know who loves him.

Prince That would I know too, I warrant one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in dispight of al, dies for him.

Prince She shall be buried with her face vpwards.

Bene. Yet is this no channe for the tooth-ake, old signior, walke aside with me, I haue studied eight or nine wife wordes to speake to you, which these hobby-horses must not heare.

Prince For my life to breake with him about Beatrice.

Claud. Tis even so, Hero and Margaret haue by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two beares will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter John the Bastard.

Bastard My lord and brother, God faue you.

Prince Good den brother.
Much adoe

Bastard If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.
Prince In private?
Bastard If it please you, yet Count Claudio may heare, for what I would speake of, concernes him.
Prince What the matter?
Bast. Means your Lordship to be married to morrow?
Prince You know he does.
Bast. I know not that when he knowes what I know.
Claud. If there be any impediment, I praye you discouer it.
Bast. You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now wil manifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holdes you well, and in dearenesse of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing manage: surely sute ill spent, and labor ill bestowed.
Prince Why what's the matter?
Bast. I came hither to tel you, and circumstances shortned, (for she has bin too long a talking of) the lady is disloyall.
Claud. Who Hero?
Bastar. Euen she, Leonatoes Hero, your Hero, evry mans Hero.

Claud. Disloyall?
Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse, I could say she were worste, thinke you of a worste title, and I wil fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to night you shall see her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you loue her, then to morow wed her. But it would better fitte your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?
Prince I wil not thinke it.
Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you knowe: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you haue sees more, and heard more, proccede accordingly.

Claudio If I see anie thing to night, why I shold not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shaune her.
about Nothing.

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

Bastard I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesse, beare it coldely but till midnight, and let the issue shew it selfe.

Prince O day vntowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

Bastard O plague right well prevented! so will you say, when you haue seene the sequel.

Enter Dogberry and his compardter with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verges Yea, or else it were putty but they shoule suffer saluation body and soule.

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

Verges Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

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

Watch 1 Hugh Ote-cake sir, or George Sea-cole, for they can write and reade.

Dogberry Come hither neighbor Sea-cole. God hath blest you with a good name: to be a welsauoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by nature.

Watch 2 Both which maister Constable.

Dogberry You haue: I knew it would be your answer: wel, for your favour sir, why giue God thanks, and make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeere when there is no neede of such vanity, you are thought heere to be the moost fenflesse and fit man for the Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge, you shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bidde any man stand, in the Princes name.

Watch 2 How if a will not stand?

Dogberry Why then take no note of him, but let him goe,
Much ado

and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank god you are ridde of a knaue.

Verges If he wil not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Princes subject.

Dogbery True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subject: you shall also make no noise in the streetes; for, for the watch to babble and to talke, is most tolerable, and not to be indured.

Watch We will rather sleepe than talke, we know what be- longs to a watch.

Dogbery Why you speake like an antient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: one- ly haue a care that your billes bee not stolne: well, you are to cal at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunke get them to bed.

Watch How if they will not?

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

Watch Well sir.

Dogbery If you meete a thiefs, you may suspeft him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kind of men, the leffe you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honyesty.

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

Dogbery Truely by your office you may, but I thinke they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you doe take a thiefe, is, to let him shew himselfe what he is, and steale out of your companie.

Verges You haue beene alwayes called a mercifull manne, partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dogge by my will, much more a man who hath anie honyestie in him.

Verges If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse and bid her stillet.

Watch How if the nurse bee asleepe and will not heare vs.
about Nothing.

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not heare her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the princes owne person, if you meete the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verges. Nay birlady that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't with any man that knowes the statutes, he may stay him, mary 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.

Verges. Birlady I thinke it be so.

Dog. Ha ah ha, well masters good night, and there be any matter of weight chaunces, call vp me, keepe your fellowes counfailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well masters, we heare our charge, let us goe sitte here vpon the church bench till twoo, and then all to bed.

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

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What Conrade?
Watch. Peace, stir not.
Bor. Conrade I say.
Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.
Bor. Mas and my elbow itche, 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 vnder this penthouse, for it driellells raine, and I will, like a true drunekard, vttar all to thee.

Watch. Some treason masters, yet stand close.

Bor.
Muchadoe

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

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

Bor. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villain should be 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 shewes thou art unconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, 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 seest thou not what a deformed thee: this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile thee: this vije, yecce, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Didst thou not heare some body?

Con. No, twas the vane on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thee: this fashion is, how giddily a turns about all the Hot-bloodys, between fouretene and fiue and thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like Pharaohs fouldious in the rechit painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church window, sometime like the shauen Hercules in the smircht worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-pcece seemes as mallie as his club.

Con. At this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparrell then the man: but art not thou thy selfe giddy with the fashion too: that thou haft shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not fo neither, but know that I have to night woood Margaret the Lady Heroes gentle-woman, by the name of Hero, she leaneas me out at her mistris chamber window, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale videlie, I should first tel thee how the prince Claudio and my master planted, and placed, and possesed, by my master Don John, saw a farre off
off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bar. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio, but the di-
uel my master knew she was Margaret, and partly by his oaths,
which first possest them, partly by the darke night which did
deceiue them, but chiefly, by my villany, which did confirm
any flander that Don John had made, away went Claudio en-
rage, swore he would meet her as he was appointed next mor-
ing at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation
shame her, with what he saw o're night, and send her home a-
gaine without a husband.

Watch 1 We charge you in the princes name stand.

Watch 2 Call vppe the right maister Constable, wee haue
here recovered the most dangerous piece of lecherie, that euer
was knowne in the common wealth.

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

Conr Masters, masters.

Watch 2 Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant
you.

Conr Masters, never speake, we charge you, let vs obey you
to go with vs.

Bar. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being ta-
ken vp of these mens billes.

Conr. A commodity in question I warrant you, come weele
obey you. exect.

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero Good Ursula wake my coffin Beatrice, and desire her
to rise.

Ursula I will lady.

Hero And bid her come hither.

Ursula Well.

Marg. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

Hero No pray thee good Meg, ile weare this.

Marg. By my troth's it not so good, and I warrant your coffin
will fay so.

Hero My coffin's a foole, and thou art another, ile weare
F none
none but this.

_Mar_ I like the new tire within excelently, if the haire were a thought browner: and your gown is a most rare fashion yfaith. I saw the Dutchells of Millaines gowne that they praise so.

_Hero_ O that exceeds they say.

_Marg._ By my troth, but a night-gown it respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lace'd with siluer, set with pearles, downe sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round vnder borne with a blewish tintell, but for a fine queint graceful and excellent fashion, your is worth ten on't.

_Hero_ God give me joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

_Marg._ T'will be heauier soone by the weight of a man.

_Hero_ Fie vpon thee, art not ashamed?

_Marg._ Of what lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence a husband: & bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, 'tis offend no body, is there any harm in the heauier, for a husband? none I think, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise tis light and not heauy, aske my lady Beatrice els, here she comes.

_Enter Beatrice._

_Hero_ Good morrow coze.

_Beat._ Good morrow sweete Hero.

_Hero_ Why how now? do you speake in the fickle tune?

_Beat._ I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

_Mar_ Clap's into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it, and ile daunce it.

_Beat._ Ye Light a loue with your heels, then if your husband haue stables enough youlfe see he shall lacke no barnes.

_Mar._ O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heecles.

_Beat._ Tis almost five a clocke coffin, tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

_Mar._ For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

_Beat._
about Nothing.

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

Mar. Wel, and you be not turnde Turke, theres no more sayling by the starre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

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

Hero These gloces the Counte sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am flute cousin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maide and flute! there is goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God help me, God help me, how long haue you profest apprehension?

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

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

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd cardam benedictus, and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualme.

Hero There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus, why benedictus? you have some moral in this benedictus.

Mar. Morall? no by my troth I have no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thistle, you may thinken perchaunce that I think you are in loue, nay birlady I am not such a fool to think what I lift, nor I lift not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I can not think, if I would thinke my heart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet Benedicke was such another and now is he become a man, he swore he would never marry, and yet now in dispight of his heart he eates his meate without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes?

Marg. Not a falsal gallop,

Enter Ursula.

Ursula: Madame withdraw, the prince, the Count, signior Benedicke, Don John, and all the gallants of the town are come
Much adoe

come to fetch you to church.

*Hero* Help to dresse me good coze, good Meg, good Vr-
fula.

*Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.*

*Leonato* What would you with me, honest neighbour?

*Const. Dog.* Mary sir I would have some confidence with you, that decrees you nearly.

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

*Const. Dog.* Mary this it is sir.

*Headb.* Yes in truth it is sir.

*Leonato* What is it my good friends?

*Const. Dog.* Goodman Verges sir speaks a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wittes are not so blunt, as God helpe I would dehire they were, but in faith honest, as the skin between his browes.

*Head.* Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester then I.

*Const. Dog.* Comparisons are odorous palabras, neighbour Verges.

*Leonato* Neighbors, you are tedious.

*Const. Dog.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truly for mine owne part if I were as tedious as a King I could find in my heart to bellow it all of your worship.

*Leonato* Al thy tediousness on me, ah?

*Const. Dog.* Yea, and t'were a thousand pound more than tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worshippe as, of any man in the citie, and though I be but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

*Head.* And so am I.

*Leonato* I would faine know what you have to say.

*Head.* Mary sir our watch to night, excepting your worship's presence, ha tane a couple of as arrant knaues as any in Messinia.

*Const. Dog.* A good old man sir, he will be talking as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out, God help vs, it is a world to
to see: well said ye faith neighbour Verges, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horte, one must ride behind, an honest soule ye faith sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worshipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leonato Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Const. Do. Gifts that God giues.

Leonato I must leaue you.

Const. Dog. One word sir, our watch sir haue indeede compreheended two aspitious persons, and wee woulde haue them this morning examinied before your worship.

Leonato Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as it may appeare vnto you.

Constable It shall be suffigance.

Leonato Drinke some wintere you goe: fare you well.

Messenger My lord, they stay for you, to giue your daughter to her husband.

Leon. He wait vpon them, I am ready.

Dogb. Go good partner, goe get you to Francis Sea-cole, bid him bring his penne and inckehorne to the Gaole: we are now to examination these men.

Verges And we must do it wisely.

Dogbery We will spare for no witte I warrant you: heeres that shall drue some of them to a noncome, only get the learned writer to set downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Iaile.

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.

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

Fran. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Claudio No.

Leo To bee married to her: Frier, you come to marry her.

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

Hero I do.

Frier If either of you know any inward impediment why

F 3 you
you should not be conioyned, I charge you on your soules to utter it.

*Claudio* Know you any, Hero?

*Hero* None my lord.

*Frier* Know you any, Counte?

*Leonato* I dare make his answer, None.

*Claud* O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

*Bene* Howe nowe! interiections? why then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he.

*Claudio* Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leeue, Will you with free and unconstraine soule Give me this maide your daughter? *Leonato* As freely sone as God did give her mee. *Claudio* And what haue I to giue you backe whose woorth May counterpoise this rich and preitious gift? *Prince* Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe. *Claudio* Sweete Prince, you learne me noble thankfulness: There Leonato, take her backe againe, Give not this rotten orenge to your friend, Shee’s but the signe and semblance of her honor: Behold how like a maide she blushes heere! O what authoritie and shew of truth Can cunning finne couer it selfe withall! Comes not that blood, as modeste evidence, To witnessse simple Virtue? would you not sweare All you that see her, that she were a maide, By these exterior shewes? But she is none: She knowes the heate of a luxurious bed: Her blush is guiltlesse, not modestie. *Leonato* What do you meane my lord? *Claudio* Not to be married, Not to knit my soule to an approoued wanton. *Leonato* Deere my lord, if you in your owne prooфе, Haue vanquisht the resistance of her youth, And made defeate of her virginitie. *Claudio* I know what you would say: if I haue knowne her, You
about Nothing.

You will say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehand sinne: No Leonato,
I neuer tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister, shewed
Bashfull sincereitie, and comelie loue.

Hero And seemde I ever otherwife to you?

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

Hero Is my Lord well that he doth speake so wide?
Leonato Sweete prince, why speake not you?

Prince What should I speake?

I stand dishonourd that haue gone about,
To lincke my deare friend to a common state.

Leonato Are these things spoken, or do I but dreame?
Bastard Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bened. This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hero True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, ftand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the princes brother?
Is this face Heroes? are our eies our owne?

Leonato All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Claud. Let me but moove one queftion to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you haue in her, bid her anfwer truly.

Leonato I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero O God defende me how am I beft,

What kind of catechifing call you this?

Claud. To make you anfwer truly to your name.

Hero Is it not Hero, who can blot that name

With any unjust reproch?

Claud. Mary that can Hero,

Hero it felfe can blot out Heroes vertue.

What man was he talkt with you yesternight,

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one? Now
Now if you are a maide, answer to this.

   Hero  I talkt with no man at that howre my lord,

   Prince Why then are you no maiden? Leonato,

I am sorry you must heare: upon mine honor,

My selfe, my brother, and this grieved Counte

Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,

Take with a ruffian at her chamber window,

Who hath indeede most like a liberall villain,

Confess the vile encounters they haue had

A thousand times in secret.

   John  Fie, fie, they are not to be named my lord,

Not to be spoke of,

There is not chaftitie enough in language,

Without offence to utter them: thys pretty lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernement.

   Claud  O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou bin,

If halfe thy outward graces had bin placed,

About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?

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

Thou pure impiety, and impious purtie,

For thce ile locke vp all the gates of Love,

And on my eie-liddes shall Conjecture hang,

To turne all beautie into thoughts of harme,

And never shall it more be gracious.

   Leonato  Hath no mans dagger here a point for me.

   Beatrice  Why how now cousin, wherfore sink you down?

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

Smother her spirits vp.

   Benedicke  How doth the Lady?

   Beatrice  Dead I thinke, help vncl.

Hero, why Hero, vncl. signior Benedicke, Frier.

   Leonato  O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,

Death is the fairest couer for her shame

That may be wisht for.

   Beatrice  How now cousin Hero?

   Frier  Haue comfort, lady.

   Leonato  Doft thou looke vp?
about Nothing.

Frier  Yea, wherefore should the not?

Leonato  Wherfore? why doth not every earthly thing,

Cry shame upon her? could she here deny
The story that is printed in her bloud;
Do not live Hero, do not ope thine eies:
For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirites were stronger than thy shames,
My selfe would on the reward of reproches
Strike at thy life. Grieued I had but one?
Chid I for that atfrugall Natures frame?
O one too much by thee: why had I one?
Why euer waft thou lonely in my eies?
Why had I not with charitable hand,
Tooke up a beggars effue at my gates,
Who finirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might haue said, no part of it is mine,
This shame deriues it selfe from vnknowne loynes,
But mine and mine I loued, and mine I praisde,
And mine that I was proud on mine so much,
That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:
Valuing of her, why she, O she is faire,
Into a pit of incke, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,
And fall too little, which may season giue
To her foule tainted flesh.

Ben.  Sir, sir, be patient, for my part I am so attired in won-
der, I know not what to say.

Beat.  O on my foule my cousin is belied.

Beat.  Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat.  No truly, not although untill last night,

I haue this tweluemonth bin her bedfellow.

Leon.  Confirmed, confirmed. O that is stronge made,
Which was before bard vp with ribs of yron,
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loued her so, that speaking of her fouleness,
Wast it with teares hence from her, let her die.

Frier  Heare me a little, for I haue only bin silent so long, &
given way vnto this course of fortune, by noting of the lady, I
haue marke,

G     A
A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent flames,
In angel whiteness beate away those blushes,
And in her eye there hath appeared a fire,
To burne the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth: call me a fool,
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental scale doth warrant.
The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor diuinities,
If this sweete ladie lie not guiltlesse here,
Vnder some biting error.

Leonato Frier, it cannot be,
Thou feest that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation,
A sinne of periury, she not denies it:
Why seekst thou then to couer with excuse,
That which appears in proper nakedneffe?

Frier Lady, what man is he you are accuse of?

Hero They know that do accuse me, I know none,
If I know more of any man alive
Then that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sinnes lacke mercy, O my father,
Prove you that any man with me converseth,
At houres vnmeete, or that I yeasternight
Maintaind the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Frier There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them haue the very bent of honour,
And if their wisedom be misled in this,
The practive of it liues in John the Baftard,
Whose spirites toyle in frame of villanies.

Leonato I know not, if they spake but truth of her,
These hands shall teare her, if they wrong her honour,
The prowdest of them shall well heare of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eate vp my invention,
about Nothing.

Nor Fortune made such haucck of my meanes,
Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,
But they shall find awakke in such a kind,
Both strength of limbe, and policy of mind,
Ability in meanes, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Frier Dawse awhile,
And let my counsell fway you in this case,
Your daughter here the princesse (left for dead,)
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publisht, that she is dead indeede,
Maintaine a mourning ostentation,
And on your families old monument,
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites,
That appertaine unto a buriall.

Leon. What shall become of this: what will this do?

Frier Mary this well caried, shall on her behalfe,,
Change flaunder to remorse, that is some good,
But not for that dreame I on this strange course,
But on this trauaille looke for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintaing,
Upon the instant that she was accusde,
Shall be lamented, pittied, and excusde
Of euery hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,
While we enjoy it, but being lackt and lost,
Why then we racke the valew, then we find
The vertue that possesion would not shew us
While it was ours, so will it fare with Claudio:
When hee shall heare she died vpon his words,
Th ldea of her life shall sweetly creepe,
Into his fudy of imagination,
And euery louely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparelled in more precious habite,
More moouing delicate, and full of life,
Into the eie and prospect of his foule
Then when she liude indeed: then shall he mourn,
If euer love had interest in his liuer,
And with he had not so accused her:
No, though he thought his accusation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not but succeffe
Will fashion the event in better shape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayne but this be true did false,
The supposition of the ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it fort not well, you may conceale her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusiue and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the Frier aduise you,
And though you know my inwardnesse and love
Is very much vnto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by nunc honor, I will deale in this,
As secretely and iustly as your soule
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in griefe,
The smallest twine may leade me.

Frier. Tis wel contented, presently away,
For to strange forses, strangely they straine the cure,
Come lady, die to die, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolongd, haue patience and endure. 

Bene. Lady Beatrice, haue you wept all this while?

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

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You haue no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do beleue your faire cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

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

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the worlde so well as you,
about Nothing.

is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I knowe not, it were as possible for me to say, I loued nothing so well as you, but belewe me not and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am for by my coofin.

Bened. By my sword Beatrice, thou loueest me.

Beat. Do not sweare and eate it.

Bened. I will sweare by it that you loue me, and I wil make him eate it that sayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eate your word?

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

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bened. VVhat offence sweete Beatrice?

Beat. You haue flayed me in a happy houre, I was about to protest I loued you.

Bened. And do it with all thy heart.

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

Bened. Come bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bened. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it, farewell.

Bened. Tarry sweete Beatrice.

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

Bened. Beatrice.

Beat. In faith I will go.

Bened. VVeele be friends first.

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

Bened. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approued in the height a villaine, that hath flaundered, scorned, dishonored my kinswagen? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand, vntill they come to take handes, and then with publike accusation vnconvr sflaunder, vnmitigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I woulde eate


**Much Ado**

eate his heart in the market place.

_Bened._ Heare me Beatrice.

_Beat._ Talk with a man out at a window, a proper saying.

_Bened._ Nay but Beatrice.

_Beat._ Sweete Hero, she is wrongd, she is Flaundred, she is vndone.

_Bened._ Beat?

_Beat._ Princes and Countys! surely a princely testimonie, a goodly Counte, Counte Comfet, a sweete Gallant surely, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into cursies, valour into complements, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and sweares it: I cannot be a man with willing, therefore I will die a woman with grieuings.

_Bened._ Tarry good Beatrice, by this hand I loue thee.

_Beatrice_ Vfe it for my loue some other way than swearing by it.

_Bened._ Thinke you in your soule the Count Claudio hath wrongd Hero?

_Beatrice_ Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soule.

_Bened._ Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I will kiffe your hand, and so I leave you: by this hand, Claudio shall render me a deere account: as you heare of me, so think of me: goe comforte your cousin, I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne cleeke

in gowmes.

Keeper Is our whole dissemblie appeard?

Cowley O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton.

Sexton Which be the malefactors?

Andrew Mary that am I, and my partner.

Cowley Nay that's certaine, we haue the exhibition to examine.

Sexton But which are the offenders? that are to be examined, let them come before maister constable.

Kemp Yea mary, let them come before mee, what is your name,
about Nothing.

Bor.  Borachio.
Ke.  Pray write downe Borachio. Yours sirra.
Con.  I am a gentleman sir, and my name is Conrade.
Ke.  Write downe maifter gentleman Conrade: maisters, do you serve God?
Both.  Yea sir we hope.
Kemp.  Write downe, that they hope they serve God: and write God first, for God defend but God should goe before such villains: maisters, it is prooued alreadie that you are little better than false knaues, and it will go neece to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your felowes?
Con.  Mary sir we say, we are none.
Kemp.  A maruellous witty fellowe I assure you, but I will go about with him: come you hither sirra, a word in your ear sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaues.
Bor.  Sir, I say to you, we are none.
Kemp.  Yea mary, that's the eftest way, let the watch come forth: maisters, I charge you in the Princes name accuse these men.
Watch 1.  This ma man said sir, that don John the Princes brother was a villain.
Kemp.  Write downe, prince Iohn a villain: why this is flat perjurie, to call a Princes brother villain.
Borachio.  Maister Constable.
Kemp.  Pray thefe fellowe peace, I doe not like thy looke I promise thee.
Sexton.  What heard you him say else?
Watch 2.  What that he had receiued a thousand duckats of don Iohn, for accusing the Ladie Hero wrongfully.
Kemp.  Flat burglarie as euer was committed.
Const.  Yea by masse that it is.
Sexton.  What else fellow?
Watch
Watch 1 And that Counte Claudio did meane vppon his wordes, to disgrace Hero before the whole assemblie, and not marrie her.

Kemp O villaine! thou wilt be condemned into euerlasting redemption for this.

Sexton Vhat else? Watch This is all.

Sexton And this is more masters then you can deny, prince John is this morning secretlie stolne away: Hero was in this manner accuse, in this verie manner refuse, and vppon the griefe of this sodainlie died: Maister Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonatoes, I will goe before and shew him their examination.

Constable Come let them be opiniond.

CouUy Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe.

Kemp Gods my life, wheres the Sexton? let him write down the Princes officer Coxcombe: come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

CouUy Away, you are an affe, you are an affe.

Kemp Doost thou not suspeft my place? doost thou not suspeft my yeeres? O that he were here to write me downe an affe! but masters, remember that I am an affe, though it bee not written downe, yet forget not that I am an affe: No thou villaine, thou art full of pietie as shal be proude vpon thee by good witnes, I am a wife fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a householder, and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as anye is in Messina; and one that knowes the Law, goe to, and a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had loffes, and one that hath two gownces, and every thing hansome about him: bring him away: O that I had bin writ downe an affe! 

Nor
about Nothing.

Nor let no comforter delight mine care,
But such a one whose wrongs doe fute with mine.
Bring me a father that so lou'd his child,
Whose joy of her is ouer-whelmd like mine,
And bid him speake of patience,
Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it answer euery straine for straine,
As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such,
In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And sorrow, wagg, cry him, when he should grone,
Patch griefe with prouerbes, make misfortune drunke,
With candle-wafters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no such man, for brother, men
Can counsaile and speake comfort to that griefe,
Which they themSELVES not feele, but tastign it,
Their counsaile turns to passion, which before,
Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madneffe in a filken thred,
Charme ach with ayre, and agony with words,
No, no, tis all mens office, to speake patience
To those that wring vnder the loade of sorrow
But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie
To be so morall, when he shall endure
The like himselfe: therefore giue me no counsaile,
My griefes crie lowder then aduertisement.

Brother Therein do men from children nothing differ.
Leonato I pray thee peace, I wil be fleshe and bloud,
For there was neuer yet Philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How euer they haue writ the stile of gods,
And made a path at chance and sufferance.

Brother Yet bend not all the harme vpon your selfe,
Make those that do offend you, suffer too.
Leonato There thou speakest reason, nay I will do so,
My soule doth tell me, Hero is belied,

H And
And that shall 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 hastily.
Prince Good den, good den.
Claudio Good day to both of you.
Leonato Hear you my Lords?
Prince We have some haste Leonato.
Leonato Some haste my lord! well, fare you well my lord.
Are you so haftly now? well, all is one.
Prince Nay do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Brother If he could right himselfe with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claudio Who wrongs him?
Leonato Mary thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.
Claudio Mary beseech my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear,
In faith my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leonato Tush, tush man, never fear me and jest at me,
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag,
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old, know Claudio to thy head,
Thou hast so wronged mine innocent child and me,
That I am forst to lay my reverence by,
And with grey haires and bruises of many daies,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man,
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child.
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And the lies buried with her ancestors:
O in a toomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framde by thy villanie.
Claudio My villany?
Leonato Thine Claudio, thine I say.
Prince You say not right old man.
Leonato  My Lord, my Lord,  
Ile proue it on his body if he dare,  
Disdaint his nice fence, and his active practife,  
His Maie of youth, and bloome of lusthoid.  
Claudio  Away, I will not haue to doe with you.  
Leonato  Canst thou so daffe me? thou haft kild my child,  
If thou kilst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man,  
Brother  He shal kill two of vs, and men indeed,  
But thats no matter, let him kill one firft:  
Win me and weare me, let him anfwer me,  
Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me  
Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence,  
Nay, as I am a gentleman I, will.  
Leonato  Brother.  
Brother  Content your felf, God knowes, I loued my neece,  
And she is dead, slanderd to death by villaines,  
That dare as well anfwer a man indeed,  
As I dare take a ferpent by the tongue,  
Boyes, apes, bragarts, Jackes, milke-fops.  
Leonato  Brother Anthony.  
Brother  Hold you content, what man! I know them, yea  
And what they weigh, even to the vmoft scruple,  
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boics,  
That lie, and cogge, and flout, depraue, and flaunder,  
Go antiquely, and shew outward hidioushife,  
And speake of halfe a dozen dangrous words,  
How they might hurt their enemices, if they durft,  
And this is all.  
Leonato  But brother Anthony  
Brother  Come tis no matter,  
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.  
Prince  Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience,  
My heart is fory for your daughters death:  
But on my honour she was chargde with nothing  
But what was true, and very full of proofe.  
Leonato  My Lord, my Lord.  
Prince. I will not heare you.
Much ado

Leo. No come brother, away, I wil be heard. Exeunt amb.

Bro. And shal, or some of vs wil smart for it. Enter Ben.

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

Cland. Now signior, what newes?

Bened. Good day my Lord:

Prince Welcome signior, you are almost come to parte almost a fray.

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

Prince Leonato and his brother what thinkst thou: had we fought, I doubt we should have been too yong for them.

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

Cland. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke thee, for we are high profe melancholie, and would faine haue it beaten away, wilt thou use thy wit?

Bened. It is in my scabberd, shal I drawe it?

Prince Doest thou weare thy wit by thy side?

Cland. Neuer any did so, though very many haue been beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the minstrels, draw to pleasure vs.

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

Cland. What courage man: what though care kild a catte, thou haft mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bened. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another subiect

Cland. Nay then give him another staffe, his last was broke crosse.

Prince By this light he chaunges more and more, I thinke he be angry indeed.

Cland. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Bened. Shall I speake a word in your eare?

Cland. God blesse me from a challenge.

Bened. You are a villaine, I ieast not, I will make it good howe you dare, with what you dare, and when you daret doo mee right, or I will protest your cowardise: you haue kild a
about Nothing.

Sweete Lady, and her death shall fall heanie on you, let me heare from you.

Claud. Well I wil meet you, so I may haue good cheare.

Prince What, a feast, a feast?

Claud. I faith I thanke him he hath bid me to a calucs head & a capon, the which if I doe not carue most curiously, say my kniffe's naught, shal I not find a woodeoocke too?

Bened. Sir your wit ambles well, it goes easilly.

Prince He tell thee how Beatrice praifd thy witte the other day: I said thou hadst a fine witte, true said she, a fine little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies she, a great groffe one: nay said I, a good wit, juft saied she, it hurts no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wife: certaine saied she, a wife gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues: that I beleue said shee, for he swore a thing to mee on munday night, which hee forswore on tuesday morning, thers a double tongue theirs two tongues, thus did shee an houre together transf-shape thy particular vertues, yet at laft shee concluded with a sigh, thou waft the properst man in Italy.

Claud. For the which shee wept heartily and saide shee cared not.

Prince Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would loue him dearly, the old mans daughter told vs all.

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

Prince But when shall we set the sauage bulles hornes one the sensiblie Benedicks head?

Claud. Yea and text vnder-neath, here dwells Benedick the married man.

Bened. Fare you wel, boy, you know my minde, I wil leaue you now to your goffep-like humor, you breake isfts as brag-gards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord, for your many courtisies I thanke you, I must dicon-tinue your company, your brother the basteard is fled from Meffina: you haue among you, kild a sweet and innocent lady: for my Lord Lacke-beard, there hee and I shal meet, and till then peace be with him,
**Much adoe**

*Prince* He is in earnest.

*Claudio* In most profound earnest, and ile warrant you for the loue of Beatrice.

*Prince* And hath challengde thee.

*Claudio* Moft sincerely.

*Prince* What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Constables, Conrade, and Borachio.

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

*Prince* But soft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

*Const.* Come you sir, if justice cannot tame you, the shall never weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and you be a curling hypocrite once, you must be lookt to.

*Prince* How now, two of my brothers men bound. Borachio one.

*Claudio* Hearken after their offence my Lord.

*Prince* Officers, what offence haue these men done?

*Const.* Mary sir, they have committed false report, moreover they have spoken vntruths, secondarily they are flanders, sixt and lastly, they haue belyed a Lady, thirdly they haue verued vnmiist things, and to conclude, they are lying knaues.

*Prince* First I aske thee what they haue done, thirdly I ask thee what their offence, sixt and lastly why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

*Claudio* Rightly reasoned, and in his owne division, and by my troth there is one meaning well suited.

*Prince* Who haue you offended masters, that you are thus bound to your answere? this learned Constable is too cunning to be understood, what your offence?

*Bor.* Sweete prince, let me goe no farther to mine answere: do you heare me, and let this Counte kill me: I haue deceived eu'n your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallowe fooles have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensd me to flounder the Lady Hero, howe you were brought
about Nothing.

brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Heroes' garments, how you disgraced her when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, then repeat to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation: and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Prince Runnes not this speech like yron through your bloud?

Claud. I have dronke poison whiles he utterd it.

Prince But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Prince He is compos'd and frame of treachery,

And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero, now thy image doth appeare

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

Condr. Come, bring away the plaintiffs, by this time our sexton hath reform'd Signior Leonato of the matter: and masters, do not forget to specify when time and place shall serve, that I am an asse.

Con.2 Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Enter Leonato, his brother, and the Sexton.

Leonato Which is the villain? let me see his cies,

That when I note another man like him,

I may auoide him: which of these is he?

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

Leonato Art thou the slaye that with thy breath hast killed

Mine innocent child?

Bor. Yea, even I alone.

Leo. No, not so villaine, thou believest thy selfe,

Here stand a paire of honourable men,

A third is fled that had a hand in it:

I thanke you Princes for my daughter's death,

Record it with your high and worthy deeds,

T was brauely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Claud. 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 sinne, yet sinnd 1 not,
But in mistaking.

Prince By my soule nor I,
And yet to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heauy waight,
That theele enjoyne me to.

Leonato I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible, but I pray you both,
Possesse the people in Messina here,
How innocent he died, and if your loue
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph uppon her toomb,
And sing it to her bones, sing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son in law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copie of my child thats dead,
And she alone is heyre to both of vs,
Give her the right you should haue giu'n her cousin,
And so dies my reuenge.

Claudio O noble sir!
Your ouer kindneffe doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer and dispoe,
For henceforth of poore Claudio.

Leonato To morrow then I wil expect your comming,
To night I take my leave, this naughty man
Shalface to face be brought to Margaret,
Who if beleue was packt in al this wrong,
Hyred to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my soule she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But always hath bin iust and vertuous,
In anything that I do know by her.

Conf. Moreover sir, which indeede is not vnder white and
blacke, this plaintiffe here, the offender, did call me affe, I
beleece you let it be remembred in his punishment, and also
about Nothing.

the watch heard them talk of one Deformed, they say he weares a key in his care and a locke hanging by it, and borows monie in Gods name, the which he hath vnde to long, & never paiied, that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing for Gods sake: praise you examine him upon that point.

Leonato I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.

Const. Your worship speakes like a most thankful and re-

uuerent youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There for thy paines.

Const. God saue the foundation.

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

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

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Brot. Farewell my lords, we looke for you to morrow.

Prince We will not faile.

Claud. To night iie mourn with Hero.

Leonato Bring you these fellowes on, weel talke with Mar-
garet, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. exent

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Bened. Praie thee sweete miftris Margaret, deferue well at
my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Mar. Wil you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beau-
tie?

Bene. In so high a stile Margaret, that no man liuing shall
come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou deseruest it.

Mar. To have no man come ouer me, why shal I alwaies
keep below staires.

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

Mar. And your's, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.
Much adoe

Bene. A most manly witte Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call Beatrice, I giue thee the bucklers.

Marg. Giue vs the swordes, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vs them Margaret, you must putte in the pikes with a vice, and they are daungerous weapons for maides.

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

Bene. And therefore wil come. The God of loue that fits aboue, and knowes mee, and knowes me, how pittifull I de-ferue. I meane in singinge, but in louing, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first imploter of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blancke verfe, why they were neuer so truly turnd ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue:mary I cannot shew it in rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne, horne, a hard rime: for schoole foole, a babling rime: very omin-ous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming plannet, nor I cannot twooe in festiuall termes: sweete Beatrice wouldst thou come when I cald thee?

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Yea signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O slay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you wel now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath paft betweene you and Claudio.

Bene. Onely foule words, and therefore will I kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therfore I wil depart ynkiift.

Bene. Thou haft frighted the word out of his right fence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tel thee plainly, Claudio vn-dergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me,
about Nothing.

for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain a state of ev ill, that they will not ad mit te any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithete, I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart I think, alas poor heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to wooe peaceably.

Beat. It appeares not in this confeffion, there's not one wise man among twentie that will praife himselfe.

Bene. An old, an old instance Beatrice, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man do not erect in this age his owne toomb ere he dies, he shall liue no longer in monument, then the bell rings, and the widow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that think you?

Bene. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don worme (his conscience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his owne virtues, as I am to my self so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare wintnes is praife worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Bene. SERUE God,love me, and mend, there wil I leaxe you too, for here comes one in haste. Enter Vrfula.

Vrfula Madam, you must come to your uncle, yonders old coile at home, it is prooued my Lady Hero hath bin falsely accusde, the Prince and Claudio mightily abusde, and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes signior?

Bene. I wil liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy cies: and moreover, I wil go with thee to thy vnclcs. exit. Enter
Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with tapers.

Claudio Is this the monument of Leonato?

Lord It is my Lord. Epitaph.

Done to death by flauderous tongues,
Was the Hero that heere lies:
Death in guerdon of her wronges,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that dyed with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the toomb,

Claudio Now muflick sound & sing your solemn hymne.

Song Pardon goddesse of the night,

Those that flew thy virgin knight,

For the which with songs of woe,

Round about her tombe they goe:

Midnight assist our money, help vs to sigh & groane.

Heauily heauily.

Graues yawne and yeeld your dead,

Claudio Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do this

Prince Good morrow maisters, put your torches out,

The wolves haue preyed, and looke, the gentle day

Before the wheeles of Phœbus, round about

Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:

Thanks to you al, and lease vs, fare you well.

Claudio Good morrow maisters, each his seuerall way.

Prince Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,

And then to Leonatoes we will goe.

Claudio And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,

Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe.

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret Ursula, old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier Did I not tell you shee was innocent?

Leo. So are the Prince and Claudio who accusd her,

Upon the error that you heard debated:

But Margaret was in some fault for this,

Although against her will as it appeares,
In the true course of all the question.

_Bened._ And so am I, being else by faith enforced
to call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

_Leo._ Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
withdraw into a chamber by your selves,
and when I send for you come hither masked:
The Prince and Claudio promise by this howre
to visite me, you know your office brother,
you must be father to your brothers daughter,
and give her to young Claudio.  

_Exeunt Ladies._

_Old._ Which I will doe with confirmed countenance.

_Bened._ Frier, I must intreate your paines, I thinke.

_Frier._ To doe what Signior?  

_Bened._ To bind me, or vndoe me, one of them:
Signior Leonato, truth it is good Signior,
your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

_Leo._ That eye my daughter lent her, tis most true.

_Bened._ And I do with an eye of love requite her.

_Leo._ The sight whereof I thinke you had from me.

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

_Bened._ Your answere sir is enigmatical,
but for my will, my will is, your good will
may stand with ours, this day to be conjoynd,
in the state of honorable marriage,
in which (good Frier) I shall desire your help.

_Leo._ My heart is with your liking.

_Frier._ And my helpe.

_Here comes the Prince and Claudio._

_Enter Prince, and Claudio, and two or three other._

_Prince._ Good morrow to this faire assembly.

_Leo._ Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudio:

We here attend you, are you yet determined,
to day to marry with my brothers daughter?

_Claud._ He hold my mind were the an Ethiope.

_Leo._ Call her fourth brother, heres the Frier ready,

_P._ Good morrow Bened, why what's the matter?  

That
Much adoe

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

Claud. I thynke he thinke's vpon the sauege bull:
Tush feare not man, weelee tip thy homes with gold,
And all Europa shall reioyce at thee,
As once Europa did at lustie loue,
When he would play the noble beast in loue.

Bene. Bull loue fir had an amiable loue,
And some such strange bull leapt your fathers cowe,
And got a calfe in that same noble scate,
Much like to you, for you haue inft his bleate.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula.

Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.
Which is the Lady I muft seize vpon?
Leo. This saue is she, and I do giue you her.
Claud. Why then shees mine, sweet, let me see your face.
Leo. No that you shall not till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and sweare to marry hir.
Claud. Give me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liu'd I was your other wife,
And when you loued, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero.

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One Hero died defilde, but I do liue,
And fully as I liue, I am a maide.

Prince. The former Hero, Hero that is dead.
Leo. She died my Lord, but whiles her flaunder liu'd.
Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire Heroes death,
Meane time let wonder seeme familiar,
And to the chappell let vs prefently.

Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is Beatrice?
Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?
Bene. Do not you loue me?
Beat. Why no, no more then reaon.
about Nothing.

Viv. Why then your vnclle, and the prince, and Claudio.

Bene. Why then my cosin Margaret and Vrsula

Are much deceiued, for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sike for me.

Beat. They swore that you were welnigh dead for me.

Bene. This no fuch matter, then you do not love me.

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompense.

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

Claud. And ile befrome vpon't, that he loues her,

For heres a paper written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,

Fashioned to Beatrice.

Hero. And heres another,

Writ in my cosin's hand, stolne from her pocket,

Containing her affection vnto Benedicke.

Bene. A miracle, heres our owne hands against our hearts:

come, I will haue thee, but by this light I take thee for pittic.

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I yeeld vpon great perfwasion, and partly to saue your life, for I was told, you were in a consumption.

Leon. Peace I will stop your mouth,

Prince. How dofst thou Benedicke the married man?

Bene. Ile tel thee what prince: a colledge of witte-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour, dofst thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigramme? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a hall weare nothing hansome about him: in briefe, since I doe purpose to marrie, I will think nothing to anie purpose that the world can faie against it, and therefore never flout at me, for what I haue said against it: for man is a giddie thing, and this is my conclusion: for thy part Claudio, I did thinke to haue beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, liue vnbrinke, and loue my cousen.

Cku. I had wel hopte thou wouldst haue denied Beatrice, that I might haue cudgelld thee out of thy single life, to make thee
Much ado

thee a double dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, if my cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

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

Leon. Weele have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my worde, therefore plaie muccke, Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no flaffe more reuerent then one tipt with home.

Enter Messenger.

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

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile deuife thee braue punishments for him: strike vp Pipers.