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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library
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It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare’s plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of “taking up Shakespeare,” finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare’s plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare’s works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger’s holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare’s works in the Folger’s Elizabethan Theatre.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare’s works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library
Until now, with the release of The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare’s plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare’s plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of Hamlet, two of King Lear, Henry V, Romeo and Juliet, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare’s text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed “improper” and “indecent” for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See The Tempest, 1.2: “[Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee…”). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Shakespeare texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from Othello: “[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]”), half-square brackets (for example, from Henry V: “With \(\text{f/d}\) blood and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from
Hamlet: “O farewell, honest (soldier.) Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Shakespeare texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.
The primary plot of *Much Ado About Nothing* turns on the courtship and scandal involving young Hero and her suitor, Claudio, but the witty war of words between Claudio’s friend Benedick and Hero’s cousin Beatrice often takes center stage.

Set in Messina, the play begins as Don Pedro’s army returns after a victory. Benedick, a gentleman soldier, resumes a verbal duel with Beatrice, the niece of Messina’s governor, Leonato. Count Claudio is smitten by Leonato’s daughter, Hero. After Don Pedro woos her in disguise for Claudio, the two young lovers plan to marry in a week. To fill in the time until the wedding, Don Pedro and the others set about tricking Benedick and Beatrice into falling in love with each other. Meanwhile, Don Pedro’s disgruntled brother, Don John, plots to ruin Hero and halt her wedding. Claudio believes Don John’s deception, is convinced Hero has a lover, and, at the wedding, brutally rejects her.

With Hero in hiding and falsely reported dead, Beatrice persuades Benedick to fight Claudio. Tragedy is averted when the bumbling city watch, having discovered Don John’s treachery, arrives and clears Hero’s name. With Claudio forgiven, both couples are ready to get married.
Characters in the Play

LEONATO, Governor of Messina
HERO, his daughter
BEATRICE, his niece
LEONATO’S BROTHER
MARGARET, Ursula

DON PEDRO, Prince of Aragon
COUNT CLAUDIO, a young lord from Florence
SIGNIOR BENEDICK, a gentleman from Padua
BALTHASAR
SIGNIOR ANTONIO

DON JOHN, Don Pedro’s brother
BORACHIO, Conrade

DOG Berry, Master Constable in Messina
VERGES, Dogberry’s partner
GEORGE SEACOAL, leader of the Watch
FIRST WATCHMAN
SECOND WATCHMAN
SEXTON
FRIAR FRANCIS

MESSENGER to Leonato
MESSENGER to Don Pedro
BOY

Musicians, Lords, Attendants, Son to Leonato’s brother
Enter Leonato, Governor of Messina, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, with a Messenger.

LEONATO, 『with a letter』 I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Aragon comes this night to Messina.

MESSENGER He is very near by this. He was not three leagues off when I left him.

LEONATO How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

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

LEONATO A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honor on a young Florentine called Claudio.

MESSENGER Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion. He hath indeed bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

LEONATO He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

MESSENGER I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

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LEONATO  Did he break out into tears?
MESSENGER  In great measure.
LEONATO  A kind overflow of kindness. There are no
tales truer than those that are so washed. How
much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at
weeping!
BEATRICE  I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned
from the wars or no?
MESSENGER  I know none of that name, lady. There
was none such in the army of any sort.
LEONATO  What is he that you ask for, niece?
HERO  My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.
MESSENGER  O, he’s returned, and as pleasant as ever
he was.
BEATRICE  He set up his bills here in Messina and
challenged Cupid at the flight, and my uncle’s Fool,
reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid and
challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how
many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But
how many hath he killed? For indeed I promised to
eat all of his killing.
LEONATO  Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too
much, but he’ll be meet with you, I doubt it not.
MESSENGER  He hath done good service, lady, in these
wars.
BEATRICE  You had musty victual, and he hath holp to
eat it. He is a very valiant trencherman; he hath an
excellent stomach.
MESSENGER  And a good soldier too, lady.
BEATRICE  And a good soldier to a lady, but what is he
to a lord?
MESSENGER  A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stuffed
with all honorable virtues.
BEATRICE  It is so indeed. He is no less than a stuffed
man, but for the stuffing—well, we are all mortal.
Leonato  You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her. They never meet but there’s a skirmish of wit between them.

Beatrice  Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one, so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse, for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Messenger  Is ’t possible?

Beatrice  Very easily possible. He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Messenger  I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

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

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

Beatrice  O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease! He is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Messenger  I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beatrice  Do, good friend.

Leonato  You will never run mad, niece.

Beatrice  No, not till a hot January.

Messenger  Don Pedro is approached.
PRINCE    Good Signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? The fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

LEONATO  Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace, for trouble being gone, comfort should remain, but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

PRINCE    You embrace your charge too willingly. [Turning to Hero.] I think this is your daughter.

LEONATO  Her mother hath many times told me so.

BENEDICK  Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

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

PRINCE    You have it full, Benedick. We may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady, for you are like an honorable father.

[Leonato and the Prince move aside.]

BENEDICK  If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

BEATRICE  I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick, nobody marks you.

BENEDICK  What, my dear Lady Disdain! Are you yet living?

BEATRICE  Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

BENEDICK  Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.
BEATRICE  A dear happiness to women. They would  
else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I  
thank God and my cold blood I am of your humor  
for that. I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow  
than a man swear he loves me.  

BENEDICK  God keep your Ladyship still in that mind,  
so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate  
scratched face.  

BEATRICE  Scratching could not make it worse an  
'twere such a face as yours were.  

BENEDICK  Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.  

BEATRICE  A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of  
yours.  

BENEDICK  I would my horse had the speed of your  
tongue and so good a continuer, but keep your  
way, i’ God’s name, I have done.  

BEATRICE  You always end with a jade’s trick. I know  
you of old.  

"Leonato and the Prince come forward."

PRINCE  That is the sum of all, Leonato.—Signior  
Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend  
Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay  
here at the least a month, and he heartily prays  
some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear  
he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.  

LEONATO  If you swear, my lord, you shall not be  
forsworn. "To Don John." Let me bid you welcome,  
my lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother,  
I owe you all duty.  

DON JOHN  I thank you. I am not of many words, but I  
thank you.  

LEONATO  Please it your Grace lead on?  

PRINCE  Your hand, Leonato. We will go together.  

"All exit except Benedick and Claudio."  

CLAUDIO  Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of  
Signior Leonato?
BENEDICK I noted her not, but I looked on her. 160

CLAUDIO Is she not a modest young lady?

BENEDICK Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? Or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex? 165

CLAUDIO No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

BENEDICK Why, i’ faith, methinks she’s too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise. Only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

CLAUDIO Thou thinkest I am in sport. I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik’st her.

BENEDICK Would you buy her that you enquire after her? 175

CLAUDIO Can the world buy such a jewel?

BENEDICK Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? Or do you play the flouting jack, to tell us 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 eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

BENEDICK I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter. There’s her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you? 185

CLAUDIO I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

BENEDICK Is ’t come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore
again? Go to, i’ faith, an thou wilt needs thrust
thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh
away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek
you.

Enter Don Pedro, [Prince of Aragon.]

PRINCE What secret hath held you here that you followed
not to Leonato’s?

BENEDICK I would your Grace would constrain me to
tell.

PRINCE I charge thee on thy allegiance.

BENEDICK You hear, Count Claudio, I can be secret as
a dumb man, I would have you think so, but on my
allegiance—mark you this, on my allegiance—he
is in love. With who? Now, that is your Grace’s part.
Mark how short his answer is: with Hero, Leonato’s
short daughter.

CLAUDIO If this were so, so were it uttered.

BENEDICK Like the old tale, my lord: “It is not so, nor
’twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be
so.”

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

PRINCE Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well
worthy.

CLAUDIO You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

PRINCE By my troth, I speak my thought.

CLAUDIO And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

BENEDICK And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I
spoke mine.

CLAUDIO That I love her, I feel.

PRINCE That she is worthy, I know.

BENEDICK That I neither feel how she should be loved
nor know how she should be worthy is the opinion
that fire cannot melt out of me. I will die in it at the
stake.
PRINCE   Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the
despite of beauty.

CLAUDIO   And never could maintain his part but in the
force of his will.

BENEDICK   That a woman conceived me, I thank her;
that she brought me up, I likewise give her most
humble thanks. But that I will have a recheat
winded in my forehead or hang my bugle in an
invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me.
Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust
any, I will do myself the right to trust none. And the
fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a
bachelor.

PRINCE   I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

BENEDICK   With anger, with sickness, or with hunger,
my lord, not with love. Prove that ever I lose more
blood with love than I will get again with drinking,
pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker’s pen and
hang me up at the door of a brothel house for the
sign of blind Cupid.

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

BENEDICK   If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and
shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapped
on the shoulder and called Adam.

PRINCE   Well, as time shall try.

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

BENEDICK   The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible
Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull’s horns and set
them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted,
and in such great letters as they write “Here is good
horse to hire” let them signify under my sign “Here
you may see Benedick the married man.”

CLAUDIO   If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be
horn-mad.
Much Ado About Nothing

ACT 1. SC. 1

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

BENEDICK  I look for an earthquake too, then.

PRINCE  Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato’s. Commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper, for indeed he hath made great preparation.

BENEDICK  I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage, and so I commit you—

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

PRINCE  The sixth of July. Your loving friend, Benedick.

BENEDICK  Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometimes guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither. Ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience. And so I leave you. He exits.

CLAUDIO  My liege, your Highness now may do me good.

PRINCE  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.

CLAUDIO  Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

PRINCE  No child but Hero; she’s his only heir.

CLAUDIO  O, my lord, when you went onward on this ended action, I looked upon her with a soldier’s eye, that liked, but had a rougher task in hand than to drive liking to the name of love. But now I am returned and that war thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying I liked her ere I went to wars.

PRINCE

Thou wilt be like a lover presently
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was ’t not to this end
That thou began’st to twist so fine a story?

CLAUDIO

How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love’s grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

PRINCE

What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look what will serve is fit. ’Tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have reveling tonight.
I will assume thy part in some disguise
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,
And in her bosom I’ll unclasp my heart
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale.

Then after to her father will I break,
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently.

They exit.
Enter Leonato, meeting an old man, brother to Leonato.

LEONATO How now, brother, where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

LEONATO'S BROTHER He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

LEONATO Are they good?

LEONATO'S BROTHER As the events stamps them, but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The Prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the Prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.

LEONATO Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

LEONATO'S BROTHER A good sharp fellow. I will send for him, and question him yourself.

LEONATO No, no, we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself. But I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it.

Enter Antonio's son, with a Musician and Attendants.

Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend. Go you with me and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

They exit.
Much Ado About Nothing

ACT 1. SC. 3

Scene 3

Enter Sir John the Bastard, and Conrade, his companion.

CONRADE What the goodyear, my lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

DON JOHN There is no measure in the occasion that breeds. Therefore the sadness is without limit.

CONRADE You should hear reason.

DON JOHN And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

CONRADE If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

DON JOHN I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayst thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral 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.

CONRADE Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta’en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself. It is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

DON JOHN I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained 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 villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my
mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking. In the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.  

CONRADE Can you make no use of your discontent?  
DON JOHN I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter Borachio.

What news, Borachio?  
BORACHIO I came yonder from a great supper. The Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.  
DON JOHN Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?  
BORACHIO Marry, it is your brother’s right hand.  
DON JOHN Who, the most exquisite Claudio?  
BORACHIO Even he.  
DON JOHN A proper squire. And who, and who? Which way looks he?  
BORACHIO Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.  
DON JOHN A very forward March chick! How came you to this?  
BORACHIO Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the Prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference. I whipped me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.  
DON JOHN Come, come, let us thither. This may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any
way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

CONRADE To the death, my lord.

DON JOHN Let us to the great supper. Their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were o’ my mind! Shall we go prove what’s to be done?

BORACHIO We’ll wait upon your Lordship.  

[They] exit.
Enter Leonato, his brother, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, with Ursula and Margaret.

LEONATO Was not Count John here at supper?
LEONATO'S BROTHER I saw him not.
BEATRICE How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heartburned an hour after.
HERO He is of a very melancholy disposition.
BEATRICE He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick. The one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.
LEONATO Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face—
BEATRICE With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world if he could get her goodwill.
LEONATO By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.
LEONATO'S BROTHER In faith, she's too curst.
BEATRICE Too curst is more than curst. I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said "God sends a
curst cow short horns,” but to a cow too curst, he sends none.

LEONATO  So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

BEATRICE  Just, if He send me no husband, for the which blessing I am at Him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face. I had rather lie in the woolen!

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

BEATRICE  What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting gentlewoman?

He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearherd, and lead his apes into hell.

LEONATO  Well then, go you into hell?

BEATRICE  No, but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me like an old cuckold with horns on his head, and say “Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here’s no place for you maids.” So deliver I up my apes and away to Saint Peter; for the heavens, he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

LEONATO'S BROTHER, [to Hero:] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

BEATRICE  Yes, faith, it is my cousin’s duty to make curtsy and say “Father, as it please you.” But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say “Father, as it please me.”

LEONATO  Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.
BEATRICE Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? To make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I’ll none. Adam’s sons are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

LEONATO, [to Hero] 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 music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time. If the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinquepace. The first suit is hot and hasty like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest as a measure, full of state and ancienry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faster and faster till he sink into his grave.

LEONATO Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

BEATRICE I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

LEONATO The revelers are entering, brother. Make good room. [Leonato and his brother step aside.]

Enter, [with a Drum,] Prince Pedro, Claudio, and Benedick, [Signior Antonio,] and Balthasar, [all in masks, with Borachio and Don John.]

PRINCE, [to Hero] Lady, will you walk a bout with your friend? [They begin to dance.]

HERO So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

PRINCE With me in your company?

HERO I may say so when I please.
PRINCE And when please you to say so?
HERO When I like your favor, for God defend the lute should be like the case.
PRINCE My visor is Philemon’s roof; within the house is Jove.
HERO Why, then, your visor should be thatched.
PRINCE Speak low if you speak love.

«They move aside;  
Benedick and Margaret move forward.»

BENEDICK, «to Margaret» Well, I would you did like me.
MARGARET So would not I for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.
BENEDICK Which is one?
MARGARET I say my prayers aloud.
BENEDICK I love you the better; the hearers may cry “Amen.”
MARGARET God match me with a good dancer.

«They separate; Benedick moves aside;  
Balthasar moves forward.»

BALTHASAR Amen.
MARGARET And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done. Answer, clerk.
BALTHASAR No more words. The clerk is answered.

«They move aside;  
Ursula and Antonio move forward.»

URSULA I know you well enough. You are Signior Antonio.
ANTONIO At a word, I am not.
URSULA I know you by the waggling of your head.
ANTONIO To tell you true, I counterfeit him.
URSULA You could never do him so ill-well unless you were the very man. Here’s his dry hand up and down. You are he, you are he.
ANTONIO At a word, I am not.
URSULA Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to,
mum, you are he. Graces will appear, and there’s an end.

\[They move aside;\]

_Benedick and Beatrice move forward._

BEATRICE  Will you not tell me who told you so?

BENEDICK  No, you shall pardon me.

BEATRICE  Nor will you not tell me who you are?

BENEDICK  Not now.

BEATRICE  That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of _The Hundred Merry Tales!_ Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

BENEDICK  What’s he?

BEATRICE  I am sure you know him well enough.

BENEDICK  Not I, believe me.

BEATRICE  Did he never make you laugh?

BENEDICK  I pray you, what is he?

BEATRICE  Why, he is the Prince’s jester, a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders. None but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit but in his villainy, for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet. I would he had boarded me.

BENEDICK  When I know the gentleman, I’ll tell him what you say.

BEATRICE  Do, do. He’ll but break a comparison or two on me, which peradventure not marked or not laughed at strikes him into melancholy, and then there’s a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. \[Music for the dance.\] We must follow the leaders.

BENEDICK  In every good thing.

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

_Dance._ \[Then\]  _exit all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio._
Much Ado About Nothing

ACT 2. SC. 1

DON JOHN, to Borachio

Sure my brother is amorous
on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break
with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one
visor remains.

BORACHIO And that is Claudio. I know him by his
bearing.

DON JOHN, to Claudio

Are not you Signior Benedick?

CLAUDIO You know me well. I am he.

DON JOHN Signior, you are very near my brother in his
love. He is enamored on Hero. I pray you dissuade
him from her. She is no equal for his birth. You
may do the part of an honest man in it.

CLAUDIO How know you he loves her?

DON JOHN I heard him swear his affection.

BORACHIO So did I too, and he swore he would marry
her tonight.

DON JOHN Come, let us to the banquet.

They exit. Claudio remains.

CLAUDIO, unmasking

Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
’Tis certain so. The Prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love.
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues.
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent, for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore, Hero.

Enter Benedick.

BENEDICK Count Claudio?

CLAUDIO Yea, the same.

BENEDICK Come, will you go with me?

CLAUDIO Whither?
Much Ado About Nothing

ACT 2. SC. 1

BENEDICK  Even to the next willow, about your own
    business, county. What fashion will you wear the
    garland of? About your neck like an usurer’s chain?
    Or under your arm like a lieutenant’s scarf? You
    must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your
    Hero.

CLAUDIO  I wish him joy of her.

BENEDICK  Why, that’s spoken like an honest drover; so
    they sell bullock. But did you think the Prince
    would have served you thus?

CLAUDIO  I pray you, leave me.

BENEDICK  Ho, now you strike like the blind man.
    ’Twas the boy that stole your meat, and you’ll beat
    the post.

CLAUDIO  If it will not be, I’ll leave you.  He exits.

BENEDICK  Alas, poor hurt fowl, now will he creep into
    sedges. But that my Lady Beatrice should know
    me, and not know me! The Prince’s fool! Ha, it may
    be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but
    so I am apt to do myself 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, I’ll be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince, Hero, and Leonato.

PRINCE  Now, signior, where’s the Count? Did you see
    him?

BENEDICK  Troth, my lord, I have played the part of
    Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a
    lodge in a warren. I told him, and I think I told him
    true, that your Grace had got the goodwill of this
    young lady, and I offered him my company to a
    willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being
    forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to
    be whipped.

PRINCE  To be whipped? What’s his fault?
BENEDICK The flat transgression of a schoolboy who, being overjoyed with finding a bird’s nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

PRINCE Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

BENEDICK Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird’s nest.

PRINCE I will but teach them to sing and restore them to the owner.

BENEDICK If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

PRINCE The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you. The gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

BENEDICK O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! An oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her. My very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the Prince’s jester, that I was droller than a great thaw, huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs. If her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the North Star. I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed. She would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire, too. Come, talk not of her. You shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her, for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet
in hell as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither. So indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice.

PRINCE Look, here she comes.

BENEDICK Will your Grace command me any service to the world’s end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on. I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prester John’s foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham’s beard, do you any embassage to the Pygmies, rather than hold three words’ conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

PRINCE None but to desire your good company.

BENEDICK O God, sir, here’s a dish I love not! I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. He exits.

PRINCE, to Beatrice Come, lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

BEATRICE Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one. Marry, once before he won it of me with false dice. Therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

PRINCE You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

BEATRICE So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

PRINCE Why, how now, count, wherefore are you sad?

CLAUDIO Not sad, my lord.

PRINCE How then, sick?

CLAUDIO Neither, my lord.

BEATRICE The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry,
nor well, but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Prince  I’ faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true, though I’ll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false.—Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won. I have broke with her father and his goodwill obtained. Name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leonato  Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes. His Grace hath made the match, and all grace say “Amen” to it.

Beatrice  Speak, count, ’tis your cue.

Claudio  Silence is the perfectest herald of joy. I were but little happy if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours. I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.

Beatrice  Speak, cousin, or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss and let not him speak neither.

Prince  In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beatrice  Yea, my lord. I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claudio  And so she doth, cousin.

Beatrice  Good Lord for alliance! Thus goes everyone to the world but I, and I am sunburnt. I may sit in a corner and cry “Heigh-ho for a husband!”

Prince  Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beatrice  I would rather have one of your father’s getting. Hath your Grace ne’er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince  Will you have me, lady?

Beatrice  No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days. Your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But I beseech your Grace pardon me. I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.
PRINCE  Your silence most offends me, and to be merry
best becomes you, for out o’ question you were
born in a merry hour.

BEATRICE  No, sure, my lord, my mother cried, but then
there was a star danced, and under that was I
born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

LEONATO  Niece, will you look to those things I told
you of?

BEATRICE  I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your Grace’s
pardon.  

Beatrice exits.

PRINCE  By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

LEONATO  There’s little of the melancholy element in
her, my lord. She is never sad but when she sleeps,
and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter
say she hath often dreamt of unhappiness and
waked herself with laughing.

PRINCE  She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

LEONATO  O, by no means. She mocks all her wooers
out of suit.

PRINCE  She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

LEONATO  O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week
married, they would talk themselves mad.

PRINCE  County Claudio, when mean you to go to
church?

CLAUDIO  Tomorrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches
till love have all his rites.

LEONATO  Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence
a just sevensnight, and a time too brief, too, to have
all things answer my mind.

PRINCE, [to Claudio]  Come, you shake the head at so
long a breathing, but I warrant thee, Claudio, the
time shall not go dully by us. I will 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 fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to
Much Ado About Nothing

ACT 2. SC. 2

Leonato, Claudio, Prince, Hero, Prince

Don John

They exit.

Don John

Enter Don John and Borachio.

Don John

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

Borachio

Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

Don John

Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be med’cinable to me. I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Borachio

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

Don John

Show me briefly how.
BORACHIO  I think I told your Lordship a year since, 
    how much I am in the favor of Margaret, the 
    waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

DON JOHN  I remember.

BORACHIO  I can, at any unseasonable instant of the 
    night, appoint her to look out at her lady’s chamber 
    window.

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

BORACHIO  The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go 
    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 
    mightily hold up, to a contaminated stale, such a 
    one as Hero.

DON JOHN  What proof shall I make of that?

BORACHIO  Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to vex 
    Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you 
    for any other issue?

DON JOHN  Only to despite them I will endeavor 
    anything.

BORACHIO  Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don 
    Pedro and the Count Claudio alone. Tell them that 
    you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal 
    both to the Prince and Claudio, as in love of your 
    brother’s honor, who hath made this match, and his 
    friend’s reputation, who is thus like to be cozened 
    with the semblance of a maid, that you have discovered 
    thus. They will scarcely believe this without 
    trial. Offer them instances, which shall bear no less 
    likelihood than to see me at her chamber window, 
    hear me call Margaret “Hero,” hear Margaret term 
    me “Claudio,” and bring them to see this the very 
    night before the intended wedding, for in the meantime 
    I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be 
    absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth
of Hero’s disloyalty that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.

DON JOHN  Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

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

DON JOHN  I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

"They" exit.

"Scene 3"

Enter Benedick alone.

BENEDICK  Boy!

"Enter Boy."

BOY  Signior?

BENEDICK  In my chamber window lies a book. Bring it hither to me in the orchard.

BOY  I am here already, sir.

BENEDICK  I know that, but I would have thee hence and here again. "Boy" exits.

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love—and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe; I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest
man and a soldier, and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster, but I’ll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that’s certain; wise, or I’ll none; virtuous, or I’ll never cheapen her; fair, or I’ll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God. Ha! The Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthasar with music.

Prince Come, shall we hear this music?

Claudio Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is, As hushed on purpose to grace harmony!

Prince, aside to Claudio

See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claudio, aside to Prince

O, very well my lord. The music ended, We’ll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Prince Come, Balthasar, we’ll hear that song again.

Balthasar O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.
PRINCE
MUSIC PLAYS.
It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

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

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

BALTHASAR
Note this before my notes:
There’s not a note of mine that’s worth the noting.

PRINCE
Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks!
Note notes, forsooth, and nothing.

BENEDICK, aside
Now, divine air! Now is his soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheeps’ guts should hale souls out of men’s bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all’s done.

BALTHASAR sings

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey, nonny nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy.
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey, nonny nonny.

PRINCE  By my troth, a good song.
BALTHasar  And an ill singer, my lord.
PRINCE  Ha, no, no, faith, thou sing’st well enough for a shift.
BENEDick, {aside}  An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him. And I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night raven, come what plague could have come after it.
PRINCE  Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee get us some excellent music, for tomorrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero’s chamber window.
BALTHasar  The best I can, my lord.
PRINCE  Do so. Farewell.

Balthasar exits.

Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of today, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?
CLAUDIO  O, ay. {Aside to Prince.} Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.—I did never think that lady would have loved any man.
LEONATO  No, nor I neither, but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviors seemed ever to abhor.
BENEDick, {aside}  Is ’t possible? Sits the wind in that corner?
LEONATO  By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.
PRINCE  Maybe she doth but counterfeit.
CLAUDIO  Faith, like enough.
O God! Counterfeit? There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

Why, what effects of passion shows she? Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

What effects, my lord? She will sit you—you heard my daughter tell you how.

She did indeed.

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

I would have sworn it had, my lord, especially against Benedick.

I should think this a gull but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it. Knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

He hath ta’en th’ infection. Hold it up.

Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

No, and swears she never will. That’s her torment.

’Tis true indeed, so your daughter says. “Shall I,” says she, “that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?”

This says she now when she is beginning to write to him, for she’ll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper. My daughter tells us all.

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

O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found “Benedick” and “Beatrice” between the sheet?

That.
LEONATO  O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence,  
railed at herself that she should be so  
immodest to write to one that she knew would flout  
her. “I measure him,” says she, “by my own spirit,  
for I should flout him if he writ to me, yea, though I  
love him, I should.”  

CLAUDIO  Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps,  
sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses:  
“O sweet Benedick, God give me patience!”  

LEONATO  She doth indeed, my daughter says so, and  
the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my  
daughter is sometimes afeared she will do a desperate  
outrage to herself. It is very true.  

PRINCE  It were good that Benedick 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 poor lady worse.  

PRINCE  An he should, it were an alms to hang him.  
She’s an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion,  
she is virtuous.  

CLAUDIO  And she is exceeding wise.  

PRINCE  In everything but in loving Benedick.  

LEONATO  O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in  
so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that  
blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have  
just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.  

PRINCE  I would she had bestowed this dotage on me. I  
would have daffed all other respects and made her  
half myself. I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear  
what he will say.  

LEONATO  Were it good, think you?  

CLAUDIO  Hero thinks surely she will die, for she says  
she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere  
she make her love known, and she will die if he woo  
er her rather than she will bate one breath of her  
accustomed crossness.
PRINCE: She doth well. If she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it, for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

CLAUDIO: He is a very proper man.

PRINCE: He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

CLAUDIO: Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

PRINCE: He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

CLAUDIO: And I take him to be valiant.

PRINCE: As Hector, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion or undertakes them with a most Christianlike fear.

If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace. If he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

PRINCE: And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick and tell him of her love?

CLAUDIO: Never tell him, my lord, let her wear it out with good counsel.

Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

PRINCE: Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

LEONATO: My lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready.

Claudio, Prince, and Claudio begin to exit.

CLAUDIO, aside to Prince and Leonato: If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

PRINCE, aside to Leonato: Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be when they
hold one an opinion of another’s dotage, and no
such matter. That’s the scene that I would see,
which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her
to call him in to dinner.

[Prince, Leonato, and Claudio exit.]

BENEDICK, coming forward This can be no trick. The
conference was sadly borne; they have the truth of
this from Hero; they seem to pity the lady. It seems
her affections have their full bent. Love me? Why, it
must be requited! I hear how I am censured. They
say I will bear myself proudly if I perceive the love
come from her. They say, too, that she will rather
die than give any sign of affection. I did never think
to marry. I must not seem proud. Happy are they
that hear their detractions and can put them to
mending. They say the lady is fair; ’tis a truth, I can
bear them witness. And virtuous; ’tis so, I cannot
reprove it. And wise, but for loving me; by my troth,
it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of
her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her! I
may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of
wit broken on me because I have railed so long
against marriage, but doth not the appetite alter? A
man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot
endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and
these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the
career of his humor? No! The world must be peopled.
When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not
think I should live till I were married. Here comes
Beatrice. By this day, she’s a fair lady. I do spy some
marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

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

BENEDICK Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.
BEATRICE I took no more pains for those thanks than
you take pains to thank me. If it had been painful, I
would not have come.

BENEDICK You take pleasure then in the message?

BEATRICE Yea, just so much as you may take upon a
knife’s point and choke a daw withal. You have no
stomach, signior. Fare you well. She exits.

BENEDICK Ha! “Against my will I am sent to bid you
come in to dinner.” There’s a double meaning in
that. “I took no more pains for those thanks than
you took pains to thank me.” That’s as much as to
say “Any pains that I take for you is as easy as
thanks.” If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I
do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture.

He exits.
Enter Hero and two gentlewomen, Margaret and Ursula.

HERO

Good Margaret, run thee to the parlor.
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the Prince and Claudio,
Whisper her ear and tell her I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her. Say that thou overheardst us,
And bid her steal into the pleachèd bower
Where honeysuckles ripened by the sun
Forbid the sun to enter, like favorites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it. There will she hide
To listen our propose. This is thy office.
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

MARGARET

I’ll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[She exits.]

HERO

Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid’s crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin,
For look where Beatrice like a lapwing runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Enter Beatrice, \( \text{who hides in the bower} \).\)

**URSULA, \textit{aside to Hero}**

The pleasant’st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.
So angle we for Beatrice, who even now
Is couchèd in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

**HERO, \textit{aside to Ursula}**

Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

\( \text{They walk near the bower.} \)

\( \text{No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful.} \)

I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

**URSULA**

But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

**HERO**

So says the Prince and my new-trothèd lord.

**URSULA**

And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

**HERO**

They did entreat me to acquaint her of it,
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

**URSULA**

Why did you 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 prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

SURE, I THINK SO,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she’ll make sport at it.

HERO

Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward. If fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her
sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

SURE, SURE, SUCH CARPING IS NOT COMMENDABLE.

HERO

No, not to be so odd and from all fashions
As Beatrice is cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air. O, she would laugh me out of myself, press me to death with wit. Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire, consume away in sighs, waste inwardly. It were a better death than die with mocks, which is as bad as die with tickling.

85

URSULA

Yet tell her of it. Hear what she will say.

HERO

No, rather I will go to Benedick and counsel him to fight against his passion; and truly I’ll devise some honest slanders to stain my cousin with. One doth not know how much an ill word may empoison liking.

90

URSULA

O, do not do your cousin such a wrong! She cannot be so much without true judgment, having so swift and excellent a wit as she is prized to have, as to refuse so rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

HERO

He is the only man of Italy, always excepted my dear Claudio.

URSULA

I pray you be not angry with me, madam, speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick, for shape, for bearing, argument, and valor, goes foremost in report through Italy.

100

HERO

Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

URSULA

His excellence did earn it ere he had it.

105

HERO

When are you married, madam?

Why, every day, tomorrow. Come, go in.
I’ll show thee some attires and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me tomorrow.

‘They move away from the bower.’

**URSULA, aside to Hero**

She’s limed, I warrant you. We have caught her, madam.

**HERO, aside to Ursula**

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

‘Hero and Ursula exit.’

**BEATRICE, coming forward**

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

*She exits.*

**Scene 2**

*Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.*

**PRINCE** I do but stay till your marriage be consummate,
and then go I toward Aragon.

**CLAUDIO** I’ll bring you thither, my lord, if you’ll vouchsafe me.

**PRINCE** Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new
gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company, for from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth. He
hath twice or thrice cut Cupid’s bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

BENEDICK  Gallants, I am not as I have been.

LEONATO  So say I. Methinks you are sadder.

CLAUDIO  I hope he be in love.

PRINCE  Hang him, truant! There’s no true drop of blood in him to be truly touched with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

BENEDICK  I have the toothache.

PRINCE  Draw it.

BENEDICK  Hang it!

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

PRINCE  What, sigh for the toothache?

LEONATO  Where is but a humor or a worm.

BENEDICK  Well, everyone can master a grief but he that has it.

CLAUDIO  Yet say I, he is in love.

PRINCE  There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to be a Dutchman today, a Frenchman tomorrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

CLAUDIO  If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o’ mornings. What should that bode?

PRINCE  Hath any man seen him at the barber’s?

CLAUDIO  No, but the barber’s man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls.
LEONATO   Indeed he looks younger than he did, by the
         loss of a beard.                       45
PRINCE     Nay, he rubs himself with civet. Can you smell
         him out by that?
CLAUDIO   That’s as much as to say, the sweet youth’s in
         love.                                50
PRINCE   The greatest note of it is his melancholy.
CLAUDIO   And when was he wont to wash his face?
PRINCE   Yea, or to paint himself? For the which I hear
         what they say of him.               55
CLAUDIO   Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept
         into a lute string and now governed by stops—
PRINCE   Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude,
         conclude, he is in love.            60
CLAUDIO   Nay, but I know who loves him.
PRINCE   That would I know, too. I warrant, one that
         knows him not.
CLAUDIO   Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of
         all, dies for him.
PRINCE   She shall be buried with her face upwards.
BENEDICK  Yet is this no charm for the toothache.—  65
         Old signior, walk aside with me. I have studied eight
         or nine wise words to speak to you, which these
         hobby-horses must not hear.
         (Benedick and Leonato exit.)
PRINCE   For my life, to break with him about Beatrice!
CLAUDIO   ’Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this
         played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two
         bears will not bite one another when they meet.  70

Enter John the Bastard.

DON JOHN   My lord and brother, God save you.
PRINCE     Good e’en, brother.
DON JOHN   If your leisure served, I would speak with
         you.                        75
PRINCE     In private?
Much Ado About Nothing  

ACT 3. SC. 2

DON JOHN  If it please you. Yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

PRINCE  What’s the matter?

DON JOHN, \textit{\textsuperscript{1}} Means your Lordship to be married tomorrow?

PRINCE  You know he does.

DON JOHN  I know not that, when he knows what I know.

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

DON JOHN  You may think I love you not. Let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage—surely suit ill spent and labor ill bestowed.

PRINCE  Why, what’s the matter?

DON JOHN  I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a-talking of, the lady is disloyal.

CLAUDIO  Who, Hero?

DON JOHN  Even she: Leonato’s Hero, your Hero, every man’s Hero.

CLAUDIO  Disloyal?

DON JOHN  The word is too good to paint out her wickedness. I could say she were worse. Think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant. Go but with me tonight, you shall see her chamber window entered, even the night before her wedding day. If you love her then, tomorrow wed her. But it would better fit your honor to change your mind.

CLAUDIO, \textit{\textsuperscript{1}} May this be so?

PRINCE  I will not think it.

DON JOHN  If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will
show you enough, and when you have seen more
and heard more, proceed accordingly.

CLAUDIO  If I see anything tonight why I should not
marry her, tomorrow in the congregation, where I
should wed, there will I shame her.

PRINCE  And as I woed for thee to obtain her, I will
join with thee to disgrace her.

DON JOHN  I will disparage her no farther till you are
my witnesses. Bear it coldly but till midnight, and
let the issue show itself.

PRINCE  O day untowardly turned!

CLAUDIO  O mischief strangely thwarting!

DON JOHN  O plague right well prevented! So will you
say when you have seen the sequel.

"They exit."

"Scene 3"

Enter Dogberry and his compartner Verges with the Watch.

DOGBERRY  Are you good men and true?

VERGES  Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer
salvation, body and soul.

DOGBERRY  Nay, that were a punishment too good for
them if they should have any allegiance in them,
being chosen for the Prince’s watch.

VERGES  Well, give them their charge, neighbor
Dogberry.

DOGBERRY  First, who think you the most desartless
man to be constable?

FIRST WATCHMAN  Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal,
for they can write and read.

DOGBERRY  Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. "Seacoal
steps forward." God hath blessed you with a good
name. To be a well-favored man is the gift of
fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

SEACOAL  Both which, master constable—

DOGBERRY  You have. I knew it would be your answer.

Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and
make no boast of it, and for your writing and
reading, let that appear when there is no need of
such vanity. You are thought here to be the most
senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch;
therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge:
you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to
bid any man stand, in the Prince’s name.

SEACOAL  How if he will not stand?

DOGBERRY  Why, then, take no note of him, but let him
go, and presently call the rest of the watch together
and thank God you are rid of a knave.

VERGES  If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is
none of the Prince’s subjects.

DOGBERRY  True, and they are to meddle with none but
the Prince’s subjects.—You shall also make no
noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and
to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

SECOND WATCHMAN  We will rather sleep than talk.

We know what belongs to a watch.

DOGBERRY  Why, you speak like an ancient and most
quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping
should offend; only have a care that your bills be not
stolen. Well, you are to call at all the alehouses and
bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

SEACOAL  How if they will not?

DOGBERRY  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 took them for.

SEACOAL  Well, sir.

DOGBERRY  If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by
virtue of your office, to be no true man, and for such
kind of men, the less you meddle or make with
them, why, the more is for your honesty.

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

Truly, by your office you may, but I think
they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most
peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to
let him show himself what he is and steal out of
your company.

You have been always called a merciful man,
partner.

Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will,
much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

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

How if the nurse be asleep and
will not hear us?

Why, then depart in peace, and let the
child wake her with crying, for the ewe that will
not hear her lamb when it baas will never answer a
calf when he bleats.

'Tis very true.

This is the end of the charge. You, constable,
are to present the Prince's own person. If you
meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Nay, by 'r Lady, that I think he cannot.

Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that
knows the statutes, he may stay him—marry, not
without the Prince be willing, for indeed the watch
ought to offend no man, and it is an offense to stay a
man against his will.

By 'r Lady, I think it be so.

Ha, ah ha!—Well, masters, goodnight. An
there be any matter of weight chances, call up me.
Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and
goodnight.—Come, neighbor.

Dogberry and Verges begin to exit.
Well, masters, we hear our charge. Let us go sit here upon the church bench till two, and then all to bed.

**Dogberry**

One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about Signior Leonato’s door, for the wedding being there tomorrow, there is a great coil tonight. Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

*Dogberry and Verges* exit.

*Enter Borachio and Conrade.*

**Borachio** What, Conrade!

**Seacoal**, aside Peace, stir not.

**Borachio** Conrade, I say!

**Conrade** Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

**Borachio** Mass, and my elbow itched, I thought there would a scab follow.

**Conrade** I will owe thee an answer for that. And now forward with thy tale.

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

**Seacoal**, aside Some treason, masters. Yet stand close.

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

**Conrade** Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

**Borachio** Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villainy should be so rich. For when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

**Conrade** I wonder at it.

**Borachio** That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.
CONRADE  Yes, it is apparel.
BORACHIO  I mean the fashion.
CONRADE  Yes, the fashion is the fashion.
BORACHIO  Tush, I may as well say the fool’s the fool.
But seest thou not what a deformed thief this
fashion is?

[first\watchman, aside\] I know that Deformed. He
has been a vile thief this seven year. He goes up and
down like a gentleman. I remember his name.
BORACHIO  Didst thou not hear somebody?
CONRADE  No, ’twas the vane on the house.
BORACHIO  Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief
this fashion is, how giddily he turns about all the
hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty,
sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh’s soldiers
in the reechy painting, sometimes like God Bel’s
priests in the old church window, sometimes like
the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten
tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his
club?
CONRADE  All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears
out more apparel than the man. But art not thou
thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast
shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the
fashion?
BORACHIO  Not so, neither. But know that I have tonight
wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero’s gentlewoman,
by the name of Hero. She leans me out at
her mistress’ chamber window, bids me a thousand
times goodnight. I tell this tale vilely. I should first
tell thee how the Prince, Claudio, and my master,
planted and placed and possessed by my master
Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable
amiable encounter.
CONRADE  And thought they Margaret was Hero?
BORACHIO  Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio,
but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged, swore he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o’ernight and send her home again without a husband.

FIRST WATCHMAN  We charge you in the Prince’s name stand!

SECOND WATCHMAN Call up the right Master Constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

FIRST WATCHMAN And one Deformed is one of them. I know him; he wears a lock.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Second Watchman.

DOGBERRY Masters, masters—

FIRST WATCHMAN, to Borachio You’ll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

DOGBERRY, to Borachio and Conrade Masters, never speak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

BORACHIO, to Conrade We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men’s bills.

CONRADE A commodity in question, I warrant you.—

Come, we’ll obey you.

They exit.
Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Ursula.

HERO  Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice and desire her to rise.

URSULA  I will, lady.

HERO  And bid her come hither.

URSULA  Well.

MARGARET  Troth, I think your other rebato were better.

HERO  No, pray thee, good Meg, I’ll wear this.

MARGARET  By my troth, ’s not so good, and I warrant your cousin will say so.

HERO  My cousin’s a fool, and thou art another. I’ll wear none but this.

MARGARET  I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown’s a most rare fashion, i’ faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan’s gown that they praise so.

HERO  O, that exceeds, they say.

MARGARET  By my troth, ’s but a nightgown respect of yours—cloth o’ gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round underborne with a bluish tinsel. But for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on ’t.

HERO  God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

MARGARET  ’Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

HERO  Fie upon thee! Art not ashamed?

MARGARET  Of what, lady? Of speaking honorably? Is not marriage honorable in a beggar? Is not your lord honorable without marriage? I think you would have me say “Saving your reverence, a husband.” An bad thinking do not wrest true speaking,
I’ll offend nobody. Is there any harm in “the heavier for a husband”? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife. Otherwise, ’tis light and not heavy. Ask my lady Beatrice else. Here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

**HERO** Good morrow, coz.

**BEATRICE** Good morrow, sweet Hero.

**HERO** Why, how now? Do you speak in the sick tune?

**BEATRICE** I am out of all other tune, methinks.

**MARGARET** Clap ’s into “Light o’ love.” That goes without a burden. Do you sing it, and I’ll dance it.

**BEATRICE** You light o’ love with your heels! Then, if your husband have stables enough, you’ll see he shall lack no barns.

**MARGARET** O, illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

**BEATRICE** ’Tis almost five o’clock, cousin. ’Tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. Heigh-ho!

**MARGARET** For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

**BEATRICE** For the letter that begins them all, *H*.

**MARGARET** Well, an you be not turned Turk, there’s no more sailing by the star.

**BEATRICE** What means the fool, trow?

**MARGARET** Nothing, I; but God send everyone their heart’s desire.

**HERO** These gloves the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

**BEATRICE** I am stuffed, cousin. I cannot smell.

**MARGARET** A maid, and stuffed! There’s goodly catching of cold.

**BEATRICE** O, God help me, God help me! How long have you professed apprehension?
MARGARET  Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit
become me rarely?

BEATRICE  It is not seen enough; you should wear it in
your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

MARGARET  Get you some of this distilled carduus benedictus
and lay it to your heart. It is the only thing for
a qualm.

HERO    There thou prick’st her with a thistle.

BEATRICE  Benedictus! Why benedictus? You have some
moral in this benedictus?

MARGARET  Moral? No, by my troth, I have no moral
meaning; I meant plain holy thistle. You may think
perchance that I think you are in love. Nay, by ’r
Lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I
list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot
think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that
you are in love or that you will be in love or that you
can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and
now is he become a man. He swore he would never
marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats
his meat without grudging. And how you may be
converted I know not, but methinks you look with
your eyes as other women do.

BEATRICE  What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

MARGARET  Not a false gallop.

Enter Ursula.

URSULA    Madam, withdraw. The Prince, the Count,
Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of
the town are come to fetch you to church.

HERO    Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good
Ursula.

(They exit.)
LEONATO

What would you with me, honest neighbor?

DOGBERRY

Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

LEONATO

Brief, I pray you, for you see it is a busy time with me.

DOGBERRY

Marry, this it is, sir.

VERGES

Yes, in truth, it is, sir.

LEONATO

What is it, my good friends?

DOGBERRY

Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter. An old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were, but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

VERGES

Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I. Comparisons are odorous. Palabras, neighbor Verges.

LEONATO

Neighbors, you are tedious.

DOGBERRY

It pleases your Worship to say so, but we are the poor duke’s officers. But truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your Worship.

LEONATO

All thy tediousness on me, ah?

DOGBERRY

Yea, an ’twere a thousand pound more than ’tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

VERGES

And so am I.

LEONATO

I would fain know what you have to say.

VERGES

Marry, sir, our watch tonight, excepting your Worship’s presence, ha’ ta’en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

DOGBERRY

A good old man, sir. He will be talking. As
they say, “When the age is in, the wit is out.” God help us, it is a world to see!—Well said, i’ faith, neighbor Verges.—Well, God’s a good man. An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i’ faith, sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worshiped, all men are not alike, alas, good neighbor.

LEONATO Indeed, neighbor, he comes too short of you.

DOGBERRY Gifts that God gives.

LEONATO I must leave you.

DOGBERRY One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your Worship.

LEONATO Take their examination yourself and bring it me. I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

DOGBERRY It shall be suffigance.

LEONATO Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

LEONATO I’ll wait upon them. I am ready.

He exits, with the Messenger.

DOGBERRY Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal. Bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail. We are now to examination these men.

VERGES And we must do it wisely.

DOGBERRY We will spare for no wit, I warrant you.

Here’s that shall drive some of them to a noncome.

Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication and meet me at the jail.

They exit.
Enter Prince, John the Bastard, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice, with Attendants.

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

You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?—Friar, you come to marry her.

Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

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

Know you any, Hero?

None, my lord.

Know you any, count?

I dare make his answer, none.

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

How now, interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as ah, ha, he!
CLAUDIO

Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave,
Will you with free and unconstrainèd soul
Give me this maid, your daughter? 25

LEONATO

As freely, son, as God did give her me.

CLAUDIO

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

PRINCE

Nothing, unless you render her again.

CLAUDIO

Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, take her back again.
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She’s but the sign and semblance of her honor.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none.
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed.
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

LEONATO

What do you mean, my lord?

CLAUDIO

Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approvèd wanton. 45

LEONATO

Dear my lord, if you in your own proof
Have vanquished the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity—

CLAUDIO

I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehand sin.

No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large,
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

And seemed I ever otherwise to you?

Out on thee, seeming! I will write against it.

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.

But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pampered animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Is my lord well that he doth speak so wide?

Sweet prince, why speak not you?

What should I speak?

I stand dishonored that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

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

This looks not like a nuptial.

True! O God!

Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince’s brother?
Is this face Hero’s? Are our eyes our own?

All this is so, but what of this, my lord?

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

LEONATO

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

HERO

O, God defend me, how am I beset!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?

CLAUDIO

To make you answer truly to your name.

HERO

Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Marry, that can Hero!
Hero itself can blot out Hero’s virtue.

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

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

I talked with no man at that hour, my lord.

PRINCE

Why, then, are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honor,
Myself, my brother, and this grievèd count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confessed the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

DON JOHN

Fie, fie, they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of!
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offense, to utter them.—Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

CLAUDIO

O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair. Farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity.
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

LEONATO

Hath no man’s dagger here a point for me?

BEATRICE

Why, how now, cousin, wherefore sink you down?

DON JOHN

Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

Claudio, Prince, and Don John exit.

BENEDICK

How doth the lady?

BEATRICE

Dead, I think.—Help, uncle!—

Hero, why Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

LEONATO

O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!

Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wished for.

BEATRICE

How now, cousin Hero?

Hero stirs.

FRIAR

Have comfort, lady.

LEONATO

Dost thou look up?

Yea, wherefore should she not?

Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero, do not ope thine eyes,
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I I had but one? 135
Chid I for that at frugal Nature’s frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar’s issue at my gates,
Who, smirchèd thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said “No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins”?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much 145
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her—why she, O she, is fall’n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder
I know not what to say.

O, on my soul, my cousin is belied! 155

Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

No, truly not, although until last night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Confirmed, confirmed! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barred up with ribs of iron! 160
Would the two princes lie and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so that, speaking of her foulness,
Washed it with tears? Hence from her. Let her die!

Hear me a little,
For I have only been so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes,
And in her eye there hath appeared a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

LEONATO    Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury. She not denies it.
Why seek’st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

FRIAR
Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

HERO
They know that do accuse me. I know none.
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintained the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

FRIAR
There is some strange misprision in the princes.

BENEDICK
Two of them have the very bent of honor,
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the Bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leonato

I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her. If they wrong her honor,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead.
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed.
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family’s old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

What shall become of this? What will this do?

Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse. That is some good.
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She, dying, as it must be so maintained,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused
Of every hearer. For it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
While it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio.
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
Th’ idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come appareled in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed. Then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be leveled false,
The supposition of the lady’s death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Benedick

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

Leonato

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

Friar

’Tis well consented. Presently away,
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—

Come, lady, die to live. This wedding day
Perhaps is but prolonged. Have patience and endure.

“All but Beatrice and Benedick” exit.

BENEDICK Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
BEATRICE Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
BENEDICK I will not desire that.
BEATRICE You have no reason. I do it freely.
BENEDICK Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.
BEATRICE Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!
BENEDICK Is there any way to show such friendship?
BEATRICE A very even way, but no such friend.
BENEDICK May a man do it?
BEATRICE It is a man’s office, but not yours.
BENEDICK I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?
BEATRICE As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you, but believe me not, and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.
BENEDICK By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovost me!
BEATRICE Do not swear and eat it.
BENEDICK I will swear by it that you love me, and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.
BEATRICE Will you not eat your word?
BENEDICK With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.
BEATRICE Why then, God forgive me.
BENEDICK What offense, sweet Beatrice?
BEATRICE You have stayed me in a happy hour. I was about to protest I loved you.
BENEDICK And do it with all thy heart.

BEATRICE I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

BENEDICK Come, bid me do anything for thee.

BEATRICE Kill Claudio.

BENEDICK Ha! Not for the wide world. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

BENEDICK [She begins to exit.]

And do it with all thy heart. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest. Come, bid me do anything for thee. Kill Claudio. Ha! Not for the wide world. You kill me to deny it. Farewell. Tarry, sweet Beatrice. I am gone, though I am here. There is no love in you. Nay, I pray you let me go. Beatrice—In faith, I will go. We’ll be friends first. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy. Is Claudio thine enemy? Is he not approved in the height a villain that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman? O, that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the marketplace. Hear me, Beatrice—Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying. Nay, but Beatrice—Sweet Hero, she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone. Beat—Princes and counties! Surely a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect, a sweet 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 curtsies, valor into
compliment, and men are only turned into tongue,
and trim ones, too. He is now as valiant as Hercules
that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man
with wishing; therefore I will die a woman with
grieving.

BENEDICK Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love
thee.

BEATRICE Use it for my love some other way than
swearing by it.

BENEDICK Think you in your soul the Count Claudio
hath wronged Hero?

BEATRICE Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

BENEDICK Enough, I am engaged. I will challenge
him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By
this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account.
As you hear of me, so think of me. Go comfort your
cousin. I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

"They exit."

Scene 2

Enter the Constables Dogberry and Verges, and the
Town Clerk, or Sexton, in gowns, with the Watch,
Conrade, and Borachio.

DOG Berry Is our whole dissembly appeared?
VERGES O, a stool and a cushion for the Sexton.

"A stool is brought in; the Sexton sits."

SEXTON Which be the malefactors?

DOG Berry Marry, that am I, and my partner.
VERGES Nay, that’s certain, we have the exhibition to

examine. Let them come before Master
Constable.
FOURTH WATCHMAN Yea, marry, let them come before me.

CONRADE and Borachio are brought forward.

DOGBERRY What is your name, friend?

BORACHIO Borachio.

DOGBERRY Pray, write down “Borachio.”—Yours, sirrah?

CONRADE I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

DOGBERRY Write down “Master Gentleman Conrade.”—Masters, do you serve God?

BORACHIO/CONRADE Yea, sir, we hope.

DOGBERRY Write down that they hope they serve God; and write God first, for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

CONRADE Marry, sir, we say we are none.

DOGBERRY A marvelous witty fellow, I assure you, but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah, a word in your ear. Sir, I say to you it is thought you are false knaves.

BORACHIO Sir, I say to you we are none.

DOGBERRY Well, stand aside.—’Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down that they are none?

SEXTON Master constable, you go not the way to examine. You must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

DOGBERRY Yea, marry, that’s the eftest way.—Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you in the Prince’s name, accuse these men.

FIRST WATCHMAN This man said, sir, that Don John, the Prince’s brother, was a villain.

DOGBERRY Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince’s brother villain!
BORACHIO Master constable—

DOGGERY Pray thee, fellow, peace. I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

SEXTON, to Watch What heard you him say else?

SEACOAL Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

DOGGERY Flat burglary as ever was committed.

VERGES Yea, by Mass, that it is.

SEXTON What else, fellow?

FIRST WATCHMAN And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

DOGGERY, to Borachio O, villain! Thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this!

SEXTON What else?

SEACOAL This is all.

SEXTON And this is more, masters, than you can deny.

Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away.

Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound and brought to Leonato’s. I will go before and show him their examination.

He exits.

DOGGERY Come, let them be opinioned.

VERGES Let them be in the hands—

CONRADE Off, coxcomb!

DOGGERY God’s my life, where’s the Sexton? Let him write down the Prince’s officer “coxcomb.” Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

CONRADE Away! You are an ass, you are an ass!

DOGGERY Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O, that he were here to write me down an ass! But masters, remember that I am an ass, though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou
art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow and, which is more, an officer and, which is more, a householder and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to, and a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him.—Bring him away.—O, that I had been writ down an ass!

[They] exit.
Enter Leonato and his brother.

LEONATO'S BROTHER
   If you go on thus, you will kill yourself,
   And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
   Against yourself.

LEONATO
   I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
   Which falls into mine ears as profitless
   As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel,
   Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
   But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
   Bring me a father that so loved his child,
   Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
   And bid him speak of patience.
   Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
   And let it answer every strain for strain,
   As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
   In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.
   If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
   Bid sorrow wag, cry “hem” when he should groan,
   Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
   With candle-wasters, bring him yet to me,
   And I of him will gather patience.
   But there is no such man. For, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel, but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial med’cine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air and agony with words.
No, no, ’tis all men’s office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man’s virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel.
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

LEONATO’S BROTHER

Therein do men from children nothing differ.

LEONATO

I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood,
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

LEONATO’S BROTHER

Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself.
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

LEONATO

There thou speak’st reason. Nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied,
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the Prince
And all of them that thus dishonor her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

LEONATO’S BROTHER

Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily.

PRINCE

Good e’en, good e’en.

CLAUDIO

Good day to both of you.
LEONATO

Hear you, my lords—

We have some haste,

Leonato.

LEONATO

Some haste, my lord! Well, fare you well, my lord.

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

PRINCE

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

LEONATO'S BROTHER

If he could right himself with quarrelling,

Some of us would lie low.

CLAUDIO

Who wrongs him?

LEONATO

Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou.

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword.

I fear thee not.

CLAUDIO

Marry, beshrew 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 fleer 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 forced to lay my reverence by,

And with gray hairs and bruise of many days

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 she lies buried with her ancestors,

O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,

Save this of hers, framed by thy villainy.
CLAUDIO

My villainy?

LEONATO

Thine, Claudio, thine, I say.

PRINCE

You say not right, old man.

LEONATO

My lord, my lord,

I’ll prove it on his body if he dare,

Despite his nice fence and his active practice,

His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

CLAUDIO

Away! I will not have to do with you.

LEONATO

Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast killed my child.

If thou kill’st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

LEONATO’S BROTHER

He shall kill two of us, and men indeed,

But that’s no matter. Let him kill one first.

Win me and wear me! Let him answer me.—

Come, follow me, boy. Come, sir boy, come, follow me.

Sir boy, I’ll whip you from your foining fence,

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

LEONATO

Brother—

LEONATO’S BROTHER

Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece,

And she is dead, slandered to death by villains

That dare as well answer a man indeed

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.—

Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops!

LEONATO

Brother Anthony—

LEONATO’S BROTHER

Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple—

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,

That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander,

Go anticly and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dang’rous words
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

LEONATO  But brother Anthony—
LEONATO’S BROTHER  Come, ’tis no matter.
Do not you meddle. Let me deal in this.

PRINCE
Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter’s death,
But, on my honor, she was charged with nothing
But what was true and very full of proof.

LEONATO  My lord, my lord—
PRINCE  I will not hear you.

LEONATO
No? Come, brother, away. I will be heard.

LEONATO’S BROTHER
And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[Leonato and his brother] exit.

Enter Benedick.

PRINCE
See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

CLAUDIO  Now, signior, what news?

BENEDICK, [to Prince]  Good day, my lord.

PRINCE  Welcome, signior. You are almost come to
part almost a fray.

CLAUDIO  We had [like] to have had our two noses
snapped off with two old men without teeth.

PRINCE  Leonato and his brother. What think’st thou?
Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too
young for them.

BENEDICK  In a false quarrel there is no true valor. I
came to seek you both.

CLAUDIO  We have been up and down to seek thee, for
we are high-proof melancholy and would fain have
it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?
BENEDICK  It is in my scabbard. Shall I draw it?
PRINCE    Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?
CLAUDIO   Never any did so, though very many have
          been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do
          the minstrels: draw to pleasure us.
PRINCE    As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art
          thou sick, or angry?
CLAUDIO,  What, courage, man! What
          to Benedick     though care killed a cat? Thou hast mettle enough
CLAUDIO,  in thee to kill care.
          to Prince      Nay, then, give him another staff.
CLAUDIO   This last was broke ‘cross.
PRINCE    Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an
          you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another
          subject.
CLAUDIO   Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.
          Shall I tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the
          other day. I said thou hadst a fine wit. “True,” said
she, “a fine little one.” “No,” said I, “a great wit.”
“Right,” says she, “a great gross one.” “Nay,” said I, “a good wit.” “Just,” said she, “it hurts nobody.” “Nay,” said I, “the gentleman is wise.” “Certain,” said she, “a wise gentleman.” “Nay,” said I, “he hath the tongues.” “That I believe,” said she, “for he swore a thing to me on Monday night which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there’s a double tongue, there’s two tongues.” Thus did she an hour together transshape thy particular virtues. Yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thout wast the proper’st man in Italy.

CLAUDIO  For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

PRINCE  Yea, that she did. But yet for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man’s daughter told us all.

CLAUDIO  All, all. And, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

PRINCE  But when shall we set the savage bull’s horns on the sensible Benedick’s head?

CLAUDIO  Yea, and text underneath: “Here dwells Benedick, the married man”?

BENEDICK  Fare you well, boy. You know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humor. You break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your company. Your brother the Bastard is fled from Messina. You have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet, and till then peace be with him.

잘라

["Benedick exits."]

PRINCE  He is in earnest.

CLAUDIO  In most profound earnest, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.
PRINCE And hath challenged thee?
CLAUDIO Most sincerely.
PRINCE What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!
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. Pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say my brother was fled?

Enter Constables Dogberry and Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

DOG Berry Come you, sir. If justice cannot tame you, she shall ne’er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

PRINCE How now, two of my brother’s men bound? Borachio one!
CLAUDIO Hearken after their offense, my lord.
PRINCE Officers, what offense have these men done?

DOG Berry Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and last, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

PRINCE First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what’s their offense; sixth and last, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

CLAUDIO Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there’s one meaning well suited.

PRINCE, to Borachio and Conrade Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What’s your offense?

BORACHIO Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer. Do you hear me, and let this count kill me.
PRINCE, to Claudio

I have deceived even your very eyes. What your
wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools
have brought to light, who in the night overheard
me confessing to this man how Don John your
brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero, how
you were brought into the orchard and saw me
court Margaret in Hero’s garments, how you disgraced
her when you should marry her. My villainy
they have upon record, which I had rather seal with
my death than repeat over 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, to Borachio

Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

CLAUDIO

I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it.

PRINCE, to Borachio

But did my brother set thee on to this?

Borachio

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

PRINCE

He is composed and framed of treachery,
And fled he is upon this villainy.

CLAUDIO

Sweet Hero, now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogberry

Come, bring away the plaintiffs. By this
time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of
the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify,
when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verges

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 eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

BORACHIO

If you would know your wronger, look on me.

LEONATO

Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast killed
Mine innocent child?

Yea, even I alone.

No, not so, villain, thou beliest thyself.
Here stand a pair of honorable men—
A third is fled—that had a hand in it.—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter’s death.
Record it with your high and worthy deeds.
’Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

CLAUDIO

I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself.
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin. Yet sinned I not
But in mistaking.

PRINCE

By my soul, nor I,
And yet to satisfy this good old man
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he’ll enjoin me to.

LEONATO

I cannot bid you bid my daughter live—
That were impossible—but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died. And if your love
Can labor aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb
And sing it to her bones. Sing it tonight.
Tomorrow 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 copy of my child that’s dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us.
Give her the right you should have giv’n her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

CLAUDIO

O, noble sir!
Your overkindness doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

LEONATO

Tomorrow then I will expect your coming.
Tonight I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was packed in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

BORACHIO

No, by my soul, she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But always hath been just and virtuous
In anything that I do know by her.

DOGBERRY, to Leonato

Moreover, sir, which indeed is
not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the
offender, did call me ass. I beseech you, let it be
remembered in his punishment. And also the watch
heard them talk of one Deformed. They say he
wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it and
borrows money in God’s name, the which he hath
used so long and never paid that now men grow
hardhearted and will lend nothing for God’s sake.

Pray you, examine him upon that point.

LEONATO

I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

DOGBERRY

Your Worship speaks like a most thankful
and reverent youth, and I praise God for you.

LEONATO, giving him money

There’s for thy pains.

DOGBERRY

God save the foundation.
LEONATO  Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I
thank thee.                             335

DOG Berry  I leave an arrant knave with your Worship,
which I beseech your Worship to correct
yourself, for the example of others. God keep your
Worship! I wish your Worship well. God restore you
to health. I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a
merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—
Come, neighbor.  \( \text{Dogberry and Verges exit.} \)  

LEONATO

LEONATO'S BROTHER

PRINCE

PRINCE

Farewell, my lords. We look for you tomorrow.

CLAUDIO  Tonight I’ll mourn with Hero.

LEONATO, to Watch

Bring you these fellows on.—We’ll talk with
Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Benedick and Margaret.

BENEDICK  Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve
well at my hands by helping me to the speech of
Beatrice.

MARGARET  Will you then write me a sonnet in praise
of my beauty?

BENEDICK  In so high a style, Margaret, that no man
living shall come over it, for in most comely truth
thou deservest it.

MARGARET  To have no man come over me? Why, shall I
always keep below stairs?
Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound’s mouth; it catches.

And yours as blunt as the fencer’s foils, which hit but hurt not.

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

Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

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

Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

And therefore will come.

Margaret exits.

The god of love
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve—

I mean in singing. But in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpetmongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme. I have tried. I can find out no rhyme to “lady” but “baby”—an innocent rhyme; for “scorn,” “horn”—a hard rhyme; for “school,” “fool”—a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?
BEATRICE  Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.
BENEDICK  O, stay but till then!
BEATRICE  "Then" is spoken. Fare you well now. And
yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came, which is,
with knowing what hath passed between you and
Claudio.
BENEDICK  Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiss
thee.
BEATRICE  Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is
but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome. Therefore
I will depart unkissed.
BENEDICK  Thou hast frighted the word out of his right
sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee
plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either
I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe
him a coward. And I pray thee now tell me, for
which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love
with me?
BEATRICE  For them all together, which maintained so
politic a state of evil that they will not admit any
good part to intermingle with them. But for which
of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?
BENEDICK  Suffer love! A good epithet. I do suffer love
indeed, for I love thee against my will.
BEATRICE  In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor
heart, if you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for
yours, for I will never love that which my friend
hates.
BENEDICK  Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.
BEATRICE  It appears not in this confession. There’s not
one wise man among twenty that will praise
himself.
BENEDICK  An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived
in the time of good neighbors. If a man do not erect
in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no
longer in monument than the bell rings and the
widow weeps.
BEATRICE And how long is that, think you?
BENEDICK Question: why, an hour in clamor and a quarter in rheum. Therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

BEATRICE Very ill.
BENEDICK And how do you?
BEATRICE Very ill, too.
BENEDICK Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

URSULA Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder’s old coil at home. It is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the Prince and Claudio mightily abused, and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

[Ursula exits.]

BEATRICE Will you go hear this news, signior?
BENEDICK I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes—and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle’s.

[They exit.]

[Scene 3]

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or four Lords with tapers, and Musicians.

CLAUDIO Is this the monument of Leonato?

FIRST LORD It is, my lord.
CLAUDIO, reading an Epitaph.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies.
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

He hangs up the scroll.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.
Now music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

Song

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan.
Help us to sigh and groan
Heavily, heavily.
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be utterèd,
Heavily, heavily.

Now, unto thy bones, goodnight.
Yearly will I do this rite.

Good morrow, masters. Put your torches out.
The wolves have preyed, and look, the gentle day
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.
Thanks to you all, and leave us. Fare you well.

Good morrow, masters. Each his several way.
PRINCE
   Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds,
   And then to Leonato’s we will go.

CLAUDIO
   And Hymen now with luckier issue speed’s,
   Than this for whom we rendered up this woe.

   *They exit.*

**Scene 4**

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, Leonato’s brother, Friar, Hero.

FRIAR
   Did I not tell you she was innocent?

LEONATO
   So are the Prince and Claudio, who accused her
   Upon the error that you heard debated.
   But Margaret was in some fault for this,
   Although against her will, as it appears
   In the true course of all the question.

LEONATO’S BROTHER
   Well, I am glad that all things sorts so well.

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

LEONATO
   Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
   Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
   And when I send for you, come hither masked.
   The Prince and Claudio promised by this hour
   To visit me.—You know your office, brother.
   You must be father to your brother’s daughter,
   And give her to young Claudio. 
   *The ladies exit.*
LEONATO’S BROTHER
   Which I will do with confirmed countenance.
BENEDICK
BENEDICK
Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
FRIAR To do what, signior?
BENEDICK
To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
   Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
   Your niece regards me with an eye of favor.
LEONATO
   That eye my daughter lent her; ’tis most true.
BENEDICK
   And I do with an eye of love requite her.
LEONATO
   The sight whereof I think you had from me,
   From Claudio, and the Prince. But what’s your will?
BENEDICK
   Your answer, sir, is enigmatical.
   But for my will, my will is your goodwill
   May stand with ours, this day to be conjoined
   In the state of honorable marriage—
   In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
LEONATO
   My heart is with your liking.
FRIAR And my help.
   Here comes the Prince and Claudio.

   Enter Prince, and Claudio, and two or three other.

PRINCE Good morrow to this fair assembly.
LEONATO
   Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio.
   We here attend you. Are you yet determined
   Today to marry with my brother’s daughter?
CLAUDIO
   I’ll hold my mind were she an Ethiope.
LEONATO

Call her forth, brother. Here's the Friar ready.  
[Leonato's brother exits.]

PRINCE

Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

CLAUDIO

I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man. We'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove
When he would play the noble beast in love.

BENEDICK

Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

CLAUDIO

For this I owe you. Here comes other reck'nings.

Enter [Leonato's] brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, [the ladies masked.]

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

LEONATO

This same is she, and I do give you her.

CLAUDIO

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

LEONATO

No, that you shall not till you take her hand
Before this friar and swear to marry her.

CLAUDIO, [to Hero]

Give me your hand before this holy friar.  
[They take hands.]

I am your husband, if you like of me.
HERO
And when I lived, I was your other wife,
And when you loved, you were my other husband.

[She unmasks.]

CLAUDIO
Another Hero!

HERO
Nothing certainer.

CLAUdio
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

PRINCE
The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

LEONATO
She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

FRIAR
All this amazement can I qualify,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I’ll tell you largely of fair Hero’s death.
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

FRIAR
Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

BEATRICE
I answer to that name. What is your will?

BEATRICE
Do not you love me?

BEATRICE
Why no, no more than reason.

BEATRICE
Why then, your uncle and the Prince and Claudio
Have been deceived. They swore you did.

BEATRICE
Do not you love me?

BEATRICE
Troth, no, no more than reason.

BEATRICE
Why then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are much deceived, for they did swear you did.
BENEDICK
They swore that you were almost sick for me.

BEATRICE
They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

BENEDICK
’Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

BEATRICE
No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

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

CLAUDIO
And I’ll be sworn upon ’t that he loves her,
For here’s a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to Beatrice.  

BENEDICK
They swore that you were almost sick for me.

BEATRICE
They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

BENEDICK
’Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

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And I’ll be sworn upon ’t that he loves her,
For here’s a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to Beatrice.  

HERO
And here’s another,
Writ in my cousin’s hand, stol’n from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

BENEDICK
A miracle! Here’s our own hands against
our hearts. Come, I will have thee, but by this light
I take thee for pity.

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

BENEDICK
Peace! I will stop your mouth.

PRINCE
How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

BENEDICK
I’ll tell thee what, prince: a college of
wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humor.
Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram?
No. If a man will be beaten with brains, he shall
wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I
do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any
purpose that the world can say against it, and
therefore never flout at me for what I have said
against it. For man is a giddy thing, and this is my
conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to
have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my
kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

CLAUDIO    I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied
Beatrice, that I might have cudgeled thee out of thy
single life, to make thee a double-dealer, which out
of question thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look
exceeding narrowly to thee.

BENEDICK    Come, come, we are friends. Let’s have a
dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our
own hearts and our wives’ heels.

LEONATO    We’ll have dancing afterward.

BENEDICK    First, of my word! Therefore play, music.—
Prince, thou art sad. Get thee a wife, get thee a wife.
There is no staff more reverend than one tipped
with horn.

Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER, [to Prince]
My lord, your brother John is ta’en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

BENEDICK, [to Prince]    Think not on him till tomorrow.
I’ll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike
up, pipers!    [Music plays. They dance.    [They exit.]