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THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE:
Being the Works of Shakespeare in the
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late
W. G. Boswell-Stone.
MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING

EDITED BY
W. G. BOSWELL-STONE

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
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Much ado about Nothing.

INTRODUCTION.

DATE

The earliest published edition of this play was the Quarto of 1600. It had been entered in the Stationers' Register, together with As You Like It, Henry the Fifth, and Every Man in His Humour, under the date of August 4, the year not being given. The fact that the previous entry is dated May 27, 1600, is sufficiently strong evidence for referring it to the same year, the presumption being that the clerk did not think it worth while to repeat the year. In the famous list of Shakespeare's plays enumerated by Meres in his Palladis Tamia, published in 1598, Much Ado about Nothing is not mentioned, and thus we are able to fix the play between narrow limits. In the first scene of the play the speech of Beatrice about 'musty victual' has been thought to be a reference to Essex's campaign in Ireland of 1599, in which the catering for the soldiers was not all that could be desired; while in the same scene the stress that is laid on the victory being achieved with the loss of 'but few of any sort, and none of name,' is with more probability thought to allude to an early success in the same campaign.

Such an allusion would be very popular, for the expedition of Essex aroused high interest and enthusiasm, and Shakespeare alludes to it specifically in Henry V. According to this, 1599 would be the date of the play, which would be in harmony with the external evidence previously quoted, while it is supported by the conclusions that may be drawn from metre, style, subject and treatment. Difficult as it is to separate Shakespeare's work into 'periods,' and misleading as are the results that are obtained from the promiscuous and over-elaborate use of this method, it must be conceded that there are at least strong grounds for believing that As You Like It and the present play were composed at periods of Shakespeare's career which were not divided from each other by any great lapse of time. Both plays are dis-
Much ado about Nothing.

tinguisued by a joyousness and serenity, a somewhat hasty brushing aside of obstacles that would seem to be impediments to mar the eventual prosperity of the characters; in both there is the same preponderance of prose and humour, and the combination of a romantic background with a plot of a primarily humorous interest. The diction of both plays also has points of resemblance: the thoughts are never crowded as in the later plays, nor are they laboriously and even affectedly spun out as in many of the earlier ones, while the trite reflections and eager snatching at opportunities for verbal quips have almost entirely disappeared from the verse portions, and in this latter respect especially the play may be contrasted with the earlier Merchant of Venice. 1599 may therefore be set down with every confidence as being the date of composition of this play, and the only serious attempt to refute this has been lodged on a clever but unconvincing effort to identify Love's Labour's Won, mentioned by Meres, with Much Ado.

Source

Two stories have been mentioned as probable sources for this play. The first is that of Ariodante and Genevra, told in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, which had been rendered into English by Sir John Harington, and beautifully adapted by Spenser in his Faery Queene. Pope confidently asserted that this (the Harington version of Ariosto) was the original for the plot of Much Ado, but a cursory examination almost entirely dispels the probability of his suggestion. The only similarity consists in the fact that Genevra was falsely accused of inconstancy, and this charge was supported much in the same manner as that against Hero. On the other hand, the events leading up to this belying of a fair lady's fame and the development after the central event are entirely and irreconcilably different. The second suggested source is a story in the novels of Matteo Bandello dealing with the crossing of the path of true love between a worthy but simple knight, Signor Timbreo di Cardona, and the virtuous lady, Fenicia. Here the resemblance is certainly more feasible. We have the false accusation, which is supported in an almost identical manner in novel and play,
Introduction.

followed by the strategic death of the lady, the illumination of the hero (which in the novel is brought about by the repentance of the villain); while the final solution is brought about by the repentant Don Timbreo promising to marry any lady that the aggrieved father of Fenicia may choose, and so finding himself in the arms of his beloved Fenicia. This, then, is decidedly more promising; and a minor point of resemblance lies in the fact that two of the names in the novel are almost identical with those of the play, namely, that of the king, Don Pedro, and the father, Lionato; while the scene is laid in Messina. There are, however, points of strong contrast as well as of similitude. In the novel Don Pedro takes no part in the action whatever; there are no characters corresponding to Benedick and Beatrice; the deception is brought about by a jealous lover of the virtuous lady, and is cleared up by his repentance. Don Timbreo renounces the lady in less dramatic and, it must be added, more knightly fashion than Claudio by means of a messenger; Dogberry and Verges are entirely absent. These are a few of the principal differences, and if, as seems probable, Shakespeare found the germ of the story in Bandello, it must be admitted that he has altogether reconstructed the story. It must be added that there is no known English translation that was available; but a French version by Belleforest had been published in 1582. This is fortunately not the place to enter into the perplexing and somewhat unprofitable controversy of Shakespeare’s knowledge or ignorance of all languages save his own. Finally, there is the suggestion that Much Ado was founded on an old lost play derived from Bandello which Shakespeare remoulded. This has a certain probability to support it; but nothing more definite can be stated beyond that Bandello was probably either the primary or the ultimate source.

The Text

The text of this play offers few difficulties; the one here reprinted is that of the first and only Quarto, which has none of the imperfections which are found in many of the pirated editions of popular plays. The discrepancies between this Quarto and the first Folio are comparatively few, and even these are of no
Much ado about Nothing.

great importance. There are no passages in the Folio that are not found in the Quarto; on the other hand, the Folio omits certain short passages that are printed in the Quarto. The remaining differences consist chiefly in matters of orthography, and trivial details in the stage-directions. The Quarto, if not printed direct from Shakespeare's manuscript, was evidently founded on an authenticated copy; while the Folio had probably a prompt-copy as its original, and one in which the few alterations and omissions which repeated performances of the play had shown to be desirable were duly made. For an exhaustive consideration of the relation of the two texts, the reader is referred to Mr. P. A. Daniel's excellent introduction to the Quarto Facsimile Edition of Much Ado about Nothing.

The most distinguished feature of the play is the extreme skill of characterization in Beatrice and Benedick. Their verbal contests in the early part of the play are irresistibly amusing, though it is the exquisite language with which their jests are clothed, rather than the intrinsic value of the ideas themselves, that render them immortal, while in the latter part, the way in which both of them show themselves ready to take prompt and generous action when the crisis arrives is finely conceived and faultlessly executed.

Claudio has been perhaps too much condemned as a blot on the canvas; he is represented as a fearless warrior with but little experience of the world, easily influenced, and therefore prone to suspicion. His groundless suspicion of Don Pedro in the second act is a typically Shakespearean touch, and admirably paves the way for what is to come.

A conspicuous feature of this play is the harmony of the two plots. A plot of almost tragic intensity linked with one of humorous interest was of course a common characteristic of Elizabethan drama. It is only necessary to compare Much Ado with one of Beaumont and Fletcher's tragi-comedies—for instance, The Captain—to appreciate this portion of the dramatist's art.

The Division of Acts

In this respect Mr. Spedding's suggested rearrangement has been followed. His article will be found in the Transactions of
the New Shakspere Society, and the part relative to this play is reprinted in Furness's Variorum Edition. Briefly, his argument is as follows: No division of acts is found in the Quarto Edition of this play; we therefore have to rely on the Folio Edition of 1623, and as this was published many years after the production of the play, we need not assume the division given as necessarily incontrovertible. In the ordinary arrangement there is evidently a certain interval between Scenes 1 and 2 of the first act, as Claudio and Don Pedro have a conversation in a thick-pleached alley which is overheard, and the repetition of which is the chief business of Scenes 2 and 3. On the other hand, the break between Acts III and IV seems purposeless. There is a very short interval, for Dogberry has not time to examine his prisoners, and nothing whatever has happened between the acts. By closing the first act at the end of Act I, scene 1, the second act at the end of Act II, scene 2, and the third act at the end of Act III, scene 3, these inconsistencies are avoided and the play gains in uniformity. The first act is now entirely occupied with exposition; in the second act the various deceptions are planned; in the third they are carried out, while in the fourth the various complications are brought to exactly the right point for the unravelling which is the business of the fifth act to take place.
The Scene, Messina in Sicilia.

THE PERSONS WHO ACT

SET DOWN IN THE ORDER OF THEIR COMING

(With References to their first Speeches in each Scene).

'LEONATO, Governor of Messina,' I.i. p. 1; II.i. p. 9; II.iii. p. 26; III.i. 66, p. 25; III.iii. 15, p. 34; IV.ii. p. 44; IV.iii. p. 46; V.i. 3, p. 38; V.iv. 11, p. 72.

'INNOCENT, his Wife' (says nothing), I.i. p. 1; II.iii. p. 12.

A Messenger, I.i. 3, p. 1; IV.ii. 49, p. 45; V.iv. 111, p. 75.

'BEATRISE, his Niece,' I.i. 36, p. 9; III.iii. 23, p. 20; III.ii. (33, p. 30); IV.ii. 9, p. 42; IV.iii. 107, p. 49; V.ii. 40, p. 68; V.iv. 73, p. 73.

'MEREDITH, his Daughter,' I.i. 31, p. 1; II.iii. 5, p. 12; III.ii. 1, p. 30; IV.i. 41; IV.iii. 8, p. 46; V.iv. 60, p. 73.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Messina, I.i. 30, p. 3; II.iii. 7, p. 14; III.i. 33, p. 24; III.iii. 10, p. 33; IV.ii. 26, p. 47; V.i. 46, p. 59; V.ii. 24, p. 70; V.iv. 34, p. 72.

'Signor BENEDICTUS of Padua,' I.ii. 50, p. 7; II.iii. 111, p. 15; III.i. 1, p. 9; III.iii. 14, p. 34; IV.iii. 18, p. 46; V.i. 111, p. 61; V.ii. 1, p. 67; V.iv. 8, p. 72.

SIR (or DON) JOHN the Bastard, base-born Brother of DON PEDRO, I.ii. 133, p. 5; II.ii. 3, p. 10; II.iii. 18, p. 26; III.iii. 71, p. 35; IV.iii. 64, p. 40.

CLAUDIO, a young Florentine Lord, in love with HERO, I.i. 38, p. 9; II.iii. 143, p. 16; III.i. 24, p. 24; III.iii. 3, p. 33; IV.iii. 5, p. 46; V.i. 46, p. 59; V.iii. 1, p. 70; V.iv. 38, p. 72.

ANTONIO, an old man, Brother to LEONATO,' I.ii. 3, p. 9; II.iii. 2, p. 12; V.i. 38; V.iv. 7, p. 71.

Kinsmen of LEONATO, I.i. p. 9 (say nothing).

CONRAD, a 'Gentleman,' an 'Companion of JOHN the Bastard,' II.ii. 1, p. 10; II.iv. 52, p. 39; IV.iv. 14, p. 55; V.i. p. 63 (say nothing).

BORACHIO, another Companion of JOHN the Bastard, II.ii. 35, p. 11; II.iii. 141, p. 16; IV.iii. 2, p. 21; (cousin, III.ii. 88, p. 39); IV.iv. 11, p. 55; V.i. 215, p. 64.

RAITHBANE, a Singer (formerly played by THOMAS WILSON, of the Burbages' Company), III.i. 87, p. 14; III.i. 60, p. 24.

A Drum, to make 'Musick' for a Dance, II.iii. p. 24.

MARGARET, one of HEROES 'two Gentlewomen,' II.iii. 88, p. 24; III.ii. 84, p. 30; IV.i. 6, p. 41; V.i. 3, p. 67; V.iv. p. 71 (say nothing).
The Persons who act.

Ursula (or Ursley, p. 30), another of Heroes 'two Gentleswomen,' II.iii.98, p. 15; III.ii.56, p. 50; IV.i.4, p. 41; V.ii.34, p. 69; VI. iv. p. 71 (says nothing).

Boy to 'Signior Benedick,' III.i.9, p. 83.

Musicke for Balthasar's Song, III.i.53, p. 25; for a hymne on Hero, V.iii.12, p. 70.

Dogberry the Constable (formerly played by Will Kemp (p. 53), the first Comedy-man of the Burbages' company), III.iv.1, p. 37; IV.ii.3, p. 44; In a Gown, I IV.ii.1, p. 55; V.i.195, p. 63.

His 'companion' & 'neighbour' Verges, 'the Headborough,' or second Constable (formerly played by Richard Cowley of the Burbages' Company (p. 53), III.i.2, p. 37; IV.ii.7, p. 44; In a Gown, IV.iv.2, p. 55; V.i.240, p. 65.

Watchman 7, III.iv.10, p. 37; IV.iv.36, p. 56; V.i. p. 63 (says nothing).

Watchman 2, George Sladoyle, Dogberry 'neighbor,' Constable of the Watch, III.iv.15, p. 37; IV.iv.45, p. 56; V.i. p. 63 (says nothing).

Friar Francis, IV.iii.4, p. 46; IV.iv.1, p. 71.

The Towne Ciezarks or Sexton, in a Gown, IV.iv.3, p. 55; V.i. p. 65 (says nothing).

'Three or Four' Lords or Attendants 'with Tapera,' V.iii. p. 70, of whom one Lord speaks 4 Words, V.iii.2, p. 70.

'Two or Three other' Lords who say nothing, V.iv. p. 72.

The Stage-time of the Play is four Days; the date fixed for Hero's wedding—'a just souemnight' from day 1—having been either forgotten or changed (See Mr. Daniel's Time-Analysis of Much Ado, in New S. Soc's Trans., 1877-79, p. 144). Day 1, I.—II.i. Day 2, II.iii.—III.iii. Day 3, III.iv.—V.iii. to I. 24. Day 4, V.iii.24—IV.

* He is here called Keefer and Andrew: see p. 55.

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NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or Sans-serif) is used for all emendations and insertions.

When a Quarto reading is corrected by the First Folio or another Quarto, a mark (*, †, ‡, §) is set to such reading.

In the Notes 'Q' means the First Quarto, 1600, from which the Play is edited. 'F' means the First Folio of 1623. F2, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shaksperes's).

† in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress from the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When -e final is pronounced as a separate syllable, the e is printed ê.

xv
Much adoe about Nothing.

As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlain his seruants.

Written by William Shakespeare.
[From the copy of the Quarto at the British Museum.]
Much adoe about

Nothing

\textit{Actus Primus. Scena Prima.}\footnote{\textit{Actus Primus. Scena Prima}\ F. 1 In the Quarto we print from, the names of Persons and Places are not in Italics. We, however, put them in italics as usual.}

Before Leonatoes house in Messina.

Enter Leonato, Gouernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Niece, with a Messenger.

Leonato.

I Learne in this letter, that don Peter of Arragon\footnote{I B \textit{[T. L. 1-18]}} comes this night to Messina.

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

Leona. How many Gentlemen haue you loift in this action?

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

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

Meff. Much deseru'd on his part, and equally remembred by don Pedro: he hath borne himselfe beyond the promife of his age, doing, in the figure of a Lamb, the feats of a Lion: he hath indeed better bettred expectation then you must expect of me to tell you how.

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

Meff. I haue already deliuered him letters, and there
Much adoe about Nothing.

appeares much ioy in him; euen so much, that ioy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badge of bitternesse.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Meff. In great measure.

Leo. A kind overflow of kindnesse! there are no faces truer then those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping!

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

Meffen. I know none of that name, Ladie: there was none fuch in the army of any fort.

Leonato. What is he that you ask for, Neece?

Hero. My cofen meanes Signior Benedicke of Padua.

Meff. O, hee's returnd, and as pleasant as euer he was!

Bea. He fet vp his bills here in Messina, and challeng'd Cupid at the Flight; and my vnclcs foole, reading the chalenge, subscribde for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt 1: I pray you, how many hath he kild and eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kild? for indeede I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

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

Meff. He hath done good seruice, Lady, in these warres.

Beat. You had muty vit taille, and he hath holpe to eate it: he is a very valiant Trocher man; he hath an excellent fromacke!

Meff. And a good souliedier too, Lady!

Beat. 'And a good souliour to a Lady!' But what is he to a Lord?

Meff. A Lord to a Lord, a Man to a Man, stufht with al honorable vertues!

Beat. It is so indeed! he is no leffe then a stufht man: but for the stuffing! wel! we are al mortall!

Leo. You must not, sir, mistake my Neece: there is a kind of mery warre betwixt Signior Benedicke and her: they neuer meet but there's a skirmish of wit betweene them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, 4 of his fiue wits went halting off; and now is the whole man

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1 *Burbolt* = Birdbolt.
Much ado about Nothing.

gouernd with one; so that if he haue wit enough to keep himself warm, let him beare it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euery month a new sworne brother! 61

Meff. Ist possible?

Beat. Very easeily 'possible': he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it euer changes with the next blocke.

Meff. I see, Lady, the gentleman is not in your booke. 65

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

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

Beat. O Lord! he will hang vpon him like a disease! hee is sooner caught than the pestilence; and the taker runs presently madde! God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedict, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a be cured. 74

Meff. I will holde friends with you, Ladie!

Beat. Do, good friend!

Leon. You will neuer rune madde, Niece!

Beat. No, not till a hote January!

Meff. Don Pedro is approacht.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar and John the Bastard.

Pedro. Good signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? The fashion of the world is, to auoyd cost; and you iuncter it!

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

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly! [points to Hero] I thincke this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times tolde me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt, sir, that you askt her? 90

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

80. are you] Q. you are F. 89. sir] Q. F om.

3 [I. i. 57-91.
Much ado about Nothing.

Pedro. You haue it full, Benedicke! wee may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man. Truely the Lady fathers her selfe. Be happy, Lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Ben.* If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not haue his head on her shoulehrs for all Meffina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke! No body markes you!

Bene. What! my deere lady Disdaine! Are you yet liuing?

Beat. Is it possible Disdaine should die, while she hath such meete foode to feede it, as signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe must convert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence!

Bene. Then is Curtesie a turne-coate. But it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onelie you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for truely, I loue none.

Beat. A deere happinesse to women! they would else haue beene troubled with a pernitious futer. I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that! I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man sweare he lоues me!

Bene. God keepe your Ladiship stil in that mind! so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. 'Scratching' could not make it worse, and twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher!

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours!

Ben. I would my horse had the speeke of your tongue, and so good a continuer! But keep your way a Gods name! I haue done.

Beat. You alwayes end with a iades tricke: I knowe you of olde!

Pedro. That is the summe of all. ¶ Leonato!—¶ Signior Claudio, and signior Benedicke! my deere friend Leonato hath inuited you all. I tell him we shall stay here, at the lease a moneth; and he heartily praieth some occasion may detaine vs longer. I dare sweare he is no hypocrite, but praieth from his heart.

*96. Ben.] F. Be. Q. 124. That] This F.
I. i. 92-129.] 4
Much adoe about Nothing.

Leon. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne.
[To Sir John] Let mee bidde you welcome, my Lord! being reconciled to the Prince your brother, I owe you all duetie.

John. I thanke you! I am not of many wordes, but I thanke you.

Leon. [to Pedro.] Pleaf it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we wil go together!


Claud. Benedicke! didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not, but I lookte on her.

Claud. Is she not a modeft yong Ladie?

Bene. Do you question me as an honest man shoulde doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you haue me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claudio. No! I pray thee speake in sober judgement.

Bene. Why, yfaith, me thinks shee too low for a hie praife, too browne for a faire praife, and too litle for a great praife. Onlie this commendation I can affoord her, that, were she other then she is, she were vnhanfome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her!

Claudio. Thou thinkest I am in sport. I pray thee tell mee truelie how thou likst her!

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

Claudio. Can the world buie such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a cafe to putte it into! But speake you this with a sad brow? or doe you play the flowting Jacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter? Come! in what key shall a man take you, to go in the fong?

Claudio. In mine eie, shee is the sweetest Ladie that euer I looke on!

Bened. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter. Theres her cofin, and she were not poiffed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beautie, as the first of Maie dooth the laft of December! But I hope you haue no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Claudio. I would scarce trust myselfe, though I had sworne the contrarie, if Hero would be my wife.

Bened. If it come to this? In faith, hath not the worlde

[i. i. 130-168.]
Much adoe about Nothing.

One man but he will weare his cappe with suffition? Shall I neuer see a batcheller of three score againe? Go to, yfaith! and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and sigh away Sundaeis! Looke! don Pedro is returned to seeke you.

Re-enter don Pedro.¹

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonatoes?

Bene. I would your Grace would confraine me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance! ¹

Bene. You heare, Count Claudio! I can be secret as a dumb man; I would haue you thinke so; but, 'on my allegiance,' marke you this, 'on my allegiance': He is in loue! With who? Now that is your Graces part. Marke how short his anwer is: With Hero, Leonatoes short daughter!

Claud. If this were so, so were it vttred.

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

Claudio. If my passion change not shortly, 'God forbide it should be' otherwise!

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

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

Pedro. By my troth, I speake my thought. ¹

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

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

Claud. That I loue her, I feele.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how she should be loued, nor know how she should be worthwhile, is the opinion that fire can not melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake! ¹

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

Claud. And never could maintaine his part, but in the force of his wil.

Bene. That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her: that

¹ Q & F add 'John the bastard.' ¹94. spoke] Q. speake F.

[1. i. 169-204.]
Much adoe about Nothing.

she brought me vp, I likewise give her most humble thankes: but that I will haue a rechate wined in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuible baldrick, all women shall pardon mee! Because I will not doe them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to trust none: and the fine is,'(for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bacheller.

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

Bene. With anger, with sickenesse, or with hunger, my Lord; not with 'loue'! Prove that euer I loose more blood with 'loue' then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eies with a Ballad-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel houfe for the signe of blinde Cupid! 217

Pedro. Well, if euer thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt proue a notable argument.

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

Pedro. Well, as time shal trie:

'I in time the sauege Bul doth beare the yoake!'

Bene. 'The sauege bull' may; but if euer the sensible Benedict beare it, plucke off the bulls horns, and set them in my forehead; and let me be wildly painted; and in such great letters as they write, 'Here is good horse to hyre': let them signifie vnder my signe, 'Here you may see Benedict the married man'!

Claudio. If this should euer happen, thou wouldst be 'horn madde.'

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

Bened. I looke for an earthquake too, then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the howres. In the meane time, good signior Benedict, repaire to Leonatoes! Commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper; for indeede he hath made great preparation.

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

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

Pedro. The first of Iuly: your loving friend, Benedict. 243

Bened. Nay, mocke not, mocke not! The body of your
Much adoe about Nothing.

discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but slightly bafted on, neither. Ere you flowt old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. 247 [*Exit.*

Claudio. My Liege, your Highnesse nowe may doe mee good!
Pedro. My loue is thine to teach. Teach it but how, 249
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.
Claud. Hath Leonato any fonne, my Lord?
Pedro. No child but Hero; she is his only heire. 253
Doost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claudio. O, my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I lookt vpon her with a fouldiers eie,
That likt, but had a rougher taske in hand, 257
Than to drie liking to the name of ‘loue’:
But now I am returnde, and that warre-thoughts
Haue left their places vacant, in their roomes
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting mee, how faire yong Hero is
Saying ‘I likt her ere I went to warres!’

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a louter presently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words.
If thou dost loue faire Hero, cherish it,
And I will breake with hir, and with her father,
And thou shalt haue her. Wait not to this end,
That thou beganst to twift so fine a storie? 269

Claud. How sweetly you do minister to loue,
That know loues griefe by his complexiön!
But left my liking might too sodaine seeme,
I would haue salude it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broder then the flood?
The fairest graunt is the necessitie:
Looke! what wil ferue, is fit: tis once, thou louest,
And I wil fit thee with the remedie. 277
I know we shall haue reuelling to night;
I wil assume thy part in some disguife,

267-8. and with . . . her] Q. 270. you do] Q. do you F. not in F.

I. i. 245-279.] 8
Much adoe about Nothing.

And tell faire Hero I am Claudio,
And in her bosome Ie vnclaspe my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner, with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake;
And the conclusion is, she shal be thine.
In pracie let vs put it presently!

[Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima. [Usually I. II.]

In LEONATOES House.

Enter LEONATO, and an old man, ANTHONIO, brother to LEONATO.

Leo. How now, brother! Where is my cosen, your sonne?
Hath he prouied this musique?
      Old ANTHONIO. He is very busie about it. But, brother, I
can tell you strange newes that you yet dreampt not of. 4
Leo. Are they good?
      Old ANTHONIO. As the euents stampes them; but they have
a good couer; they shew well outward. The Prince and
Count Claudio, walking in a thicke pleasched alley in mine
orchard, were thus much ouer-heard by a man of mine: the
Prince discouered to Claudio that he loued my niece, your [10
daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a
daunce; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the
presant time by the top, and instantely breake with you of it.
Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this? 14
      Old ANTHONIO. A good sharp fellow: I wil send for him;
and question him your selfe!
Leo. No, no! we wil hold it as a dreame til it appeare it
self: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may
bee the better prepared for an answer, if peraduenture this be
true. Go you and tel hir of it! [Exit ANT.] [Enter Kins-
men.] ¶ Coosins! you know what you haue to doe. ¶ O, I crie
you mercie, friend! go you with me, and I wil vse your
skill.* ¶ Good Cosin, haue a care this busie time! [Exeunt. 23

4. strange] om F.  
*skill[ F. shill Q.  
9. much] om F.  
9 [I. i. 280-286; II. i. 1-23.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda. [Usually I. III.]

In Leonatoes House.

Enter Sir John the bastard, and Conrade his companion.

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

John. There is no 'measure' in the occasion that breeds; therefore the fadnesse is without limit.

Con. You should heare reaason.

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

Con. If not a prefent remedy, at lease a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder that thou (being, as thou faist thou art, [8 borne vnder Saturne,) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying mischiefe. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I haue caufe, and smile at no mans ierfes; eate when I haue stomack, and wait for no mans leasure; sleep when I am drowsie, and tend on no mans businesse; laugh when I am mery, and claw no man in his humor. 14

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controllment. You haue of late stoode out against your brother, and he hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true [18 root, but by the faire weather that you make your self. It is needful that you frame the season for your owne harueft.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rofe in his grace! and it better fits my bloud to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob loue from any. In this, (thogh I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man,) it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villaine! I am [25 trusted with a muflel, and enfranchantment with a clogge; therefore I haue decreed, not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking! in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seeke not to alter me!

Con. Can you make no vse of your discontent?
Much adoe about Nothing.

John. I make all 'vse' of it, for I 'vse' it only. Who comes here?

Enter Borachio.

What newes, Borachio?

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

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on?

What is he for a fool that betrothes himselfe to vnquietnesse?

Bor. Mary, it is your brothers right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bor. Euen he.

John. A proper squier! And who, and who? Which way looks he?

Bor. Mary, on Hero, the daughter and heire of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chicke! How came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a muffs roome, comes me the Prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should wooe Hero for himselfe, and hauing obtain'd her, gave her to Counte Claudio.

John. Come, come, let vs thither! this may proue food to my displeasure. That yong Start-vp hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can croffe him any way, I bless my selfe every way! If you are both sure, and wil affist me?

Conr. To the death, my Lord!

John. Let vs to the great supper! their cheere is the greater, that I am subdued. Would the Cooke were a my mind! Shall we go proue what to be done?

Bor. Weele wait vpon your Lordship!

[Exeunt.†

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32. make] Q. will make F. 45. ou] F. one Q.
40 brothers] F. bothers Q. 52. Exeunt] F. exit Q.

11 [II. ii. 32-62.
Much ado about Nothing.

\textit{Actus Secundus.} * Scena Tertia. \textit{[Usually II. i.]} \hfill 15. a] Q. he F.

\textit{A Hall in Leonatoes House.}

Enter Leonato, his brother Anthonio, his wife Innogen, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, also Margaret, and a Kinsman.


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

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. He were an excellent man, that were made iust in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and faies nothing; and the other, too like my Ladies eldeft fonne, euermore tatling.

Leonato. Then, halfe Signior Benedickes tongue in Counte Iohns mouth, and halfe Counte Iohns melancholy in Signior Benedickes face . . .

Beatrice. With a good legge and a good foote, Vnckle, and money inough in his purie: such a man would winne any woman in the world; if a could get her good will.

Leonato. By my troth, Neece, thou wilt neuer get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue!

Brother. Infaith, shees too curt.

Beatrice. 'Too curt' is more then curt: I shal len Gods fending that way; for it is faide, 'God sends a curt cow short hornes'; but to a cow 'too curt,' he sends none.

Leonato. So, by being 'too curt,' God will send you no hornes?

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

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

Beatrice. What should I do with him? dressie him in my
Much adoe about Nothing.

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

Leonato. Well then! go you into hell?

Beatrice. No! but to the gate: And there will the Diuell meete me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice! get you to heaven! heeres no place for you maids!' So deliuier I vp my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heauens: he fethes me where the Batchellers fit; and there liue we as mery as the day is long!

Brother. [to HERO] Well, Neece, I trufty you will be rule by your father.

Beatrice. Yes, faith, it is my cofens duetie to make curstie and say, 'Father, as it pleafe you!' But yet for all that, cofin, let him be a handfome fellow; or else make an other curstie, and say, 'Father, as it pleafe me!'

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

Beatrice. Not til God make men of some other mettal then earth! Would it not grieue a woman to be ouer-maftred with a piece of valiant duft? to make an account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? No, Nackle, icle none! Adams fonnes are my brethren; and truely I holde it a finne to match in my kinred.

Leonato. Daughter, remember what I told you! If the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your anfwer.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the mufique, Cofin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the Prince be too important, tell him 'there is meafeure in ebery thing,' and so daunce out the anfwer. For, here me, Hero! wooing, wedding, and [62 repenting, is as a Scotch ijgge, a meafeure, and a cinquepace: the first fuite is hot and hafty, like a Scotch ijgge (and ful as fantafical); the Wedding manerly modest, (as a meafeure,

35. Berrord is bearward, keeper of bears.
36. Leonato] Lenoato Q.

[II. iii. 30-65.]
Much adoe about Nothing.

full of state and aunchentry; and then comes Repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace fafter and fafter, til he fincke into his graue.

Leonato. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly!

Beatrice. I haue a good eie, Uncle! I can see a church by day-light.

Leonato. The reuellers are entring. Brother, make good roome!

[All mask.

Enter Prince Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthaser; Don John, & Borachio; &c. opposite, Versula; all Maskers, with a Drum.* [Pedro takes Hero; Bened., Beatrice; Balth., Margaret; & Antho., Versula.]

Pedro. [to Hero] Lady, will you walke about with your Friend?

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

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Pedro. And when 'please' you to 'say so'?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

Pedro. My visor is Philemon's rooffe: Within the house, is Hero. Why, then, your 'visor' should be thatch't.

Pedro. Speake low, if you speake loue! [Leads her away. Balth. [to Marg.] Well, I would you did like me! Mar. So would not I, for your owne sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Mar. I say my praiers alow'd.

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry 'Amen!' Marg. God match me with a good dauncer!

Balth. Amen!

Marg. And God keepe him out of my fight when the daunce is done! Answer, Clarke!
Much adoe about Nothing.

Balth. No more words, the Clarke is answered. 97

[Leads her away.

Vrfula. [to Anth.] I know you well enough! you are signior Anthonio!

Antho. At a word, I am not!

Vrfula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Antho. To tell you true, I counterfeit him. 102

Vrfula. You could never do him so ill well, unless you were the very man! heeres his drie hand vp and downe: you are he! you are he!

Antho. At a word, I am not! 106

Vrfula. Come, come! do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can vertue hide it selfe? Go to! mumme! you are he! graces will appeare! and there's an end.

[ANT. leads her away.

Beat. [to Ben.] Will you not tell me who tolde you so? 110

Bened. No! you shal pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now. 113

Beat. 'That I was disdainedfull, and that I had my good wit out of the Hundred Mery Tales!' Wel! this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bened. What he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bened. Not I; beleewe me!

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bened. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Princes ieafter! a very dul fool! only his gift is, in deuising impossible flaunders: none but Libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villanie; for he both pleases men, and angers them; and then they laugh at him, and beate him. I am sure he is in the Fleece! I would he had boorded me!

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

Beat. Do, do! heele but break a comparison or two on me; which, peraduenture, (not markt, or not laught at,) strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partrige wing saued, for the foole will eate no supper that night! Wee must follow the Leaders. [The Dancers begin to take their places. 134

15 [III. iii. 97-134]
Much adoe about Nothing.

Bene. In every good thing.

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

[Musick.] Dance. Exeunt all save John, Borachio, Claudio.

John. [to Bor.] Sure, my brother is amoruous on Hero, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it. The Ladies follow her, and but one visor remaines. Borachio. And that is Claudio. I knowe him by his bearing.

John. [to Clau.] Are not you signior Benedicke?

Claud. You know me well: I am he!

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

Claudio. How know you he loues her?

John. I heard him sweare his affeccion.

Borac. So did I too! and he sweare hee would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let vs to the banquet! [Exeunt: manet Clauu.

Claud. Thus answeer I in name of Benedicke,

But heare these ill newes with the eares of Claudio!

Tis certaine fo! The Prince wooes for himselfe!

Friendship is constant in all other things,

Sawe in the office and affaires of loue:

Therefore all hearts in loue vse their owne tongues.

Let euer eie negotiate for it selfe,

And truft no Agent! for Beauty is a witch,

Against whose charmes, Faith melteth into blood:

This is an accident of hourly prooufe,

Which I mistrusted not. Farewel, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter Benedicke.

Benedicke. Count Claudio?

Claudio. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come! will you go with me?

Claudio. Whither?

Bene. Euen to the next willow, about your owne busines,

*137. Musick] Musicke for the dance. F.

II. iii. 135-168.]
Much ado about Nothing.

County. What fashion will you weare the Garland of? about your necke, like an Vfurers chaine? or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants scarffe? You must weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Claudio. I with him joy of her!

Bened. Why, thats spoken like an honest Drouier: so they fell Bullockes! But did you thinke the Prince would have servued you thus?

Claudio. I pray you, leave me!

Benedicke. Ho! now you strike like the blindman: twas the boy that stole your meate, and youle beate the poft.

Claudio. If it will not be, Ile leave you. [Exit. 180

Benedicke. Alas, poore hurt foule! now will hee creepe into fedges! But that my Ladie Beatrice should know me, and not know mee! 'The Princes foole!' Hah! It may be I goe vnder that title, because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apte to doe my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed! It is the base (though bitter) disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so giues me out. Well, Ile be reuenged as I may!

Re-enter the Prince.*

Pedro. Now, signior, wheres the Counte? did you see him?

Benedicke. Troth, my Lord, I haue played the part of Ladie Fame. I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren. I tolde him, and I thinke I tolde him true, that your Grace had got the goodwil of this young Lady; and I offred him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him vp a rod, as being worthe to bee whipt.

Pedro. 'To be whipt'? whatts his fault?

Benedicke. The flatte transgression of a Schoole-boy, who, being ouer-joyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his companion; and he steales it.

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

Benedicke. Yet it had not beene amisse, the rodde had beene made, & the garland too; for the garland, he might

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*189. Q adds 'Hero, Leonato, Ioan, and Borachio, and Conrade.' 1 Hero.
Much adoe about Nothing.

haue worn himselfe; and the rodde, he might haue bestowed
on you, who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds nest. 206

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

Benedicke. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith
you say honestly. 210

Pedro. The Ladie Beatrice hath a quarrell to you: the Gent-
leman that daunft with her, told her she is much wrongd
by you. 213

Bened. O, shee misuse me past the indurance of a blocke!
An oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue answered
her! my very vior beganne to affume life, and scold with her!
She tolde me, (not thinking I had beene my selfe,) that I was
the Princes ieft! that I was duller than a great thawe! 218
huddleing ieft vpon ieft, with such impossible conueiance
vpon me, that I stooode like a man at a marke, with a wholy
army shooting at me. She speakes poynyards; and euere
word stabbes. If her breath were as terrible as her termina-
tions, there were no liuing neere her; shee would infect to [223
the north starre! I woulde not marry her, though shee were
indowed with al that Adam had left him before he transgret!
She would haue made Hercules haue turnd spit, yea, and
haue cleft his club to make the fire too! Come, talke not of
her! you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparell! [228
I would to God some scholler woulde conjure her; for cer-
tainly, while she is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell,
as in a sanctuarie; and people finne vpon purpose, because
they would goe thither: so, indeede, all disquiet, horror, and
perturbation follows her. 233

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.*

Pedro. Looke! heere she comes!

Benedicke. Will your Grace command me any seruice to
the worldes end? I will go on the lightest arrand now to
the Antypodes that you can deuise to send mee on! I will [237
fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia;
bring you the length of Prefter Johnes foot; fetch you a haire
off the great Chams beard; doe you any embassage to the


II. iii. 205-240.] 18
Much ado about Nothing.

Pigmies; rather than holde three words conference, with this Harpy! You haue no imploymet for me? Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Benedicke. O God, sir! heeres a dith I loue not. I cannot indure my Ladie Tongue!


Beatrice. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gaue him vsf for it, a double heart for his fingle one! Mary, once before he wonne it of me, with false dice; therefore your Grace may well say 'I haue lost it.' Pedro. You haue put him downe, Lady; you haue put him downe!

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

Pedro. Why, how now, Counte? Wherefore are you sad? Claudio. Not 'sad,' my Lord!

Pedro. How then? sicke?

Claudio. Neither, my Lord!

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

Pedro. I faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though Ile be sworne, if he be so, his conceit is false! Heere, Claudio! I haue wooed in thy name; and faire Hero is won! I haue broke with her father; and his good will obtained. Name the day of marriage; and 'God giue thee joy!'

Leonato. Counte, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes! his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beatrice. Speake, Counte! tis your Qu.

Claudio. Silence is the perfect est Herault of ioy. I were but little happy, if I could say how much! Lady! as you are mine, I am yours! I giue away my selfe for you, and doate vpon the exchange.
Much ado about Nothing.

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

Pedro. Infaith, Lady, you haue a merry heart!

Beatr. Yea, my Lord! I thanke it, poore foole; it keepes on the windie side of Care. [Points to Hero & Cl.] My cooofin tells him in his eare, that he is in her heart.

Clau. And so the doth, Coofin.

Beat. Good Lord, for aliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt: I may fit in a corner, and crie, ‘heigh ho for a husband!’

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather haue one of your fathers getting! Hath your Grace ne’re a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands; if a maide coulde come by them.

Prince. Will you haue me, Lady?

Beatr. No, my Lord, vnles I might haue another for working-daies: your Grace is too costly to weare every day. But I beseech your Grace, pardon me! I was born to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence moft offends me; and to be merry, beft becomes you; for, out a quefion, you were borne in a merry hower.

Beat. No, fure, my Lord, my mother cried; but then there was a farre daunft; and vnnder that was I borne. ¶ Coofins, ‘God gie you ioy’!

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

Beat. I crie you mercy, Vnce! ¶ By your Graces pardon!

[Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth, a pleafant fpirted lady!

Leon. Theres little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord! she is noer sad, but whe she sleepe, & not euuer sad then; for I haue heard my daughter fay, she hath often dreampt of vnhappines, and wakt her felfe with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no meanes! she mockes al her woers out of fute.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for Benedick!

Leonato. O Lord, my lord! if they were but a weeke married, they would talke themfelves madde! II. iii. 278-316.]
Much adoe about Nothing.

Prince. Countie Claudio, when meane you to goe to Church?
Clau. To morow, my Lord! Time goes on crutches, til
Loue haue all his rites.

Leonato. Not til Monday, my deare sonne, which is hence
a iuft seuennight; and a time too breife too, to haue al things
anfwer my mind.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at fo long a breathing;
but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by
vs! I wil, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules labors,
which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into
a montaine of affecion, th' one with th' other. I would faine
haue it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three
will but minifter such affittance as I shall giue you direcation.

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

Claud. And I, my Lord!
Prince. And you too, gentle Hero?
Hero. I wil do any modest office, my Lord, to help my
Cofin to a good husband.

Prince. And Benedicke is not the vnhopefulluest husband
that I know. Thus farre can I praise him: he is of a noble
strain, of approoved valour, and confirme honefte. I wil
teach you how to humour your cofin, that shee shall fall in
loue with Benedicke; and I, [to L. & Cl.] with your two [340
helpes, wil fo practise on Benedicke, that in dispight of his
quicke wit, and his queasie stomacke, he shall fall in loue with
Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an Archer;
his glory shall bee ours, for we are the onely loue-gods. Goe
in with mee, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt. 345

Actus Secundus. Scena Quarta. [Usually ii. ii.]

In LEONATOES House.

Enter John and Borachio.

John. It is fo! the Counte Claudio shall marry the daughter
of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can crosse it.

345. Exeunt] exit Q. F.
Much ado about Nothing.

John. Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be [medicinal to me! I am sicke in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges euely with mine. How canst thou crosse this marriage? 7

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

John. Shew me briefly how.

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

John. I remember.

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

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage? Bor. The poison of that, lies in you to temper! Go 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 vp,) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proofe shall I make of that?

Bor. Proofe enough, to misufe the Prince, to vexe Claudio, to vnnde Hero, and kill Leonato! Looke you for any other issue?

John. Oneley to disfright them, I will eneavour any thing! [26

Bor. Go, then! find me a meet houre to draw don Pedro and the Counte Claudio alone; tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeale both to the Prince & Claudio (as in lond of your brothers honor, who hath made [30 this match, and his friends reputation, who is thus like to bee coifen'd with the semblance of a maid,) that you have discovered'd thus. They will scarcely beleue this without triall: [33 offer them instancies, which shall beare no leesse likelihood, than to see me at her chamber window, heare me call Margaret 'Hero', heare Margaret terme me 'Borachio', & bring [36 them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding, (for in the mean time, I wil so fashion the matter, that Hero

27. don] Q. on F. 30. in love] Q. in a lond F. 36. Borachio] Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). Claudio Q. F. (Possibly the slip was Shakspere's. Having changed Margaret to Hero, he II. iv. 4-38.) may have unthinkingly altered Borachio to Claudio, forgetting that his "Hero loves me" (l. 29) necessitated Margaret's calling out 'Borachio'.}
Much adoe about Nothing.

shall be absent,) and there shall appeere such seeming truth of Heroes disloyaltie, that jealouseye shall be cald assurance, and all the preparation ouerthowne.

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

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

John. I will presently go learne their day of marriage. 47

[Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima. [Usually II. III.]

In Leonatoes Orchard.

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy!

Boy. Signior!

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

Boy. I am here already, sir!

Bene. I know that; but I would haue thee hence, and here againe. [Exit Boy.] I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much an other man is a foole, when he dedicateth his behauious to Loue, wil, after he hath laught at such shallow follies in others, becom the argument of his owne scoffe, by falling in loue; and such a man is Claudio. I haue knowne [11] when there was no musique with him but the drumme and the sife; and now had he rather heare the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to fee a good armour; and now wil he lie ten nights awake, caruing the fashion of a new dublet. He was woot to [16] speake plaine, and to the purpose (like an honest man and a fouldier); and now is he turnd orthography! his words are a very fantasticall banquet, iuust so many strange dishes! May I be so converted, and fee with these eies? I cannot tell; I [20] thinke not: I wil not be sworne but Loue may transforme

45. you] Q. thou F. 47. Exeunt] exit Q. Exit F.
7. Exit] after l. 5 Q, F.

23 [II. iv. 39-47; III. i. 1-21.]
Much ado about Nothing.

me to an oyster; but Ile take my oath on it, till he haue
made an* oyster of me, he shall neuer make me such a foole!
One woman is faire; yet I am well: an other is wife; yet I [24
am well: an other vertuous; yet I am wel! but till all graces
be in one woman, one woman shal not com in my grace!
rich the shal be; thats certain: wife; or Ile none: vertuous;
or Ile neuer cheape her: faire; or Ile neuer looke on her:[28
mild; or come not neare me: noble; or not It for an angell:
of good discouerie; an excellent musitian; and her haire shal
be of what colour it please God! Hah! the Prince and
Monfieur Loue! I wil hide me in the arbor. [Hides. 32

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, (and later, Musike.)

Prince. Come! shall we hear this musique?
Claud. Yea, my good lord! How stil the evening is,
As haued on purpose to grace harmonie!
Prince. See you where Benedicke hath hid himselfe? 36
Claud. O very wel, my lord! the musique ended,
Weele fit the kid-foxes with a penny worth.

Enter Balthasar, (Jacke Wilson§) with Musike.

Prince. Come, Balthazer, weele heare that song againe!
Balth. O, good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voice, 40
To laudere musike any more then once!
Prince. It is the witnesse still of excellencie,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection.²
I pray thee sing; and let me wooe no more!
Balth. Because you talke of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his fute
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he woos,
Yet will he sweare he loues.
Prince. Nay, pray thee come; 48
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes:
Theres not a note of mine thats worth the noting!

*23. an] F. and Q.  
†29. It F. Q om.  
²Musike] Q. and Jacke Wilson F.  
§[H. l. 22-51.]
Much ado about Nothing.

Prince. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks, "Note notes", forsooth, and "nothing." [Musicke plays.
Bene. [aside] Now, divine air! Now is his foule rausht! Is it not strange that sheepes guts should hale foules out of mens bodies? Well, a horne for my mony, when alls done!

The Song.

Balth. 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 blith and bonnie,
Converting all your foundes of woe,
Into 'hey nony, nony.'

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

Prince. By my troth, a good song!
Balth. And an ill finger, my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no! no, faith! thou singst well enough for a shift.
Bene. [aside] And he had bin a dog that should have howld thus, they would have hangd him! and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischeefe. I had as liue haue heard the night-rauen, come what plague could have come after it!

Prince. Yea, mary, doost thou heare, Balthasar? I pray thee get vs some excellent musique; for to morow night we would have it at the ladie Heroes chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my Lord.

Prince. Do so! farewell! [Exit BALTHASAR.] ¶ Come hither, Leonato! What was it you told mee of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in loue with signior Benedicke?

Cla. ([aside] O! I! stalk on, stalk on! the foule fits.) I did neuer think that lady would haue loued any man.

Leo. No, nor I neither! But most wonderful, that she should doe so on signior Benedicke, whom she hath in all outward behauiors seemd euer to abhorre!

[III. 1. 52-88]
Much adoe about Nothing.

(Bene. If possible? fits the wind in that corner?)

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

Prince. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough!

Leon. O God! 'counterfeit'? There was never counterfeit of passion, came so neare the life of passion as she discouers it!

Prince. Why, what effects of passion shewes she?

Claud. [Aside] Baite the hooke wele! this fish will bite.

Leon. What 'effects,' my Lord? she will fit you.... [to Claud.] you heard my daughter tel you how.

Claud. She did indeede!

Prince. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me! I would have thought her spirite had beene incuncible against all assaults of affection.

Leo. I would have sworn it had, my Lord; especially against Benedicke.

(Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speakes it: knauery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.)

Claud. [Aside] He hath tane th'infection: hold it vp!

Prince. Hath shee made her affection knowne to Benedicke?

Leonato. No! and sheeera hee neruer will: thats her torment!

Claudio. Tis true, indeed; so your daughter faies: 'Shall I, faies she, ' that haue so oft encountered him with scorne, write to him that I loue him?'

Leo. This faies she now when she is beginning to write to him; for sheel be vp twenty times a night; and there will the fit in her smock, til the haue writ a sheete of paper: my daughter tels vs all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheete of paper, I remember a pretty ieft your daughter told vs of.

Leonato. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it ouer, she found Benedicke and Beatrice betweene the sheete?

Claudio. That!

Leon. O, the tore the letter into a thousand halpsence; railed at her self, that she should be so immodeft to write to one that

*121. or of / F. of vs Q.
Much ado about Nothing.

She knew would flout her: 'I measure him,' saies she, 'by my own spirit: for I should flout him, if he writ to me: yea, thoghe I love him, I should!'

Claud. Then, downe vpon her knees she falls; weepes, sobs, beates her heart, teares her haire, prayes, curses: 'O sweet Benedicke! God give me patience!'

Leonato. She doth indeed; my daughter saies so: and the extasie hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will doe a desperate out-rage to her selfe: it is very true!

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

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

Prince. And she should, it were an almes to hang him! Shees an excellent sweete lady; and (out of all suspition,) she is vertuous!

Claudio. And she is exceeding wife.

Prince. In every thing but in louing Benedicke.

Leonato. O, my Lord! wisedome and blood combating in so tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that bloud hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I haue just cause, beeing her vnclle, and her gardian.

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

Leonato. Were it good, thinke you?

Claudio. Hero thinkes surely she will die; for she saies shee will die, if he lose her not; and shee will die ere shee make her loue knowne; and she will die, if he wooe her, rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed croinesse.'

Prince. She doth well. If shee shoulde make tender of her loue, tis very possible heele sorne it; for the man (as you know all,) hath a contemptible spirite.

Claudio. He is a very proper man.

Prince. He hath, indeede, a good outward happines.

Claudio. Before God! and in my mind, very wife.
Much ado about Nothing.

Prince. Hee dooth, indeede, shew some sparkes that are like wit. 166

Claudio. And I take him to be valiant.

Prince. As Hector, I assure you! And in the manning of quarrels, you may say he is wife; for either hee auoydes them with great discretion, or undertake them with a most Christianlike feare. 171

Leonato. If he do feare God, a must necessarily keep peace: if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrel with feare and trembling. 174

Prince. And so will hee doe; for the man doth feare God, howsoever it seemes not in him by some large iestes hee will make. Well, I am fory for your niece! Shall we goe seeke Benedick, and tell him of her loue? 178

Claudio. Neuer tell him, my Lord! Let her weare it out with good counsell.

Leonato. Nay, thats impossible! Shee may weare her heart out first. 182

Prince. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter: let it coole the while! I loue Benedicke wel; and I could with he would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is unworthy so good a Lady. 186

Leonato. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

(Claudio. [aside] If he do not doate on her vpon this, I will neuer truft my expectation. 189

Prince. [aside] Let there be the same Nette spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The spore will be, when they holde one an opinion of an others dotage, and no such matter. Thats the Scene that I woulde see, which wil be meerely a dumbe shew. Let vs send her to call him in to dinner.) [Exeunt.* 195

Benedicke. [coming forward] This can be no tricke! the conference was fadly borne. They haue the trueth of this from Hero! They seeme to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections have their full bent. 'Loue' me! why, it must be required. I heare how I am cenfurde: they say I will beare [200
Much adoe about Nothing.

my selfe prouedly, if I perceiue the loue come from her'; they say too, that 'she will rather die, than giue anie signe of affection.' I did neuer thinke to marry; I must not seeme proud. Happy are they that heare their detracions, and can put them to mending! They say the Lady is 'faire'; (tis a trueth; I can beare them wittyness;) and 'vertuous'; (tis so, I cannot reprooue it;) and 'wife, but for louing me'. By my troth, it is no [207] addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her follie; for I will be horribly in loue with her! I may chaunce haue some odde quirkes and remnnts of witte broken on me, because I haue railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meate in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quippes and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the carreeere of his [214] humor? No, the world must be peopled! When I said 'I woulde die a batchellor,' I did not thinke I should liue til I were married. Here comes Beatrice! By this day, shees a faire lady! I doe spie some markes of loue in her! 218

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Agains't my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire Beatrice! I thanke you for your paines. 221

Beat. I tooke no more paines for those 'thankes', then you take paines to 'thank' me. If it had bin painful, I would not haue come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the messege? 225

Beat. Yea, iuft fo much as you may take vpon a kniues point, and choake a daw withall. You haue no stomach, signior? Fare you well! 228

[Exit. Bene. Ha! 'Agains't my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner:' there is a double meaning in that! 'I took no more paines for those thanks then you took pains to thank me:' thats as much as to say, 'Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.' If I do not take pitty of her, I am a villaine! if I do not loue her, I am a Jew! I will go get her picture. 235

[III. i. 201-235.]
Much adoe about Nothing.

Aslus Tertius. Scena Secunda. [Usually III. i.]

LEONATOES Orchard.

Enter Hero, and two Gentlewomen, Margaret, and Vrsley.¹

Hero. Good Margaret, runne thee to the parlour! There shalt thou find my cofin Beatrice, Proposling with the prince and Claudio: Whisper her eare; and tell her, I and Vrsley¹ Walke in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say that thou ouer-heardst vs; And bid her steale into the pleached bowere, Where hony-fuckles, ripened by the funne, Forbid the funne to enter: (like faourites, Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride, Against that power that bred it:) there will she hide her, To listen our propo[e. This is thy office, Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone!

Marg. Ile make her come, I warrant you, presently. [Exit. Hero. Now, Vrsula! when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley vp and downe, Our talke must onely be of Benedicke. When I do name him, let it be thy part, To praise him more than euery man did merite: My talke to thee must be, how Benedicke Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter, Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That onely wounds by heare-fay. Now begin!

Enter Beatrice.

For looke where Beatrice, like a Lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

[Vrsula. The pleafantft angling is to see the fift Cut with her golden ores the filuer streame,

¹Vrsley] Q. Vrsula F. 12. Propo[e] Q. purpose F (not-

*Actus Tertius] F. Gentle-

Much ado about Nothing.

And greedily deoure the treacherous baite: 28
So angle we for Beatrice, who euen now
Is couch'd in the wood-bine couerture.
Feare you not my part of the dialogue! 31

**Hero.** Then go we near her, that her ear e loose nothing
Of the faile sweete baite that we lay for it.

**[They neare the Bower.]**

No, truly, **Vrfula,** she is too disdainful!
I know her spirits are as coy and wild,
As Haggerds of the rocke.

**Vrfula.** But are you sure, 36
That **Benedicke** loues **Beatrice** so intirely?

**Hero.** So faies the Prince, and my new trothèd Lord.
**Vrfula.** And did they bid you tel her of it, Madame?

**Hero.** They did intreate me to acquaint her of it;
But I perfwade them, if they lou'de **Benedicke,**
To with him wrastle with affection,
And neuer to let **Beatrice** know of it.

**Vrfula.** Why did you fo? Dooth not the Gentleman 44
Deferue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer **Beatrice** shall couch vpon?

**Hero.** O God of loue! I know he doth deferue
As much as may be yeelded to a man:
But Nature neuer framde a womens hart,
Of powder stuffe then that of **Beatrice:**
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eies,
Misprisning what they looke on; and her wit
Valewes it selfe so highly, that to her
All matter els seemes weake: she cannot loue,
Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,
She is so selfe indeared.

**Vrfula.** Sure, I thinke so; 56
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his loue, lest she* make sport at it.

**Hero.** Why, you speake truth! I neuer yet saw man,
How wife, how noble, yong, how rarely featured,
But she would speel him backward: if faire-faced,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister;

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*58. *the* F. sheel* Q.

31  [III. ii. 28-61.]
Much ado about Nothing.

If blacke, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,
Made a foule blot; if tall, a launce ill-headed;
If low, an agot very vildly cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blowne with all winds;
If silent, why, a blocke mouëd with none!
So turnes she every man the wrong side out;
And neuer giues to Truth and Virtue, that
Which Simplesesse and Merite purchaseth.

Vrfula. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable!

Hero. No! not to be so odde, and from all fashions.

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? If I should speake,
She would mocke me into ayre! O, she would laugh me
Out of my selfe, preste me to death with wit!
Therefore let Benedicke, like couer'd fire,
Confume away in fighes, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, then die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Vrfula. Yet tel her of it! heare what she wil say!

Hero. No! rather I will go to Benedicke,
And counsaile him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, Ile deuise some honEST flaunders
To staine my coffin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may impoison liking.

Vrfula. O, do not do your coffin such a wrong!
She cannot be so much without true judgement,
(Hauing so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is prude to haue,) as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as Signior Benedicke.

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

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

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Vrfula. His excellencie did earne it, ere he had it.

When are you married, Madame?
Much ado about Nothing.

Hero. Why, every day: to morrow. Come, go in!
Ile shew thee some attyres, and haue thy counseil,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Vrfula. [aside.] Shees lined, I warrant you! We haue
caught her, Madame!

Hero. [aside.] If it proove so, then louing goes by haps:
Some, Cupid kills with arrowes, some with traps! [Exeunt.]

Beat. [comling forward.] What fire is in mine cares? Can
this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewel! and maiden pride, adew!
No glory liues behind the backe of such.

"And, Benedicke, loue on! I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy louing hand.
If thou doft loue, my kindnesse shall incite thee
To bind our loues vp in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserue; and I
Beleeue it better then reportedly! [Exit.]

Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia. [Usually III. ii.]

In Leonato's House.

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but stay til your marriage be consummate,
and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. Ile bring you thither, my Lord, if youle vouchsafe me.

Prince. Nay, that would be as great a soyle in the new
glosse of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coate, and
forbid him to weare it! I wil only be bold with Benedick
for his company; for, from the crowne of his head, to the [8
sole of his foot, he is al mirth. He hath twice or thrice
cut Cupides bow-string, and the little Hang-man dare not
shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his
tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinkes, his tongue
speakes.

101. every day = immediately, without delay.—Daniel. N. Sh. Soc. Trans. 1877-79, p. 145.

[III. ii. 101-116, iii. 1-13.] D
Much adoe about Nothing.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin! 14
Leo. So say I! *Me thinkes you are sadde.
Clau. I hope he be in loue! 16
Prince. Hang him, truant! theres no true drop of bloud in him, to be truly toucht with loue; if he be sadde, he wantes money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach. 20
Prince. Draw it!
Bene. Hang it!
Clau. You must 'hang' it first, and 'draw' it afterwards.
Prince. What! figh for the tooth-ach?
Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worme.
Bene. Wel, every one can master a griefe, but he that has it!

Clau. Yet say I, he is in loue! 28
Prince. There is no appeareance of fancie in him, vnlesse it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises: as, to be a Dutch-man to day, a French-man to morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as a Germaine from the waste downward, all flops, and a Spaniard from the hip vpward, no doubet! Vnlesse he haue a fancie to this foolery, (as it appeares he hath,) he is no foole for fancie, as you would haue it appeare he is.

Clau. If he be not in loue with some woman, there is no beleeeuing old signes: a brushes his hat a mornings! what shoulde that bode?
Prince. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?
Clau. No! but the Barbers man hath bin seene with him; and the olde ornament of his checke hath already stufft tennis balls.
Leon. Indeed, he lookes yonger than he did, by the lollie of a beard.
Prince. Nay, a rubs himselfe with Ciuit! can you smell him out by that?

[snatches B.'s handkerchift, & tosses it to Cl.
Claud. Thats as much as to say, the sweete youthe's in loue.
Prin.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.
Claud. And when was he woont to waft his face?

26. can] Pope. cannot Q, F. 31-33. or ... double] only in Q.
*49. Prin.] F. Bene. Q.
Much adoe about Nothing.

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

Claud. Nay, but his ieeting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now gouernd by stops.

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

Claud. Nay, but I know who loues him.

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

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and in dispite of all, dies for him!

Prince. She shall be buried with her face vpwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake. [To Leo.] Old Signior, walke aside with me! I haue studied eight or nine wife wordes to speake to you, which these hobby-horses must not heare.

[Exeunt Benedicke & Leonato.

Prince. For my life, to breake with him about Beatrice!

Claud. Tis euen fo. Hero and Margaret haue by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meeete.

Enter John the Bastard.

Bastard. My Lord and Brother, God saue you!

Prince. Good den, Brother!

Bastard. If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.

Prince. In priuate?

Bastard. If it pleafe you. Yet Count Claudio may heare; for what I would speake of, concernes him.

Prince. What's the matter?

Bast. [To Claudio] Meanes your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prince. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that, when he knowes what I know. 81

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discouer it!

Bast. You may think I loue you not: let that appeare hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will manifest. For my Brother, I thinke he holdes you well, and in

56. conclude] Q. From.

35

[III. iii. 51-85.]
Much adoe about Nothing

dearenesse of heart hath holpe to effect your ensuing mariage:
surely, fute ill spent, and labor ill bestowed!

Prince. Why, what's the matter?

Baft. I came hither to tel you; and, circumstances shortned,
(for she has bin too long a talking of,) the Lady is disloyall.

Claud. Who? Her? 91

Baftard. Euen she! Leonatoes Hero! your Hero! euer
every mans Hero!

Claud. 'Disloyall?'

Baft. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse.
I could say she were worfe. Thinke you of a worfe title,
and I wil fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant! go
but with me to night: you shall see her chamber window
entred, euen the night before her wedding day! If you lone
her then, to morow wed her: But it would better fitte your
honour, to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Prince. I wil not thynke it!

Baft. If you dare not tryst that you see, confoesse not that
you knowe. If you will follow mee, I will shew you enough;
and when you have seene more, and heard more, proceede
accordingly!

Claudio. If I see any thing to night, why I should not
marry her to morrow; in the congregation, where I should
wed, there will I shame her!

Prince. And, as I woed for thee to obtaine her, I wil
ioyne with thee to disgrace her.

Baftard. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my
witnesses. Beare it coldely but till midnight, and let the issue
shew it selfe!

Prince. O day vntowardly turned!

Claud. O mishiefe strangely thwarting!

Baftard. O plague right well preuented! so will you say,
when you have seene the sequele.

[Exeunt.* 119

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*119. Exeunt] Exit F.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus Tertius. Scena Quarta. [Usually III. iii.]

A Street in Messina.

Enter Dogbery and his comparrner Verges, with the Watch.

Dog. [to the Watch] Are you good men and true?  3
Verges. Yea! or else it were pitie but they should suffer saluation, body and soule.  3
Dog. Nay! that were a punishement too good for them, if they should haue any alegance in them, being chosoen for the Princes Watch.  6
Verges. Well, giue them their charge, neighbour Dogbery!  6
Dogbery. First: who thinke you the most desartlesse man to be Constable?  6
Watch 1. Hugh Ote-cake, sir, or George Sea-cole; for they can write and reade.  11
Dogbery. Come hither, neighbor Sea-cole! God hath blest you with a good name: to be a welsaoured man, is the gift of Fortune; but to write and reade, comes by Nature.  11
Watch 2. [SEA-COLE] Both which, Maister Constable, . . . 15
Dogbery. You haue: I knew it would be your answer. Wel, for your fauour, sir; why, giue God thanks, and make no boast of it! and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no neede of such vanity! You are thought heere to be the most senselsse and fit man for the Constable of the Watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne! This is your charge: 'You shall comprehend all vagrom men. You are to bidde any man stand, in the Princes name.'
Watch 2. How if a will not stand?  24
Dogbery. Why, then take no note of him, but let him goe; and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knaue!
Verges. If he wil not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Princes subiects.  29
Dogbery. True! and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subiects. 'You shall also make no noise in the

9. Constable: t. i. of the Watch (see l. 21).
37

[III. iv. 1-31.]

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Much adoe about Nothing.

streetes;' for, for the Watch to babble and to talke, is most tollerable, and not to be indured!

Watch 2. We will rather sleepe than talke: we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogbery. Why, you speake like an antient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: onely, have a care that your billes bee not stolne. Well, 'you are to call at al the alehoufes; and bid thofe that are drunke, get them to bed.'

Watch 2. How if they will not?

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

Watch 2. Well, sir!

Dogbery. 'If you meete a thiefe, you may suspext him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man:' and for such kind of men, the leffe you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honefty.

Watch 2. If we know him to be a thiefe, shal we not lay hands on him?

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

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

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

Verges. 'If you heare a child crie in the night, you must call to the nurfe, and bid her stil it.'

Watch 2. How if the nurfe be asleepe, and will not hicare vs?

Dog. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the cwe that will not heare her Lamb when it baes, will nener anfwer a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. Tis very true!

Dog. This is the end of the charge: 'you, Constable, are to

32. to talk] Q. talke F. 34, &c. Watch 2. (as he's their Constable).
Much adoe about Nothing.

present the Princes owne person: ' if you meete the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verges. Nay, birlady, that I thinke a cannot! 71

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knowes the statues, he may stay him! Mary, not without the Prince be willing; for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will. 75

Verges. Birlady, I thinke it be so!

Dog. Ha, ah, ha! "Wel, masters, good night! and there be any matter of weight chaunes, cal vp me! keepe your fellowes counsailes, and your owne; and good night! "I Come, neibbour! 80

[Going.]

Watch 2. Well, masters, we heare our charge. Let vs goe fitte here vppon the church bench till twoo, and then all to bed! 83

[Dog. & V. come back.]

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours! I pray you watch about signior Leonatoes dooore; for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night. Adiew! be vigant, I beseech you. 87

[Exeunt Dogberry & Verges.

Enter Borachio, cupshotten, and Conrade.

Bor. What! Conrade? 88

Watch 2. [aside] Peace! fyr not!

Bor. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man! I am at thy elbow. 91

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

Con. I will owe thee an answere for that: and now, forward with thy tale! 95

Bor. Stand thee close, then, vnder this penthouse, for it driethell raine; and I will, like a true drunckard, ytter all to thee.

Watch 2. [aside.] Some treaon, masters! yet stand close!

Bor. Therefore know, I haue earned of Don* John a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it possible that any villanie should be so deare? 102

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more like Dogbery's blundering. 100. Don] F. Dun Q.
Much ado about Nothing.

Bor. Thou shouldst rather aske if it were possible any villanie shuld be so 'rich'? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it!

Bor. That shewes thou art unconfirm'd. Thou knowest that the fashions of a dublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane, the fashions.

Con. Yes, 'the fashions' is the Fashions.

Bor. Tush, I may as well say 'the fool's the fooler!' But seest thou not what a deformed theefe this Fashions is?

Watch I. [aside] I know that 'Deformed!' a has bin a vile theefe this vij. yeere! a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Didst thou not heare some body?

Con. No! twas the vane on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not (I say) 'what a deformed theefe this Fashions is'? how giddily a turnes about all the Hot-blouds between fourteene and fiue-and-thirtie? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaohs fouldiours in the reche painting; sometime like god Bels priests in the old church-window; sometime like the thauen Hercules in the smirch worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-peeces seemes as masse as his club.

Con. Al this I see; and I see that the Fashions weares out more apparrall then the man. But art not thou thy selfe giddy with the Fashions too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the Fashions?

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

Conr. And thought they Margaret was Hero?
Much adoe about Nothing.

Bor.* Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the diuel my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oths, which first possessest them; partly by the darke night, which did deceiue them; but chiefly, by my villany, which did confirme any flander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; sware he would meet her, (as he was apointed,) next morning at the Temple; and there, before the whole congregacion, shame her with what he saw o're night, and send her home againe without a husband. 149

Watch 1. We charge you in the Princes name, Stand!

Watch 2. Call vppe the right maister Constable! Wee haue here recouered the most dangerous piece of lechery, that euer was knowne in the Common wealth! 153

Watch 1. And one 'Deformed' is one of them; I know him! a weares a locke.

Conr. Masters, masters!...

Watch 2. Youle be made bring 'Deformed' forth, I warrant you. 158

Conr. Masters!...

Watch 1. Neuer speake! we charge you, let vs obey you to go with vs! 161

Bor. We are like to prowe a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of these mens billes.

Conr. A 'commodity' in question, I warrant you. 4Come! weelee obey you! [Exeunt. 165

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima. [Usually III. iv.]

HEROES Chamber.

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula! wake my coffin Beatrice, and desyre her to rife!

Ursula. I wil, Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither!

Ursula. Well. [Exit.

Marg. Troth, I thinkne your other rebato were better.

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*141. Bor] F. Bar. Q.
159. Masters ...] Theobald Masters, neuer, Q. F.
41 [III. iv. 141-165; IV. i. 1-6.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, ile weare this.

Marg. By my troth, 's not so good, and I warrant your Cofin will say so.

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

Mar. I like the new tire within, exceltely, if the haire were a thought browner; and your gown's a moft rare fashion, yfaith! I saw the Dutchesse of Millaines gowne that they praise fo.

Hero. O, that exceedes, they say.

Marg. By my troth, 's but a night-gown in* respect of yours! cloth a gold, and cuts, and lac'd with filuer, set with pearls, downe fleenes, fide fleenes, and skirts, round vnderborne with a blewish tinsell: but for a fine, queint, graceful, and exceltel fashion, yours is worth ten on't!

Hero. God give me ioy to weare it! for my heart is exceeding heauy.

Marg. T'will be heauier foone, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, Lady? of speaking honourably? Is not 'marriage honourable' in a beggar? Is not your Lord honourable without mariage? I thynke you would have me say, 'fuing your reuerence, a husband': & bad thinking do not wret true speaking, ile offend no body. Is there any harm, in the 'heauier for a husband'? None, I thynke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise tis light, and not heauy: aske my Lady Beatrice els: here she comes!

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, Coze!

Beat. Good morrow, sweete Hero!

Hero. Why, how now? do you speake in the sicke tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

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

Beat. Ye, Light a loue, with your heels! then, if your
Much adoe about Nothing.

husband haue stables enough, youle see he shall lacke no barnes. 43

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heele.

Beat. Tis almost five a clocke, Cofin: tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: hey ho! 47

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

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

Mar. Wel, and you be not turnde Turke, theres no more sayling by the starre. 51

Beat. What means the foole, trow?

Mar. Nothing, I. But God send euery one their hearts desire!

Hero. [to Beat.] These gloues the Counte sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuf, Cofin; I cannot smell! 57

Mar. A maide, and 'stuf'; ther's goodly catching of cold! 

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

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

Beat. It is not seene enough; you should weare it in your cap. By my troth, I am sicke! 64

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

Hero. There thou prickst her with a thistle.

Beat. 'Benedictus'; why 'benedictus'? you haue some moral in this benedictus. 69

Mar. 'Morall'? no, by my troth, I haue no 'morall' meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may thinke, perchaunce, that I think you are in loue. Nay, birlady, I am not such a foole to think what I lift; nor I lift not to thinke what I can; nor, indeed, I can not think, (if I would thinke my heart out of thinking,) that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue. Yet Benediche was such another; and now is he become a man. He sware he would never marry; and yet now, in despight of his heart, he eats his meate without grudging. And how you may be converted,
Much adoe about Nothing.

I know not; but me thinkes you looke with your eies, as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes?
Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Ursula. Madame, withdraw! the Prince, the Count, signior Benedicke, Don John, and all the gallants of the towne, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dresse me, good Coze, good Meg, good Ursula!
[Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda. [Usually Ill. V.]

In Leonatoes House.

Enter Leonato, and the Constable (Dogberry), and the Headborough (Verges).

Leonato. What would you with me, honest neighbour?
Const. Dog. Mary, sir, I would haue some confidence with you, that decernes you nearely.

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

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

Headb. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leonato. What is it, my good friends?

Con. Do. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wittes are not so blunt, as, God helpe, I would desyre they were; but in faith, honest, as the skin between his browes!

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

Const. Dog. 'Comparisons are odorous'; palabr...!¹ neighbour Verges.

Leonato. Neighbors, you are tedious.

Const. Dog. It pleaseth your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers; but truly, for mine owne part, if I

⁹. off] Stevens. of Q. F. ¹ Span. Palabras, words.

IV. i. 80-88; ii. 1-19.]
Much adoe about Nothing.

were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow
it all of your worship.

Leonato. Al thy tediousnesse on me! ah!

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

Head. And so am I!

Leonato. I would faine know what you haue to say.

Head. Mary, sir, our watch to night, (excepting your wor-
ships presence,) ha tane a couple of as arrant knaues as any in
Messina.

Const. Dog. A good old man, sir! he will be talking: as
they say, 'When the age is in, the wit is out.' God help vs!
it is a world to see! ¶ Well said, yfaith, neighbour Verges!
Well! ' God's a good man!' ¶ 'And two men ride of a horse,
one must ride behind.' ¶ An honest soule, yfaith, sir! by my
troth he is, as euer broke bread. But God is to be worship:
all men are not alike! ¶ Alas, good neighbour!

Leonato. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Const. Do. Gifts! that God giues!

Leonato. I must leaue you.

Const. Dog. One word, sir! Our Watch, sir, haue indeede
comprehended two apititious person; and wee would haue
them this morning examined before your Worshipp.

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

Constable. It shall be sufficance.

Leonato. Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well

Enter a Messenger.

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

Leon. Ile wait vpon them. I am ready.

[Exeunt Leonato & Messenger.

Dogb. Go, good partner! goe get you to Francis Sea-cole!

23. pound] Q. times F.
1 God's a good Man. Lusty
Juventers (ab. 1550). Hazlitt's
Dodsley, ii. 73.

46. it] Q. F om.
51-2. Exeunt Exit Q, F, after

45

[IV. ii. 20-52.]
bid him bring his penne and inckehorne to the Gaole: we
are now to examination thes men.

Verges. And we must do it wisely. 55

Dogbery. We will spare for no witte, I warrant you:
heeres that [taps his forehead] shall drive some of them to
a noncome! Only get the learned writer to set downe our
excommunication, and meet me at the Iaile! [Exeunt.* 59

*Actus Quartus.† Scena Tertia. [Usually IV. I.]

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier Francis,
Claudio, Benedicks, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come, Frier Francis, be briefe! onely to the
plaine forme of marriage, and you shall recount their particu-
lar dueties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady? 4

Claudio. No!

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

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Counte?

Hero. I do. 8

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

Claudio. Know you any, Hero? 12

Hero. None, my Lord!

Frier. Know you any, Counte?

Leonato. I dare make his answer, None! 15

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

Bene. Howe nowe! interjections? Why, then; some be
of laughing, as, ah, ha, he! 19

Claudio. Stand thee by, Frier! [To Leon.] Father, by your
leave,

Will you with free and unconstraine'd soule
Give me this maide, your daughter? 22
Much adoe about Nothing.

Leonato. As freely, sonne, as God did give her mee. 23
Claudio. And what haue I to give you backe, whose woorth
May counterpoise this rich and preuisious gift?
Prince. Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe. 26
Claudio. Sweete Prince, you learne me noble thankfulnes.

† There, Leonato! take her backe againe!
Glue not this rotten Orenge to your friend!
Shee's but the signe and semblance of her honor.
Behold, how like a maide she blusses heere!
O, what authoritie and shew of truth,
Can cunning finne couer it selfe withall!
Comes not that blood, as modest euidence,
To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not sweare,
All you that see her, that she were a maide,
By these exterior shewes? But she is none!
She knowes the heate of a luxurious bed:
Her blushe is guiltlesse, not modestie!
Leonato. What do you meane, my Lord?
Claudio. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soule, to an approoued wanton!
Leonato. Deere my Lord! if you, in your owne prooфе, 42
Have vanquished the resisitance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginitie, . . .
Claudio. I know what you would say: if I haue knowne her,
You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehand finne:
No, Leonato!
I neuer tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, shewed
Bashfull sincerite, and comelie loue.

Hero. And seemde I euer otherwise to you?
Claudio. Out on thee! Seeming! I wil write against it,
*You seeme to me as Diane in her Orbe,* 54
As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne;
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than Venus, or those pampered animalls
That rage in fauage sensuality.*
Much adoe about Nothing.

_Hero._ Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?
_Leonato._ Sweete Prince! why speake not you?
_Prince._ What should I speake?
I stand dishonourd, that haue gone about,
To lincke my deare friend to a common stale.
_Leonato._ Are these things spokien, or do I but dreame?
_Bastard._ Sir, they are spokien; and these things are true!
_Bened._ This lookes not like a nuptiall.
_Hero._ True, O God!
_Claud._ _Leonato_, stand I here?
Is this the Prince? is this the Princes Brother?
Is this face _Heroes_? are our eies our owne?
_Leonato._ All this is so: but what of this, my Lord?
_Claud._ Let me but moue one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you haue in her, bid her anfwer truly!
_Leonato._ [to H._] I charge thee do so, as thou art my child!
_Hero._ O God defend me! how am I beset!
¶ What kind of catechising call you this?
_Claud._ To make you anfwer truly to your name
_Hero._ Is it not _Hero_? Who can blot that name
With any iuft reproch?
_Claud._ Mary, that can _Hero_!
_Hero._ It selfe can blot out _Heroes_ vertue.
What man was he, talkt with you yefternight,
Out at your window, betwixt twelue and one?
Now, if you are a Maide, anfwer to this!
_Hero._ I talkt with no man at that hower, my Lord.
_Prince._ Why, then are you no Maiden! ¶ _Leonato_,
I am forye you must heare: Vpon mine honor,
My selfe, my Brother, and this grieuëd Counte,
Did see her, heare her, at that howre laft night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeede, mOst like a liberall villain,
Confesst the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
_John._ Fie! fie! they are not to be named, my Lord,
Not to be spoke of:

73. 30] Q. F om. 93. spoke] Q. spoken F.
IV. iii. 59-93.] 48
Much adoe about Nothing.

There is not chaffitie enough in language,
Without offence to vtter them! Thus, pretty Lady,
I am forsy for thy much mifgovernement.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou bin,
If halfe thy outward graces had bin placed
About thy thoughts, and counsailles of thy heart!
But fare thee well, mosiuoue, mosiu faire! Farewell,
Thou pure impietie, and impious puritie!
For thee ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,
And on my eie-liddes shall Coniechture hang,
To turne all Beautie into thoughts of harme;
And neuer shall it more be gracious!

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

[Hero swounds. Beat. catches her.

Beatrice. Why, how now, Cousin! wherfore finke you down?

Bastard. Come, let vs go! these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits vp.

[Exeunt the Prince, Don John, & Claudio.

Benedicke. [to Beat.] How doth the Lady?


Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand
Death is the fairest couer for her shame
That may be wifht for.

Beatrice. How now, cousin Hero?

Frier. Haue comfort, Lady!

Leonato. Dost thou looke vp?

Frier. Yea, wherefore shouulde she not?

Leonato. ' Wherfore? ' Why, doth not euery earthly thing
Cry shame vpon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her bloud?

Do not liue, Hero! do not ope thine eies!
For, did I thynke thou wouldst not quickly die.
Thought I thy spirites were stronger than thy shames,
My selfe would, on the rereward of reproches,
Strike at thy life! Grieued I, I had but one?
Chid I for that, at frugall Natures frame?
O! one too much by thee! Why had I one?

123. rereward] Q. reward F.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Why euer waft thou louey in my eies?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Tooke vp a beggars isue at my gates,
Who, smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might haue said, 'No part of it is mine;
This shame deriues it selfe from vnknowne loynes'!
But mine! and mine I loued! and mine I praiede!
And mine that I was proued on! mine so much,
That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine,
Valewing of her!—Why, She! O! she is falne
Into a pit of incke, that the wide see
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,
And falt too little, which may feaon gieue
To her foule tainted flesh!

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

Beat. O! on my foule! my coffin is belied!
Bene. Lady! were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No truly, not; although, vntill last night,
I haue this tweluemonth bin her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirmed! confirmed! O! that is stronger made,
Which was before barded vp with ribs of yron!
Would the two Princes lie? and Claudio lie,
Who loued her so, that, speaking of her foulenesse,
Washed it with tears? Hence from her! let her die!

Frier. Heare me a little!
For I haue only bin silent so long,
& given way vnto this course of fortune,
By noting of the Lady. I haue markeat
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shamees,
(In angel whiteneffe,) beate away those bluesses;
And in her eie, there hath appeard a fire,
To burne the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seele doth warrant

130. smirched] Q. smeered F. 158. beate] Q. beare F.
IV. iii. 127-163.] 50
Much ado about Nothing.

The tenure of my booke; trust not my age,
My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,
If this sweete Ladie lie not guiltlesse here,
Vnder some biting errour!

Leonato. Frier, it cannot be!
Thou feest that al the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not adde to her damnation
A sinne of periury: she not denies it!

Why seekst thou then, to couer with excuse,
That which appears in proper nakednesse?

Frier. Lady! what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me. I know none!

If I know more of any man alioe
Then that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my finnes lacke mercie! [To Leon.] O my Father!
Prove you that any man with me conuerst

At houres vnmeete, or that I yesternight
Maintain the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

Frier. There is some strange misprision in the Princes.

Bene. Two of them haue the very bent of honour;
And if their wisedomes be miffled in this,
The practise of it liues in John the Bastard,
Whole spirites toyle in frame of villanies.

Leonato. I know not. If they speake but truth of her,
These hands shall teare her! If they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shal wel heare of it!
Time hath not yet fo dried this bloud of mine,

Nor Age fo eate vp my inuention,
Nor Fortune made such hauocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me fo much of friends,
But they shal find, awakte in such a kind,
Both strength of limbe, and policy of mind,
Ability in meanes, and choise of friends,
To quit me of them throughly!

Frier. Pawse awhile,

And let my counsell sway you in this case!

Your Daughter here, the Princes left for dead:

164. tenure = tenour.
199. Princes &c.] Theobald. princesse (left for dead) Q, F.
51 [IV. iii. 164-199.]
Much adoe about Nothing.

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeede;
Maintaine a mourning ostentation,
And on your families old monument,
Hang mourneful epitaphes, and do all rites
That appertaine unto a burial.

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

Frier. Mary, this well caried, shall, on her behalfe,
Change flaneder to remorfe: that is some good:
But not for that, dreame I on this strange course,
But on this travaile looke for greater birth:
She dying, (as it must be so maintaينd,) 
Upon the instant that she was accusde,
Shall be lamented, pittied, and excusde
Of euery hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we haue, we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lackt and loft,
Why, then we racke the valew, then we find
The vertue that poffession would not shew vs
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When hee shall heare she died vpon his words,
Th'idea of her life shall sweetly creepe
Into his study of imagination,
And euery louely Organ of her life
Shall come appareld in more precious habite,
More moouing, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eie and prospect of his soule,
Then when the liude indeed. Then shall he mourne,
If euver Loue had interest in his混乱,
And with he had not so accusd her;
No, though he thought his accusation true!
Let this be so; and doubt not but succeffe
Will fashion the event in better shape
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be leuell failse,
The supposition of the Ladies death
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it sort not wel, you may conceale her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some recluifie and religious life,

IV. iii. 200-239. ]
Much ado about Nothing.

Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato! let the Frier advise you!
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much vnto the Prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and iustly as your soule
Should with your body!

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

Frier. Tis wel contented: prentely away!
For, to strange fores, strangely they straine the cure.

† Come, Lady! die to liue! this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd. Haue patience and endure!

[Exeunt all but BENVEDICKE and BEATRICE.

Bene. Lady Beatrice! haue you wept al this while?
Beat. Yea! and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason. I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I doe beleue your faire coffin is wronged.

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

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

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

Bene. May a Man do it?

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

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the wordle so well as you! is
not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I knowe not. It were as
possible for me to say, 'I loued nothing so wel as you': but
beleue me not; and yet I lie not: I confesse nothing, nor I
deny nothing. I am fory for my coosin.

Bened. By my sword, Beatrice, thou loueest me!

Beat. Do not swreeare by it,† and eat it.

Bened. I will swereeare by it that you loue me; and I wil
make him eate it, that fayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eate your word?

Bened. With no fawce that can be deuised to it! I protest
I loue thee!

*251. Exeunt &c.] exit Q, F. 270. sweare by it] F. sweare Q.

53 [IV. iii. 240-275.]
Much adoe about Nothing.

Beat. Why then, God forgiue me!  
Bened. VVhat offence, sweete Beatrice?  
Beat. You haue stayed me in a happy houre. I was about to protest I loued you.  
Bened. And do it, with all thy heart!  
Beat. I loue you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.  
Bened. Come! bid me doe any thing for thee!  
Beat. Kill Claudio!  
Bened. Ha! not for the wide world!  
Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell! [Turns to go.  
Bened. Tarry, sweete Beatrice! [He holds her.  
Beat. I am gone, though I am here. There is no loue in you! Nay, I pray you let me go!  
Bened. Beatrice! [She struggles with him.  
Beat. In faith, I will go.  
Bened. VVeele be friends first.  
Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.  
Bened. Is Claudio thine enemy?  
Beat. Is a not approoued in the height a villaine, that hath flaundered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What! beare her in hand, vntill they come to take handes; and then, with publike accusation, vncouerd flaunder, vnnittigated rancour! . . . O God, that I were a man! I woulde eate his heart in the market place!  
Bened. Heare me, Beatrice! . . .  
Beat. 'Talke with a man out at a window!' A proper faying!  
Bened. Nay, but Beatrice . . .  
Beat. Sweete Hero! the is wrongd! she is flaundered! shee is vndone!  
Bened. Beat . . .  
Beat. Princes and Counties! surely a Princely testimonie, a goodly Counte! Counte Comflect! a sweete Gallant, surely! O that I were a Man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a Man for my sake! But Manhoode is melted into curfies, Valour into complemet, and Men are only
Much adoe about Nothing.

turnd 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; therfore I will die a Woman with grieving!

[Turns to go. 317

Bened. Tarry, good Beatrice! By this hand, I love thee! 

Beatrice. Vie it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bened. Think you in your soul, the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beatrice. Yea! as sure as I have a thought, or a soul! 323

Bened. Enough! I am engag'd! I will challenge him! I will kiss your hand; and so I leave you. By this hand, [kissing & holding it] 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! [Exeunt. 328

Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta. [Usually IV. ii.]

Enter the Constables (Kemp as Dogbery, & Cowley as Verges) and the Towne cleark (Francis Sea-Cole, the Sexton) in gowns; & the Watch with Borachio* and Conrade.

Kemp. (Dogb.) Is our whole dissemblably appeared?

Cowley. (Verges.) O, a fustole and a cushion for the Sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Kemp. (Dogb.) Mary, that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. (Verges.) Nay thats certaine! We haue the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before Maiater Constable.

Kemp. (Dogb.) Yea, Mary, let them come before mee! [To Bor.] What is your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Ke. (Dogb.) Pray write downe 'Borachio'. [To Con.]

Yours, sirra?

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

* Q, F put Borachio after Constables. 1. Kemp] Keeper Q, F.

4. Kemp (Dogb.)] Andrew Q, F.

55 [IV. iii. 314-328; iv. 1-14.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Ke. (Dogg.) Write downe, ‘Maister gentleman Conrade.’
If Maisters, do you serue God?
Both. Yea, sir, we hope.
Kem. (Dogg.) Write downe, that ‘they hope they serue God’: and write ‘God’ first; for God defend but God shoulde goe before such villaines! If Maisters, it is proved alreadie that you are little better than false knaues; and it will goe neere to be thought so shortly. How anwer you for your selues?
Con. Mary, sir, we say we are none!
Kemp. (Dogg.) (A maruellous witty fellowe, I assure you! but I will go about with him!) [To Bor.] Come you hither, sirra! a word in your eare! Sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaues!
Bor. ‘Sir, I say to you,’ we are none!
Kemp. (Dogg.) VVel, stand aside! If Fore God, they are both in a tale! Have you writ downe, that ‘they are none’?
Sexton. Maister Constable! you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the Watch that are their accusers.
Kemp. (Dogg.) Yea, mary, thats the eftest way. Let the Watch come forth! If Maisters, I charge you in the Princes name, accuse these men!
Watch 1. [points to Bor.] This man said, sir, that don John, the Princes brother, was a villain.
Kemp. (Dogg.) Write downe, ‘prince John a villain’: why! this is flat perjurie! to call a Princes brother ‘villaine’!
Borachio. Maister Constable!...
Kemp. (Dogg.) Pray thee, fellowe, peace! I doe not like thy looke, I promife thee.
Sexton. [to Watch] VVhat heard you him say else?
Watch 2. Mary, that he had receiued a thousand Duckats of don John, for accusing the Ladie Hero wrongfully.
Kemp. (Dogg.) Flat Burglarie as euer was committed!
Conf. (Verdes) Yea, by maffe, that it is.
Sexton. VVhat else, fellow? 
Watch 1. And that Counte Claudio did meane, vpon his wordes, to disgrace Hero before the whole assemblie, and not marrie her.

48. by] Q. by th’ F.
IV. iv. 15-52.] 56
Much adoe about Nothing.

Kemp. (DOGB.) O villaine! thou wilt be condemnd into euerlasting redemption for this!

Sexton. VVhat else?

Watch. 1. This is all.

Sexton. [to Bor. & C.] And this is more, Maisters, then you can deny! Prince John is this morning secretlie tolne awaie: Hero was in this manner accusde, in this verie manner refusde, and vppon the grieve of this, sodainlie died. ¶ Maister [60 Confable, let theïe men be bound, and brought to Leonatoes! I will goe before, and shew him their examination.

[Exit.

Confable. (DOGB.) Come, let them be opiniond!

Couley. (VERGES) Let them be in the . . .

[The Watch seizie Bor. & Con.

Con. Hands off, Coxcombe!

Kemp. (DOGB.) Gods my life! wheres the Sexton? let him write down the Princes officer ‘Coxcombe’! ¶ Come, bind them! [To Con.] Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an afse! you are an afse!

Kemp. (DOGB.) Doost thou not suspeet my place? doost thou not suspeet my yeeres? ¶ O that he were here to write me downe an ‘afse’! ¶ But, Maisters, remember that I am an ‘afse’! Though it bee not written downe, yet forget not that I am an ‘afse’! ¶ No, thou villaine! thou art full of pietie, as shal be proude vpon thee by good witnes. I am a wife fellow; and, (which is more,) an Officer; and (which is more,) a Houholder; and (which is more,) as pretty a peecie of fleth as anie is in Messina, and one that knowes the Law, (goe to!) and a rich fellow enough, (goe to!) and a fellow that hath had losies; and one that hath two [80 gowynes, and every thing hanfome about him! ¶ Bring him away! ¶ O that I had bin writ downe an ‘afse’!

[Exeunt.

Much adoe about Nothing.

**Actus Quintus.** Scena Prima.

Before Leonatoe's House.

Enter Leonato and his brother Anthonio.

_Brother._ If you go on thus, you will kill your selfe: And tis not wisedome, thus to second griefe Against your selfe.

_Leonato._ I pray thee ceafe thy counsaile, Which falles into mine eares as profitleffe As water in a fuye. Giue not me counsaile! Nor let no comforter delight mine eare, But such a one whose wrongs doe fute with mine! Bring me a father that so lou'd his child, Whole ioy, of her is ouner-whelmd like mine, And bid him speake of patience! Measure his woe the length and breth of mine, And let it answer euery straine for straine, (As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such,) In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme: If such a one will smyle, and stroke his beard, And surrow wagge, crie 'hem!' when he shou'd grone, Patch griefe with prouerbes, make misfortune drunke With candle-wafters; bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience. But there is no such man! for, brother, men Can counsaile, and speake comfort to, that griefe Which they themselfes not feele; but tafting it, Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before, Would giue preceptiall medicine* to rage, Fetter strong madneffe in a filken thred, Charme ach with ayre, and agony with words: No, no! tis all mens office, to speake patience

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* Actus Quintus] F. 6. comforter] Q. comfort F. 7. doe] Q. doth F. 16. Sorrow is the object of the verb, wagge being transitive here, like Span. 'menestr. to wag. to weald, to shake off' (Minahew), and Fr. 'mouvoir, to moue, stirre; iog, wag; to remoue' (Cotgrave). 24. medicine] F. medicine Q.
Much adoe about Nothing.

To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so morall, when he shall endure
The like himselfe. Therefore give me no counseil!
My griefes cry lower then advertisement!

Brother. Therein do men, from children nothing differ.
Leonato. I pray thee, peace! I wil be flesh and blood;
For there was neuer yet Philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-aake patiently,
How euer they haue writ the file of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme vpon your selfe;
Make those that do offend you, suffer too!

Leonato. There thou speakest reason. Nay, I will do so!
My soule doth tell me, Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the Prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Brother. Here comes the Prince and Claudio haftily.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Prince. Good den, good den!
Claudio. Good day to both of you!
Leonato. Heare you, my Lords!
Prince. We haue some haste, Leonato.

Leonato. 'Some haste,' my Lord! Well, fare you well, my Lord!

Are you so 'haftie' now? wel, all is one.

Prince. Nay, do not quarrel with vs, good old man.

Brother. If he could right himselfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low.

Claudio. Who wrongs him?
Leonato. Mary, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou!
Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy sword! [Cl. grasps his sword-hilt.

Claudio. [letting go his hold] Mary, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of feare.

Infaith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leonato. Tuh, tuh, man! neuer fleere and iest at me!
I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole,

[End of page]
Much adoe about Nothing.

As vnder priuledge of age to bragge
What I haue done, being yong, or what would doe
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou haft so wrongd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forfet to lay my reuerence by,
And, with grey haires, and bruise of many daies,
Do challenge thee to triall of a man!
I say, Thou haft belied mine innocent child!
Thy flander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O! in a toomb where neuer scandal flept,
Saeue this of hers, framde by thy villanie!

Claudio. My 'villany'?
Leonato. Thine, Claudio! thine, I say!
Prince. You say not right, old man.
Leonato. My Lord, my Lord,
Ile proue it on his body, if he dare,
Dispight his nice fence, and his actie practise,
His Maie of youth, and bloome of luftihood!
Claudio. Away! I will not haue to doe with you!
Leonato. Canst thou so daffe me? Thou haft kild my child!
If thou killest me, boy, thou shalt kill a man!

Brother. He shal kill two of vs, and men indeed:
But thats no matter; let him kill one first;
Win me and weare me; let him answere me!
¶Come, follow me, boy! Come, sir boy! come, follow me,
Sir boy! ile whip you from your foyning fence!
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will!

Leonato. Brother! . . .
Brother. Content your self! God knowes, I loued my Neece,
And she is dead! flanderd to death by villaines,
That dare as well answere a man indeed,
As I dare take a serpant by the tongue:
Boyes! apes! braggarts! Iackes! milke-fops!

Brother. Hold you content! What, man! I know them,
yea,
And what they weigh, euene to the vtmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boies,
Much ado about Nothing.

That lie, and cogge, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antiquely, shew outward hidiousneffe,
And speake off halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durft;
And this is all!

Leonato. But, brother Anthonie! ...

Brother. Come, tis no matter! 100

Do not you meddle! let me deale in this!

Prince. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

¶ My heart is sorry for your daughters death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'de with nothing 104
But what was true, and very full of proove.

Leonato. My Lord, my Lord! ...

Prince. I will not heare you!

Leo. No? ¶ come, brother! away! I wil be heard!

Bro. And shal, or some of vs wil smart for it. 108

[Exeunt ambo.*

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

Enter Benedicke.†

Claud. Now, Signior! what newes?

Bened. [to the Prince.] Good day, my Lord! 111

Prince. Welcome, Signior! you are almoost come to parte
almoost a fray.

Claud. Wee had like to haue had our two noxes snapt off
with two old men without teeth. 115

Prince. Leonato and his Brother! What thinkst thou?
Had we fought, I doubt we shou'de haue beeene too yong for
them. 118

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

Claud. We haue beeene vp and downe to seeke thee; for
we are high, proove melancholie, and would faine haue it
beaten away? Wilt thou vse thy wit?

Bened. It is in my scabberd: shal I drawe it? 124

Prince. Doeft thou weare thy wit by thy fide?

96. shew] and shew Q, F.
100. Brother] Ant. F.
108. ambo] F. amb. Q (both)  114. like] likt Q, F.
Ben. Q (at l. 108).
[V. i. 95-125.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Claud. Neuer any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee drawe, as wee doe the minstrels: draw, to plesure vs. 128

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

Claud. What! Courage, man! What though care kild a catte? thou haft mettle enough in thee to kill care. 132

Bened. Sir, I shal meeete your wit in the careere, and you charge it against me. I pray you chafe another subiect.

Claud. Nay, then, giue him another staftf; this last was broke crosse.

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

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

Bened. [to Claud.] Shal I speake a word in your eare? 140

Claud. God bleffe me from a challenge!

Bened. [Aside to Claudio.] You are a villain! I ieast not; I will make it good, howe you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare! Doe mee right, or I will protest your cowardise! You haue kiiled a sweete Lady; and her death shal fall heauie on you. Let me hear from you! 146

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

Prince. What! a feast, a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thanke him: he hath bid me to a calues head & a capon; the which, if I doe not carue most curiously, fay my kniffes naught! Shall I not find a woodcooke too?

Bened. Sir! your wit ambles well; it goes easiey. 152

Prince. Ile tell thee how Beatrice praid thy witte the other day: I saide thou haftd 'a fine witte': 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit' 'right,' saies she, 'a great groffe one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit'; 'Iust,' [156 said she, 'it hurts no body.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wife:' 'Ceraine,' said she, 'a wife gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues:' 'That I beleue,' said she, [159 'for he swore a thing to mee on Monday night, which hee forswore on Tuesday morning: there is a double tongue; there is* two tongues.' Thus did shee, an houre together, tran-shape

145. sweete] Q. catch-word: *161. there two] F. theirs two
sweete, text. 154. said] Q. saies F.
V. i. 126-162.] 62
Much ado about Nothing.

thy particular vertues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, 'thou wast the properst man in Italy.' 164

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said 'she cared not.'

Prince. Yea, that she did! 'but yet, for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly;' the old man's daughter told vs all.

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

Prince. But when shall we set the 'fauage bulles' horns on* the sensible Benedick's head?

Clau. Yea, and text vnder-neath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man?'

Bened. Fare you well, Boy! you know my minde. I will leave you now to your goffer-like humor: you break ies, as bragards do their blades, which (God be thanked!) hurt not. My Lord! for your many courtises, I thank you. [179 I must discontinue your company. Your Brother the Baffard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, kild a sweet and innocent Lady. For my Lord Lacke-beard there, hee and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him! [Exit. 183

Prince. He is in earnest!

Claudio. In most profound earnest; and, ile warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Prince. And hath challegde 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! plucke vp my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my Brother was fled?

Enter Constables (Doggbery & Verges) and the Watch, with Conrade, and Borachio.

Const. [Dogg. to Con.] Come, you sir! if justice cannot tame you, she shall now weigh more reasons in her ballance. Nay, and you be a currying hypocrite once, you must be lookt to! 197

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*172. on] F. one Q.
194. Enter...] At l. 190 in Q. F. (F has 'Constable'.)
Much adoe about Nothing.

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

Claudio. Hearken after their offence, my Lord!

Prince. Officers! what offence have these men done? 201

Consf. [Dogb.] Mary, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken vntruths; secondarily, they are flanders; sxt and lastly, they have belyed a Lady; thirdly, they have verifed vniust thinges; and, to conclude, they are lying knaues! 206

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

Claud. Rightly reafoned, and in his owne diuision; and, by my troth, theres one meaning wel futed. 211

Prince. [to Bob & Con.] Who haue you offended, Maisters, that you are thus bound to your anfwere? This learned Con-
stable is too cunning to be vnderstood: what's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince! let me goe no farther to mine anfwere: do you heare me, and let this Counte kill me! I haue [216

deceiued euens your very eyes! what your wisedoms could not discouer, these shallowe fooles haue brought to light; who, in the night, ouerheard me confessing to this man, how Don John, your brother, incensfed me to lauder the Lady [220

Hero; howe you were brought into the orchard, and law me court Margaret in Heroes garments; [To Claudio] how you disgrace hir when you should marry hir: [If my villany [223

they haue vpon record; which I had rather feale with my death, then repeate ouer to my shame. The Lady is dead, vpon mine and my maisters false accusation; and brefely, I defire nothing but the reward of a villaine. 227

Prince. [to Cl.] Runnes not this speech like yron through your bloud?

Claud. I haue dronke poion whiles he vtted it!

Prince. But did my Brother fet thee on to this? 230

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

Prince. He is composde and framde of treacherie;

And fled he is vpon this villanie.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appeare 234

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

Consf. (Dogb. to Watch.) Come, bring away the plaintiffs!  

W. i. 198-236. | 64
Much ado about Nothing.

By this time our Sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. And, Masters, do not forget to specific, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ‘asse’!

Con. 2. (Verges) Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too!

Re-enter Leonato, his brother Anthonio; and Enter the Sexton.

Leonato. Which is the villaine? let me see his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may auoide him! which of these is he?
Bor. If you would know your wronger, looke on me!
Leonato. Art thou the slaue that with thy breath hast killd
Mine innocent child?
Bor. Yea! euen I alone.
Leo. No, not so, villaine! thou believest thy selfe!
Here stand a paire of honourable men,
(A third is fled,) that had a hand in it.
If I thanke you, Princes, for my Daughters death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds!
Twas braulely done, if you bethinke you of it.
Clau. I know not how to pray your paciencie;
Yet I must speake. Choose your reuenge your selfe;
Impose me to what penance your inuention
Can lay vpon my finne! yet finnd I not,
But in mistaking.
Prince. By my soule, nor I!
And yet, to satisfie this good old man,
I would bend vnder any heauy weight,
That heele enioyne me to.
Leonato. I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue;
That were impossible: but I pray you both,
Possesse the people in Meffina here,
How innocent she died; and, [to Cl.] if your loue
Can labour aught in faid inuention,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to night!
To morrow morning, come you to my house;
And since you could not be my Son in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,

Much ado about Nothing.

Almost the copie of my child thats dead,
And she alone is beyre to both of vs:
Giu she the right you should haue giu'n her cosin,
And so dies my reuenge.

Claudio. O noble Sir!
Your ouer kindnesse doth wring teares from me!
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poore Claudio.

Leonato. To morrow then I wil expect your comming; 279
To night I take my leave. [Points to Bor.] This naughty man
Shal face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I beleue, was packt in al this wrong,
Hyred to it by your brother.

Bor. No! by my soule she was not. 283
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But aways hath bin iust and vertuous,
In any thing that I do know by her! 286

Confl. (Dogb. to L.) Moreover, Sir, (which indeede is not
vnder white and blacke,) this plaintiffe heere, the offendour,
did call me 'affe'! I beseach you, let it be remembred in his
punishment! And also the Watch heard them talke of one
'Deformed': they say he weares a key in his eare, and a [291
locke hanging by it, and borows monie in Gods name, the
which he hath vfe for long, & neuer paiéd, that now men
grow hard hearted, and wil lend nothing for Gods sake:
priae you, examine him vpon that point. 295

Leonato. I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines!

Confl. (Dogb.) Your worship speakes like a moost thankful
and reuerent youth; and I praie God for you.

Leon. Theres for thy paines! [Gives him money. 299

Confl. (Dogb.) God save the foundation!

Leon. Goe! I discharge thee of thy prisoner; and I
thank thee. 302

Confl. (Dogb.) I leaue an arrant knaue with your Worship,
which I beseech your Worships to correct your selfe, for the
example of others. God keepe your Worships! I with your
Worship well! God restore you to health! I humblie [306
giu you leaue to depart; and if a merie meeting may be wiht,
God prohibite it! If Come, neighbour! [Exeunt* Dog. & Verr.


V. I. 272-308.] 66
Much adoe about Nothing.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell!
Brot. (Anthonlo.) Farewell, my Lords! we looke for you to morrow.
Prince. We will not faile.
Claud. To night ile mourne with Hero.

[Exeunt Pr. & Cl]

Leonato. [to the Watch] Bring you these fellowes on! ¶ Weel talke with Margaret, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd felow.

[Exeunt. 314]

Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

Leonatoes Garden.

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Bened. Praie thee, sweete Misfirs Margaret, deserue well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice!
Mar. Wil you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beautie?
Bene. In so high a stile, Margaret, that no man liuing shall come ouer it; for, in most comely truth, thou deseruest it.
Mar. To haue no man come ouer me! why shal I alwaies keep below staires?
Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth; it catches.
Mar. And your's, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.
Bene. A most manly witte, Margaret: it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice! I giue thee the bucklers.
Marg. Giue vs the swordes; wee haue bucklers of our owne.
Bene. If you viue them, Margaret, you must putte in the pikes with a vice; and they are daungerous weapons for maides.
Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I thinke hath legges.
[Exit Margaret.
Bene. And therefore wil come.

[Exeunt. 314; II. 1-23]
Much adoe about Nothing.

The God of loue
That fits above
And knowes mee, and knowes me,
How pittifull I desere...

I meane in singeing; but in louing, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first imployer of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet runne smoothly in the even rode of a blanke verse, why, they were neuer so truly turnd ouer and ouer as my poore selfe, in loue! Mary, I cannot shew it in rime. I haue tried: I can finde out no rime to 'Ladie' but 'babie,' (an innocent rime!) for 'fcorne,' 'horne,' (a hard rime!) for 'schoole' 'foole,' (a babling rime!) very ominous endings. No! I was not borne vnder a riming Plannet, nor I cannot wooe in festiuall termes.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweete Beatrice! wouldst thou come when I cald thee?

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

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then,' is spoken: fare you wel now! and yet, ere I goe, let me goe with that I came; which is, with knowyng what hath past betweene you and Claudio.

Bene. Onely foule words: and thereupon I will kisse thee.

[Trles to.

Beat. [draws back] 'Foule words' is but foule wind; and foule wind is but foule breath; and foule breath is noisome; therfore I wil depart vnkist.

Bene. Thou haft frighted the word out of his right fence, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tel thee plainly, Claudio vndergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly heare 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 fal in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintaing so politique a state of euil, that they will not admite any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?
Much ado about Nothing.

_Bene._ 'Suffer loue'! a good epithite! I do 'suffer loue' indeed! for I loue thee against my will.

_Beat._ In spight of your heart, I thinke. Alas, poore heart! If you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours; for I wil neuer loue that which my friend hates. 63

_Bene._ Thou and I are too wise to wooe peaceably.

_Beat._ It appeares not in this confession: theres not one wife man among twentie that will praise himselfe. 66

_Bene._ An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not ereet, in this age, his owne Toomb ere he dies, he shall liue no longer in monument, then the Bell rings, and the Widow weepes. 70

_Beat._ And how long is that, thinke you?

_Bene._ Questioun! why, an hower in clamour, and a quarter in rhewme; therefore is it moost expedient for the wife, (if Don WORME, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my self. So much for praising my selfe, who, I my selfe will beare witnes, is praise worthie. And now tell me, how doth your cofin? 78

_Beat._ Verie ill.

_Bene._ And how do you?  [Puts his arm round her.

_Beat._ Verie ill too.

_Bene._ Serue God, loue me, and mend!  [Kisses her. 82
There wil I leaue you too, for here comes one in haffe.

_Enter Versula._

_Versula._ Madam, you must come to your Vncle! Yonders old coile at home! it is proued my Lady Hero hath bin falsely accusde, the Prince and Claudio mightily abuised, and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone! will you come presentely? 88

_Beat._ Will you go heare this newes, Signiour?

_Bene._ I wil liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy cies: and moreouer, I wil go with thee to thy vncles.

_[Exeunt._

70. Bell rings] Q. Bels ring F. 83-4. Enter . ] Q.  F at l. 8x.
*91. Exeunt] F. Exit Q.

[V. ii. 59-91.
Much ado about Nothing.

Actus Quintus. Scena Tertia.
A Church in Messina, with Hero's Monument & Musicians.

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

Claudio. Is this the monument of Leonato?
A Lord. It is, my Lord.

Claudio reads his Epitaph on Hero from a Paper.

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

¶ Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising him when I am done!*

¶ Now, Musick, found, & sing your solemn hymne!

Song. Pardon, Goddess of the Night,
Those that flew thy virgin knight!
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.

¶ Midnight! assist our mone!
Help us to sigh & groan,
Heavily, heavily!

¶ Graves! youtube and yeild your dead,
Till death be uttered,

Heavenly, heavenly!†

Claudio. Now, unto thy bones, good night!
Yeearly will I do this right.

Prince. Good morrow, Messers! Put your Torches out!
The wolves have preyed; and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheelies of Phoebus, round about

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* Q. F, put Claudio to line 11.
* for # Q has a turn n.
*10. domes] F. dead Q.


V. iii. 1-26.] 70
Much ado about Nothing.

Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey: Thanks to you all, and leave us: Fare you well!
Claudio. Good morrow, Masters! each, his several way.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Prince. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds; And then to Leonatoes we will goe!
Claudio. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's, Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe!  [Exeunt. 33

Actus Quintus. Scena Quarta.

A Hall in Leonatoes House.

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Verona, old man (Anthony), Friar Francis, Hero, Beatrice.

Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent? Leo. So are the Prince and Claudio, who accus'd her, Upon the error that you heard debated:

But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appeares,
In the true course of all the question.

Old Anth. Wel! I am glad that all things forts so well.

Bened. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well, daughter, ¶ and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your felues;
And when I send for you, come hither masked!  [Exeunt Ladies.

¶ The Prince and Claudio promisse by this howre
To viaste me. ¶ You know your office, Brother!
You must be father to your brothers daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.¹

Old Anth. Which I will doe with confirmed countenance.

Bened. Friar! I must intreat your paines, I thinke.

Frier. To doe what, Signior?

Bened. To bind me, or vndo me: one of them.  20

32. spea's] Theobald (Thirlby 1. 16.
conj.), speeds Q, F. ¹ But Leo. does it: see l. 54.
12. Exeunt Ladies.] Q and F put

71 [V. iii. 27-33; iv. 1-20.]
Much ado about Nothing.

Signior Leonato! truth it is, good Signior,
Your Niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leo. That eye, my daughter lent her: tis most true.

Bened. And I do with an eye of loue requite her.

Leo. The sight whereof, I thinke you had from me,
From Claudio and the Prince: but what's your will?

Bened. Your anfwere, sir, is enigmatical;
But, for my wil,—my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conioynd
In the state of honorable marriage;
In which (good Frier,) I shal desire your help.

Leo. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my helpe.

Heere comes the Prince and Claudio.

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

Prince. Good morrow to this faire assembly!

Leo. Good morrow, Prince! "Good morrow, Claudio!"

We heere attend you. Are you yet determined,

To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claud. Ile hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leo. Call her foorth, Brother! heres the Frier ready.

[Exit ANTHONIO.

Prince. Good morrow, Benedicke! why, what's the matter,
That you haue such a Februarie face,
So full of frost, of storme, and clowdinesse?

Claud. I thinke he thinkes vpon the 'fauage bull.'

Tuft, feare not, man! weele tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa shal reioyce at thee,
As once Europa did at lustie Ioue;*

When he would play the noble beaft in loue.

Bene. Bull Ioue, sir, had an amiable lowe,
And some such strange Bull leapt your fathers Cowe,
And got a Calfe in that fame noble feate,
Much like to you, for you haue iuft his bleate.

Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.

33. Heere... Claudio] Q. F om. | 40. Prince... Benedicke] P...
33-4. and... other] Q. with | Bened. Q. Prin... Benedike F.
attendants F. | *46. Ioue] F. ?loue Q.

V. I. 21-52. 72
Much adoe about Nothing.

Re-enter brother ANTHONIO, with HERO, BEATRICE, MARGARET, VRSULA, maskt.

¶ Which is the Lady I must seize upon?

Leo. This same is she; and I do sue you her.

Claud. Why, then she shall mine. ¶Sweet, let me see your face!

Leon. No! that you shall not, till you take her hand. 56

Before this Frier, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand! Before this holy Frier,

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liued, I was your other wife: [Unmasks.

And when you loued, you were my other husband. 61

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer!

One Hero died desfide, but I do liue;

And surely as I liue, I am a maide! 64

Prince. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my Lord, but whiles her flanber liued.

Frier. All this amazement can I qualify,

When, after that the holy rites are ended,

He tell you largely of faire Heroes death.

Meane time, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chappell let vs presentely!

Ben. Soft and faire, Frier! [To Ladies] Which is Beatrice?

Beat. [unmasks] I answer to that name! What is your will?

Bene. Do not you loue me?

Beat. Why, no! no more then reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the Prince, and Claudio.

Have beene deceiued: they swore you did! 76

Beat. Do not you loue me?

Bene. Troth no! 'no more then reason.'

Beat. Why, then my Cousin, Margaret, and Vrsula,

Are much deceiued; for they did swear you did!

Bene. They swore that you were almost sicke for me! 80

Beat. They swore that you were weelneigh dead for me!

Bene. Tis no such matter! Then you do not loue me?

54. Leo.] Q, F. It was to be | 80, 81. that] Q.
Antonio: see I. 15-17, p. 71. | 82. such] Q.
63. deside] Q. | [V. iv. 53-82. 

73
Much ado about Nothing.

Beat. No, truly! but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come, Cochin! I am sure you love the gentleman. 84
Clau. And I be sworn upon't, that he loves her;

For heres a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his owne pure brauie,
Fashioned to Beatrice.

Hero. And heres another, 88
Writ in my Cochin hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedicke.

Bene. A miracle! heres our owne hands against our hearts.
Come! I will have thee! but by this light, I take thee for pittie.

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

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth. 95
Prince. How dost thou, 'Benedicke, the married man?'

Bene. Ile tel thee what, Prince: a Colledge of Witte-
crackers cannot flout me out of my humour! Doft thou think
I care for a Satyre or an Epigramme? No! if a man will be
beaten with braines, a shall weare nothing mansome about
him. In brieve, since I doe purpose to marrie, I will think
nothing to anie purpose that the world can faie against it; and
therefore, neiuer flout at me for what I have said against it; 104
for man is a giddie thing, and this is my conclusion [draws
BEAT. to him]. ¶ For thy part, Claudio, I did thinke to have
beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinman,
liue vsbruise, and loue my Cousin! [Points to HERO. 108

Claus. I had wel hopte thou wouldst haue denied Beatrice,
that I might haue cudgelld thee out of thy fingle life, to make
thee a double dealer; which, out of question thou wilt be, if
my Cochin [points to BEAT.] do not looke exceeding narrowly
to thee.

Bene. Come, come! we are friends. Let's haue a dance
ere we are married, that we may lighten our owne hearts, and
our wives heelles!

Leon. Weele haue dancing afterward. 117
Bene. First, of my worde! ¶ Therefore plaike, Musicke!


v. iv. 83-118.] 74
Much adoe about Nothing.

O Prince, thou art sad! Get thee a wife, get thee a wife!
there is no staffe more reverent then one tipt with horne. 120

Enter Messenger.

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

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow! Ile devise thee
braue punishments for him. ¶ Strike vp, Pipers! 124

[Dance. Exsunt.

FINIS.
NOTES.

I. i. 224. 'In time the savage bull doth beare the yoke.' Benedick quotes somewhat inaccurately from the opening dialogue of Act II in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* between Lorenzo and Balthasar, where the line reads, 'In time the savage bull sustaines the yoke.' This portion of the much-ridiculed play was extremely popular. Sir Abraham Ninny in *Woman is a Weathercock* tries to pass off a couplet from the same dialogue as original, but is immediately detected.

I. i. 269. 'Story.' A commentator has objected to this word as being out of place, and 'string' has been suggested. This emendation may be unhesitatingly rejected, the original reading being quite satisfactory and very apposite in connection with 'a book of words' in line 265.

II. iii. 36-43. These lines have been designated by Warburton as 'impious nonsense.' He considered them as an interpolation by the actors, and not from the hand of Shakespeare. The passage may be compared with the speech of the porter in *Macbeth*; the 'impiety' is quite insufficient ground for rejecting them.

II. iii. 115. *The Hundred Mery Tales* was a popular jest-book in the reign of Elizabeth. To modern readers the coarseness and crudity of most of the tales are more apparent than the humour.

II. iii. 237-8. 'A tooth-picker from the furthest inch of Asia,' etc. Perhaps a hit at the promiscuous articles which travellers were in the habit of bringing back as evidence that they had duly accomplished their voyage. Thus Puntarvolo in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour* was required to produce a Turk's mustachio, a Grecian hare's lip, and the tail of a Thracian rat.

III. i. 31. 'Her hair shall be of what colour it please God.' A very prominent foible of the ladies of Shakespeare's time was the practice of dyeing their hair, preferably to a sandy colour, as a piece of the sincerest form of flattery to Queen Elizabeth.

III. iii. 32. 'A German from,' etc. The fantastical and assorted fashions of Englishmen are again ridiculed in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act I, sc. 2; this was a theme frequently found in dramatic and satirical writers. An excellent example occurs in Hall's *Viridemiarum*, Book III, i—

'A French head joined to neck Italian;  
Thy thighs from Germany, and breast from Spain;  
An Englishman in none, a fool in all;  
Many in one, and one in several.'


77
Notes.

III. iv. 1. Dogbery. According to Aubrey this character was taken from real life, the original being a constable of Grendon in Buckinghamshire, a village which Shakespeare passed through on his journeys between London and Stratford.

III. iv. 34 et seq. The watch formed a common butt for the humorous writers of the time. 'They commonly eat onions to keep them in sleeping, which they account a medicine against cold' (Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook*, chap. viii). In Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Coxcomb*, referring to these worthy gentry, says, 'When they take a thief I'll take Ostend again. The whoresons drink opium in their ale, and then they sleep like tops; as for their bills, they only serve to reach down bacon and hang rashers on.'

IV. i. 49. 'For the letter that begins them all, H.' The word 'ache' varied in pronunciation, the noun hovering between 'ake' and 'aitch,' and the verb between 'ake' and 'itch.' Hunter uses this line to support a theory that the character of Benedick is supposed to represent William Herbert.

IV. i. 50. 'An you be not turned Turk.' To turn Turk means to undergo a complete change. Thus in the *City Gallant*, 'This it is to turn Turk: from a most absolute, compleat gentleman to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover.'

IV. i. 65. Carduus Benedictus was an esteemed medicine of the time. In the *Haven of Health* we are told, 'Carduus Benedictus or blessed thistle ... strengtheneth all the principal parts of the body ... comforteth the stomach, procureth appetite, hath a special virtue against poison and preserveth from the pestilence, and is excellent good against any kind of fever.'

IV. iii. 140. 'Foul-tainted.' Collier's substitution of 'soul-tainted' for this epithet is justly dubbed by Dyce to be a 'piece of mere impertinence.'

V. ii. 30. 'Carpet-mongers.' This word has much the same significance as carpet-knights, viz. those who were skilled in the effeminate arts of a courtier as opposed to those of military valour. A good description of a carpet-knight occurs in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, by Beaumont and Fletcher—

'No Carpet Knight
That spent his youth in groves, or pleasant bowers;
Or stretching on a Couch his lazy limbs,
Sang to his Lute such soft and melting notes,
As Ovid, or Anacreon ever knew,
Could work on them.' (T. i.)

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