

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

Enter Ursula.

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

BEATRICE Will you go hear this news, signior?

BENEDICK I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. *Exit [with Beatrice and Ursula].*

(V ii: 82-92)

Song [by one attending].

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

CLAUDIO Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

PEDRO

Good morrow, masters. Put your torches out.
The wolves have preyed, and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

(V iii: 12-27)

BENEDICK

Friar, I must entreat your pains; I think.

FRIAR

To do what, signior?

BENEDICK

To bind me, or undo me - one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favor.

LEONATO

That eye my daughter lent her. 'Tis most true.

BENEDICK

And I do with an eye of love requite her.

LEONATO

The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the Prince; but what's your will?

BENEDICK

Your answer, sir, is enigmatical;
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoined
In the state of honorable marriage;
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

LEONATO

My heart is with your liking.

FRIAR

And my help.

(V iv: 18-32)

PEDRO

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

CLAUDIO

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

BENEDICK

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

(V iv: 40-51)