

BALTHASAR

O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

PEDRO

It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee sing, and let me woo no more.

BALTHASAR

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

PEDRO Nay, pray thee come ;

Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

BALTHASAR Note this before my notes :

There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

PEDRO

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

(II iii : 41-54)

[Music.]

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

[Balthasar sings.]

The Song.

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

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

(II iii : 55-72)

CLAUDIO And she is exceeding wise.

PEDRO In everything but in loving Benedick.

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

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

(II iii : 152-161)

CLAUDIO If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never
trust my expectation.

PEDRO Let there be the same net spread for her, and that
must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The
sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's
dotage, and no such matter. That's the scene that I
would see, which will be merely a dumb show.

(II iii : 194-200)

HERO

Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursley
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her. Say that thou overheard'st us ;
And bid her steal into the pleachèd bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter - like favorites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.

(III i : 4-11)