

Much Ado Sides:

Side I. Pedro, Benedick, Claudio

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonato*'s?

Bened. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) he is in love, With who? now that is your Grace's part: mark how short his answer is, with *Hero*, *Leonato*'s short daughter.

Clau. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeed, God forbid it should be so.

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

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

Clau. You speak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedr. By my troth I speak my thought.

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

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speak mine.

Clau. That I love her, I feel.

Pedr. That she is worthy, I know.

Bened. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Pedr. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of Beauty.

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

Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldric, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do my self the right to trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a Bachelor.

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

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love: prove that ever I loose more blood with love, then I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

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

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and cal'd *Adam*.

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the savage Bull doth beare the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedicke* beare it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, here is good horse to hire: let them signify under my sign, here you may see *Benedicke* the married man.

Side II: Dogberry, Verges, Watch I & II

Enter Dogberry and his compartner with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

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

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

Verges. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry*.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartlesse man to be Constable?

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

Dogb. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and read, comes by Nature.

Watch 2. Both which Master Constable

Dogb. You haue: I knew it would be your answere: well, for your favour sir, why giue God thanks, & make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity, you are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Prince's name.

Watch 2. How if a will not stand?

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

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

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streets: for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be indured. *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk, we know what belongs to a Watch.

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

Watch. How if they will not?

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

Watch. Well sir.

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

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

Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Ver. You have been always call'd a merciful mā partner.

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

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

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

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

Verges. 'Tis very true.

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

Verges. Nay by'r'lady that I think a cannot.

Side III: Hero, Beatrice, Margaret

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet *Hero.*

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

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

Mar. Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light alone with your heeles, then if your husband haue stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.

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

Beat. 'Tis almost fiue a clocke cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

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

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

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sayling by the starre.

Beat. What means the fool trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God send every one their heart's desire.

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

Beat. I am stuffed cousin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O God help me, God help me, how long have you professed apprehension?

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

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

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd *carduus bengdictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

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

Mar. Moral? no by my troth, I haue no moral meaning, I meant plain holy thistle, you may think perchance that I think you are in love, nay by'r'lady I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedicke* was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore he would never marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eats his meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Side IV: Beatrice and Benedick

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all 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 do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

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

Bene. Is there any way to show 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 do love nothing in the world so well as you, is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you, but believe me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword *Beatrice* thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love mee, and I will make him eat it that sayes I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it, I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour, I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

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

Bened. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny, farewell.

Bene. Tarry sweet *Beatrice*.

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

Bene. *Beatrice*.

Beat. In faith I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

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

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with publike accusation uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

[...]

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him, I will kisse your hand, and so leaue you: by this hand *Claudio* shall render me a dear account: as you heare of me, so think of me: go comfort your cousin, I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

Side V: Don John , Conrade, Borachio

Enter Sir John the Bastard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good year my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

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

Con. You should hear reason.

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

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

Don John. I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art, borne under *Saturne*) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying mischiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I must bee sad when I haue cause, and smile at no mans jests, eat when I haue stomacke, and wait for no mans leisure: sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no mans business, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may doe it without controlment, you haue of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your self, it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

Don John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plain dealing villain, I am trusted with a mussell, and enfranchised with a clog, therefore I have decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

Don John. I will make all use of it, for I use it onely. Who comes here? what news *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

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

Don John. Will it serue for any Modell to build mischiefe on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himself to unquietness?

Bor: Mary it is your brothers right hand.

Don John. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bor: Even he.

Don John. A proper squire, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bor: Mary on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato*.

Don John. A very forward March-chick, how came you to this?

Bor: Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should woo *Hero* for himself, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

Don John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my displeasure, that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless my self every way, you are both sure, and will assist me?

Conr: To the death my Lord.

Don John. Let us to the great supper, their cheer is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cook were of my mind: shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bor: We'll wait upon your Lordship.

Much Ado Monologues:

Beatrice

Beatrice. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more than a youth: and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me: and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the Bear-ward, and lead his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill meeete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and say, get you to heaven *Beatrice*, get you to heaven, here's no place for you maids, so deliver I up my Apes, and away to S. *Peter*: for the heavens, he shows me where the Bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Benedick

Bene. O she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had beene my selfe, that I was the Princes Jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw, hurling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance vpon me, that I stood like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speakes poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgressed, she would haue made *Hercules* haue turn'd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talk not of her, you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel.

Leonato

Leon. Wherefore? Why doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldest not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,
My self would on the reward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Grief'd I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugal Nature's frame?
O one too much by thee: why had I one?
Why euer was't thou louelie in my eies?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who sneered thus, and mir'd with infamie,
I might haue said, no part of it is mine:
This shame derives it self from unknown loins,
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on mine so much,
That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:
Valuing of her, why she, O she is fall'n
Into a pit of Ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh.