

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

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

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood!
The fairest plea is the necessity;
Look, what will serve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair *Hero*, I am *Claudio*;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break,
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Leonato, and Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother, where is my cousin your son? hath
he provided this musick?

Ant. He is very busy about it; but, brother, I can tell you
news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them, but they have a good cover;
they show well outward. The prince and count *Claudio*, walking
in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard
by a man of mine: the prince discover'd to *Claudio* that he lov'd
my neice your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night
in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, meant to take the
present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow. I will send for him, and question
him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear itself:
but