

but I will acquaint my daughter with all, that she may be the better prepared for answer, if peradventure this be true; go you, and tell her of it: cousins, you know what you have to do. [*Some cross the stage.*] O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me, and I will use your skill; good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Street.

Enter Don John, and Conrade.

Conr. **W**HAT the goujeres, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

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

Conr. You should hear reason.

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

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

John. I wonder that thou (being, as thou say'st thou art, born under saturn) goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief: I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, 'till you may do it without controlment: you have 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 fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be