

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Pedro. The lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danc'd with her told her, she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her; she told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; hudling jest upon jest, with such impetuous conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: she speaks poniards, and every word stabs; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north-star; I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgress'd; she would have made *Hercules* have 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 *Atè* in good apparel. I would to god, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation, follow her.

S C E N E V.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato, and Hero.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the *Antipodes* that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from
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