

from the furthest inch of *Asia*; bring you the length of *Prester John*'s foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham*'s beard; do you any embassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: you have no employment for me?

*Pedro*. None, but to desire your good company.

*Bene*. O god, sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot endure this lady's tongue. [Exit.

*Pedro*. Come, lady, come, you have lost the heart of signior *Benedick*.

*Beat*. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

*Pedro*. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

*Beat*. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools: I have brought count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seek.

*Pedro*. Why, how now, count, wherefore are you sad?

*Claud*. Not sad, my lord.

*Pedro*. How then? sick?

*Claud*. Neither, my lord.

*Beat*. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of a jealous complexion.

*Pedro*. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and god give thee joy!

*Leon*. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say, amen, to it!

*Beat*. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

*Claud*. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am