

carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please god^a. Ha! the prince and monsieur love! I will hide me in the arbour. [withdraws.]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord: how still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord; the musick ended,
We'll fit the cade-fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come, *Balthazar*, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander musick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection:
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.^b

^a Hinting satirically at the art used by ladies in dying their hair of a colour different from what it is by nature.

^b ----- woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit