

The Song.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, hey nony, nony.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill finger my lord.

Pedro. Ha? no; no, 'faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. If he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and I pray god, his bad voice bode no mischief; I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry: dost thou hear, *Balthazar*? I pray thee, get us some excellent musick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady *Hero's* chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

[*Exit Balthazar.*

To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note notes, forsooth, and noting.

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravish'd! is it not strange, that sheeps guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The SONG, &c.

Pedro.