

S C E N E III.

*Enter Don John.**John.* My lord and brother, god save you.*Pedro.* Good den, brother.*John.* If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.*Pedro.* In private?*John.* If it please you: yet count *Claudio* may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.*Pedro.* What's the matter?*John.* Means your lordship to be marry'd to-morrow?[*To Claudio.**Pedro.* You know he does.*John.* I know not that, when he knows what I know.*Claud.* If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.*John.* You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest; for my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestow'd.*Pedro.* Why, what's the matter?*John.* I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the lady is disloyal.*Claud.* Who? *Hero*?*John.* Even she, *Leonato's Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero*.*Claud.* Disloyal?*John.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not 'till further warrant; go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.*Claud.* May this be so?*Pedro.* I will not think it.*John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: