

SCENE VI.

*Leonato's house.**Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.*

Hero. **G**OOD *Ursula*, wake my cousin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[*Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good, and, I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the dutchess of *Milan's* gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours; cloth of gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls down-sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round, underborn with a blueish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say (saving your reverence) a husband. If bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body: is there any harm in the heavier for a husband?