

husband? none, I think, if it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise, 'tis light, and not heavy; ask my lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

SCENE VII.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet *Hero*.

*Hero.* Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Marg.* Clap us into *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Yes, *Light o' love* with your heels! then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

*Marg.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

*Beat.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready: by my troth, I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.

*Marg.* Well, if you be not turn'd *Turk*, there's no more sailing by the star.

*Beat.* What means the fool, trow?

*Marg.* Nothing I: but god send every one their heart's desire!

*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

*Beat.* I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell.

*Marg.* A maid and stuff'd! there's a goodly catching of cold.

*Beat.* O, god help me! god help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

*Marg.* Ever since you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

*Beat.* It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

*Marg.* Get you some of this distill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.