

*Leon.* I'll wait upon them: I am ready. [*Exit. Leon.*

*Dogb.* Go, good partner, go, get you to *Francis Seacole*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine those men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dogb.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come. Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail.

*Exeunt.*

\*\*\*\*\*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

A church.

*Enter D. Pedro, D. John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.*

LEONATO.

COME, friar *Francis*, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Friar.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

*Claud.* No.

*Leon.* To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

*Friar.* Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

*Hero.* I do.

*Friar.* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoin'd, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

*Claud.* Know you any, *Hero*?

*Hero.* None, my lord.

*Friar.* Know you any, count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer, none.

*Claud.* O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

*Bene.*