

Bene. How now! interjections? why then, some be of laughing,
as, ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as god did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:
There, *Leonato*, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend:
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? but she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd;
Not knit my soul to an approv'd wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you in your own approof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity —

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehead sin.

No, *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud.