

*Claud.* Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:  
 You seem'd to me as *Dian* in her orb;  
 As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown:  
 But you are more intemperate in your blood  
 Than *Venus*, or those pamper'd animals  
 That rage in savage sensuality.

*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

*Leon.* Sweet prince, why speak not you?

*Pedro.* What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about  
 To link my dear friend to a common stale.

*Leon.* Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

*John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

*Bene.* This looks not like a nuptial.

*Hero.* True! o god!

*Claud.* *Leonato*, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face *Hero's*? are our eyes our own?

*Leon.* All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

*Claud.* Let me but move one question to your daughter;  
 And, by that fatherly and kindly power  
 That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

*Leon.* I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

*Hero.* O god defend me! how am I beset!  
 What kind of catechizing call you this?

*Leon.* To make you answer truly to your name.

*Hero.* Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name  
 With any just reproach?

*Claud.* Marry, that can *Hero*;

*Hero* herself can blot out *Hero's* virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

*Pedro.* Why, then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,  
 I am sorry you must hear; upon mine honour,

My