

Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, like an illiberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoken of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [*Hero swoons.*]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin, wherefore sink you down?

John. Come, let us go; these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up. [*Exe. D. Pedro, D. John, and Claud.*]

S C E N E II.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle.

Hero! why, *Hero*! uncle! signior *Benedick*! friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin *Hero*?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar.