

Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would on the reward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's hand?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had not I, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, no part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown loins:
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she, o, she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh.

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient;
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! o, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the prince lie? and *Claudio* would he lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,

Wash'd