

Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life 'rest me so much of friends,
But they shall find awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause a while;
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her a while be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travel look for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd, and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whilst it was ours: so will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,

Th' idea