

Th' idea of her love shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
 More moving, delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn,
 If ever love had interest in his liver,
 And wish he had not so accused her;
 No, though he thought his accusation true.
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
 But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
 And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
 As best befits her wounded reputation,
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the friar advise you:
 And though you know my inwardness and love
 Is very much unto the prince and *Claudio*,
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
 As secretly, and justly, as your soul
 Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow
 In grief, alas! the smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;

For to strange sores, strangely they strain the cure.

○ Come, lady, die to live; this wedding-day,

Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt.*]