Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but that devil my mistress knew she was Margaret; and partly by her oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Donna Anna had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o’er night and send her home again without a husband.

Seacole.
We charge you, in the prince’s name, stand!

Oatcake.
Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

Constance.
Masters,—

Seacole. Never speak: we charge you! Let us obey you to go with us.

Borachio.
We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these fellows’ bills.

Constance.
A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we’ll obey you. [Exeunt]

3.4 [Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA]

Hero.
Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Ursula.
I will, lady.

Hero.
And bid her come hither.

Ursula.
Well. [Exit]

Margaret.
Troth, I think your other collar were better.

Hero.
No, pray thee, good Meg, I’ll wear this.

Margaret.
By my troth, ’tis not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so. Your gown’s a most rare fashion, i’ faith.

Hero.
God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Margaret.
’Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Beatrice.
Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero.
Why how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beatrice.
I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Margaret.
Clap's into a love song: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

**Beatrice.**
What means the fool, trow?

**Margaret.**
Nothing I; but God send everyone their heart's desire!

**Hero.**
These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

**Beatrice.**
I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

**Margaret.**
A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

**Beatrice.**
O, God help me!

**Margaret.**
You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another: he swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

**Beatrice.**
What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

**Margaret.**
Not a false gallop. [Re-enter URSULA]

**Ursula.**
Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Donna Anna, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

[Exeunt]

3.5 [Enter LEONATA, with DOGBERRY and VERGES]

**Leonata.**
What would you with me, honest neighbour?

**Dogberry.**
Marry, madam, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

**Leonata.**
Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

**Dogberry.**
Marry, this it is, ma'am.

**Verges.**
Yes, in truth it is, ma'am.

**Leonata.**
What is it, my good friends?

**Dogberry.**
Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old one, ma'am, whose wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest.

**Verges.**
Yes, I thank God I am as honest as anyone living that is old and no honester than I.