

DOGBERRY, to *Borachio* O, villain! Thou wilt be condemned
into everlasting redemption for this!

SEXTON What else?

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SEACOAL This is all.

SEXTON And this more, masters, than you can dream of.
Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away.

Hero was in this manner abused, in this very
manner refused, and upon the proof of this suddenly
died.—Master constable, let these men be bound
and brought to Leonato's. I will go before and show
him their examination. *He exits.*

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DOGBERRY Come, let them be imprisoned.

VERGES Let them be in the hands—

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CONRADE Off, coxcomb!

DOGBERRY God's my life, where's the Sexton? Let
him write down the Prince's officer "coxcomb."

Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

75

CONRADE Away! You are an ass, you are an ass!

DOGBERRY Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost
thou not suspect my years? O, that he were here to
write me down an ass! But masters, remember that
I am an ass, though it be not written down, yet
forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou
art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by
good witness. I am a wise fellow and, which is more,
an officer and, which is more, a householder and,
which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in
Messina, and one that knows the law, go to, and a
rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had
losses, and one that hath two gowns and everything
handsome about him.—Bring him away.—O, that I
had been writ down an ass!

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They exit.

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter Leonato and his brother.

LEONATO'S BROTHER

If you go on thus, you will kill yourself,
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

LEONATO I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience.
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry "hem" when he should
groan,

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