FRIAR FRANCIS
You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.
CLAUDIO
No.
LEONATO
To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.
FRIAR FRANCIS
Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.
HERO
I do.
FRIAR FRANCIS
If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, charge you, on your souls, to utter it.
CLAUDIO
Know you any, Hero?
HERO
None, my lord.
FRIAR FRANCIS
Know you any, count?
LEONATO
I dare make his answer, none.
CLAUDIO
O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!
BENEDICK
How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!
CLAUDIO
Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?
LEONATO
As freely, son, as God did give her me.
CLAUDIO
And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?
DON PEDRO
Nothing, unless you render her again.
CLAUDIO
Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear, 
All you that see her, that she were a maid, 
By these exterior shows? But she is none: 
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed; 
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

LEONATO
What do you mean, my lord?

CLAUDIO
Not to be married, 
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

LEONATO
Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof, 
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, 
And made defeat of her virginity,--

CLAUDIO
I know what you would say: if I have known her, 
You will say she did embrace me as a husband, 
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin: 
No, Leonato, 
I never tempted her with word too large; 
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd 
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

HERO
And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

CLAUDIO
Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it: 
You seem to me as Dian in her orb, 
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown; 
But you are more intemperate in your blood 
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals 
That rage in savage sensuality.

HERO
Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

LEONATO
Sweet prince, why speak not you?

DON PEDRO
What should I speak? 
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about 
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

LEONATO
Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?