ACT I, SCENE 1

CLAUDIO
My liege, your Highness now may do me good.

PRINCE
My love is thine to teach. Teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

CLAUDIO
Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

PRINCE
No child but Hero; she's his only heir. Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

CLAUDIO
O, my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I looked upon her with a soldier’s eye, That liked, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love. But now I am returned and that war thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying I liked her ere I went to wars.

PRINCE
Thou wilt be like a lover presently And tire the hearer with a book of words. If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it, And I will break with her and with her father, And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

CLAUDIO
How sweetly you do minister to love, That know love's grief by his complexion! But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have salved it with a longer treatise.