

Leonato is depressed. (verse)

[Enter Leonato and his brother.]

ANTONIO	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, Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk With candle-wasters, bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience. But there is no such man. For, brother, men Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel, but tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptual med'cine to rage, Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ache with air and agony with words. No, no, 'tis all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow, But no man's virtue nor sufficiency To be so moral when he shall endure The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel. My griefs cry louder than advertisement.
ANTONIO	Therein do men from children nothing differ.
LEONATO	I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood, For there was never yet philosopher That could endure the toothache patiently, However they have writ the style of gods And made a push at chance and sufferance.
ANTONIO	Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself. Make those that do offend you suffer too.
LEONATO	There thou speak'st reason. Nay, I will do so. My soul doth tell me Hero is belied, And that shall Claudio know; so shall the Prince And all of them that thus dishonour her.