CLAUDIO
29  Sweet prince; you learn me noble thankfulness.
30  There, Leonato, take her back again.
    Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
32  She's but the sign and semblance of her honor.
    Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
34  O, what authority and show of truth.
    Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
36  Comes not that blood as modest evidence
    To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
    All you that see her, that she was a maid,
    By these exterior shows? But she is none:
38  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 vanquished 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 forefront sin.
49  No, Leonato,
    I never tempted her with word too large,
    But, as a brother to his sister, showed
    Bashful sincerity and comely love.

HERO
    And seemed I ever otherwise to you?