

HERO Good morrow, coz.
 BEATRICE Good morrow, sweet Hero.
 HERO Why, how now? Do you speak in the sick tune?
 BEATRICE I am out of all other tune, methinks.
 MARGARET Clap's into 'Light a love.' That goes without a burden. Do you sing it, and I'll dance it.
 BEATRICE Ye light a love with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barnes.
 MARGARET O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

(III iv: 35-45)

BEATRICE I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.
 MARGARET A maid, and stuffed! There's goodly catching of cold.
 BEATRICE O, God help me! God help me! How long have you professed apprehension?
 MARGARET Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?
 BEATRICE It is not seen enough. You should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.
 MARGARET Get you some of this distilled *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart. It is the only thing for a qualm.
 HERO There thou prick'st her with a thistle.
 BEATRICE *Benedictus*? why *benedictus*? You have some moral in this *benedictus*.
 MARGARET Moral? No, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain holy thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love. Nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man. He swore he would never marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.
 BEATRICE What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?
 MARGARET Not a false gallop.

(III iv: 57-84)

DOGBERRY Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter - an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.
 VERGES Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.
 DOGBERRY Comparisons are odorous. Palabras, neighbor Verges.
 LEONATO Neighbors, you are tedious.
 DOGBERRY It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.
 LEONATO All thy tediousness on me, ah?

(III v: 9-22)