

## MARGARET, 3.4

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 o' love." That goes without a burden. Do you sing it, and I'll dance it. 40

~~BEATRICE You light o' love with your heels! Then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.~~

~~MARGARET O, illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.~~

BEATRICE 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin. 'Tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. Heigh-ho! 45

MARGARET For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

~~BEATRICE For the letter that begins them all, H.~~

~~MARGARET Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.~~

BEATRICE What means the fool, trow?

MARGARET Nothing, I; but God send everyone their heart's desire.

~~HERO These gloves the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.~~

BEATRICE I am stuffed, cousin. I cannot smell. 50

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? 55

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 60  
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 65  
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 70  
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. 75

BEATRICE What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

MARGARET Not a false gallop.