
FTLN 2287	BENEDICK	It is in my scabbard. Shall I draw it?	
FTLN 2288	PRINCE	Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?	
FTLN 2289	CLAUDIO	Never any did so, though very many have	140
FTLN 2290		been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do	
FTLN 2291		the minstrels: draw to pleasure us.	
FTLN 2292	PRINCE	As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art	
FTLN 2293		thou sick, or angry?	
FTLN 2294	CLAUDIO, <i>['to Benedick']</i>	What, courage, man! What	145
FTLN 2295		though care killed a cat? Thou hast mettle enough	
FTLN 2296		in thee to kill care.	
FTLN 2297	BENEDICK	Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an	
FTLN 2298		you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another	
FTLN 2299		subject.	150
FTLN 2300	CLAUDIO, <i>['to Prince']</i>	Nay, then, give him another staff.	
FTLN 2301		This last was broke 'cross.	
FTLN 2302	PRINCE	By this light, he changes more and more. I	
FTLN 2303		think he be angry indeed.	
FTLN 2304	CLAUDIO	If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.	155
FTLN 2305	BENEDICK	Shall I speak a word in your ear?	
FTLN 2306	CLAUDIO	God bless me from a challenge!	
FTLN 2307	BENEDICK, <i>['aside to Claudio']</i>	You are a villain. I jest	
FTLN 2308		not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you	
FTLN 2309		dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will	160
FTLN 2310		protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet	
FTLN 2311		lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me	
FTLN 2312		hear from you.	
FTLN 2313	CLAUDIO	Well, I will meet you, so I may have good	
FTLN 2314		cheer.	165
FTLN 2315	PRINCE	What, a feast, a feast?	
FTLN 2316	CLAUDIO	I' faith, I thank him. He hath bid me to a	
FTLN 2317		calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve	
FTLN 2318		most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not	
FTLN 2319		find a woodcock too?	170
FTLN 2320	BENEDICK	Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.	
FTLN 2321	PRINCE	I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the	
FTLN 2322		other day. I said thou hadst a fine wit. "True," said	

FTLN 2323	she, “a fine little one.” “No,” said I, “a great wit.”	
FTLN 2324	“Right,” says she, “a great gross one.” “Nay,” said I,	175
FTLN 2325	“a good wit.” “Just,” said she, “it hurts nobody.”	
FTLN 2326	“Nay,” said I, “the gentleman is wise.” “Certain,”	
FTLN 2327	said she, “a wise gentleman.” “Nay,” said I, “he	
FTLN 2328	hath the tongues.” “That I believe,” said she, “for he	
FTLN 2329	swore a thing to me on Monday night which he	180
FTLN 2330	forswore on Tuesday morning; there’s a double	
FTLN 2331	tongue, there’s two tongues.” Thus did she an hour	
FTLN 2332	together transshape thy particular virtues. Yet at	
FTLN 2333	last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the	
FTLN 2334	proper’st man in Italy.	185
FTLN 2335	CLAUDIO For the which she wept heartily and said she	
FTLN 2336	cared not.	
FTLN 2337	PRINCE Yea, that she did. But yet for all that, an if she	
FTLN 2338	did not hate him deadly, she would love him	
FTLN 2339	dearly. The old man’s daughter told us all.	190
FTLN 2340	CLAUDIO All, all. And, moreover, God saw him when	
FTLN 2341	he was hid in the garden.	
FTLN 2342	PRINCE But when shall we set the savage bull’s horns	
FTLN 2343	on the sensible Benedick’s head?	
FTLN 2344	CLAUDIO Yea, and text underneath: “Here dwells Benedick,	195
FTLN 2345	the married man”?	
FTLN 2346	BENEDICK Fare you well, boy. You know my mind. I	
FTLN 2347	will leave you now to your gossip-like humor. You	
FTLN 2348	break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God	
FTLN 2349	be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many	200
FTLN 2350	courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your	
FTLN 2351	company. Your brother the Bastard is fled from	
FTLN 2352	Messina. You have among you killed a sweet and	
FTLN 2353	innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and	
FTLN 2354	I shall meet, and till then peace be with him.	205
	<i>〔Benedick exits.〕</i>	
FTLN 2355	PRINCE He is in earnest.	
FTLN 2356	CLAUDIO In most profound earnest, and, I’ll warrant	
FTLN 2357	you, for the love of Beatrice.	