

S C E N E II.

*Leonato's house.**Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.*

Pedro. I Do but stay 'till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward *Arragon*.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a foil in the new glos of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his company; for from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid's* bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a *Dutchman* to-day, a *Frenchman* to-morrow; unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud.