

Beat. *Benedictus!* why *Benedictus*? you have some moral in this *Benedictus*.

Marg. 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, birlady, 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 with 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.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior *Benedick*, don *John*, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry, and Verges.

Leon. **W**HAT would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, fir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you, for you see 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, fir.

Verg. Yes, in truth, it is, fir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, fir, speaks a little of the matter: an old man, fir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, god help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, as honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg.