

Much Ado About Nothing

Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath born himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

A dear happiness to women, they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion?

Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure; that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way.

The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time. If the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace ...

Why, he is the Prince's jester, a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders. None but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed.

Speak, cousin, or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

No, the world must be peopled.

And truly I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

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The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

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.

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 not find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Out on thee, seeming! I will write against it.
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her, let her die!

When he shall hear she died upon his words,
Th'idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul
Than when she liv'd indeed: then shall he mourn -
If ever love had interest in his liver -

Princes and counties! Surely a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfekt, a sweet gallant surely! O that I were a man for his sake, or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake!

Come follow me, boy, come, sir boy, come follow me,
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

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Fare you well, boy, you know my mind: I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour. You break jests as braggarts do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not. My lord, for your nanny courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company.

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

A miracle! Here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee, but by this light I take thee for pity.