BEATRICE AND BENEDICK

BENEDICK
If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not
have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as
like him as she is.

BEATRICE
I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior
Benedick: nobody marks you.

BENEDICK
What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

BEATRICE
Is it possible disdain should die while she hath
such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick?
Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come
in her presence.

BENEDICK
Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I
am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I
would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard
heart; for, truly, I love none.

BEATRICE
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.

BENEDICK
God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some
gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate
scratched face.

BEATRICE
Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such
a face as yours were.

BENEDICK
I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and
so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's
name; I have done.

BEATRICE
You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.