

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Class Period: \_\_\_\_\_

*William Shakespeare's* ***Much Ado About Nothing***  
**Key Lines**

*Directions: Translate these important lines into your own words.*

**Act 1**

1. **LEONATO:** You will never run mad, niece.  
**BEATRICE:** No, not till a hot January. (1.1.91-92)

2. **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:** 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. (1.1.122-130)

3. **BENEDICK:** Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise. Only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

**CLAUDIO:** Thou thinkest I am in sport. I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her. (1.1.166-174)

4. **BENEDICK:** The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick, the married man.' (1.1.257-262)

## Act 2

1. **BEATRICE:** What should I do with him—dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. (2.1.34-41).
  
2. **BENEDICK:** She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the Prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs. If her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the North Star. (2.1.239-247)
  
3. **LEONATO:** There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord. She is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamt of unhappiness and wak'd herself with laughing. (2.1.335-339)
  
4. **BENEDICK:** I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love; and such a man is Claudio. (2.3.8-13)
  
5. **BENEDICK:** They say the lady is fair. 'Tis a truth, I can bear them witness. And virtuous—'tis so, I cannot reprove it. And wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. (2.3.233-237)

6. **BENEDICK:** No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. (2.3.244-247)

7. **BENEDICK:** Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.'  
There's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me.' That's as much as to say, 'Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.' If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. (2.3.259-265)

### Act 3

1. **HERO:** O god of love! I know he doth deserve  
As much as may be yielded to a man:  
But Nature never framed a woman's heart  
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;  
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Misprising what they look on, and her wit  
Values itself so highly that to her  
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,  
She is so self-endear'd. (3.1.49-58)

2. **CLAUDIO:** If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing  
old signs. 'A brushes his hat o' mornings. What should that bode?...  
That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love. (3.2.38-50)

## Act 4

1. **BEATRICE:** As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you. But believe me not; and yet I lie not. I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin. (4.1.283-287)

## Act 5

1. **BENEDICK:** why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme. I have tried. I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby' --an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn'--a hard rhyme; for 'school', 'fool'--a babbling rhyme: very ominous endings! No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor cannot woo in festival terms. (5.2.34-41)
  
2. **BENEDICK:** Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.  
**FRIAR:** To do what, signior?  
**BENEDICK:** To bind me, or undo me--one of them. (5.4.18-20)
  
3. **BENEDICK:** Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,  
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.  
**LEONATO:** That eye my daughter lent her. 'Tis most true.  
**BENEDICK:** And I do with an eye of love requite her.  
**LEONATO:** The sight whereof I think you had from me,  
From Claudio, and the Prince; but what's your will?  
**BENEDICK:** Your answer, sir, is enigmatical;  
But, for my will, my will is, your good will  
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd  
In the state of honourable marriage;  
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help. (5.4.21-31)