**DON PEDRO**

Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing:  
but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go  
dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of  
Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior  
Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of  
affection the one with the other. I would fain have  
it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if  
you three will but minister such assistance as I  
shall give you direction.

And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that  
I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble  
strain, of approved valour and confirmed honesty. I  
will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she  
shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your  
two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in  
despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he  
shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this,  
Cupid is no longer an archer: hi s glory shall be  
ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me,  
and I will tell you my drift.