



Beatrice. Against my will, I  
am sent to bid you come to dinner.

Benedict. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

---

Beatrice. I took no more pains for those thanks than you to thank me; if it had been painful I would not have come.

Benedict. Ha! Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner. There's a double meaning in that. If I do not take pity on her I am a villain.

---

B  
Breakfast  
Lunch  
Dinner



P  
Post goes out,  
Letters delivered,



Unknown artist. [Apparently a design for a menu] *Beatrice: Against my will, I am sent to bid you come to dinner*. Late 19th or early 20th century? Folger ART Box S528m6 no.1 (size S)

Among the Shakespeare-related ephemera in the Folger collection is this watercolor, possibly a design for a menu, which draws upon Beatrice and Benedick's verbal sparring. Some lines, however -- "Post goes out, letters delivered" -- are apparently unrelated to Shakespeare.

From an original in the [Folger Shakespeare Library](#)

Licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International License](#) (CC BY-SA 4.0)