

FTLN 1143 My talk to thee must be how Benedick  
 FTLN 1144 Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter  
 FTLN 1145 Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,  
 FTLN 1146 That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin,  
 FTLN 1147 For look where Beatrice like a lapwing runs 25  
 FTLN 1148 Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

*Enter Beatrice, [who hides in the bower.]*

URSULA, *[aside to Hero]*

FTLN 1149 The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish  
 FTLN 1150 Cut with her golden oars the silver stream  
 FTLN 1151 And greedily devour the treacherous bait.  
 FTLN 1152 So angle we for Beatrice, who even now 30  
 FTLN 1153 Is couchèd in the woodbine coverture.  
 FTLN 1154 Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

HERO, *[aside to Ursula]*

FTLN 1155 Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing  
 FTLN 1156 Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—  
*[They walk near the bower.]*

FTLN 1157 No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful. 35  
 FTLN 1158 I know her spirits are as coy and wild  
 FTLN 1159 As haggards of the rock.

FTLN 1160 URSULA But are you sure  
 FTLN 1161 That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

FTLN 1162 HERO So says the Prince and my new-trothèd lord. 40

FTLN 1163 URSULA And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

FTLN 1164 HERO They did entreat me to acquaint her of it,  
 FTLN 1165 But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,  
 FTLN 1166 To wish him wrestle with affection  
 FTLN 1167 And never to let Beatrice know of it. 45

FTLN 1168 URSULA Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

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FTLN 1169	Deserve as full as fortunate a bed	
FTLN 1170	As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?	
	HERO	
FTLN 1171	O god of love! I know he doth deserve	
FTLN 1172	As much as may be yielded to a man,	50
FTLN 1173	But Nature never framed a woman's heart	
FTLN 1174	Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.	
FTLN 1175	Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,	
FTLN 1176	Misprizing what they look on, and her wit	
FTLN 1177	Values itself so highly that to her	55
FTLN 1178	All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,	
FTLN 1179	Nor take no shape nor project of affection,	
FTLN 1180	She is so self-endear'd.	
FTLN 1181	URSULA	Sure, I think so,
FTLN 1182	And therefore certainly it were not good	60
FTLN 1183	She knew his love, lest she'll make sport at it.	
	HERO	
FTLN 1184	Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,	
FTLN 1185	How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,	
FTLN 1186	But she would spell him backward. If fair-faced,	
FTLN 1187	She would swear the gentleman should be her	65
FTLN 1188	sister;	
FTLN 1189	If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,	
FTLN 1190	Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;	
FTLN 1191	If low, an agate very vilely cut;	
FTLN 1192	If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;	70
FTLN 1193	If silent, why, a block moved with none.	
FTLN 1194	So turns she every man the wrong side out,	
FTLN 1195	And never gives to truth and virtue that	
FTLN 1196	Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.	
	URSULA	
FTLN 1197	Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.	75
	HERO	
FTLN 1198	No, not to be so odd and from all fashions	
FTLN 1199	As Beatrice is cannot be commendable.	
FTLN 1200	But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,	

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FTLN 1201	She would mock me into air. O, she would laugh	
FTLN 1202	me	80
FTLN 1203	Out of myself, press me to death with wit.	
FTLN 1204	Therefore let Benedick, like covered fire,	
FTLN 1205	Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly.	
FTLN 1206	It were a better death than die with mocks,	
FTLN 1207	Which is as bad as die with tickling.	85
	URSULA	
FTLN 1208	Yet tell her of it. Hear what she will say.	
	HERO	
FTLN 1209	No, rather I will go to Benedick	
FTLN 1210	And counsel him to fight against his passion;	
FTLN 1211	And truly I'll devise some honest slanders	
FTLN 1212	To stain my cousin with. One doth not know	90
FTLN 1213	How much an ill word may empoison liking.	
	URSULA	
FTLN 1214	O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!	
FTLN 1215	She cannot be so much without true judgment,	
FTLN 1216	Having so swift and excellent a wit	
FTLN 1217	As she is prized to have, as to refuse	95
FTLN 1218	So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.	
	HERO	
FTLN 1219	He is the only man of Italy,	
FTLN 1220	Always excepted my dear Claudio.	
	URSULA	
FTLN 1221	I pray you be not angry with me, madam,	
FTLN 1222	Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,	100
FTLN 1223	For shape, for bearing, argument, and valor,	
FTLN 1224	Goes foremost in report through Italy.	
	HERO	
FTLN 1225	Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.	
	URSULA	
FTLN 1226	His excellence did earn it ere he had it.	
FTLN 1227	When are you married, madam?	105
	HERO	
FTLN 1228	Why, every day, tomorrow. Come, go in.	