

HERO, *aside to Ursula*  
Then so we near her, that her ear lose nothing  
Of the same sweet bait that we lay for it.—

*They walk near the bower.*  
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No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful  
I know her spirits are as coy and wild  
As haggards of the rock.  
URSULA But are you sure  
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

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HERO  
So says the Prince and my new-trothed lord.  
URSULA

And did you bid you tell her of it, madam?

HERO  
Thou shouldst entreat me to acquaint her of it,  
For I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,  
To wish him wrestle with affection  
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

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URSULA  
Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman  
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed

As ever Beatrice did and I mean?

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,  
Misprizing 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.

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URSULA *Sure, I think so.*  
And therefore certainly it were not good  
She knew his love, lest she'll make sport at it.

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HERO  
Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,  
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured  
But she would spell him backward. If fair-faced,  
She would swear the gentleman should be her  
sister;

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If black, why, Nature, drawing in an antic,  
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;  
If low, an agate-stone vilely cut;  
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;  
If silent, why, a block moved with none.

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So turns she every man the wrong side out,  
And never gives to truth and virtue that  
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

URSULA  
Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

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