

Bene. 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 are 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. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in the garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

HERO.

GOOD Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin *Beatrice*,
Proposing with the prince and *Claudio*;
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and *Ursula*
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us,
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like to favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,
To listen to our purpose: this is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant, presently. [Exit.]

Hero. Now, *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of *Benedick*;
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be how *Benedick*

Is