

Is sick in love with *Beatrice*: of this matter
Is little *Cupid*'s crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-say: now begin:

Enter Beatrice, running towards the arbour.

For look, where *Beatrice*, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground to hear our conference.

Urf. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for *Beatrice*; who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. —
No, truly, *Ursula*, she's too disdainful:
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild,
As haggards of the rock.

Urf. But are you sure
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urf. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Urf. Why did you so? doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of *Beatrice*:
Dissdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her

All