

All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urf. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a launce ill-headed;
If low, an aglet very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urf. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; for to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; o, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let *Benedick*, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a bitter death to die with mocks;
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

Urf. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with; one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urf. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,

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