

(Having so sweet and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as *Benedick*.

Hero. He is the only man of *Italy*,
Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.

Urf. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: signior *Benedick*,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through *Italy*.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urf. His excellence did earn it ere he had it. —
When are you marry'd, madam?

Hero. Why, every day; to-morrow: come, go in;
I'll shew thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urf. She's ta'en, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
Some *Cupids* kill with arrows, some with traps. [Exeunt.

Beatrice advances.

Beat. What fire is in my ears? can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and, maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band.

For others say, thou dost deserve; and I

Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.

SCENE