As wild hawks in the wood.

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

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

Ursula.
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 loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Ursula.
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 framed a woman’s heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misjudging 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-endeared.

Ursula.
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 featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If dark, why, Nature, made a foul blot;
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 purchases.

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

**Hero.**
No, not 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 would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover’d fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

**Ursula.**
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.

**Ursula.**
O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

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

**Ursula.**
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.

**Ursula.**
His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?

**Hero.**
Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:
I’ll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

**Ursula.**
She’s trapped, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.