

## BEATRICE SIDE #2, 3.1 SOLILOQUY

BEATRICE, *coming forward*

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?  
Stand I condemned 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.

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