

BENEDICK SIDE #2, 2.3

BENEDICK, *coming forward* This can be no trick. The
conference was sadly borne; they have the truth of 190
this from Hero; they seem to pity the lady. It seems
her affections have their full bent. Love me? Why, it
must be requited! I hear how I am censured. They
say I will bear myself proudly if I perceive the love
come from her. They say, too, that she will rather 195
die than give any sign of affection. I did never think
to marry. I must not seem proud. Happy are they
that hear their detractions and can put them to
mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can
bear them witness. And virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot 200
reprove it. And wise, but for loving me; by my troth,
it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of
her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her! I
may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of 205
wit broken on me because I have railed so long
against marriage, but doth not the appetite alter? A
man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot
endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and
these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the
career of his humor? No! The world must be peopled. 210
When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not
think I should live till I were married. Here comes
Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady. I do spy some
marks of love in her.