

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, fir, I will not be so hardhearted: I will give out
divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried; and every
particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as, *item*, two lips indifferent
red: *item*, two gray eyes, with lids to them: *item*, one neck,
one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are; you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: o, such love
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty.

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense:
I would not understand it.

Oli. What would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal canto's of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Hollow your name to the reverberant hills,
And make the babling gossip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia*: o, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,