

*Mal.* Come, fir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *[Exit.]*

*Vio.* None of my lord's ring? why, he sent her none; I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside should have charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,

That, sure, methought, her eyes did let her tongue;

For she did speak in starts distractedly:

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger.

I should be man, if it be so: as 'tis,

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise! I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it, for the proper false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;

For, such as we are made, ev'n such we be.

How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;

And I, poor minister, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:

What will become of this? as I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, now, alas the day!

What thriftless sighs shall poor *Olivia* breathe!

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me t'unty.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE