

454 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's fides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay, but I know —

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe;
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, where I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. What's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: she never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,

She