

I bade you never speak again of him,
But, would you undertake another suit,
I'd rather hear you to solicit that
Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. O dearest lady, —

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment (you did hear)
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I fit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grace: for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [clock strikes.]
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward hoe!
Grace and good disposition attend you!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay: pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me?

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio.