

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish I might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort 'wry reasons from this clause,
For that I woo; thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter;
Love fought is good; but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall mistress be of it.

Oli. Save I alone!

Vio. And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors to like his love. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Olivia's house.

Enter sir Toby, sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. NO, 'faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir *Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the

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