

Olivia:

O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will giue
out diuers scedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inuentoried
and euery partice and vtensile labell'd to my will: As,
Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes,
with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth.
Were you sent hither to praise me?

Olivia:

Giue me leaue, beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse
My selfe, my seruant, and I feare me you:
Vnder your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shamefull cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake,
And baited it with all th'vnuzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing
Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, not a bosome,
Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.