OLIVIA Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver
when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIOLA It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of
war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my hand.
My words are as full of peace as matter.

OLIVIA Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would
you?

VIOLA The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I
learned from my entertainment. What am I and what I
would be as secret as maidenhead, to your ears, divinity,
to any others, profanation.

OLIVIA [to Maria and attendants] Give us the place alone,
we will hear this divinity. [Exeunt Maria and attendants]

Now sir, what is your text?

VIOLA Most sweet lady—

OLIVIA A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of
it. Where lies your text?

VIOLA In Orsino’s bosom.

OLIVIA In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

VIOLA To answer by the method in the first of his heart.

OLIVIA O, I have read it. It is hersy. Have you no more to
say?

VIOLA Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA Have you any commission from your lord to negoti-ate with my face? You are now out of your text. But we
will draw the curtain and show you the picture.

[She uncovers] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is’t not well
done?

VIOLA Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA ’Tis in grain, sir, ’twill endure wind and weather.

VIOLA ’Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature’s own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruellest she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA O sir, I will not be so hardhearted. I will give out
divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried and
every particle and utensil labelled to my will, as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth.

Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA I see you what you are, you are too proud,
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you. O, such love

COULD be but recompensed though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty.