VIOLA

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

90

As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her.
You tell her so. Must she not then be answered?

ORSINO

There is no woman's sides
Can bide⁶ 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.⁰
Alas, their love may be called appetite,
No motion⁵ of the liver, but the palate,⁠³
That suffer surfeit, cloyment,⁰ and revolt.⁰

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 owe⁵ Olivia.

VIOLA  Ay, but I know—

ORSINO  What dost thou know?

105

VIOLA  Too well what love women to men may owe.

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman
I should your lordship.

ORSINO

And what's her history?

110

VIOLA  A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask' cheek. She pined in thought,

And with a green and yellow⁵ melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,⁶

115

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows are more than will,⁶ for still⁶ we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

ORSINO  But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

120

VIOLA  I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

ORSINO  Ay, that's the theme,
To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say
My love can give no place, bide no delay.⁶

Exit [severally]