

VIOLA

I left no ring with her: Qué pretende esta dama?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
Pues habló distraída, en forma atropellada.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: Si esto es así, y lo es.
Pobre señora! she were better love a dream.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
En qué parará todo? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,--ad día infortunado!--
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!