ANGELO

From thee, even from thy virtue.

 What’s this? What’s this? Is this her fault or mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha?

Can it be

That modesty may more betray our sense

 Than woman’s lightness? O fie, fie, fie!

 What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?

 Dost thou desire her foully for those things

 That make her good? O, let her brother live.

 What, do I love her

That I desire to hear her speak again

 And feast upon her eyes?

Never could the strumpet

 With all her double vigor, art and nature,

 Once stir my temper, but this virtuous maid

 Subdues me quite. Ever till now

 When men were fond, I smiled and wondered how.