

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 yellow melancholy
 She sat like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
 We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
 Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
 Much in our vows but little in our love.

ORSINO

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

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 denial.

[*He hands her a jewel and they exit.*]

Scene 5

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

TOBY Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
 FABIAN Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport,
 let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
 TOBY Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly
 rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?
 FABIAN I would exult, man. You know he brought me
 out o' favor with my lady about a bearbaiting here.
 TOBY To anger him, we'll have the bear again, and we
 will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir
 Andrew?

ANDREW An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

TOBY Here comes the little villain.—How now, my
 metal of India?

MARIA Get you all three into the boxtree. Malvolio's
 coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the
 sun practicing behavior to his own shadow this half
 hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I
 know this letter will make a contemptive idiot of
 him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*They hide.*] Lie
 thou there [*putting down the letter,*] for here comes
 the trout that must be caught with tickling.

She exits.

Enter Malvolio.

MALVOLIO 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once
 told me she did affect me, and I have heard herself
 come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be
 one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a
 more exalted respect than anyone else that follows
 her. What should I think on 't?

TOBY, [*aside*] Here's an overweening rogue.

FABIAN, [*aside*] O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare
 turkeycock of him. How he jets under his advanced
 plumes!

ANDREW, [*aside*] 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

TOBY, [*aside*] Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO To be Count Malvolio.

TOBY, [*aside*] Ah, rogue!

ANDREW, [*aside*] Pistol him, pistol him!
 TOBY, [*aside*] Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO There is example for 't. The lady of the
 Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

ANDREW, [*aside*] Fie on him, Jezebel!

FABIAN, [*aside*] O, peace, now he's deeply in. Look how
 imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

TOBY, *[aside]* O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!
MALVOLIO Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a daybed, where I have left Olivia sleeping—

TOBY, *[aside]* Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN, *[aside]* O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO And then to have the humor of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby—

TOBY, *[aside]* Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN, *[aside]* O, peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

MALVOLIO Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me—

TOBY, *[aside]* Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN, *[aside]* Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

MALVOLIO I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control—

TOBY, *[aside]* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

MALVOLIO Saying "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech—"

TOBY, *[aside]* What, what?

MALVOLIO "You must amend your drunkenness."

TOBY, *[aside]* Out, scab!

FABIAN, *[aside]* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MALVOLIO "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight—"

ANDREW, *[aside]* That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO "One Sir Andrew."

ANDREW, *[aside]* I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO, *[seeing the letter]* What employment have we here?

FABIAN, *[aside]* Now is the woodcock near the gin.

TOBY, *[aside]* O, peace, and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

MALVOLIO, *[taking up the letter]* By my life, this is my lady's hand! These be her very c's, her u's, and her t's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand.

ANDREW, *[aside]* Her c's, her u's, and her t's. Why that?

MALVOLIO *[reads]* To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes—Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft. And the impresse her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal—'tis my lady! *[He opens the letter.]* To whom should this be?

FABIAN, *[aside]* This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO *[reads]*

Jove knows I love,

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know.

"No man must know." What follows? The numbers altered. "No man must know." If this should be thee, Malvolio!

TOBY, *[aside]* Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO *[reads]*

I may command where I adore,

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.

FABIAN, *[aside]* A fustian riddle!

TOBY, *[aside]* Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO "M.O.A.I. doth sway my life." Nay, but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

FABIAN, [aside] What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

TOBY, [aside] And with what wing the [staniel] checks at it!

MALVOLIO "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this. And the end—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me! Softly! "M.O.A.I."—

TOBY, [aside] O, ay, make up that.—He is now at a cold scent.

FABIAN, [aside] Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

MALVOLIO "M"—Malvolio. "M"—why, that begins my name!

FABIAN, [aside] Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.

MALVOLIO "M." But then there is no consonancy in the sequel that suffers under probation. "A" should follow, but "O" does.

FABIAN, [aside] And "O" shall end, I hope.

TOBY, [aside] Ay, or I'll cudgel him and make him cry "O."

MALVOLIO And then "I" comes behind.

FABIAN, [aside] Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than for-tunes before you.

MALVOLIO "M.O.A.I.": This simulation is not as the former, and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name.

Soft, here follows prose.

[He reads.] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness.

Some are [born] great, some [achieve] greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates open their hands. Let thy blood and spirit embrace them.

And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang

arguments of state. Put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee.

Remember who commended thy yellow stockings and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desire'st to be so. If

not, let me see thee a steward still, the 'fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.

The Fortunate-Unhappy.

Daylight and champion discovers not more! This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaint-

tance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me.

She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered, and in this she manifests herself to my love and, with a kind of

injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with

the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[He reads.] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.

Jove, I thank thee! I will smile. I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

He exits.

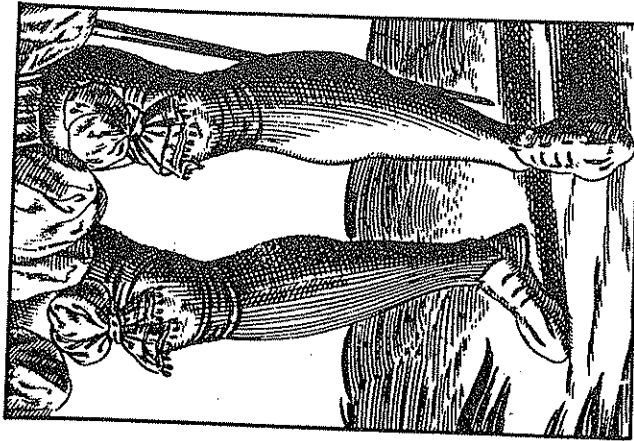
FABIAN I will not give my part of this sport for a
 pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. 185
 TOBY I could marry this wench for this device.
 ANDREW So could I, too.
 TOBY And ask no other dowry with her but such
 another jest.
 ANDREW Nor I neither. 190

Enter Maria.

FABIAN Here comes my noble gull-catcher.
 TOBY Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?
 ANDREW Or o' mine either?
 TOBY Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip and become
 thy bondslave? 195
 ANDREW I' faith, or I either?
 TOBY Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that
 when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.
 MARIA Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?
 TOBY Like aqua vitae with a midwife. 200
 MARIA If you will then see the fruits of the sport,
 mark his first approach before my lady. He will
 come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color
 she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she de-
 tests; and he will smile upon her, which will now 205
 be so unsuitable to her disposition, being ad-
 dicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot
 but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will
 see it, follow me.
 TOBY To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent dev-
 il of wit! 210
 ANDREW I'll make one, too.

They exit.

185. **Sophy**: shah of Persia
 191. **gull-catcher**: A gull is a person easily cheated.
 194. **play**: bet; **tray-trip**: a gambling game
 200. **aqua vitae**: strong drink, usually brandy
 208. **notable contempt**: i.e., well-known object of
 contempt
 210. **Tartar**: i.e., Tartarus, hell
 212. **make one, too**: i.e., join you



Legs cross-gartered. (2.5.158)
 From Abraham de Bruyn, *Omnium pene Europae,
 Asiae . . . gentium habitus* . . . (1581).