

- Side 4: Malvolio, Olivia and Viola
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- **Malvolio.** Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.
- **Olivia.** Tell him he shall not speak with me.
- **Malvolio.** Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.
- **Olivia.** What kind o' man is he?
- **Malvolio.** Why, of mankind.
- **Olivia.** What manner of man?
- **Malvolio.** Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.
- **Olivia.** Of what personage and years is he?
- **Malvolio.** Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.
- **Olivia.** Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.
- **Malvolio.** Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

[Exit]

[Enter VIOLA, and Attendants]

- **Viola.** The honourable lady of the house, which is she?
- **Olivia.** Speak to me; I shall answer for her.
Your will?
- **Viola.** Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away

my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

- **Olivia.** Whence came you, sir?
- **Viola.** I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.
- **Olivia.** Are you a comedian?
- **Viola.** No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?
- **Olivia.** I am.
- **Viola.** I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.
- **Olivia.** Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.
- **Viola.** Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.
- **Olivia.** It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.
- **Maria.** Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.
- **Viola.** No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. I am a messenger.
- **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 fun 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 I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your early divinity, to any other's, profanation.
- **Olivia.** 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 heresy. Have you no more to say?
- **Viola.** Good madam, let me see your face.
- **Olivia.** Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?

[Unveiling]

- **Viola.** Excellently done, if God did all.
- **Olivia.** 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.
- **Viola.** 'Tis beauty truly blent,
Lady, you are the cruell'st 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 hard-hearted; 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 crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!
- **Olivia.** How does he love me?
- **Viola.** With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
- **Olivia.** Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.
- **Viola.** If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.
- **Olivia.** Why, what would you?
- **Viola.** Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, You should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
- **Olivia.** You might do much.
What is your parentage?
- **Viola.** Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
- **Olivia.** Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

- **Viola.** I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[Exit]

Olivia. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast:
soft, soft!