

Side 7: Olivia and Malvolio

- **Olivia.** Go call him hither.
[Exit MARIA]
I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.
[Enter MALVOLIO]
How now, Malvolio!
- **Malvolio.** Sweet lady, ho, ho.
- **Olivia.** Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
- **Malvolio.** Sad, lady! I could be sad. if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'
- **Olivia.** Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
- **Malvolio.** Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.
- **Olivia.** Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?
- **Malvolio.** To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.
- **Olivia.** God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?
- **Malvolio.** 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.
- **Olivia.** What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
- **Malvolio.** 'Some are born great,'—
- **Olivia.** Ha!
- **Malvolio.** 'Some achieve greatness,'—
- **Olivia.** What sayest thou?
- **Malvolio.** 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'
- **Olivia.** Heaven restore thee!

- **Malvolio.** 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—
- **Olivia.** Thy yellow stockings!
- **Malvolio.** 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'
- **Olivia.** Cross-gartered!
- **Malvolio.** 'Go to thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'—
- **Olivia.** Am I made?
- **Malvolio.** 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'
- **Olivia.** Why, this is very midsummer madness.

[Enter Maria]

Maria. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

- **Olivia.** I'll come to him.
Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA]

- **Malvolio.** O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full

prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the
doer of this, and he is to be thanked.