

But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him fend 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.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady, keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewel, fair cruelty.

[Exit.

Oli. 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, unless the man the master were.
How now? even so quickly may one catch
The plague? methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtile stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. —
What hoa, *Malvolio*!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The duke's man; he left here this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reason for't. Hie thee, *Malvolio*.

Mal.