

Seb. A lady, fir, who, though it was faid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but though I could not with ſuch eſtimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: ſhe is drown'd already, fir, with ſalt water, though I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, fir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once: my boſom is full of kindneſs; and I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother, that, upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the duke *Orſino's* court; farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleneſs of all the gods go with thee!
I have made enemies in *Orſino's* court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
That danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Viola, and Malvolio at ſeveral doors.

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the counteſs *Olivia*?

Vio. Even now, fir; on a moderate pace I have ſince arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, fir; for being your lord's ſhe'll none of it. You might have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away yourſelf. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your lord into a deſperate aſſurance, ſhe will none of *him*. And one thing more, that you be never ſo hardy to come again in his affairs, unleſs it be to report your lord's taking of this: receive it ſo.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal.