

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.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. She's all the daughters of my father's house,
And I am all the sons, but yet I know not, —
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel: say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Olivia's garden.

Enter sir Toby, sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. COME thy ways, signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this
sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly
rascally sheepbiter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out of
favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will
fool him black and blue, shall we not, sir *Andrew*?

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my nettle of
India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: *Malvolio's* coming
down this walk; he has been yonder i'th' sun practising behaviour
to his own shadow, this half hour. Observe him, for the love of
mockery;