

458 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

*Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal; 'tis my lady: to whom should this be?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* Jove knows I love; alas! but who?

*Lips do not move; no man must know.*

No man must know — what follows? the numbers alter — no man must know — if this should be thee, *Malvolio*?

*Sir To.* Marry hang thee, brock!

*Mal.* I may command where I adore;

*But silence, like a Lucrece knife,*

*With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;*

*M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.*

*Fab.* A fustian riddle.

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* *M. O. A. I. doth sway my life* — nay, but first, let me see — let me see —

*Fab.* What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

*Sir To.* And with what wing the stanyel checks at it!

*Mal.* I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this — and the end — what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me. Softly — *M. O. A. I.* —

*Sir To.* O, ay! make out that: he is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it ben't as rank as a fox.

*Mal.* *M.* — *Malvolio* — *M.* — why, that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

*Mal.* *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

*Fab.* And *O* shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*.

*Mal.* And then *I* comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

*Mal.*