

*Mal. M. O. A. I.* — this simulation is not as the former — and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft! here follows prose — *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them: and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She that would alter services with thee the fortunate and happy. Daylight and champion discover no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do not fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars, be praised! Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not choose but know who I am: if thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee. Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.*

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be pay'd from the sophy.

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device.

*Sir And.* And so could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

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SCENE