

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR WHAT YOU WILL. 463

*Vio.* I am bound to your niece, fir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

*Sir To.* Taste your legs, fir, put them to motion.

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, fir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

*Sir To.* I mean, to go, fir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gait and entrance; but we are prevented.

*Enter Olivia, and Maria.*

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you!

*Sir And.* That youth's a rare courtier! rain odours? well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

*Sir And.* Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: I'll get 'em all three ready.

*Oli.* Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt sir Toby, sir Andrew, and Maria.*]

S C E N E III.

Give me your hand, fir.

*Vio.* My duty, madam, and most humble service.

*Oli.* What is your name?

*Vio.* *Cesario* is your servant's name, fair princess.

*Oli.* My servant, fir? 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: You're servant to the duke *Orsino*, youth.

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

*Oli.* For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf.

*Oli.* O, by your leave, I pray you;

I bade