

470 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.  
I speak too loud.

Where is *Malvolio*? he is sad, and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.  
Where is *Malvolio*?

*Mar.* He is coming, madam:  
But in strange manner. He is, sure, possess'd,  
Madam.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

*Mar.* No, madam, he does nothing else but smile:  
Your ladyship were best to have some guard  
About you, if he come, for, sure, the man  
Is tainted in his wits.

*Oli.* Go, call him hither.

*Enter Malvolio.*

I'm as mad as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be.  
How now, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* Sweet lady, ha, ha.

[*smiles fantastically.*]

*Oli.* Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

*Mal.* Sad, lady? I could be sad; this does make some  
obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering, but what of that?  
if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet  
is: *Please one, and please all.*

*Oli.* Why? how dost thou, man? what is the matter with  
thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: it  
did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I  
think, we do know that sweet *Roman* hand.

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee! why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy  
hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you, *Malvolio*?

*Mal.* At your request?

Yes,