

Scene II. A Street

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following

MALVOLIO

Were not you even now with the Countless Olivia

VIOLA

Even now, sir, on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

MALVOLIO

She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and on thing more, that you he never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

VIOLA

She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

MALVOLIO

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

Exit

VIOLA

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortunate forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
that sure me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,
for she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure, the cunning of her passion
invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis.

Poor lady, she were better love a dream,
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In woman's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
and I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
and she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
my state is desperate for my master's love;
as I am woman, --now alas the day!--
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O Time! Thou must untangle this, nor I;
It is too hard a knot for me to unite!

Exit