



Twelfth Night, Or What You Will

Act I	Act II	Act III	Act IV	Act V
1. DUKE ORSINO's palace.	1. The sea-coast.	1. OLIVIA's garden.	1. Before OLIVIA's house.	1. Before OLIVIA's house.
2. The sea-coast.	2. A street.	2. OLIVIA's house.	2. OLIVIA's house.	
3. OLIVIA'S house.	3. OLIVIA's house.	3. A street.	3. OLIVIA's garden.	
4. DUKE ORSINO's palace.	4. DUKE ORSINO's palace.	4. OLIVIA's garden.		
5. OLIVIA'S house.	5. OLIVIA's garden.			

Act I, Scene 1

DUKE ORSINO's palace.

[Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending]

- **Orsino.** If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall: 5
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou, 10
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy 15
That it alone is high fantastical.

- **Curio.** Will you go hunt, my lord?
- **Orsino.** What, Curio?
- **Curio.** The hart.
- **Orsino.** Why, so I do, the noblest that I have: 20
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. 25
[Enter VALENTINE]
How now! what news from her?
- **Valentine.** So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat, 30
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh 35
And lasting in her sad remembrance.
- **Orsino.** O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else 40
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.45

[Exeunt]

Act I, Scene 2

The sea-coast.

[Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors]

- **Viola.** What country, friends, is this?
- **Captain.** This is Illyria, lady.
- **Viola.** And what should I do in Illyria? **so**
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?
- **Captain.** It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
- **Viola.** O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
- **Captain.** True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance, **ss**
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practise, **eo**
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
- **Viola.** For saying so, there's gold: **ss**
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
- **Captain.** Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place. **so**
- **Viola.** Who governs here?
- **Captain.** A noble duke, in nature as in name.
- **Viola.** What is the name?
- **Captain.** Orsino.
- **Viola.** Orsino! I have heard my father name him: **ss**
He was a bachelor then.
- **Captain.** And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,

And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,— **80**
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

- **Viola.** What's she?
- **Captain.** A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother, **85**
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.
- **Viola.** O that I served that lady
And might not be delivered to the world, **90**
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!
- **Captain.** That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.**95**
- **Viola.** There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character. **100**
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him: **105**
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.**110**
- **Captain.** Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
- **Viola.** I thank thee: lead me on.

[*Exeunt*]

Act I, Scene 3

OLIVIA'S house.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.
- **Maria.** By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.¹²⁰
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Why, let her except, before excepted.
- **Maria.** Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be ¹²⁵ these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.
- **Maria.** That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.¹³⁰
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?
- **Maria.** Ay, he.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.
- **Maria.** What's that to the purpose?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.¹³⁵
- **Maria.** Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good ¹⁴⁰ gifts of nature.

- **Maria.** He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller: and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent **145** he would quickly have the gift of a grave.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?
- **Maria.** They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to **150** her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystroll that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.**155**

[Enter SIR ANDREW]

- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Sweet Sir Andrew!
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Bless you, fair shrew.
- **Maria.** And you too, sir.**160**
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** What's that?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** My niece's chambermaid.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.
- **Maria.** My name is Mary, sir.**165**
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Good Mistress Mary Accost,—
- **Sir Toby Belch.** You mistake, knight; 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?**170**

- **Maria.** Fare you well, gentlemen.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have ¹⁷⁵ fools in hand?
- **Maria.** Sir, I have not you by the hand.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.
- **Maria.** Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.¹⁸⁰
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?
- **Maria.** It's dry, sir.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?
- **Maria.** A dry jest, sir.¹⁸⁵
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Are you full of them?
- **Maria.** Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** O knight thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I ¹⁹⁰ see thee so put down?
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.¹⁹⁵
- **Sir Toby Belch.** No question.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Pourquoi, my dear knight?
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** What is 'Pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had ²⁰⁰ bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Why, would that have mended my hair?²⁰⁵
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** But it becomes me well enough, does't not?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.²¹⁰
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I ²¹⁵ have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.²²⁰
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?²²⁵
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Faith, I can cut a caper.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** And I can cut the mutton to't.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong

as any man in Illyria.

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have 230 these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What 235 dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels? 240
- **Sir Toby Belch.** What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Taurus! That's sides and heart.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

[Exeunt]

Act I, Scene 4

DUKE ORSINO's palace.

[Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire]

- **Valentine.** If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.
- **Viola.** You either fear his humour or my negligence, that 250 you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?
- **Valentine.** No, believe me.

- **Viola.** I thank you. Here comes the count.

[Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and Attendants]

- **Orsino.** Who saw Cesario, ho?
- **Viola.** On your attendance, my lord; here.
- **Orsino.** Stand you a while aloof, Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul: **260**
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.
- **Viola.** Sure, my noble lord, **265**
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
- **Orsino.** Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.
- **Viola.** Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then? **270**
- **Orsino.** O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect. **275**
- **Viola.** I think not so, my lord.
- **Orsino.** Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe **280**
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best **285**
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
- **Viola.** I'll do my best

To woo your lady: 290
[Aside]
yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt*]

Act I, Scene 5

OLIVIA'S house.

[*Enter MARIA and Clown*]

- **Maria.** Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.
- **Feste.** Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours. 300
- **Maria.** Make that good.
- **Feste.** He shall see none to fear.
- **Maria.** A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.'
- **Feste.** Where, good Mistress Mary? 305
- **Maria.** In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.
- **Feste.** Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.
- **Maria.** Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you? 310
- **Feste.** Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

- **Maria.** You are resolute, then?
- **Feste.** Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.
- **Maria.** That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both ³¹⁵ break, your gaskins fall.
- **Feste.** Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.
- **Maria.** Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my ³²⁰ lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[Exit]

- **Feste.** Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may ³²⁵ pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.'
- [Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO]*
God bless thee, lady!
- **Olivia.** Take the fool away.³³⁰
- **Feste.** Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.
- **Olivia.** Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.
- **Feste.** Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is ³³⁵ the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that ³⁴⁰ amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.³⁴⁵
- **Olivia.** Sir, I bade them take away you.
- **Feste.** Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non

facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.³⁵⁰

- **Olivia.** Can you do it?
- **Feste.** Dexterously, good madonna.
- **Olivia.** Make your proof.
- **Feste.** I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.³⁵⁵
- **Olivia.** Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.
- **Feste.** Good madonna, why mournest thou?
- **Olivia.** Good fool, for my brother's death.
- **Feste.** I think his soul is in hell, madonna.
- **Olivia.** I know his soul is in heaven, fool.³⁶⁰
- **Feste.** The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.
- **Olivia.** What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?
- **Malvolio.** Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the ³⁶⁵ better fool.
- **Feste.** God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.³⁷⁰
- **Olivia.** How say you to that, Malvolio?
- **Malvolio.** I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard ³⁷⁵ already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better

than the fools' zanies.

- **Olivia.** Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste 380
with a distempered appetite. To be generous,
guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those
things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets:
there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do
nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet 385
man, though he do nothing but reprove.
- **Feste.** Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou
speakest well of fools!

[Re-enter MARIA]

- **Maria.** Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much 390
desires to speak with you.
- **Olivia.** From the Count Orsino, is it?
- **Maria.** I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.
- **Olivia.** Who of my people hold him in delay?
- **Maria.** Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.395
- **Olivia.** Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but
madman: fie on him!
[Exit MARIA]
Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I
am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. 400
[Exit MALVOLIO]
Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and
people dislike it.
- **Feste.** Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest
son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with 405
brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a
most weak pia mater.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH]

- **Olivia.** By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** A gentleman.410

- **Olivia.** A gentleman! what gentleman?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** 'Tis a gentle man here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!
- **Feste.** Good Sir Toby!
- **Olivia.** Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?⁴¹⁵
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.
- **Olivia.** Ay, marry, what is he?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

[Exit]

- **Olivia.** What's a drunken man like, fool?
- **Feste.** Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.
- **Olivia.** Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my ⁴²⁵ coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.
- **Feste.** He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman.

[Exit]

[Re-enter MALVOLIO]

- **Malvolio.** Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to ⁴³⁵ have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.
- **Olivia.** Tell him he shall not speak with me.
- **Malvolio.** Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your ⁴⁴⁰

door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to
a bench, but he'll speak with you.

- **Olivia.** What kind o' man is he?
- **Malvolio.** Why, of mankind.
- **Olivia.** What manner of man?⁴⁴⁵
- **Malvolio.** Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.
- **Olivia.** Of what personage and years is he?
- **Malvolio.** Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for
a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a
cooling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him ⁴⁵⁰
in standing water, between boy and man. He is very
well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one
would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.
- **Olivia.** Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.
- **Malvolio.** Gentlewoman, my lady calls.⁴⁵⁵

[Exit]

[Re-enter MARIA]

- **Olivia.** Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

[Enter VIOLA, and Attendants]

- **Viola.** The honourable lady of the house, which is she?
- **Olivia.** Speak to me; I shall answer for her.
Your will?
- **Viola.** Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—I
pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, ⁴⁶⁵
for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away
my speech, for besides that it is excellently well
penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good
beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very
comptible, even to the least sinister usage.⁴⁷⁰

- **Olivia.** Whence came you, sir?
- **Viola.** I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.⁴⁷⁵
- **Olivia.** Are you a comedian?
- **Viola.** No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?
- **Olivia.** If I do not usurp myself, I am.⁴⁸⁰
- **Viola.** Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.⁴⁸⁵
- **Olivia.** Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.
- **Viola.** Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.
- **Olivia.** It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you ⁴⁹⁰ than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.
- **Maria.** Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.
- **Viola.** No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little ⁴⁹⁵ longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.
- **Olivia.** Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.
- **Viola.** It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of ⁵⁰⁰ war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as fun of peace as matter.

- **Olivia.** Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?
- **Viola.** The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I **sos** would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.
- **Olivia.** Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.
[Exeunt MARIA and Attendants]
 Now, sir, what is your text?**s10**
- **Viola.** Most sweet lady,—
- **Olivia.** A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?
- **Viola.** In Orsino's bosom.
- **Olivia.** In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?**s15**
- **Viola.** To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.
- **Olivia.** O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?
- **Viola.** Good madam, let me see your face.
- **Olivia.** Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but **s20** we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?

[Unveiling]

- **Viola.** Excellently done, if God did all.**s25**
- **Olivia.** 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.
- **Viola.** 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruellest she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave **s30** And leave the world no copy.
- **Olivia.** O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be

inventoried, and every particle and utensil
labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, 535
indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to
them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were
you sent hither to praise me?

- **Viola.** I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair. 540
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!
- **Olivia.** How does he love me?
- **Viola.** With adorations, fertile tears, 545
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
- **Olivia.** Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant; 550
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.
- **Viola.** If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life, 555
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.
- **Olivia.** Why, what would you?
- **Viola.** Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house; 560
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia! O, You should not rest 565
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
- **Olivia.** You might do much.
What is your parentage?
- **Viola.** Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: 570

I am a gentleman.

- **Olivia.** Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well: **575**
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
- **Viola.** I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be **580**
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[Exit]

- **Olivia.** 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art; **585**
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast:
soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague? **590**
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

[Re-enter MALVOLIO]

- **Malvolio.** Here, madam, at your service.
- **Olivia.** Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord, **600**
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee, Malvolio.

- **Malvolio.** Madam, I will.

[Exit]

- **Olivia.** I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so.

[Exit]

Act II, Scene 1

The sea-coast.

[Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN]

- **Antonio.** Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?
- **Sebastian.** By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your **615** leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.
- **Sebastian.** No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a **620** touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that **625** Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of **630** the sea was my sister drowned.
- **Antonio.** Alas the day!
- **Sebastian.** A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder **635** overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt

water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

- **Antonio.** Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.⁶⁴⁰
- **Sebastian.** O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.
- **Antonio.** If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.
- **Sebastian.** If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. ⁶⁴⁵
Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell.

[Exit]

- **Antonio.** The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.⁶⁵⁵

[Exit]

Act II, Scene 2

A street.

[Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following]

- **Malvolio.** Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?
- **Viola.** Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.⁶⁶⁰
- **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 one thing more, that you be never so hardy to 665
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 670
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?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! 675
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought 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. 680
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. 685
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women'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; 690
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!— 695
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

[Exit]

Act II, Scene 3

OLIVIA's house.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Nay, my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.⁷⁰⁵
- **Sir Toby Belch.** A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?⁷¹⁰
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

[Enter Clown]

- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Here comes the fool, i' faith.
- **Feste.** How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I ⁷²⁰ had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spakest of Pigromonitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas ⁷²⁵ very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?
- **Feste.** I did impetigos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.⁷³⁰
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—
- **Feste.** Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?⁷³⁵
- **Sir Toby Belch.** A love-song, a love-song.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Ay, ay: I care not for good life.
- **Feste.** [*Sings*]
 O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O, stay and hear; your true love's coming, ⁷⁴⁰
 That can sing both high and low:
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
 Journeys end in lovers meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Excellent good, i' faith.⁷⁴⁵
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Good, good.
- **Feste.** [*Sings*]
 What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure: ⁷⁵⁰
 In delay there lies no plenty;
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** A contagious breath.⁷⁵⁵
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
 But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we
 rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three
 souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?⁷⁶⁰
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.
- **Feste.** By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'
- **Feste.** 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.⁷⁶⁵
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'
- **Feste.** I shall never begin if I hold my peace.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[Catch sung]

[Enter MARIA]

- **Maria.** What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's⁷⁷⁵ a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood?
Tillyvally. Lady!
[Sings]
'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'⁷⁸⁰
- **Feste.** Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** *[Sings]* 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—⁷⁸⁵
- **Maria.** For the love o' God, peace!

[Enter MALVOLIO]

- **Malvolio.** My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an⁷⁹⁰ alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor

time in you?

- **Sir Toby Belch.** We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!⁷⁹⁵
- **Malvolio.** Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please ⁸⁰⁰ you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'
- **Maria.** Nay, good Sir Toby.
- **Feste.** 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'⁸⁰⁵
- **Malvolio.** Is't even so?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** 'But I will never die.'
- **Feste.** Sir Toby, there you lie.
- **Malvolio.** This is much credit to you.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** 'Shall I bid him go?'⁸¹⁰
- **Feste.** 'What an if you do?'
- **Sir Toby Belch.** 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'
- **Feste.** 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art ⁸¹⁵ virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
- **Feste.** Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!⁸²⁰
- **Malvolio.** Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means

for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit]

- **Maria.** Go shake your ears.⁸²⁵
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.⁸³⁰
- **Maria.** Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight: since the youth of the count's was today with thy lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not ⁸³⁵ think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.
- **Maria.** Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** O, if I thought that I'd beat him like a dog!⁸⁴⁰
- **Sir Toby Belch.** What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.
- **Maria.** The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing ⁸⁴⁵ constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love ⁸⁵⁰ him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** What wilt thou do?
- **Maria.** I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape ⁸⁵⁵

of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure
of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find
himself most feelingly personated. I can write very
like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we
can hardly make distinction of our hands.⁸⁶⁰

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Excellent! I smell a device.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** I have't in my nose too.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop,
that they come from my niece, and that she's in
love with him.⁸⁶⁵
- **Maria.** My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** And your horse now would make him an ass.
- **Maria.** Ass, I doubt not.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** O, 'twill be admirable!
- **Maria.** Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will ⁸⁷⁰
work with him. I will plant you two, and let the
fool make a third, where he shall find the letter:
observe his construction of it. For this night, to
bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[Exit]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Good night, Penthesilea.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Before me, she's a good wench.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me:
what o' that?
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** I was adored once too.⁸⁸⁰
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for
more money.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i'

the end, call me cut.⁸⁸⁵

- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt*]

Act II, Scene 4

DUKE ORSINO's palace.

[Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and others]

- **Orsino.** Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms ⁸⁹⁵
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.
- **Curio.** He is not here, so please your lordship that should sing it.
- **Orsino.** Who was it?
- **Curio.** Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady ⁹⁰⁰
Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.
- **Orsino.** Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[Exit CURIO. Music plays]
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me; ⁹⁰⁵
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?
- **Viola.** It gives a very echo to the seat ⁹¹⁰

Where Love is throned.

- **Orsino.** Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?⁹¹⁵
- **Viola.** A little, by your favour.
- **Orsino.** What kind of woman is't?
- **Viola.** Of your complexion.
- **Orsino.** She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?
- **Viola.** About your years, my lord.⁹²⁰
- **Orsino.** Too old by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,⁹²⁵
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
- **Viola.** I think it well, my lord.
- **Orsino.** Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;⁹³⁰
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
- **Viola.** And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

[Re-enter CURIO and Clown]

- **Orsino.** O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,⁹⁴⁰
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

- **Feste.** Are you ready, sir?
- **Orsino.** Ay; prithee, sing.
[Music] 945
 SONG.
- **Feste.** Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid. 950
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it!
 My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it.
 Not a flower, not a flower sweet 955
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where 960
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there!
- **Orsino.** There's for thy pains.
- **Feste.** No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.
- **Orsino.** I'll pay thy pleasure then.965
- **Feste.** Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.
- **Orsino.** Give me now leave to leave thee.
- **Feste.** Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such 970 constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

[Exit]

- **Orsino.** Let all the rest give place. 975
[CURIO and Attendants retire]
 Once more, Cesario,
 Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
 Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands; 980
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

- **Viola.** But if she cannot love you, sir? 985
- **Orsino.** I cannot be so answer'd.
- **Viola.** Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love a great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her; 990
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?
- **Orsino.** There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention 995
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare 1000
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.
- **Viola.** Ay, but I know—
- **Orsino.** What dost thou know?
- **Viola.** Too well what love women to men may owe: 1005
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
- **Orsino.** And what's her history? 1010
- **Viola.** A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument, 1015
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed

Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

- **Orsino.** But died thy sister of her love, my boy? **1020**
- **Viola.** I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?
- **Orsino.** Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say, **1025**
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[Exeunt]

Act II, Scene 5

OLIVIA's garden.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
- **Fabian.** Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, **1030**
let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly
rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?
- **Fabian.** I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o'
favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here. **1035**
- **Sir Toby Belch.** To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will
fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** An we do not, it is pity of our lives.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Here comes the little villain.

*[Enter MARIA] **1040***

How now, my metal of India!

- **Maria.** Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I **1045** know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there,
[Throws down a letter]
for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[Exit]

[Enter MALVOLIO]

- **Malvolio.** 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more **1055** exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Here's an overweening rogue!
- **Fabian.** O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!**1060**
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Peace, I say.
- **Malvolio.** To be Count Malvolio!
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Ah, rogue!
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Pistol him, pistol him.**1065**
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Peace, peace!
- **Malvolio.** There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Fie on him, Jezebel!
- **Fabian.** O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how **1070**

imagination blows him.

- **Malvolio.** Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—
- **Sir Toby Belch.** O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!
- **Malvolio.** Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet ¹⁰⁷⁵ gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Fire and brimstone!
- **Fabian.** O, peace, peace!
- **Malvolio.** And then to have the humour of state; and after a ¹⁰⁸⁰ demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to for my kinsman Toby,—
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Bolts and shackles!
- **Fabian.** O peace, peace, peace! now, now.¹⁰⁸⁵
- **Malvolio.** Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Shall this fellow live?¹⁰⁹⁰
- **Fabian.** Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.
- **Malvolio.** I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—
- **Sir Toby Belch.** And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?
- **Malvolio.** Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on ¹⁰⁹⁵ your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—
- **Sir Toby Belch.** What, what?
- **Malvolio.** 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Out, scab!
- **Fabian.** Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.¹¹⁰⁰
- **Malvolio.** 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** That's me, I warrant you.
- **Malvolio.** 'One Sir Andrew,'—
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.¹¹⁰⁵
- **Malvolio.** What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter]

- **Fabian.** Now is the woodcock near the gin.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** O, peace! and the spirit of humour intimate reading aloud to him!¹¹¹⁰
- **Malvolio.** By my life, this is my lady's hand these be her very C's, her U's and her T's and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?
- **Malvolio.** *[Reads]* 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good ¹¹¹⁵ wishes:'—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?
- **Fabian.** This wins him, liver and all.
- **Malvolio.** *[Reads]* ¹¹²⁰
Jove knows I love: But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.
'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know:' if this should be ¹¹²⁵ thee, Malvolio?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Marry, hang thee, brock!
- **Malvolio.** *[Reads]*

I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife, **1130**
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

- **Fabian.** A fustian riddle!
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Excellent wench, say I.
- **Malvolio.** 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let **1135**
me see, let me see, let me see.
- **Fabian.** What dish o' poison has she dressed him!
- **Sir Toby Belch.** And with what wing the staniel cheques at it!
- **Malvolio.** 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command
me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is **1140**
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,—**1145**
- **Sir Toby Belch.** O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.
- **Fabian.** Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as
rank as a fox.
- **Malvolio.** M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.
- **Fabian.** Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is **1150**
excellent at faults.
- **Malvolio.** M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel;
that suffers under probation A should follow but O does.
- **Fabian.** And O shall end, I hope.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!**1155**
- **Malvolio.** And then I comes behind.
- **Fabian.** Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see
more detraction at your heels than fortunes before

you.

- **Malvolio.** M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and **1160**
yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for
every one of these letters are in my name. Soft!
here follows prose.

[*Reads*]

'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars **1165**
am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some
are born great, some achieve greatness, and some
have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open
their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them;
and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, **1170**
cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be
opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let
thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into
the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee
that sighs for thee. Remember who commanded thy **1175**
yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever
cross-gartered: 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. Farewell. **1180**
She that would alter services with thee,
THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

Daylight and champaign discovers not more: this is
open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors,
I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross **1185**
acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man.
I do not now 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-gartered; **1190**
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-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting **1195**
on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a
postscript.

[*Reads*]

'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou
entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; **1200**
thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my
presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'
Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do
everything that thou wilt have me.

[Exit]

- **Fabian.** I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** I could marry this wench for this device.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** So could I too.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.¹²¹⁰
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Nor I neither.
- **Fabian.** Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

[Re-enter MARIA]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Or o' mine either?¹²¹⁵
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Shall I play my freedom at traytrip, and become thy bond-slave?
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** I' faith, or I either?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.¹²²⁰
- **Maria.** Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.
- **Maria.** If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she ¹²²⁵ abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow ¹²³⁰ me.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt*]

Act III, Scene 1

OLIVIA's garden.

[Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabour]

- **Viola.** Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabour?
- **Feste.** No, sir, I live by the church.
- **Viola.** Art thou a churchman?
- **Feste.** No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for 1240 I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.
- **Viola.** So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabour, if thy tabour stand by the church.1245
- **Feste.** You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!
- **Viola.** Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.1250
- **Feste.** I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.
- **Viola.** Why, man?
- **Feste.** Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.1255

- **Viola.** Thy reason, man?
- **Feste.** Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.
- **Viola.** I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.¹²⁶⁰
- **Feste.** Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.
- **Viola.** Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?
- **Feste.** No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she ¹²⁶⁵ will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.
- **Viola.** I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.¹²⁷⁰
- **Feste.** Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.
- **Viola.** Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. ¹²⁷⁵ Hold, there's expenses for thee.
- **Feste.** Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!
- **Viola.** By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one;
[Aside] ¹²⁸⁰ though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?
- **Feste.** Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?
- **Viola.** Yes, being kept together and put to use.
- **Feste.** I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring ¹²⁸⁵ a Cressida to this Troilus.

- **Viola.** I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.
- **Feste.** The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you **1290** come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn.

[Exit]

- **Viola.** This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; And to do that well craves a kind of wit: **1295** He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time, And, like the haggard, cheque at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practise As full of labour as a wise man's art **1300** For folly that he wisely shows is fit; But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Save you, gentleman.
- **Viola.** And you, sir.**1305**
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
- **Viola.** Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.**1310**
- **Viola.** I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.
- **Viola.** My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.**1315**
- **Sir Toby Belch.** I mean, to go, sir, to enter.
- **Viola.** I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we

are prevented.

[Enter OLIVIA and MARIA]

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain 1320
odours on you!

- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours;' well.
- **Viola.** My matter hath no voice, to your own most pregnant
and vouchsafed ear.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** 'Odours,' 'pregnant' and 'vouchsafed:' I'll get 'em 1325
all three all ready.
- **Olivia.** Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.
[Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA]
Give me your hand, sir.
- **Viola.** My duty, madam, and most humble service.1330
- **Olivia.** What is your name?
- **Viola.** Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.
- **Olivia.** My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.1335
- **Viola.** And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
- **Olivia.** For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
- **Viola.** Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts 1340
On his behalf.
- **Olivia.** O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that 1345
Than music from the spheres.
- **Viola.** Dear lady,—
- **Olivia.** Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse **1350**
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts **1355**
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

- **Viola.** I pity you.
- **Olivia.** That's a degree to love.**1360**
- **Viola.** No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
- **Olivia.** Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better **1365**
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
[Clock strikes]
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest, **1370**
Your were is alike to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
- **Viola.** Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition
Attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?**1375**
- **Olivia.** Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.
- **Viola.** That you do think you are not what you are.
- **Olivia.** If I think so, I think the same of you.
- **Viola.** Then think you right: I am not what I am.**1380**
- **Olivia.** I would you were as I would have you be!
- **Viola.** Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

- **Olivia.** O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip! **1385**
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride, **1390**
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought better. **1395**
- **Viola.** By innocence I swear, and by my youth
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more **1400**
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
- **Olivia.** Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[Exeunt]

Act III, Scene 2

OLIVIA's house.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN]

- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
- **Fabian.** You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; **1410**
I saw't i' the orchard.

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** As plain as I see you now.
- **Fabian.** This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?¹⁴¹⁵
- **Fabian.** I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** And they have been grand-jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.
- **Fabian.** She did show favour to the youth in your sight only ¹⁴²⁰ to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was ¹⁴²⁵ looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by ¹⁴³⁰ some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of ¹⁴³⁵ valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.¹⁴⁴⁰
- **Fabian.** There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and fun of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: ¹⁴⁴⁵ if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of

paper, although the sheet were big enough for the
bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it.
Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou **1450**
write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Where shall I find you?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[Exit SIR ANDREW]

- **Fabian.** This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.**1455**
- **Sir Toby Belch.** I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.
- **Fabian.** We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the **1460**
youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes
cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were
opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as
will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of
the anatomy.**1465**
- **Fabian.** And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no
great presage of cruelty.

[Enter MARIA]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.
- **Maria.** If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself **1470**
into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is
turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no
Christian, that means to be saved by believing
rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages
of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.**1475**
- **Sir Toby Belch.** And cross-gartered?
- **Maria.** Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school
i' the church. I have dogged him, like his
murderer. He does obey every point of the letter
that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his **1480**
face into more lines than is in the new map with the

augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such
a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things
at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do,
he'll smile and take't for a great favour.¹⁴⁸⁵

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[Exeunt]

Act III, Scene 3

A street.

[Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO]

- **Sebastian.** I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, ¹⁴⁹⁰
I will no further chide you.
- **Antonio.** I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage, ¹⁴⁹⁵
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear, ¹⁵⁰⁰
Set forth in your pursuit.
- **Sebastian.** My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: ¹⁵⁰⁵
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?
- **Antonio.** To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.
- **Sebastian.** I am not weary, and 'tis long to night: ¹⁵¹⁰

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

- **Antonio.** Would you'l'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets: **1515**
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.
- **Sebastian.** Belike you slew great number of his people.
- **Antonio.** The offence is not of such a bloody nature; **1520**
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out; **1525**
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.
- **Sebastian.** Do not then walk too open.
- **Antonio.** It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, **1530**
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
- **Sebastian.** Why I your purse?
- **Antonio.** Haply your eye shall light upon some toy **1535**
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
- **Sebastian.** I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.
- **Antonio.** To the Elephant. **1540**
- **Sebastian.** I do remember.

[*Exeunt*]

OLIVIA's garden.

[Enter OLIVIA and MARIA]

- **Olivia.** I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him? **1545**
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?**1550**
- **Maria.** He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He
is, sure, possessed, madam.
- **Olivia.** Why, what's the matter? does he rave?
- **Maria.** No. madam, he does nothing but smile: your
ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if **1555**
he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.
- **Olivia.** Go call him hither.
[Exit MARIA]
I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be. **1560**
[Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO]
How now, Malvolio!
- **Malvolio.** Sweet lady, ho, ho.
- **Olivia.** Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.**1565**
- **Malvolio.** 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.'**1570**
- **Olivia.** Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
- **Malvolio.** 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 the sweet Roman hand.

- **Olivia.** Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?¹⁵⁷⁵
- **Malvolio.** To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.
- **Olivia.** God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?
- **Maria.** How do you, Malvolio?
- **Malvolio.** At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.¹⁵⁸⁰
- **Maria.** Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?
- **Malvolio.** 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.
- **Olivia.** What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
- **Malvolio.** 'Some are born great,'—
- **Olivia.** Ha!¹⁵⁸⁵
- **Malvolio.** 'Some achieve greatness,'—
- **Olivia.** What sayest thou?
- **Malvolio.** 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'
- **Olivia.** Heaven restore thee!
- **Malvolio.** 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—¹⁵⁹⁰
- **Olivia.** Thy yellow stockings!
- **Malvolio.** 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'
- **Olivia.** Cross-gartered!
- **Malvolio.** 'Go to thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'—
- **Olivia.** Am I made?¹⁵⁹⁵
- **Malvolio.** 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'
- **Olivia.** Why, this is very midsummer madness.

[Enter Servant]

- **Servant.** Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he **1600** attends your ladyship's pleasure.
- **Olivia.** I'll come to him.

[Exit Servant]

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special **1605** care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA]

- **Malvolio.** O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with **1610** the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put **1615** thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me **1620** thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous **1625** or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

[Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.
- **Fabian.** Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?**1635**
- **Malvolio.** Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go

off.

- **Maria.** Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.¹⁶⁴⁰
- **Malvolio.** Ah, ha! does she so?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.¹⁶⁴⁵
- **Malvolio.** Do you know what you say?
- **Maria.** La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!
- **Fabian.** Carry his water to the wise woman.
- **Maria.** Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I ¹⁶⁵⁰ live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.
- **Malvolio.** How now, mistress!
- **Maria.** O Lord!
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.¹⁶⁵⁵
- **Fabian.** No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?
- **Malvolio.** Sir!
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for ¹⁶⁶⁰ gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!
- **Maria.** Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.
- **Malvolio.** My prayers, minx!

- **Maria.** No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.¹⁶⁶⁵
- **Malvolio.** Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter.

[Exit]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Is't possible?¹⁶⁷⁰
- **Fabian.** If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.
- **Maria.** Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.
- **Fabian.** Why, we shall make him mad indeed.¹⁶⁷⁵
- **Maria.** The house will be the quieter.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt ¹⁶⁸⁰ us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

[Enter SIR ANDREW]

- **Fabian.** More matter for a May morning.¹⁶⁸⁵
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Here's the challenge, read it: warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.
- **Fabian.** Is't so saucy?
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Give me. ¹⁶⁹⁰
[Reads]
 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'
- **Fabian.** Good, and valiant.

- **Sir Toby Belch.** *[Reads]* 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind,
why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'¹⁶⁹⁵
- **Fabian.** A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** *[Reads]* 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my
sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy
throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'
- **Fabian.** Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.¹⁷⁰⁰
- **Sir Toby Belch.** *[Reads]* 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it
be thy chance to kill me,'—
- **Fabian.** Good.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** *[Reads]* 'Thou killst me like a rogue and a villain.'
- **Fabian.** Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.¹⁷⁰⁵
- **Sir Toby Belch.** *[Reads]* 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon
one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but
my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy
friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,
ANDREW AGUECHEEK. ¹⁷¹⁰
If this letter move him not, his legs cannot:
I'll give't him.
- **Maria.** You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in
some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner the ¹⁷¹⁵
orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest
him, draw; and, as thou drawest swear horrible; for
it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a
swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood
more approbation than ever proof itself would have ¹⁷²⁰
earned him. Away!
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[Exit]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behavior
of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good ¹⁷²⁵
capacity and breeding; his employment between his

lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by 1730 word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill 1735 one another by the look, like cockatrices.

[Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA]

- **Fabian.** Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** I will meditate the while upon some horrid message 1740 for a challenge.

[Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA]

- **Olivia.** I have said too much unto a heart of stone
And laid mine honour too uncharily out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault; 1745
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.
- **Viola.** With the same 'havior that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.
- **Olivia.** Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture; 1750
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?
- **Viola.** Nothing but this; your true love for my master. 1755
- **Olivia.** How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?
- **Viola.** I will acquit you.
- **Olivia.** Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. 1760

[Exit]

[Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Gentleman, God save thee.
- **Viola.** And you, sir.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what **1765** nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceper, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.**1770**
- **Viola.** You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to **1775** your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.
- **Viola.** I pray you, sir, what is he?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private **1780** brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.
- **Viola.** I will return again into the house and desire some **1785** conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a **1790** very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you **1795** must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

- **Viola.** This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.¹⁸⁰⁰
- **Sir Toby Belch.** I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

[Exit]

- **Viola.** Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?
- **Fabian.** I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a ¹⁸⁰⁵ mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.
- **Viola.** I beseech you, what manner of man is he?
- **Fabian.** Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, ¹⁸¹⁰ bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.
- **Viola.** I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that ¹⁸¹⁵ had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[Exeunt]

[Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH, with SIR ANDREW]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a ¹⁸²⁰ firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.¹⁸²⁵
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd ¹⁸³⁰

have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip,
and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

- **Sir Toby Belch.** I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show
on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls.

[*Aside*] 1835

Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

[*Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA*]

[*To FABIAN*]

I have his horse to take up the quarrel:

I have persuaded him the youth's a devil. 1840

- **Fabian.** He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and
looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

- **Sir Toby Belch.** [*To VIOLA*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight
with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better
bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now 1845
scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for
the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

- **Viola.** [*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would
make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

- **Fabian.** Give ground, if you see him furious. 1850

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman
will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you;
he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has
promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he
will not hurt you. Come on; to't. 1855

- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Pray God, he keep his oath!

- **Viola.** I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[*They draw*]

[*Enter ANTONIO*]

- **Antonio.** Put up your sword. If this young gentleman 1860
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

- **Sir Toby Belch.** You, sir! why, what are you?

- **Antonio.** One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.¹⁸⁶⁵

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[They draw]

[Enter Officers]

- **Fabian.** O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** I'll be with you anon.¹⁸⁷⁰
- **Viola.** Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.
- **First Officer.** This is the man; do thy office.¹⁸⁷⁵
- **Second Officer.** Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.
- **Antonio.** You do mistake me, sir.
- **First Officer.** No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away: he knows I know him well.¹⁸⁸⁰
- **Antonio.** I must obey.
[To VIOLA]
This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity ¹⁸⁸⁵
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.
- **Second Officer.** Come, sir, away.¹⁸⁹⁰
- **Antonio.** I must entreat of you some of that money.
- **Viola.** What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability ¹⁸⁹⁵

I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

- **Antonio.** Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you **1900**
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

- **Viola.** I know of none; **1905**
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.**1910**

- **Antonio.** O heavens themselves!

- **Second Officer.** Come, sir, I pray you, go.

- **Antonio.** Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love, **1915**
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

- **First Officer.** What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

- **Antonio.** But O how vile an idol proves this god
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. **1920**
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

- **First Officer.** The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.**1925**

- **Antonio.** Lead me on.

[Exit with Officers]

- **Viola.** Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true, **1930**

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.
- **Viola.** He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so ¹⁹³⁵
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.

[Exit]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.
- **Fabian.** A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.¹⁹⁴⁵
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** An I do not,—
- **Fabian.** Come, let's see the event.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.¹⁹⁵⁰

[Exeunt]

Act IV, Scene 1

Before OLIVIA's house.

[Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown]

- **Feste.** Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?
- **Sebastian.** Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.¹⁹⁵⁵
- **Feste.** Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor
I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come
speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario;
nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.
- **Sebastian.** I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou ¹⁹⁶⁰
know'st not me.
- **Feste.** Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some
great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my
folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world,
will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy ¹⁹⁶⁵
strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my
lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?
- **Sebastian.** I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There's
money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give
worse payment.¹⁹⁷⁰
- **Feste.** By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men
that give fools money get themselves a good
report—after fourteen years' purchase.

[Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN]

- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.¹⁹⁷⁵
- **Sebastian.** Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all
the people mad?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.
- **Feste.** This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be
in some of your coats for two pence.¹⁹⁸⁰

[Exit]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Come on, sir; hold.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work
with him; I'll have an action of battery against

him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I 1985
struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

- **Sebastian.** Let go thy hand.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.
- **Sebastian.** I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If 1990
thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two
of this malapert blood from you.

[Enter OLIVIA]

- **Olivia.** Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold! 1995
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Madam!
- **Olivia.** Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario. 2000
Rudesby, be gone!

[Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN]

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and thou unjust extent 2005
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me, 2010
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

- **Sebastian.** What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep! 2015
- **Olivia.** Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me!
- **Sebastian.** Madam, I will.

- **Olivia.** O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt*]

Act IV, Scene 2

OLIVIA's house.

[Enter MARIA and Clown]

- **Maria.** Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit*]

- **Feste.** Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself **2025** in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a **2030** careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA]

- **Sir Toby Belch.** Jove bless thee, master Parson.
- **Feste.** Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily **2035** said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;' so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** To him, Sir Topas.
- **Feste.** What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!**2040**
- **Sir Toby Belch.** The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

- **Malvolio.** *[Within]* Who calls there?
- **Feste.** Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.
- **Malvolio.** Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.²⁰⁴⁵
- **Feste.** Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Well said, Master Parson.
- **Malvolio.** Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me ²⁰⁵⁰ here in hideous darkness.
- **Feste.** Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?²⁰⁵⁵
- **Malvolio.** As hell, Sir Topas.
- **Feste.** Why it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstores toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?²⁰⁶⁰
- **Malvolio.** I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.
- **Feste.** Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.
- **Malvolio.** I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ²⁰⁶⁵ ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.
- **Feste.** What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?
- **Malvolio.** That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.²⁰⁷⁰
- **Feste.** What thinkest thou of his opinion?

- **Malvolio.** I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.
- **Feste.** Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness:
thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will
allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest **2075**
thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.
- **Malvolio.** Sir Topas, Sir Topas!
- **Sir Toby Belch.** My most exquisite Sir Topas!
- **Feste.** Nay, I am for all waters.
- **Maria.** Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and **2080**
gown: he sees thee not.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how
thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this
knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I
would he were, for I am now so far in offence with **2085**
my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this
sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA*]

- **Feste.** [*Singing*]
'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, **2090**
Tell me how thy lady does.'
- **Malvolio.** Fool!
- **Feste.** 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'
- **Malvolio.** Fool!
- **Feste.** 'Alas, why is she so?' **2095**
- **Malvolio.** Fool, I say!
- **Feste.** 'She loves another'—Who calls, ha?
- **Malvolio.** Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my
hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper:
as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to **2100**
thee for't.

- **Feste.** Master Malvolio?
- **Malvolio.** Ay, good fool.
- **Feste.** Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?
- **Malvolio.** Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abused: I ²¹⁰⁵ am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.
- **Feste.** But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.
- **Malvolio.** They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to ²¹¹⁰ face me out of my wits.
- **Feste.** Advise you what you say; the minister is here.
Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore!
endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain
bubble babble.²¹¹⁵
- **Malvolio.** Sir Topas!
- **Feste.** Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I,
sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas.
Merry, amen. I will, sir, I will.
- **Malvolio.** Fool, fool, fool, I say!²¹²⁰
- **Feste.** Alas, sir, be patient. What say you sir? I am shent for speaking to you.
- **Malvolio.** Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.
- **Feste.** Well-a-day that you were, sir²¹²⁵
- **Malvolio.** By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.
- **Feste.** I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you ²¹³⁰ not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

- **Malvolio.** Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.
- **Feste.** Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.
- **Malvolio.** Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I 2135 prithee, be gone.

▪ **Feste.** *[Singing]*

I am gone, sir,
 And anon, sir,
 I'll be with you again, 2140
 In a trice,
 Like to the old Vice,
 Your need to sustain;
 Who, with dagger of lath,
 In his rage and his wrath, 2145
 Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
 Like a mad lad,
 Pare thy nails, dad;
 Adieu, good man devil.

[Exit]

Act IV, Scene 3

OLIVIA's garden.

[Enter SEBASTIAN]

- **Sebastian.** This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
 This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
 And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then? 2155
 I could not find him at the Elephant:
 Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
 That he did range the town to seek me out.
 His counsel now might do me golden service;
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense, 2160
 That this may be some error, but no madness,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me **2165**
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing **2170**
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.

[Enter OLIVIA and Priest]

- **Olivia.** Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man **2175**
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it **2180**
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?
- **Sebastian.** I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.**2185**
- **Olivia.** Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[Exeunt]

Act V, Scene 1

Before OLIVIA's house.

[Enter Clown and FABIAN]

- **Fabian.** Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.**2190**

- **Feste.** Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
- **Fabian.** Any thing.
- **Feste.** Do not desire to see this letter.
- **Fabian.** This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.²¹⁹⁵

[Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and Lords]

- **Orsino.** Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
- **Feste.** Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.
- **Orsino.** I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?
- **Feste.** Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse ²²⁰⁰ for my friends.
- **Orsino.** Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
- **Feste.** No, sir, the worse.
- **Orsino.** How can that be?
- **Feste.** Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; ²²⁰⁵ now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends, I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives why then, the worse for ²²¹⁰ my friends and the better for my foes.
- **Orsino.** Why, this is excellent.
- **Feste.** By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.
- **Orsino.** Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.²²¹⁵
- **Feste.** But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.
- **Orsino.** O, you give me ill counsel.

- **Feste.** Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.²²²⁰
- **Orsino.** Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there's another.
- **Feste.** Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of ²²²⁵ Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.
- **Orsino.** You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.²²³⁰
- **Feste.** Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.²²³⁵

[Exit]

- **Viola.** Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

[Enter ANTONIO and Officers]

- **Orsino.** That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd ²²⁴⁰ As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war: A bawbling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught and bulk unprizable; With which such scathful grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, ²²⁴⁵ That very envy and the tongue of loss Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?
- **First Officer.** Orsino, this is that Antonio That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy; And this is he that did the Tiger board, ²²⁵⁰ When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state, In private brabble did we apprehend him.
- **Viola.** He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side; But in conclusion put strange speech upon me: ²²⁵⁵

I know not what 'twas but distraction.

- **Orsino.** Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?²²⁶⁰
- **Antonio.** Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: ²²⁶⁵
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint, ²²⁷⁰
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning, ²²⁷⁵
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use ²²⁸⁰
Not half an hour before.
- **Viola.** How can this be?
- **Orsino.** When came he to this town?
- **Antonio.** To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy, ²²⁸⁵
Both day and night did we keep company.

[Enter OLIVIA and Attendants]

- **Orsino.** Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me; ²²⁹⁰
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
- **Olivia.** What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

- **Viola.** Madam!²²⁹⁵
- **Orsino.** Gracious Olivia,—
- **Olivia.** What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—
- **Viola.** My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
- **Olivia.** If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear ²³⁰⁰
As howling after music.
- **Orsino.** Still so cruel?
- **Olivia.** Still so constant, lord.
- **Orsino.** What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars ²³⁰⁵
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
- **Olivia.** Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
- **Orsino.** Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death, ²³¹⁰
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometimes savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour, ²³¹⁵
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. ²³²⁰
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
- **Viola.** And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.²³²⁵
- **Olivia.** Where goes Cesario?

- **Viola.** After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above 2330
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
- **Olivia.** Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!
- **Viola.** Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
- **Olivia.** Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.2335
- **Orsino.** Come, away!
- **Olivia.** Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
- **Orsino.** Husband!
- **Olivia.** Ay, husband: can he that deny?
- **Orsino.** Her husband, sirrah!2340
- **Viola.** No, my lord, not I.
- **Olivia.** Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art 2345
As great as that thou fear'st.
[Enter Priest]
O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended 2350
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
- **Priest.** A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, 2355
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave 2360

I have travell'd but two hours.

- **Orsino.** O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? **2365**
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
- **Viola.** My lord, I do protest—
- **Olivia.** O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.**2370**

[Enter SIR ANDREW]

- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.
- **Olivia.** What's the matter?
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby **2375**
a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.
- **Olivia.** Who has done this, Sir Andrew?
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.**2380**
- **Orsino.** My gentleman, Cesario?
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.
- **Viola.** Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: **2385**
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespoke you fair, and hurt you not.
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.
[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and Clown] **2390**
Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more:
but if he had not been in drink, he would have

tickled you othergates than he did.

- **Orsino.** How now, gentleman! how is't with you?
- **Sir Toby Belch.** That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end ²³⁹⁵ on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?
- **Feste.** O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pany: I hate a drunken rogue.²⁴⁰⁰
- **Olivia.** Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?
- **Sir Andrew Aguecheek.** I'll help you, Sir Toby, because well be dressed together.
- **Sir Toby Belch.** Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!
- **Olivia.** Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.²⁴⁰⁵

[Exeunt Clown, FABIAN, SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW]

[Enter SEBASTIAN]

- **Sebastian.** I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman:
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety. ²⁴¹⁰
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.
- **Orsino.** One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons, ²⁴¹⁵
A natural perspective, that is and is not!
- **Sebastian.** Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!
- **Antonio.** Sebastian are you?²⁴²⁰
- **Sebastian.** Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
- **Antonio.** How have you made division of yourself?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

- **Olivia.** Most wonderful! ²⁴²⁵
- **Sebastian.** Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me? ²⁴³⁰
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
- **Viola.** Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit ²⁴³⁵
You come to fright us.
- **Sebastian.** A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, ²⁴⁴⁰
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'
- **Viola.** My father had a mole upon his brow.
- **Sebastian.** And so had mine.
- **Viola.** And died that day when Viola from her birth ²⁴⁴⁵
Had number'd thirteen years.
- **Sebastian.** O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
- **Viola.** If nothing lets to make us happy both ²⁴⁵⁰
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town, ²⁴⁵⁵
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

- **Sebastian.** *[To OLIVIA]* So comes it, lady, you have been mistook: **2460**
 But nature to her bias drew in that.
 You would have been contracted to a maid;
 Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
 You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

- **Orsino.** Be not amazed; right noble is his blood. **2465**
 If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
 I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[To VIOLA]
 Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
 Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.**2470**

- **Viola.** And all those sayings will I overswear;
 And those swearings keep as true in soul
 As doth that orbed continent the fire
 That severs day from night.

- **Orsino.** Give me thy hand; **2475**
 And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

- **Viola.** The captain that did bring me first on shore
 Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
 Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
 A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.**2480**

- **Olivia.** He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
 And yet, alas, now I remember me,
 They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
[Re-enter Clown with a letter, and FABIAN]
 A most extracting frenzy of mine own **2485**
 From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
 How does he, sirrah?

- **Feste.** Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the staves's end as
 well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a
 letter to you; I should have given't you to-day **2490**
 morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels,
 so it skills not much when they are delivered.

- **Olivia.** Open't, and read it.

- **Feste.** Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers
 the madman. **2495**
[Reads]
 'By the Lord, madam,'—

- **Olivia.** How now! art thou mad?
- **Feste.** No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.²⁵⁰⁰
- **Olivia.** Prithee, read i' thy right wits.
- **Feste.** So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.
- **Olivia.** Read it you, sirrah.

[To FABIAN]

- **Fabian.** *[Reads]* 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced ²⁵¹⁰ me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.
THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.'²⁵¹⁵

- **Olivia.** Did he write this?
- **Feste.** Ay, madam.
- **Orsino.** This savours not much of distraction.
- **Olivia.** See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.
[Exit FABIAN] ²⁵²⁰
My lord so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.²⁵²⁵

- **Orsino.** Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
[To VIOLA]
Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding, ²⁵³⁰
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be

Your master's mistress.

- **Olivia.** A sister! you are she.

[Re-enter *FABIAN*, with *MALVOLIO*]

- **Orsino.** Is this the madman?
- **Olivia.** Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!
- **Malvolio.** Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.²⁵⁴⁰
- **Olivia.** Have I, Malvolio? no.
- **Malvolio.** Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention: ²⁵⁴⁵
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown ²⁵⁵⁰
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull ²⁵⁵⁵
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.
- **Olivia.** Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she ²⁵⁶⁰
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practise hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it, ²⁵⁶⁵
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.
- **Fabian.** Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour, ²⁵⁷⁰

Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ 2575
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd 2580
That have on both sides pass'd.

- **Olivia.** Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!
- **Feste.** Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but 2585 that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged:' and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
- **Malvolio.** I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.2590

[Exit]

- **Olivia.** He hath been most notoriously abused.
- **Orsino.** Pursue him and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time convents, 2595
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen, 2600
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[Exeunt all, except Clown]

- **Feste.** *[Sings]*
When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, 2605
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.

'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate, **2610**
For the rain, &c.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c. **2615**
But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.
A great while ago the world begun, **2620**
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[Exit]

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