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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918
TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

AS ARRANGED FOR THE STAGE

BY

HENRY IRVING,

AND PRESENTED AT

THE LYCEUM THEATRE,

8TH JULY, 1884.

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS.
1884.

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1884.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria . . . . MR. TERRISS.

VALENTINE, } Gentlemen attending } MR. HAVILAND.
CURIO, } on the Duke . } MR. MELLISH.

SEBASTIAN, Brother to Viola . . . MR. F. TERRY.

SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle of Olivia . MR. DAVID FISHER.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK . . . MR. WYATT.

MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia . . MR. HENRY IRVING.

FABIAN, } Servants to Olivia } MR. ANDREWS.
Clown, } MR. S. CALHAEM.

ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to
Sebastian . . . . . . . . MR. H. HOWE.

A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola . MR. F. TYARS.

A Friar . . . . . . . . MR. HARBURY.

Officers . . . . . . . . MESSRS. ARCHER AND
HARWOOD.

OLIVIA, a Countess . . . . MISS ROSE LECLERCQ.

VIOLA . . . . . . . . MISS ELLEN TERRY.

MARIA, Olivia's Waiting-woman . MISS L. PAYNE.

Lords—Ladies—Pages—Officers—Musicians
Sailors—Soldiers—and other attendants.

SCENE: A City in Illyria and the Sea Coast near it.
SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.

Scene 1. The Sea Coast.
Scene 2. Court-Yard of Olivia's House.
Scene 3. Orsino's Palace.

ACT II.

Scene 1. Terrace of Olivia's House.
Scene 2. Road near the same.
Scene 3. Olivia's House—The Hall.

ACT III.

Scene 1. Orsino's Palace.
Scene 2. Another part of the Sea Coast.
Scene 3. Olivia's Garden.

ACT IV.

Scene 1. The Market Place.
Scene 2. Court-Yard of Olivia's House.
Scene 3. Olivia's Garden.
Scene 4. The Orchard End.
Scene 5. Olivia's House—The Dark Room.

ACT V.

Scene 1. Olivia's House—The Cloisters.
Scene 2. Before Olivia's House.
TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. The Sea Coast.

VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Viola.

What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself—
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice—
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.

*Vio.* Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Where thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

*Cap.* Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

*Vio.* Who governs here?

*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature,
As in name.

*Vio.* What is his name?

*Cap.* Orsino.

*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

*Cap.* 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—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

*Vio.* What's she?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of her son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear loss
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

*Vio.* O that I served that lady;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

*Cap.* That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee—and I'll pay thee bounteously—
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
ACT I. SCENE II.

The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke; Thou shalt present me as a page to him. 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Court-Yard of Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir Toby.

What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too,—an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. 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.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.
TWELFTH NIGHT.

Mar. Aye, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. 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 gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, all most natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreler; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coistrel, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. Castiliano-vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Sir And. [Without] Sir Toby Belch,—

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

How now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: "accost," is, front her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. Is that the meaning of accost?
ACT I. SCENE II.

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would you might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. And you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand. [Exit.

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you saw 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.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. And what is pourquoi? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then had'st thou an excellent head of hair?

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff.

Sir And. '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 To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. 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.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria. [Dances fantastically.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in?

Sir And. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. [Sir Andrew dances again.] Ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. ORSINO'S Palace.

The Duke Orsino, Curio, Lords, Musicians, and others.

Enter Valentine with 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.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?
ACT I. SCENE III.

Val. No, believe me. [Viola and Valentine retire.
Duke. 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:
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour!—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
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.—How now, what news from her?
Val. So, please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veil'd 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
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.
Duke. 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 killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her!—Who saw Cesario, ho?
Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul;
Therefore, good youth; address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixèd foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

_Vio._ Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

_Duke._ Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

_Vio._ Say I do speak with her, my lord; what then?
_Duke._ Oh! then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

_Vio._ I think not so, my lord.

_Duke._ 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
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in 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
When least in company:—prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

_Vio._ I'll do my best
To woo your lady: [Aside] yet, O barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.      [Exit.]
ACT II.

SCENE I. Terrace of OLIVIA's House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Maria.

AY, 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.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or to be turned away,—is not that as good as hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.

Clo. Wit, and'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 pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

Enter OLIVIA, MALVOLIO, and Ladies attending

OLIVIA.

Heaven bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.
Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. 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.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. 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 twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. 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 already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crows so at these set kind of fools, for no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guilt-
less, 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 man, though
he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou
speakest well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentle-
man, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man,
and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off; I pray you; he speaks nothing
but madman; die 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. [Exit Mal-
volio.] Now, you see, sir, how your fooling grows
old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy
eldest son should be a fool,—whose skull Jove cram
with brains! for here comes one of thy kin has a
most weak pia mater.

Enter Sir Toby Belch.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the
gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir. To. 'Tis a gentleman here,—A plague of these
pickle herring'!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby!—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by
this lethargy?
Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink,—he's drowned: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown.

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. 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 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.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peasod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple; 'tis with him e'en 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.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.
Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?
Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will?
Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.
Oli. Whence came you, sir?
Vio. 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.
Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.
Vio. 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.
Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.
Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.
Oli. 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 than to hear you. If you be 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.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber: I am to hull here a little
longer.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver,
when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. My words are as
full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what
would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I
learned from my entertainment. What I am, and
what I would, are secret: to your ears, divinity; to
any others, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this
divinity. [Exit Maria.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said
of it. Where lies your text.

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his
heart.

Oli. Oh! I have read it; it is heresy. Have you
no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to
negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text:
but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture.
Look you, sir, such a one I was as this presents: is't
not well done?

[Unveiling.

Vio. Excellently done, if God did it all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Olì. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give
out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inven-
toried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my
will:—as, item, two lips, 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?

Vio. I see you what you are,—you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O! such love
Could be but recompens'd though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Olì. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Olì. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love
him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Olì. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out "Olivia!" O! you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Olì. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am
a gentleman.

Olì. Get you to your lord;
TWELFTH NIGHT.

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:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. 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 fervour, like my master’s, be
Plac’d in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. “What is your parentage?”
“Above my fortune, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.”—I’ll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon;—not too fast;—
Soft! soft!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
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.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. 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,
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.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Oli. 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!
ACT II. SCENE II.

SCENE II. Near Olivia’s House.

Enter Viola; Malvolio following.

Malvolio.

ERE not you even now with the countess Olivia?

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

Mal. 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 come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord’s taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me! I’ll none of it.

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

[Exit.

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm’d her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That, as 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.

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.

How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,

As 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!—
TWELFTH NIGHT.

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. \[Exit.\]

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S House. The Servants' Hall.

SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir Toby.

Not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and diluculo surgere, thou knowest,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. 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?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar: let us therefore eat and drink. Maria, I say!——a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of We Three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass.

Sir And. By my troth, I 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 spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queebus; 'twas very good, i' faith.

Sir To. 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?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.
ACT II. SCENE III.

_Clo._ By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

_Sir And._ Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

_Clo._ "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

_Sir And._ 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, "Hold thy peace."

_Clo._ I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

_Sir And._ Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[They sing catch, "Hold thy peace."

_Enter MARIA._

_Mar._ 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 To._ My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Tilly-valley, lady? "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

_Clo._ Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

_Sir And._ 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 To._ "O' the twelfth day of December,"

[Singing uproariously.

_Mar._ For the love of heaven, peace!

_Enter MALVOLIO._

_Mal._ My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an 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 To._ We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Snick up!

_Mal._ 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 misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

_Sir To._ "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone." [Singing.

_Mar._ Nay, good Sir Toby.

_Clo._ "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

_Mal._ Is't even so?

_Sir To._ "But I will never die."

_Clo._ Sir Toby, there you lie.

_Mal._ This is much credit to you.

_Sir To._ Out o' time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

_Clo._ Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

_Sir To._ Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.—A stoop of wine, Maria!

_Mal._ 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.

_Mar._ Go shake your ears.

_Sir And._ '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 To._ Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

_Mar._ Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my 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 think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.
ACT II. SCENE III.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass: so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, 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.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. Oh! 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I will plant you two, and let the fool make the 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 To. Good night, Penthesilea.
Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.
Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o' that?
Sir And. I was adored once too.
Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.
Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.
Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.
Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.
Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now; come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.
ACT III.

SCENE I. The Duke's Palace.

VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Enter the Duke Orsino.

Duke.

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
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Seek him out:—and play the tune the while.

[Exit Curio.

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;
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 belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. 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?

Vio. A little, by your favour.
_Duke._ What kind of woman is't?

_Vio._ Of your complexion.

_Duke._ She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

_Vio._ About your years, my lord.

_Duke._ 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,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

_Vio._ I think it well, my lord.

_Duke._ Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

_Vio._ And so they are: alas! that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

_Duke._ Let all the rest give place.

[Exeunt Attendants.

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;
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.

_Vio._ But, if she cannot love you, sir?

_Duke._ I cannot be so answer'd.

_Vio._ Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady—as, perhaps, there is—
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not, then, be answer'd?

_Duke._ There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart. Make no compare
ACT III. SCENE II.

Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. 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,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. 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?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another part of the Sea Coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Antonio.

ILL you stay no longer? nor will you not that
I go with you?

Seb. 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 leave that I may bear my evils alone: it
were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of
them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are
bound.
Seb. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that 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 the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her,—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. 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.

Ant. 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. [Exit.
ACT III. SCENE III.

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, and FABIAN.

Sir Toby.
OME thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. And we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA,

Sir To. Here comes the little villain. How now, my nettle of India!

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

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. '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 exalted respect than any one else that follows
her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-
cock of him.

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio,—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy
married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look, how
imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her,
sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O! for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched
velvet gown, having come from a day bed, where I
have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. Peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and
after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know
my place, as I would they should do their's,—to ask
for my kinsman Toby—

Sir To. Bolts and shackle's!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start,
make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance
wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel.
Toby approaches; court'sies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my
familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the
lips, then?
ACT III. SCENE III.

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:--"

Sir To. What, what?
Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."
Sir To. Out, scab!
Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;"
Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.
Mal. "One Sir Andrew:--"
Sir And. I knew, 'twas I.
Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.
Sir To. O peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!
Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand. These be her very C's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand. [Reads] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, which she uses to seal. 'Tis my lady. To whom should this be?
Fab. This wins him, liver and all.
Mal. [Reads] "Love 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 thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!
Mal. [Reads] "I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

"M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish o' poison has she dressed him.
Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is 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.—

Sir To. O ay! make up that.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out?

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might.

Mal. M, O, A, I;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates open their hands, and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and 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. She, that would alter services with thee, THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY."

—Daylight and champian discover not more: this
is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, 
I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross ac-
quaintance, I will be point-de-vise, 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; and in this she 
manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of in-
junction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I 
thank my stars, I am happy. Jove and my stars be 
praised!—Here is yet a postscript. “Thou canst not 
choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my 
love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee 
well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, 
I prithee.” Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do 
everything that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Omnès. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device,—
Sir And. So could I too.

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

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o’ my neck?
Sir And. Or o’ mine either?
Sir To. Shall I become thy bond slave?
Sir And. I’faith, or I either?
Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, 
that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run 
mad.

Mar. 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 
abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; 
and he will smile upon her, which will now be so uns-
suitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melan-
choly as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [Exeunt.

Enter Viola and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Friend, dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb; like the sun, it shines everywhere. 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.

Vio. Nay, and thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee. [Giving money.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin; I might say element, but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool; And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit.
Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.
Vio. And you, sir.
Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.
Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir.
Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.
Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.
Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.
Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance:—but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia, Maria, and Ladies.

Most excellent-accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!
Sir And. [Aside] That youth's a rare courtier: "Rain odours;"—well.
Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.
Sir And. "Odours, pregnant," and "vouchsafed:"—I'll get 'em all three ready.

[Exeunt Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [Exit Maria.

Give me your hand, sir.
Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.
Oli. What is your name?
Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.
Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world Since lowly feigning was called compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

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

_Oli._ For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

_Vio._ Dear lady,—

_Oli._ Give me leave, I beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
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 th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

_Vio._ I pity you.

_Oli._ That's a degree to love.

_Vio._ No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

_Oli._ 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
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,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

_Vio._ Then westward-ho!
Grace, and good disposition tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

_Oli._ Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

_Vio._ That you do think you are not what you are.
ACT III. SCENE III.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. Oh! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Vio. 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
Will I my master’s tears to you deplore. [Exit.]
ACT IV.

SCENE I.  The Market Place.

ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Sebastian.

I WOULD not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than fil’d steel, did spur me forth;
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,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks. What’s to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and ’tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would, you’d pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, ’gainst the Count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
ACT IV. SCENE II.

That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Do not, then, walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
While you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eyes shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
an hour.

Ant. To th' Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Court-Yard of Olivia's House.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK,
and FABIAN.

Sir Andrew.

O, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy

reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours
to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed
upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell
me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her
toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths
of judgment and reason.
Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only 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 looked for at your hand, and this was balked; 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 some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of 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.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: 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 write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at thy cubiculo: go.

[Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad,—some two thousand strong, or so.
ACT IV. SCENE II.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the 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.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself 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.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously. 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 face into more lines than are 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.

Sir To. Come bring us, bring us where he is.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and Ladies.

Olivia.

HERE is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:

Enter MARIA.

Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam;
But in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam. [The Ladies exequunt.

_Oli._ Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

_Mar._ No, madam. He does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best have guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

_Oli._ Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he, If sad and merry madness equal be.

_Enter Malvolio._

How now, Malvolio?

_Mal._ Sweet lady, ho, ho. _[Smiles fantastical._ Smil'st thou?

_Oli._ I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

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

_Oli._ Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

_Mal._ Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

_Oli._ Heaven comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

_Mar._ How do you, Malvolio?

_Mal._ At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.

_Mar._ Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

_Mal._ "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'twas well writ.

_Oli._ What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

_Mal._ "Some are born great,—

_Oli._ Ha!
ACT IV. SCENE III.

Mal. "Some achieve greatness;"—
Oli. What sayest thou?
Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."
Oli. Heaven restore thee!
Mal. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;"—
Oli. Thy yellow stockings!
Mal. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."
Oli. Cross-gartered!
Mal. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;"—
Oli. Am I made?
Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness. Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Exeunt Olivia and Maria.

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him, on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him. I have limed her. And, when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Sir To. [Without] 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.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?
Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.
Mar. 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.

_Mal._ Ah! ha! does she so?

_Sir To._ 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.

_Mal._ Do you know what you say?

_Mar._ La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitched!

_Mal._ How now, mistress?

_Mar._ O Lord!

_Fab._ No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

_Sir To._ Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

_Mal._ Sir?

_Mar._ Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

_Mal._ My prayers, minx?

_Mar._ No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

_Mal._ Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle, shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

_Sir To._ Is't possible?

_Fab._ If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

_Sir To._ His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

_Mar._ Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

_Fab._ Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

_Mar._ The house will be the quieter.

_Sir To._ 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 us to have mercy on him.


ACT IV. SCENE III.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May-morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "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."

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good senseless.

Sir To. "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,——"

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well; and heaven 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."

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the 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 earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good 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 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 one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [Exeunt.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Oli. What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this,—your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well. [Exit.

Re-enter Sir Toby Belch and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I
know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody
as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end; dis-
mount thy tuck; be yare in thy preparation, for thy
assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

_Vio._ 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 To._ You'll find it otherwise, I assure you:
therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake
you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him
what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man
withal.

_Vio._ I pray you, sir, what is he?

_Sir To._ He is a knight, dubbed with unhacked
rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil
in private 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.

_Vio._ I will return again into the house, and desire
some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.

_Sir To._ 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 must, that's
certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

_Vio._ 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.

_Sir To._ I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by
this gentleman till my return.  

[Exit.

_Vio._ Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

_Fab._ I know the knight is incensed against you,
but nothing of the circumstance more.

_Vio._ I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

_Fab._ He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody,
and fatal opposite that you could possibly have
TWELFTH NIGHT.

found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Orchard End.

Enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir Toby.

HY, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. 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.

Sir And. Plague on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him hanged ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capulet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls.—[Aside] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian.

I have his horse [To Fab.] to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. And he pants, and looks pale [To Sir Toby] as if a bear were at his heels.
Enter Viola.

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

Vio. [Aside] Pray God defend me!

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. 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.

Sir And. Pray God! he keep his oath! [Draws.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [Draws.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [Draws.

Sir To. You, sir? why what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [Draws.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. [To Antonio.] I'll be with you anon.

Vio. [To Sir Andrew.] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word.

Enter Officers.

First Off. This is the man; do thy office.
Second Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of Count Orsino.
Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. 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.
Ant. 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
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 amaz'd.
I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. 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
I'll lend you something. My having is not much.

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

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.

Ant. O heavens themselves!


Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with all the sanctity of love.
But O! how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.

[Exeunt Antonio with Officers.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta’en for you! [Exit.

Sir To. 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.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious
in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy
sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [Exit.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.
[Exeunt.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent
for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let me
be clear of thee.

Clo. 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.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: thou
know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some
great man, and now applies it to a fool: vent my
folly!—I prithee, now, ungird thy strangeness, and
tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to
her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—These
wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Re-enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [Striking Sebastian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there, and there:
Are all the people mad? [Beating Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. [Exit.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [Holding Sebastian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go.

Seb. I will be free from thee. [Breaking away.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[They draw and fight.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preached! out of my sight!—

Be not offended, dear Cesario.—
Rudesby, be gone!

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
ACT IV. SCENE V.

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou'dst be rul'd
by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. Oh! say so, and so be! [Exeunt.

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S House. The Dark Room.
MALVOLIO bound.

Enter MARIA and Clown to room adjoining.

Maria.

NAY, I prithee, put on this gown, and this
beard; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas
the curate: do it quickly.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself
in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled
in such a gown. [Putting it on.] I am not tall enough
to become the function well; nor lean enough to be
thought a good student.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Sir To. God bless thee, master parson.
Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby.
Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.
Clo. What, ho, I say,—peace in this prison!

[Opening door.

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good
knave.

Mal. [In inner chamber] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate who comes to visit Mal-
volio the lunatic.
Mal. [Within] Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. [Within] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Sayest thou, that house is dark?

Mal. [Within] As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. [Within] I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though 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.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. [Within] That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. [Within] I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. 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 thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. [Within] Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I'm for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him. Come by-and-by to my chamber.

[Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.

Clo. [Singing] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
      Tell me how thy lady does.
ACT IV. SCENE V.

Mal. [Within] Fool,—
Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy,"
Mal. [Within] Fool,—
Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"
Mal. [Within] Fool, I say:—
Clo. "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?
Mal. [Within] 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 thee for't.
Clo. Master Malvolio!
Mal. [Within] Ay, good fool.
Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?
Mal. [Within] Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.
Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.
Mal. [Within] They keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.
Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here.
[Speaking as Sir Topas] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore!
Mal. [Within] Sir Topas.
Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, Amen.—I will, sir, I will.
Mal. [Within] Fool, fool, fool, I say!
Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir?
Mal. [Within] Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. 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.
Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?
Mal. [Within] Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.
Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. [Within] Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, begone.

Clo. [Shutting door; singing]
I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice, &c.

[Exit.]
ACT V.

SCENE I. OLIVIA'S House. The Cloisters.

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? 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 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 To any other trust, but that I'm mad,— Or else the lady's mad: there's something in 't That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and a Friar.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well, Now go with me and with this holy man 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,  
While you are willing it shall come to note,  
What time we will our celebration keep  
According to my birth.—What do you say?  

_Seb._ I'll follow this good man, and go with you;  
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.  

_Oli._ Then lead the way, good father; [Exit Friar.  

And heavens so shine,  
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.

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**SCENE II. Before Olivia's House.**

*Enter Fabian to Clown.*

_Fabian._

OW, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.  

_Clo._ Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.  

_Fab._ Any thing.  

_Clo._ Do not desire to see this letter.  

_Fab._ That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

*Enter the Duke Orsino, Viola, and Attendants.*

_Duke._ Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?  

_Clo._ Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.  

_Duke._ I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?  

_Clo._ Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.  

_Duke._ Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.  

_Clo._ No, sir, the worse.  

_Duke._ How can that be?  

_Clo._ Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that
ACT V. SCENE II.

by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold. 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.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. As you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[Exit.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war.

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,—
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. 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?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd 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:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
For his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town.

Vio. How can this be?
Duke. When came ye to this town?
Ant. To-day, my lord: and for three months before—
No interim, not a minute's vacancy—
Both day and night did we keep company.
Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks
on earth.—
But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are madness.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not
have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
Vio. Madam?
Duke. Gracious Olivia.—
Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good, my lord,—
Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'est offerings hath breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become
him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly.—But hear me this:
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.—
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. [Going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [Following.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. 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.

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you

wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—

Call forth the holy father. [Exeunt Attendants.


Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as that thou fear'st,—

Enter Friar.

O, welcome father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,

Here to unfold—though lately we intended

To keep in darkness what occasion now

Reveals before 'tis ripe—what thou dost know

Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Friar. A contract and eternal bond of love,

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,

Attested by the holy close of lips,

Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;

And all the ceremony of this compáct

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony.
Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Vio. My lord, I do protest,—
Oli. O do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek with his head broken.

Sir And. For the love of heaven, a surgeon! and
send one presently to Sir Toby.
Oli. What's the matter?
Sir And. 'Has broke my head across, and 'has given
Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too.
Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?
Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we
took him for a coward, but he's the very devil in-
cardinate.
Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?
Sir And. '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.
Sir And. If a broken coxcomb be a hurt, you have
hurt me.—Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall
hear more.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, drunk, led by the Clown.

Duke. How now, gentlemen! how is 't with you?
Sir To. That's all one: 'has hurt me, and there's
the end on 't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?
Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone.
Sir To. Then he's a rogue. I hate a drunken rogue.
Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc
with them?
Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be
dressed together.
ACT V. SCENE II.

Sir To. Will you help, an ass-head—and a coxcomb and a knave,—a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

[All start.

Seb. I'm sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.—[To Viola] Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb.

Seb. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say,—"Thrice welcome, drownèd Viola!"

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
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. [They embrace.

Duke. [Aside] 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 should'st love woman like to me.
Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbèd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. 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.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio
hither:—[Exeunt Attendants.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown with a letter.

How does Malvolio, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's
end, as well as a man in his case may do: 'has here
writ a letter to you.

Oli. Open 't, and read it.

Clo. Look, then to be well edified, when the fool
delivers the madman:—[Reads] "By the Lord, ma-
dam,"

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness.

Oli. [To Fabian] Read it, you, sirrah.

Fab. [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 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."

Oli. Did he write this?
ACT V. SCENE II.

Clo. Ay, madam.
Duke. This savours not much of distraction.
Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[Exit Fabian.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown th' alliance on's, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.
Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.—

[To Viola] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be Your master's mistress.
Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?
Oli. Ay, my lord, the same.—
How now, Malvolio!
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.
Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,—
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
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
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
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.
Oli. 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 
First told me thou wast mad; thou cam'st in smiling, 
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd 
Upon thee in the letter.

Fab. Good madam, I confess, myself and Toby 
Set this device against Malvolio here, 
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts 
We had conceiv'd in him: Maria writ 
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance; 
In recompense whereof he hath married her.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." 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.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—

[Exeunt Attendants.

He hath not told us of the captain yet: 
When that is known, and golden time convents, 
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, 
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

Clown sings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy, 
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain; 
A foolish thing was but a toy, 
For the rain it raineth every day.
ACT V. SCENE II.

But when I came to man's estate,
   With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
   For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
   With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
By swaggering could I never thrive,
   For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
   With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
   For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
   With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
But that's all one, our play is done,
   And we'll strive to please you every day.

[Exeunt.

Curtain.