

## IV. TWELFTH NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<p>ORSINO, <i>Duke of Illyria.</i> SEBASTIAN, <i>a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.</i> ANTONIO, <i>a Sea-captain, Friend to Sebastian.</i> A Sea-captain, <i>Friend to Viola.</i> VALENTINE, } <i>Gentlemen attending on the Duke.</i> CURIO, } SIR TOBY BELCH, <i>Uncle of Olivia.</i> SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.</p>	<p>MALVOLIO, <i>Steward to Olivia.</i> FABIAN, } <i>Servants to Olivia.</i> CLOWN, } OLIVIA, <i>a rich Countess.</i> VIOLA, <i>in love with the Duke.</i> MARIA, <i>Olivia's Woman.</i> Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.</p>
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SCENE — a City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, LORDS: Musicians attending.

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.  
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
Of what validity <sup>1)</sup> and pitch soever,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,  
That it alone is high-fantastical. <sup>2)</sup>  
*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 purg'd 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?

Enter VALENTINE.

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be admitted,  
But from her handmaid do return this answer:  
The element itself, till seven years heat, <sup>3)</sup>  
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,  
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 kill'd the flock of all affections else  
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,  
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,  
(Her sweet perfections, <sup>4)</sup> with one self king! —  
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;  
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE II. The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

*Vio.* What country, friends, is this?  
*Cap.* Illyria, lady. <sup>5)</sup>  
*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 saved.  
*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 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 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.* For saying so, there's gold:  
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
Whereto, 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 his 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

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### ACT I.

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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 his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,  
They say, she hath abjur'd the company  
And sight of men.

*Vio.* O, that I served that lady:  
And might not be delivered 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;  
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.  
I pray thee, 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 shalt present me as an eunuch 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 <sup>6)</sup> very worth his service.  
What else may hap, to time I will commit;  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!  
*Vio.* I thank thee: Lead me on. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE III. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

*Sir To.* 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 Ague-check?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall a man <sup>7)</sup> as any's in Illyria.

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.  
*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these  
ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the  
viol-de-gambo, <sup>8)</sup> and speaks three or four languages  
word for word without book, and hath all the good  
gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath, indeed, — almost natural: for, be-  
sides 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, 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  
coystril, <sup>9)</sup> that will not drink to my niece, till his  
brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. <sup>10)</sup> What,  
wench? Castiliano vulgo; <sup>11)</sup> for here comes Sir  
Andrew Ague-face.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

*Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch! 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 chamber-maid.

*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,  
board her, woo her, assail her.

*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her  
in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

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

*Sir And.* An 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.

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have; and here's  
my hand.

*Mar.* Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring  
your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your  
metaphor?

*Mar.* It's dry, sir.

*Sir And.* Why, I think so; I am not such an ass,  
but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends:  
marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit MARIA.]

*Sir To.* O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary:  
When did I see thee so put down?

*Sir And.* Never in my 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.

*Sir To.* No question.

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

*Sir To.* Pourquoy, my dear knight?

*Sir And.* What is pourquoy? 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 hadst thou had 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;  
and I hope to see a housewife take thee between  
her legs, and spin it off.

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*Sir And.* Excellent good, i'faith.  
*Sir To.* Good, good.  
*Clo.* What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
 Present mirth hath present laughter;  
 What's to come, is still unsure:  
 In delay there lies no plenty;  
 Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,  
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.  
*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.  
*Sir To.* A contagious breath.  
*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.  
*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance <sup>14)</sup> indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? <sup>15)</sup> shall we do that?  
*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.  
*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 constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.  
*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd 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 a catch.]

## Enter MARIA.

*Mar.* What a cattervauling 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-Ramsay, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am not I of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! <sup>16)</sup> *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady! lady!* [Singing.]  
*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.  
*Sir And.* Aye, 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.]

*Mar.* For the love o'God, 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 <sup>17)</sup> 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. Sneak up! <sup>18)</sup>  
*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 misdemeanors, 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.  
*Mar.* Nay, good sir Toby.  
*Clo.* His eyes do shew 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.* Shall I bid him go?  
*Clo.* What an if you do?  
 [Singing.]

*Sir To.* Shall I bid him go, and spare not?  
*Clo.* O no, no, no, no, you dare not.  
*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: <sup>19)</sup> — 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; <sup>20)</sup> 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 to 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, <sup>21)</sup> 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.  
*Sir To.* Possess us, <sup>22)</sup> 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 any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, <sup>23)</sup> that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: <sup>24)</sup> the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground 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 expression 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.  
*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 is 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.* O, 'twill be admirable.  
*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will 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 To.* Good night, Penthesilea. <sup>25)</sup>  
*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?

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*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. <sup>26)</sup>  
*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.]

## SCENE IV.

## A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

*Duke.* Give me some music: — Now, good morning, 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 <sup>27)</sup> 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.* Who was it?  
*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord, a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.  
*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [Exit CURIO. — Music.]

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 <sup>28)</sup> 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 worn, 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!

## Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

*Duke.* 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 <sup>29)</sup> maids that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth, <sup>30)</sup> And dallies with the <sup>31)</sup> innocence of love, Like the old age. <sup>32)</sup>  
*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?  
*Duke.* Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [Music.]  
 Song.  
*Clo.* Come away, come away, death,  
 And in sad cypress <sup>33)</sup> let me be laid;  
 Fly away fly away, breath;  
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
 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,  
 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  
 Sad true lover never find my grave,  
 To weep there.  
*Duke.* There's for thy pains.  
*Clo.* No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.  
*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure then.  
*Clo.* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.  
*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.  
*Clo.* Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal! <sup>34)</sup> — I would have men of such 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 Clown.]  
*Duke.* Let all the rest give place. — [Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.]  
 Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon' 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 <sup>35)</sup> 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: no woman's heart So big, to hold so much; they lack retention. 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 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?

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*Mal.* 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. <sup>6)</sup>

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

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* 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.* Sir Topas, sir Topas, —

*Sir To.* My most exquisite sir Topas!

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters. <sup>7)</sup>

*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: 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 my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [Exeunt *Sir TOBY* and *MARIA*.]

*Clo.* *Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,*  
*Tell me how thy lady does.* [Singing.]

*Mal.* Fool, —

*Clo.* *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

*Mal.* Fool, —

*Clo.* *Alas, why is she so?*

*Mal.* Fool, I say; —

*Clo.* *She loves another — Who calls, ha?*

*Mal.* 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.* Ay, good fool!

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

*Mal.* 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.* They have here propertied me; <sup>8)</sup> 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. — Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, —

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow. — Who? I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good sir Topas. — Marry, amen. — I will, sir, I will.

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say, —

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent <sup>9)</sup> for speaking to you.

*Mal.* 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.

*Clo.* Well-a-day, — that you were, sir!

*Mal.* 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.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

*Mal.* 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.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prythee, be gone.

*Clo.* *I am gone, sir,*  
*And anon sir,*  
*I'll be with you again,*  
*In a trice,*  
*Like to the old vice, <sup>10)</sup>*  
*Your need to sustain;*  
*Who with dagger of lath,*  
*In his rage and his wrath,*  
*Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:*  
*Like a mad lad,*  
*Pare thy nails, dad,*  
*Adieu, Goodman drivel.* [Exit]

## SCENE III.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

*Seb.* 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 enraps 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, <sup>11)</sup> 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, <sup>12)</sup> That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me 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 despatch, With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing, As I perceive, she does: there's something in't, That is deceivable. <sup>13)</sup> But here comes the lady.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

*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, Whiles <sup>14)</sup> 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: — And heavens so shine,  
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.

*Fab.* Now, 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 DUKE, 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 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 my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

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

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer; there's another.

*Clo.* *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 St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

*Duke.* 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.

*Clo.* 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. [Exit Clown.]

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 besnear'd As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A bawling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable: With which such scathful <sup>1)</sup> grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of loss, Cry'd fame and honour on him. — What's the matter?

*1 Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio, That took the Phoenix, and her freight, from Candy; And this is he, that did the Tiger board, When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state, In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*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 ungrateful boy there, by your side, From the rude sea's enrag'd 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, 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, (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 Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be?

*Duke.* When came he 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.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

*Duke.* 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; But more of that anon. — Take him aside.

*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 <sup>2)</sup> 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 unassuming altars My soul the faithful'st 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, <sup>3)</sup> at point of death, Kill what I love; a savage jealousy, That sometime 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, 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:

If I do feign, you witnesses above,  
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!  
*Oli.* Ah 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. [Exit an Attendant.  
*Duke.* Come away. [To *VIOLA*.  
*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.* Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,  
That makes thee strangle thy propriety: <sup>4)</sup>  
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. — O, welcome, father!

*Re-enter Attendant and Priest.*

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 past between this youth and me.  
*Priest.* A contract of 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; <sup>5)</sup>  
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,  
I have travelled but two hours.  
*Duke.* O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? <sup>6)</sup>  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.  
*Vio.* My lord, I do protest, —  
*Oli.* O, do not swear;  
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broke.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God, a surgeon; send  
one presently to sir Toby.  
*Oli.* What's the matter?  
*Sir And.* He has broke my head across, and has  
given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love  
of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound,  
I were at home.  
*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.  
*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:  
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;  
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.  
*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you  
have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody  
coxcomb.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.*

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.  
*Duke.* How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

*Sir To.* That's all one; he has hurt me, and  
there's the end on't. — Sot, did'st see Dick sur-  
geon, sot?  
*Clo.* O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone; his  
eyes were set at eight i'the morning.  
*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue. After a passy-meas-  
sure, or a pavin, <sup>7)</sup> I hate a drunken rogue.  
*Oli.* Away with him; Who hath made this havock  
with them?  
*Sir And.* I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll  
be dressed together.  
*Sir To.* Will you help <sup>8)</sup> an ass-head, and a cox-  
comb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?  
*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.  
[Exit Clown, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.]

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* 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.  
You throw a strange regard upon me, and  
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;  
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vovs  
We made each other but so late ago.  
*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two  
persons;  
A natural perspective, <sup>9)</sup> that is, and is not.  
*Seb.* Antonio, O my dear Antonio!  
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,  
Since I have lost thee.  
*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:  
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, <sup>10)</sup> what kin are you to me?  
[To *VIOLA*.]

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:  
If spirits can assume both form and suit  
You come to fright us.  
*Seb.* 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,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say — Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!  
*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.  
*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And died that day when Viola from her birth  
Had number'd thirteen years.  
*Seb.* O, that record is lively in my soul!  
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,  
That day that made my sister thirteen years.  
*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: which to confirm,  
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,  
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help  
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count;  
All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath been between this lady and this lord.  
*Seb.* So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:  
[To *OLIVIA*.]

But nature to her bias drew in that.  
You would have been contracted to a maid;  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,  
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.  
*Duke.* Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood. —  
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,  
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:  
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,  
[To *VIOLA*.  
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 orb'd 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,  
And gentleman, and follower of my lady's.  
*Oli.* He shall enlarge him: — Fetch Malvolio hi-  
ther: —  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

*Re-enter Clown, with a Letter.*

A most extracting frenzy <sup>11)</sup> of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banished his. —  
How does he, sirrah?  
*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the  
stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he  
has here writ a letter to you, I should have given  
it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles  
are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they  
are delivered.  
*Oli.* Open it, and read it.  
*Clo.* Look then to be well edified, when the fool  
delivers the madman: — *By the Lord, madam,* —  
*Oli.* How now! art thou mad?  
*Clo.* No, madam, I do but read madness: an your  
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must  
allow *vox*. <sup>12)</sup>  
*Oli.* Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.  
*Clo.* So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits,  
is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess,  
and give ear.  
*Oli.* Read it you, sirrah. [To *FABIAN*.  
*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?  
*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 the alliance on't, so please you,  
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.  
*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt to embrace your  
offer. —  
Your master quits you; [to *VIOLA*] and, for your  
service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me master for so long,  
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, this same:  
How now, Malvolio?  
*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.  
*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio? no.  
*Mal.* 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:  
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 light 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, <sup>13)</sup> 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; then cam'st in  
smiling,  
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd  
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:  
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:  
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,  
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
Of thine own cause.  
*Fab.* Good madam, hear me speak;  
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
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 conceiv'd against him: Maria writ  
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance; <sup>14)</sup>  
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,  
That have on both sides past.  
*Oli.* Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!  
*Clo.* 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 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 gagg'd:* And thus the whirl-  
igig of time brings in his revenges.  
*Mal.* I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.  
[Exit.]  
*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abus'd.  
*Duke.* 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, <sup>15)</sup>  
A solemn combination shall be made  
Of our dear souls — Mean time, 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. [Exeunt.

Song.

Clo. *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.*

*But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
'Gainst knave and thief 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.* [Exit.