

TWELFTH NIGHT OR, WHAT YOU WILL

by William Shakespeare

(This play has been edited to match the performance found on the ASL *Twelfth Night* DVD.)

ACT I

SCENE I. DUKE ORSINO's *palace*

Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, *and other* Lords; Musicians *attending*

DUKE ORSINO. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound, 5
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 10
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical. 15
CURIO. Will you go hunt, my lord?
DUKE ORSINO. What, Curio?
CURIO. The hart.
DUKE ORSINO. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first, 20
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.

Enter VALENTINE

How now! what news from her? 25
VALENTINE. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk 30
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 ORSINO. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame 35
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 40
 Her sweet perfections 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, a CAPTAIN, and SAILORS

VIOLA. What country, friends, is this?
 CAPTAIN. This is Illyria, lady.
 VIOLA. And what should I do in Illyria?
 My brother he is in Elysium.
 Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors? 5
 CAPTAIN. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
 VIOLA. And so perchance may he be. O my poor brother!
 CAPTAIN. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
 Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
 When you and those poor number saved with you 10
 Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
 Most provident in peril, bind himself,
 Courage and hope both teaching him the practise,
 To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves 15
 So long as I could see.
 VIOLA. 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? 20
 CAPTAIN. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
 Not three hours' travel from this very place.
 VIOLA. Who governs here?
 CAPTAIN. A noble duke, in nature as in name.
 VIOLA. What is the name? 25
 CAPTAIN. Orsino.
 VIOLA. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
 He was a bachelor then.
 CAPTAIN. And so is now, or was so very late;
 For but a month ago I went from hence, 30
 And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—
 That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
 VIOLA. What's she?
 CAPTAIN. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
 That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her 35
 In the protection of his son, her brother,
 Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
 They say, she hath abjured the company
 And sight of men.
 VIOLA. O that I served that lady 40
 And might not be delivered to the world,

Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

CAPTAIN. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit, 45
No, not the duke's.

VIOLA. There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become 50
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shall 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 very worth his service. 55
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAPTAIN. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIOLA. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt*] 60

SCENE III. OLIVIA's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

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

MARIA. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'
nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours. 5

SIR TOBY BELCH. Why, let her except, before excepted.

MARIA. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest
limits of order. 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. 10

SIR TOBY BELCH. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA. Ay, he.

SIR TOBY BELCH. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MARIA. What's that to the purpose?

SIR TOBY BELCH. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year. 15

MARIA. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a
very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-
de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without
book, and hath all the good gifts of nature. 20

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

SIR TOBY BELCH. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtrac- 25
tors that say so of him. Who are they?

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

SIR TOBY BELCH. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink
to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's 30
a coward and a coystroll that will not drink to my niece till his brains
turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for
here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR ANDREW. Sir Toby Belch! Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY BELCH. Sweet Sir Andrew! 35

SIR ANDREW. Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA. And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW. What's that?

SIR TOBY BELCH. My niece's chambermaid. 40

SIR ANDREW. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA. My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

SIR TOBY BELCH. You mistake, knight; 'accost' is front her,
board her, woo her, assail her. 45

SIR ANDREW. I would not undertake her in this company. Is that
the meaning of 'accost'?

MARIA. Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TOBY BELCH. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou
mightst never draw sword again. 50

SIR ANDREW. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never
draw sword again. Do you think you have fools in hand?

MARIA. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR ANDREW. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

MARIA. Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you, bring your hand to 55
the buttery-bar and let it drink.

SIR ANDREW. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

MARIA. It's dry, sir.

SIR ANDREW. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can
keep my hand dry. But what's your jest? 60

MARIA. A dry jest, sir.

SIR ANDREW. Are you full of them?

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

SIR TOBY BELCH. O knight thou lackest a cup of canary: when 65
did I see thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary
put me down.

SIR ANDREW. 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 70
count himself here hard by woos her.

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

SIR ANDREW. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' 75
the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels
sometimes altogether.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

SIR ANDREW. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong 80
as any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY BELCH. 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; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost 85
thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent
constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

SIR ANDREW. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a
flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY BELCH. What shall we do else? were we not born 90
under Taurus?

SIR ANDREW. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY BELCH. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see the
caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV. DUKE ORSINO's palace.

Enter VIOLA in man's attire

Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and Attendants

DUKE ORSINO. Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA. On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE ORSINO. Stand you a while aloof, Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd 5
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 fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

VIOLA. Sure, my noble lord, 10
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE ORSINO. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofit'd return.

VIOLA. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then? 15

DUKE ORSINO. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect. 20

VIOLA. I think not so, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip

Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe 25
 Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
 And all is semblative a woman's part.
 I know thy constellation is right apt
 For this affair. Prosper well in this,
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, 30
 To call his fortunes thine.
 VIOLA. I'll do my best
 To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. OLIVIA's house.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN

MARIA. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will
 not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse:
 my lady will hang thee for thy absence.
 CLOWN. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this 5
 world needs to fear no colours.
 MARIA. Make that good.
 CLOWN. He shall see none to fear.
 MARIA. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying
 was born, of 'I fear no colours.'
 CLOWN. Where, good Mistress Mary? 10
 MARIA. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your
 foolery.
 CLOWN. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those
 that are fools, let them use their talents.
 MARIA. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, 15
 to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?
 CLOWN. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and,
 for turning away, let summer bear it out.
 MARIA. You are resolute, then?
 CLOWN. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points. 20
 MARIA. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both
 break, your gaskins fall.
 CLOWN. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way. Thou
 wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria; if Sir Toby would
 leave drinking.
 MARIA. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my 25
 lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exeunt*]
 CLOWN. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!
Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO
 God bless thee, lady!
 OLIVIA. Take the fool away. 30
 CLOWN. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.
 OLIVIA. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you
 grow dishonest.
 CLOWN. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will

amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the 35
dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if
he cannot, let the botcher mend him. The lady bade take away the fool;
therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLIVIA. Sir, I bade them take away you.

CLOWN. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non 40
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.

OLIVIA. Can you do it?

CLOWN. Dexterously, good madonna.

OLIVIA. Make your proof. 45

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

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

CLOWN. Why mournest thou?

OLIVIA. Good fool, for my brother's death. 50

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

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

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

OLIVIA. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend? 55

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

CLOWN. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better in-
creasing your folly!

OLIVIA. How say you to that, Malvolio? 60

MALVOLIO. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren
rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that
has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard
already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged.

OLIVIA. Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a 65
distempered appetite.

Re-enter MARIA.

MARIA. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much
desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA. From the Count Orsino, is it?

MARIA. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and 70
well attended.

OLIVIA. Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA. By mine honor, half drunk. Fetch him off, I pray you; he
speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! *[Exeunt]*

MARIA. Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, 75
or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. *[Exeunt MALVOLIO]*

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

CLOWN. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man:
one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him;
and a third drowns him. 80

OLIVIA. 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.

CLOWN. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. *[Exeunt]*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak
with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so
much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were
asleep; he seems to 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. 85 90

OLIVIA. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO. 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.

OLIVIA. What kind o' man is he? 95

MALVOLIO. Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA. What manner of man?

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

OLIVIA. Of what personage and years is he? 100

MALVOLIO. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for
a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a cooling when 'tis almost
an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is
very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his
mother's milk were scarce out of him. 105

OLIVIA. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *[Exeunt]*

Re-enter MARIA.

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

Enter VIOLA, and Attendants

VIOLA. The honourable lady of the house, which is she? 110

OLIVIA. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIOLA. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—I pray
you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would
be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well
penned, I have taken great pains to con it. 115

OLIVIA. Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA. I can say little more than I have studied, and that ques-
tion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if
you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA. If I do not usurp myself, I am. 120

VIOLA. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for
what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my
commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show
you the heart of my message.

OLIVIA. I forgive you the praise. Come to what is important in't. 125

VIOLA. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

OLIVIA. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I

heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. What are you? what would you?

VIOLA. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden- 130
head; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

OLIVIA. We will hear this divinity. Give us the place alone.

[*Exeunt MARIA and ATTENDANTS*]

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA. Most sweet lady— 135

OLIVIA. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it.

Where lies your text?

VIOLA. In Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

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

OLIVIA. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say? 140

VIOLA. Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done? [*Unveiling*] 145

VIOLA. Excellently done, if God did all.

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

VIOLA. Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers 150
schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, 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?

VIOLA. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair. 155

My lord and master loves you:

OLIVIA. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him: He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life, 160
In your denial I would find no sense.

OLIVIA. Why, what would you?

VIOLA. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love 165
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, You should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth, 170
But you should pity me!

OLIVIA. You might do much.

What is your parentage?

VIOLA. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman. 175

OLIVIA. Get you to your lord;
 I cannot love him: let him send no more;
 Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
 To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
 I thank you for your pains: spend this for me. 180

VIOLA.
 I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
 My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
 Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
 And let your fervor, like my master's, be 185
 Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exeunt*]

OLIVIA. 'What is your parentage?'
 'Above my fortunes, 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! 190
 Unless the master were the man. How now!
 Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
 Well, let it be. What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO. Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA. Run after that same peevish messenger, 195
 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, 200
 I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO. Madam, I will. [*Exeunt*]

OLIVIA. I do I know not what, and fear to find
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
 Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe; 205
 What is decreed must be, and be this so. [*Exeunt*]

ACT II

SCENE I. *The sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

ANTONIO. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go
 with you?

SEBASTIAN. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over
 me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; there-
 fore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it 5
 were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

ANTONIO. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEBASTIAN. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere
 extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty,
 that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore 10

it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that 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, 15 altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

ANTONIO. Alas the day!

SEBASTIAN. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: she bore a mind that envy 20 could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEBASTIAN. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

ANTONIO. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be 25 your servant.

SEBASTIAN. 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 30 me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exeunt*]

ANTONIO. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so, 35
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter VIOLA and MALVOLIO following

MALVOLIO. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

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

MALVOLIO. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, 5 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.

VIOLA. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it. 10

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

VIOLA. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! 15
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger. 20
 None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
 I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
 Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
 Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. 25
 How easy is it for the proper-false
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
 For such as we are made of, such we be.
 How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly; 30
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman,—now alas the day!— 35
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
 O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. OLIVIA's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

SIR ANDREW. Nay, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY BELCH. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. 5
 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 ANDREW. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking. 10

SIR TOBY BELCH. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter CLOWN

SIR ANDREW. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

CLOWN. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'? 15

SIR TOBY BELCH. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

SIR ANDREW. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. 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 Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it? 20

CLOWN. I did impetico thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses. 25

SIR TOBY BELCH. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

SIR ANDREW. There's a testril of me too

CLOWN. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

SIR TOBY BELCH. A love-song, a love-song. 30

SIR ANDREW. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

CLOWN. [*Sings*]
 O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low:
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting; 35
 Journeys end in lovers meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR ANDREW. Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Good, good.

CLOWN. [*Sings*] What is love? 'tis not hereafter; 40
 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. 45

SIR ANDREW. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TOBY BELCH. A contagious breath.

SIR ANDREW. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR TOBY BELCH. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
 But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night- 50
 owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

SIR ANDREW. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

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

SIR ANDREW. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.' 55

Enter MARIA.

MARIA. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR TOBY BELCH. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I 60
 consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady!

Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is 65
 there no respect of persons, place, nor time in you?

SIR TOBY BELCH. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

MALVOLIO. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing 70
 allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misde-

meanors, 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 TOBY BELCH. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.' 75

CLOWN. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

MALVOLIO. Is't even so?

SIR TOBY BELCH. 'But I will never die.'

CLOWN. Sir Toby, there you lie.

MALVOLIO. This is much credit to you. 80

SIR TOBY BELCH. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. Maria, a stoup of wine!

MALVOLIO. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means 85 for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exeunt*]

MARIA. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight: since the youth of the count's was today with thy lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit 90 enough to lie straight in my bed.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Tell us something of him. Possess us, possess us.

SIR TOBY BELCH. What wilt thou do?

MARIA. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; 95 wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands. 100

SIR TOBY BELCH. Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR ANDREW. I have't in my nose too.

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

MARIA. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour. I know my 105 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. [*Exeunt*]

SIR TOBY BELCH. Good night, Penthesilea.

SIR ANDREW. Before me, she's a good wench. 110

SIR TOBY BELCH. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

SIR ANDREW. I was adored once too.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money. 115

SIR ANDREW. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

SIR ANDREW. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Come, come, 'tis too late to go to bed now: 120
come, knight; come, knight. I'll go burn some sack. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV. DUKE ORSINO's palace.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, *and* others

Exeunt CURIO. *Music plays.*

DUKE ORSINO. 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 5
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

DUKE ORSINO. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye 10
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA. A little, by your favour.

DUKE ORSINO. What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA. Of your complexion. 15

DUKE ORSINO. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

VIOLA. About your years, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO. Too old by heaven:

DUKE ORSINO. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent; 20
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

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

Re-enter CURIO *and* CLOWN

DUKE ORSINO. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night. 25
Mark it, Cesario, it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

CLOWN. Are you ready, sir?

DUKE ORSINO. Ay; prithee, sing. 30

[Music]

[Song] CLOWN.

Come away, come away, death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid;

Fly away, fly away breath;

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, 35

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; 40
 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, 45
 To weep there!
 DUKE ORSINO. There's for thy pains.
 CLOWN. No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.
 DUKE ORSINO. I'll pay thy pleasure then.
 CLOWN. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another. 50
 Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet
 of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of
 such 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. [*Exeunt*] 55
 [CURIO and ATTENDANTS retire]
 DUKE ORSINO. 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, 60
 Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
 But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
 That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.
 VIOLA. But if she cannot love you, sir?
 DUKE ORSINO. I cannot be so answer'd. 65
 VIOLA. Sooth, but you must.
 Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
 Hath for your love a great a pang of heart
 As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
 You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd? 70
 DUKE ORSINO. There is no woman's sides
 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
 As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
 So big, to hold so much; they lack retention make no compare
 Between that love a woman can bear me 75
 And that I owe Olivia.
 VIOLA. Ay, but I know—
 DUKE ORSINO. What dost thou know?
 VIOLA. Too well what love women to men may owe:
 In faith, they are as true of heart as we. 80
 My father had a daughter loved a man,
 As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
 I should your lordship.
 DUKE ORSINO. And what's her history?
 VIOLA. A blank, my lord. She never told her love, 85
 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? 90
 DUKE ORSINO. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
 VIOLA. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
 And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
 Sir, shall I to this lady?
 DUKE ORSINO. Ay, that's the theme. 95
 To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
 My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. OLIVIA's garden.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
 FABIAN. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be
 boiled to death with melancholy.
 SIR TOBY BELCH. We will fool him black and blue: shall we not,
 Sir Andrew? 5
 SIR ANDREW. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.
 SIR TOBY BELCH. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India!
 MARIA. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming
 down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his 10
 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! Lie thou there, [*throws down a letter*] for here comes
 the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exeunt*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told 15
 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.

MALVOLIO. To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY BELCH. Ah, rogue! 20

MALVOLIO. Having been three months married to her—

SIR TOBY BELCH. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO. Having come from a day-bed, where I have left
 Olivia sleeping. In my branched velvet gown, calling my officers about
 me, sitting in my state,—And then to have the humour of state; and 25
 after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would
 they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—Seven of my
 people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and
 perchance wind up watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby
 approaches; courtesies there to me,— 30

SIR TOBY BELCH. Shall this fellow live?

MALVOLIO. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar

smile with an austere regard of control,—

SIR TOBY BELCH. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then? 35

MALVOLIO. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

SIR TOBY BELCH. What, what?

MALVOLIO. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

SIR TOBY BELCH. Out, scab! 40

MALVOLIO. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

SIR ANDREW. That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

SIR ANDREW. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool. 45

MALVOLIO. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter]

SIR TOBY BELCH. O, peace! and the spirit of humour intimate reading aloud to him!

MALVOLIO. By my life, this is my lady's hand these be her very C's, her U's and her T's and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in con- 50
tempt of question, her hand.

SIR ANDREW. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

MALVOLIO. *[Reads]* 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:'—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impres- 55
sure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

MALVOLIO. *[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. 60

MALVOLIO. What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly! M, O, A, I,—
M,—Malvolio. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me. Soft! here follows prose.

[Reads] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above 65
thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh.

She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Be opposite with a kinsman, 70
surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, THE FORTUNATE-
UNHAPPY.' Daylight and champaign discovers not more: this is 75

open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. I thank my stars I am happy. I will

be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. 80

[Reads] '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. 85

[Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I. OLIVIA's garden.

Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabour

VIOLA. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabour?

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

VIOLA. Art thou a churchman?

CLOWN. 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. 5

VIOLA. So thou mayst say, the church stands by thy tabour, if thy tabour stand by the church.

CLOWN. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward! 10

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

CLOWN. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words. 15

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

CLOWN. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there. 20

VIOLA. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

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

VIOLA. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; *[Aside]* though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within? 25

CLOWN. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIOLA. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

CLOWN. 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. *[Exeunt]* 30

VIOLA. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH. Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA. And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW. Dieu vous garde, monsieur. 35

VIOLA. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

SIR ANDREW. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Will you encounter the house? my niece is
desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIOLA. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we 40
are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

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

SIR ANDREW. That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours;' well.

VIOLA. My matter hath no voice, to your own most pregnant and
vouchsafed ear. 45

SIR ANDREW. 'Odours,' 'pregnant' and 'vouchsafed:' I'll get 'em
all three all ready.

OLIVIA. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.
[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA.

Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA. My duty, madam, and most humble service. 50

OLIVIA. What is your name?

VIOLA. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth. 55

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

OLIVIA. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

VIOLA. Dear lady,— 60

OLIVIA. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit, 65
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?

VIOLA. I pity you.

OLIVIA. That's a degree to love.

VIOLA. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof, 70
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLIVIA. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes* 75

VIOLA. You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLIVIA. Stay: I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.

VIOLA. That you do think you are not what you are.

OLIVIA. If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIOLA. Then think you right: I am not what I am. 80

OLIVIA. I would you were as I would have you be!

VIOLA. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
 I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

OLIVIA. Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
 By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing, 85
 I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
 Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,
 But rather reason thus with reason fetter, 90
 Love sought is good, but given unsought better.

VIOLA. By innocence I swear, and by my youth
 I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
 And that no woman has; nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
 And so adieu, good madam: never more 95
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLIVIA. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
 That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. OLIVIA's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

SIR ANDREW. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

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

SIR ANDREW. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the
 count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' 5
 the orchard.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Did she see thee the while, old boy?
 tell me that.

SIR ANDREW. As plain as I see you now.

FABIAN. This was a great argument of love in her toward you. 10

SIR ANDREW. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

FABIAN. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment
 and reason.

FABIAN. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to
 exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your 15
 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: unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt
 either of valour or policy. 20

SIR ANDREW. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy
 I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the
 basis of 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, 25
 there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commen-

dation with woman than report of valour.

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

SIR ANDREW. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TOBY BELCH. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and
brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and fun of invention:
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:
about it. 30

SIR ANDREW. Where shall I find you? 35

SIR TOBY BELCH. We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[Exeunt Sir Andrew]

FABIAN. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thou-
sand strong, or so.

FABIAN. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not
deliver't? 40

SIR TOBY BELCH. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir
on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale
them together.

FABIAN. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no
great presage of cruelty. 45

Enter MARIA.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Look, where the youngest wren of
nine comes.

MARIA. 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. 50

SIR TOBY BELCH. And cross-gartered?

MARIA. Most villanously; He does obey every point of the letter
that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines
than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have
not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him.
I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a
great favour. 60

SIR TOBY BELCH. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

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

ANTONIO. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger, 5

Unguided and unfriended, often prove
 Rough and unhospitable: 10
 SEBASTIAN. My kind Antonio,
 I can no other answer make but thanks,
 And thanks; and ever oft good turns
 Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
 But, were my worth as is my conscience firm, 15
 You should find better dealing. What's to do?
 Shall we go see the reliques of this town?
 ANTONIO. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.
 SEBASTIAN. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
 I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes 20
 With the memorials and the things of fame
 That do renown this city.
 ANTONIO. Would you'd pardon me;
 I do not without danger walk these streets:
 Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys 25
 I did some service; of such note indeed,
 That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.
 SEBASTIAN. Belike you slew great number of his people.
 ANTONIO. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
 Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel 30
 Might well have given us bloody argument.
 It might have since been answer'd in repaying
 What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
 Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
 For which, if I be lapsed in this place, 35
 I shall pay dear.
 SEBASTIAN. Do not then walk too open.
 ANTONIO. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
 In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
 Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, 40
 Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
 With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
 SEBASTIAN. Why I your purse?
 ANTONIO. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
 You have desire to purchase; and your store, 45
 I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
 SEBASTIAN. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
 For an hour.
 ANTONIO. To the Elephant.
 SEBASTIAN. I do remember. [*Exeunt*] 50

SCENE IV. OLIVIA's garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

OLIVIA. I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
 How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
 For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes: 5
Where is Malvolio?

MARIA. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He
is, sure, possessed, madam.

OLIVIA. Why, what's the matter? does he rave? 10

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

OLIVIA. Go call him hither. [*Exeunt Maria*]
I am as mad as he, 15
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 20

MALVOLIO. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some ob-
struction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that?

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

MALVOLIO. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It
did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do 25
know the sweet Roman hand.

OLIVIA. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

OLIVIA. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy
hand so oft? 30

MARIA. How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

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

MALVOLIO. 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ. 35

OLIVIA. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. 'Some are born great,'—

OLIVIA. Ha!

MALVOLIO. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

OLIVIA. What sayest thou? 40

MALVOLIO. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

OLIVIA. Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO. 'Remember who commended thy yellow
stocking s,'—

OLIVIA. Thy yellow stockings! 45

MALVOLIO. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

OLIVIA. Cross-gartered! Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter SERVANT

SERVANT. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's
is returned.

OLIVIA. I'll come to him. [*Exeunt SERVANT*] 50

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.]

MALVOLIO. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! She sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him. And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked. 55 60

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

FABIAN. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man? 65

MALVOLIO. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

MARIA. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MALVOLIO. Ah, ha! does she so? 70

SIR TOBY BELCH. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO. Do you know what you say?

MARIA. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched! Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray. 75

MALVOLIO. My prayers, minx!

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

MALVOLIO. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exeunt* 80

SIR TOBY BELCH. Is't possible?

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

SIR TOBY BELCH. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, But see, but see. 85

Enter SIR ANDREW

FABIAN. More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW. Here's the challenge, read it: warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't. 90

FABIAN. Is't so saucy?

SIR ANDREW. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Give me.

[*Reads*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

FABIAN. Good, and valiant. 95

SIR TOBY BELCH. [*Reads*] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

FABIAN. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TOBY BELCH. [*Reads*] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.' 100

FABIAN. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

SIR TOBY BELCH. [*Reads*] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'—

FABIAN. Good. 105

SIR TOBY BELCH. [*Reads*] 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

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

SIR TOBY BELCH. [*Reads*] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Aguecheek. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him. 110

MARIA. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart. 115

SIR TOBY BELCH. Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner the orchard like a bum-bailly: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest swear horrible; Away!

SIR ANDREW. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exeunt*]

SIR TOBY BELCH. Now will not I deliver his letter: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices. 120

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

FABIAN. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him. 125

SIR TOBY BELCH. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA.*]

OLIVIA. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture; Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you; And I beseech you come again to-morrow. 125

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?

VIOLA. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

OLIVIA. How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you? 130

VIOLA. I will acquit you.

OLIVIA. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well: A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exeunt*]

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH, with FABIAN.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA. And you, sir. 135

SIR TOBY BELCH. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy

interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end:

VIOLA. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel
to me: 145

SIR TOBY BELCH. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you:

VIOLA. I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TOBY BELCH. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier
and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and 150
bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is
so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and
sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

VIOLA. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct
of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put 155
quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man
of that quirk.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a
very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire.

VIOLA. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this 160
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 TOBY BELCH. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this
gentleman till my return. *[Exeunt]*

VIOLA. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter? 165

FABIAN. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a
mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more. *[Exeunt]*

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH, *with* SIR ANDREW.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen
such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he
gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; 170
and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground
they step on.

SIR ANDREW. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian
can scarce hold him yonder. 175

SIR ANDREW. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and
so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have chal-
lenged him.

SIR TOBY BELCH. *[To Viola]* There's no remedy, sir; he will fight
with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his 180
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.

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

SIR TOBY BELCH. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the 185
gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he can-
not 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 ANDREW. Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIOLA. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. *[They draw]* 190

Enter ANTONIO

ANTONIO. 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.

SIR TOBY BELCH. You, sir! why, what are you?

ANTONIO. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more 195
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[They draw]

Enter OFFICERS

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

SECOND OFFICER. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of 200
Count Orsino.

ANTONIO. You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,

ANTONIO. I must obey. *[to Viola]* This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. 205
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse?
You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

SECOND OFFICER. Come, sir, away. 210

ANTONIO. I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: 215
Hold, there's half my coffer.

ANTONIO. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion?

VIOLA. I know of none; 220

ANTONIO. O heavens themselves!

SECOND OFFICER. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANTONIO. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love, 225
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

ANTONIO. But O how vile an idol proves this god
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.

FIRST OFFICER. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, 230
come, sir.

ANTONIO. Lead me on. *[Exeunt with Officers]*

VIOLA. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went 235
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
 Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love. *[Exeunt]*
 SIR TOBY BELCH. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: 240
 FABIAN. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.
 SIR ANDREW. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.
 SIR TOBY BELCH. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.
 SIR ANDREW. An I do not,— 245
 SIR TOBY BELCH. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.
[Exeunt]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Before OLIVIA's house.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN

CLOWN. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?
 SEBASTIAN. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
 Let me be clear of thee.
 CLOWN. 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. 5
 SEBASTIAN. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.
 CLOWN. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming? 10
 SEBASTIAN. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment. 15
 CLOWN. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.
Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN
 SIR ANDREW. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. 20
 SEBASTIAN. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?
 SIR TOBY BELCH. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. *[Exeunt CLOWN]*
 SIR TOBY BELCH. Come on, sir; hold. 25
 SIR ANDREW. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.
 SEBASTIAN. What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword. 30

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

Enter OLIVIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH. Madam!

OLIVIA. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, 35
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

I prithee, gentle friend, 40
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and thou unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby 45
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny.

SEBASTIAN. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep; 45
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA. Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN. Madam, I will.

OLIVIA. O, say so, and so be! *[Exeunt]*

SCENE II. OLIVIA'S house.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN

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

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

SIR TOBY BELCH. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

CLOWN. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of
Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily 5
said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;'
so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for,
what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?

SIR TOBY BELCH. To him, Sir Topas.

CLOWN. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison! 10

MALVOLIO. [Within] Who calls there?

CLOWN. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio
the lunatic.

MALVOLIO. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

CLOWN. Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man! 15
talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

MALVOLIO. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good

Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

CLOWN. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! sayest thou that house is dark? 20

MALVOLIO. As hell, Sir Topas.

CLOWN. Why it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstores toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MALVOLIO. I am not mad, Sir Topas: 25

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.

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

MALVOLIO. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird. 30

CLOWN. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

CLOWN. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: 35
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.

MALVOLIO. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY BELCH. My most exquisite Sir Topas! 40

CLOWN. Nay, I am for all waters.

SIR TOBY BELCH. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport 45
to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt* SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

CLOWN. [*Singing*]

MALVOLIO. Fool!

Fool, I say!

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 50
thankful to thee for't.

CLOWN. Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. Ay, good fool.

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

MALVOLIO. Fool, there was never a man so notoriously abused: I 55
am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

CLOWN. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MALVOLIO. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage 60
thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

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

MALVOLIO. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

CLOWN. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I 65
will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MALVOLIO. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee,
be gone.

CLOWN. *[singing]* I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir, 70
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath, 75
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, good man devil. *[Exeunt]* 80

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant: 5
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, 10
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 am mad 15
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST 20

OLIVIA. 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; 25
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it

Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth. What do you say? 30
 SEBASTIAN. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
 OLIVIA. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine! *[Exeunt]*

ACT V

SCENE I. *Before OLIVIA's house.*

Enter CLOWN, DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and LORDS

DUKE ORSINO. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

CLOWN. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

DUKE ORSINO. I know thee well; how dost thou, my
 good fellow?

CLOWN. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for
 my friends. 5

DUKE ORSINO. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

CLOWN. No, sir, the worse.

DUKE ORSINO. How can that be?

CLOWN. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now 10
 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, conclu-
 sions 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 ORSINO. Why, this is excellent. 15

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

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

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

DUKE ORSINO. You can fool no more money out of me at this 20
 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.

CLOWN. 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 25
 awake it anon. *[Exeunt]*

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

Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS

FIRST OFFICER. Orsino, this is that Antonio. Here in the streets,
 desperate of shame and state, In private brabble did we apprehend him. 30

VIOLA. 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 ORSINO. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
 What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, 35

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

ANTONIO. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate, 40
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. 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: 45
Where being apprehended; denied me mine own purse.

VIOLA. How can this be?

DUKE ORSINO. When came he to this town?

ANTONIO. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy, 50
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and ATTENDANTS

DUKE ORSINO. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks
on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me. 55
Take him aside.

OLIVIA. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA. Madam! 60

DUKE ORSINO. Gracious Olivia,—

OLIVIA. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—

VIOLA. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLIVIA. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear 65
As howling after music.

DUKE ORSINO. Still so cruel?

OLIVIA. Still so constant, lord.

DUKE ORSINO. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars 70
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

OLIVIA. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

DUKE ORSINO. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death, 75
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometimes savours nobly.
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, 80
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

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

OLIVIA. Where goes Cesario? 85
 VIOLA. After him I love
 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

OLIVIA. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!
 VIOLA. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong? 90
 OLIVIA. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
 DUKE ORSINO. Come, away!
 OLIVIA. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
 DUKE ORSINO. Husband!
 OLIVIA. Ay, husband: can he that deny? 95
 DUKE ORSINO. Her husband, sirrah!
 VIOLA. No, my lord, not I.
 OLIVIA. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
 That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
 Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up; 100
 Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
 As great as that thou fear'st.

DUKE ORSINO. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
 When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow, 105
 That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
 Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA. My lord, I do protest—
 OLIVIA. O, do not swear! 110
 Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR ANDREW. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently
 to Sir Toby.

OLIVIA. What's the matter?
 SIR ANDREW. He has broke my head across and has given Sir 115
 Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had
 rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLIVIA. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?
 SIR ANDREW. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him
 for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate. 120

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman:
 But, had it been the brother of my blood,
 I must have done no less with wit and safety.
 You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
 I do perceive it hath offended you: 125
 Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
 We made each other but so late ago.

DUKE ORSINO. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
 A natural perspective, that is and is not!

OLIVIA. Most wonderful! 130

SEBASTIAN. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
 Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
 Of here and every where. I had a sister,
 Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
 Of charity, what kin are you to me? 135
 What countryman? what name? what parentage?

VIOLA. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
 Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
 So went he suited to his watery tomb:
 If spirits can assume both form and suit 140
 You come to fright us.

SEBASTIAN. A spirit I am indeed;
 But am in that dimension grossly clad
 Which from the womb I did participate.
 Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, 145
 I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
 And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

VIOLA. I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
 Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
 I was preserved to serve this noble count. 150
 All the occurrence of my fortune since
 Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN. *[To Olivia]*
 So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
 But nature to her bias drew in that. 155
 You would have been contracted to a maid;
 Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
 You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

DUKE ORSINO. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
 If this be so, as yet the glass seems true, 160
 I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[To Viola] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
 Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA. And all those sayings will I overwear;
 DUKE ORSINO. Give me thy hand; 165
 And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

OLIVIA. fetch Malvolio hither:
 And yet, alas, now I remember me,
 They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN
 How does he, sirrah?

CLOWN. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the staves' end as 170
 well as a man in his case may do:

OLIVIA. Bring him hither. *[Exeunt 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, 175
 Here at my house and at my proper cost.

DUKE ORSINO. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
[to Viola] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
 So much against the mettle of your sex,
 So far beneath your soft and tender breeding, 180
 And since you call'd me master for so long,
 Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
 Your master's mistress.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO

OLIVIA. How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO. Madam, you have done me wrong, 185
 Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA. Have I, Malvolio? no.

MALVOLIO. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
 You must not now deny it is your hand:
 Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase; 190
 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, 195
 To put on yellow stockings and to frown
 Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
 tell me why.

OLIVIA. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
 Though, I confess, much like the character 200
 But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
 And now I do bethink me, it was she
 First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
 And in such forms which here were presupposed
 Upon thee in the letter. 205

FABIAN. Good madam, hear me speak,
 Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
 Set this device against Malvolio here,
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceived against him: Maria writ 210
 The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
 In recompense whereof he hath married her.

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

CLOWN. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness,
 and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was 215
 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 gagged.'
 and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges. 220

MALVOLIO. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. *[Exeunt]*

OLIVIA. He hath been most notoriously abused.

DUKE ORSINO. Pursue him and entreat him to a peace:
 When that is known and golden time convents,

A solemn combination shall be made 225
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. 230
[Exeunt all, except CLOWN]

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.

But when I came to man's estate, 235
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain; 240
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
With toss-pots still had drunken heads, 245
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. 250
[Exeunt]