

(Music. Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other lords)

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
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

(Music ceases)

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so e'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

CURIO

Will you go hunt, my lord?

ORSINO

What, Curio?

CURIO

The hart.

ORSINO

Why so I do, the noblest that I have.
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first
Methought she purged the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turned into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

(Enter Valentine)

How now, what news from her?

VALENTINE

So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself till seven years' heat
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.

ORSINO

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,

How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her—when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers.
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.
(*Exeunt*)

(*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 drowned. What think you sailors?

CAPTAIN

It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA

O my poor brother!—and so perchance may he be.

CAPTAIN

True, madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number savèd 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.

VIOLA (*giving money*) 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?

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 his name?

CAPTAIN
VIOLA

Orsino.

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,
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.

VIOLA

What's she?

CAPTAIN

A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died, for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the sight
And company of men.

VIOLA

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.

CAPTAIN

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

VIOLA

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 very worth his service.
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)

Act Scene

(Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria)

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

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

SIR TOBY Why, let her except, before excepted.

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

SIR TOBY 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.

MARIA That quaffing and drinking will undo you. I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA Ay, he.

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

MARIA What's that to th' purpose?

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

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

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

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

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

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

SIR TOBY With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coistrel that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th' toe, like a parish top. What wench, Castiliano, vulgo, for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.
(Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek)

SIR ANDREW Sir Toby Belch! How Now, Sir Toby Belch?

SIR TOBY Sweet Sir Andrew.
SIR ANDREW *(to Maria)* Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW What's that?

SIR TOBY My niece's chambermaid.

SIR ANDREW Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW Good Mistress Mary Accost.

SIR TOBY You mistake, knight. "Accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR ANDREW By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

MARIA Fare you well, gentlemen.

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

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

MARIA Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

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

MARIA *(taking his hand)* Now sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

SIR ANDREW Wherefore, sweetheart? 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?

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. *(Exit)*

SIR TOBY O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY No question.

SIR ANDREW An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW What is "Pourquoi"? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

SIR TOBY Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR ANDREW Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TOBY Past question, for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR ANDREW But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

SIR TOBY Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

SIR ANDREW Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The Count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY She'll none o' th' 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' th' strangest mind i' th' world. I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TOBY Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

SIR ANDREW As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

SIR TOBY What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR ANDREW Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TOBY And I can cut the mutton to 't.

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

SIR TOBY Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. I would not so much as make water but in a cinquepace. What dost thou mean?
Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think by the excellent constitution of thy leg it was formed under the star of a galliard.

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

SIR TOBY What shall we do else—were we not born under Taurus?

SIR ANDREW Taurus? That's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY No, sir, it is legs and thighs: let me see thee caper.
(Sir Andrew capers)
Ha, higher! Ha ha, excellent.
(Exeunt)

Act Scene

(Enter Valentine, and viola as Cesario in man's attire)

VALENTINE If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced. He hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIOLA You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

VALENTINE No, believe me. (*Enter the Duke, Curio, and attendants*)

VIOLA I thank you. Here comes the Count.

ORSINO Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA On your attendance, my lord, here.

ORSINO (*to Curio and attendants*)
Stand you a while aloof. (*To Viola*)
Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all. I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul.
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her,
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them there thy fixèd foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

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

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

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

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.

VIOLA I think not so, my lord.

ORSINO Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man. Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
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.
(*To Curio and attendants*) Some four or five attend him.
All if you will, for I myself am best
When least in company. (*To Viola*) Prosper well in this
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA

I'll do my best
To woo your lady— (*aside*) yet a barful strife—
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.
(*Exeunt*)

Act Scene

(Enter **MARIA**, and **FESTE**, the clown)

MARIA Nay, either tell me where thou hast been or I will
not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way
of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

FESTE Let her hang me. He that is well hanged in this
world needs to fear no colours.

MARIA Make that good.

FESTE He shall see none to fear.

MARIA A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that
saying was born, of "I fear no colours".

FESTE Where, good Mistress Mary?

MARIA In the wars, and that may you be bold to say in
your foolery.

FESTE Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and
those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MARIA Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent,
or to be turned away—is not that as good as a hanging
to you?

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

MARIA You are resolute then?

FESTE Not so neither, but I am resolved on two points.

MARIA That if one break, the other will hold; or if both
break, your gaskins fall.

FESTE Apt, in good faith, very apt. Well, go thy way. If
SIR TOBY would leave drinking thou wert as witty a
piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MARIA Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes
my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.

(Exit)

(Enter **OLIVIA**, with **MALVOLIO** and attendants)

FESTE (*aside*) Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good

fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools, and I that am sure I lack thee may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus?—"Better a witty fool than a foolish wit." (To **OLIVIA**) God bless thee, lady.

OLIVIA (to attendants) Take the fool away.

FESTE Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

OLIVIA Go to, you're a dry fool. I'll no more of you.
Besides, you grow dishonest.

FESTE Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend, for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patched. Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so. If it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool, therefore I say again, take her away.

OLIVIA Sir, I bade them take away you.

FESTE Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, "Cucullus non facit monachum"—that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA Can you do it?

FESTE Dexteriously, good madonna.

OLIVIA Make your proof.

FESTE I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

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

FESTE Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLIVIA Good fool, for my brother's death.

FESTE I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

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

OLIVIA What think you of this fool, **MALVOLIO**? Doth he not mend?

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

FESTE God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity for the better

increasing your folly. **SIR TOBY** will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

OLIVIA How say you to that, **MALVOLIO**?

MALVOLIO I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools no better than the fools' zanies.

OLIVIA O, you are sick of self-love, **MALVOLIO**, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition is to take those things for birdbolts that you deem cannon bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

FESTE Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools.

(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 well attended.

OLIVIA Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA **SIR TOBY**, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA Fetch him off, I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him. Go you, **MALVOLIO**. If it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home—what you will to dismiss it.

(Exit **MALVOLIO**)

Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

FESTE Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool, whose skull Jove cram with brains, for—here he comes—

(Enter **SIR TOBY**)

one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

OLIVIA By mine honour, half-drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TOBY A gentleman.

OLIVIA A gentleman? What gentleman?

SIR TOBY 'Tis a gentleman here. (He belches) A plague o'

these pickle herring! (To **FESTE**) How now, sot?

FESTE Good **SIR TOBY**.

OLIVIA Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

SIR TOBY Lechery? I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

OLIVIA Ay, marry, what is he?

SIR TOBY Let him be the devil an he will, I care not. Give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

(Exit)

OLIVIA What's a drunken man like, fool?

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

OLIVIA Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned. Go look after him.

FESTE He is but mad yet, madonna, and the fool shall look to the madman.

(Exit)

(Enter **MALVOLIO**)

MALVOLIO Madam, yon 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.

OLIVIA Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO He's 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?

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?

MALVOLIO Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling 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.

OLIVIA Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

(Exit)

(Enter **MARIA**)

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

(Enter **VIOLA** as Cesario)

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

OLIVIA Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will.
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. Good beauties, let me
sustain no scorn; I am very 'countable, even to the least
sinister usage.

OLIVIA Whence came you, sir?

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

OLIVIA Are you a comedian?

VIOLA No, my profound heart; and yet—by the very fangs
of malice I swear—I am not that I play. Are you the
lady of the house?

OLIVIA If I do not usurp myself, I am.

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

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

OLIVIA It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep
it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed
your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear
you. If you be not mad, be gone. If you have reason,
be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me to make
one in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.

VIOLA No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer.
(To **OLIVIA**) Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.
Tell me your mind, I am a messenger.

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

VIOLA It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of

war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my hand. My words are as full of peace as matter.

OLIVIA Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

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

OLIVIA (to **MARIA** and attendants) Give us the place alone, we will hear this divinity.

(Exeunt **MARIA** and attendants)

Now sir, what is your text?

VIOLA Most sweet lady—

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

VIOLA In **ORSINO**'s bosom.

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

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

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

VIOLA Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text. But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. (She unveils)

Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is 't not well done?

VIOLA Excellently done, if God did all.

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

VIOLA 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Lady, you are the 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 schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried and every particle and utensil labelled to my will, as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA I see you what you are, you are too proud, But if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you. O, such love Could be but recompensed though you were crowned The nonpareil of beauty.

OLIVIA How does he love me?

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

OLIVIA Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him.
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth,
In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant,
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him.
He might have took his answer long ago.

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

OLIVIA Why, what would you?

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

OLIVIA You might do much.
What is your parentage?

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

OLIVIA Get you to your lord.

I cannot love him. Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
I thank you for your pains.
(Offering a purse) Spend this for me.

VIOLA I am no fee'd post, lady. Keep your purse.
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty.
(Exit)

OLIVIA "What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast. Soft, soft—

Unless the master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, **MALVOLIO**.

(Enter **MALVOLIO**)

MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA Run after that same peevish messenger
The County's man. He left this ring behind him,
Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, **MALVOLIO**.

MALVOLIO Madam, I will.

(Exit at one door)

OLIVIA I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe.
What is decreed must be; and be this so.
(Exit at another door)

Act Scene

(Enter **ANTONIO** and **SEBASTIAN**)

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

SEBASTIAN By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly
over me. The malignancy of my fate might perhaps
distemper yours, therefore I shall crave of you your
leave that I may bear my evils alone. It 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 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, 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. But though I could not with such estimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEBASTIAN O good **ANTONIO**, forgive me your trouble.

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

SEBASTIAN If you will not undo what you have done—that is, kill him whom you have recovered—desire it not. Fare ye well at once. My bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count **ORSINO**'s court. Farewell.
(Exit)

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

Act Scene

(Enter **VIOLA** as Cesario, and **MALVOLIO**, at several doors)

MALVOLIO Were not you ev'n now with the Countess **OLIVIA**?

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

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

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

MALVOLIO Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is it should be so returned.

(He throws the ring down)

If it be worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

(Exit)

VIOLA (picking up the ring)

I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her.
She made good view of me, indeed so much
That straight methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts, distractedly.
She loves me, sure. The cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none.
I am the man. If it be so—as 'tis—
Poor lady, she were better love a dream!
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
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,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love.
As I am woman, now, alas the day,
What thriftless sighs shall poor **OLIVIA** breathe!
O time, thou must untangle this, not I.
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.
(Exit)

Act Scene

(Enter **SIR TOBY** and **SIR ANDREW**)

SIR TOBY Approach, **SIR ANDREW**. Not to be abed after
midnight is to be up betimes, and diliculo surgere, thou
knowest.

SIR ANDREW Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know
to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfilled can.
To be up after midnight and to go to bed then is early;
so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed
betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four elements?

SIR ANDREW Faith, so they say, but I think it rather
consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TOBY Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.

MARIAN, I say, a stoup of wine.

(Enter **FESTE**, the clown)

SIR ANDREW Here comes the fool, i' faith.

FESTE How now, my hearts. Did you never see the picture of "we three"?

SIR TOBY 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?

FESTE I did impetico thy gratility; for **MALVOLIO**'s nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR ANDREW Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

SIR TOBY (to **FESTE**) Come on, there is sixpence for you. Let's have a song.

SIR ANDREW (to **FESTE**) There's a testril of me, too. If one knight give a—

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

SIR TOBY A love song, a love-song.

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

FESTE (sings) O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting.
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR ANDREW Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TOBY Good, good.

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

SIR TOBY A contagious breath.

SIR ANDREW Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

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

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

FESTE By 'r Lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

SIR ANDREW Most certain. Let our catch be "Thou knave".

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

SIR ANDREW 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool. It begins "Hold thy peace".

FESTE I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR ANDREW Good, i' faith. Come, begin.
(They sing the catch.)
(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 My lady's a Cathayan, we are politicians, **MALVOLIO**'s a Peg-o'-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we". Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally—"lady"! "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady."

FESTE Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR ANDREW Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I, too. He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

SIR TOBY "O' the twelfth day of December"—

MARIA For the love o' God, peace.
(Enter **MALVOLIO**)

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

SIR TOBY We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek 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 allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours you are welcome to the house. If not, an it would please you to take leave of her she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

MARIA Nay, good **SIR TOBY**.

FESTE "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

MALVOLIO Is 't even so?

SIR TOBY "But I will never die."

FESTE "SIR TOBY, there you lie."

MALVOLIO This is much credit to you.

SIR TOBY "Shall I bid him go?"

FESTE "What an if you do?"

SIR TOBY "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

FESTE "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

SIR TOBY Out o' tune, sir, ye lie. (To **MALVOLIO**) Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?

FESTE Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' th' mouth, too.

SIR TOBY Thou'rt i' th' right. (To **MALVOLIO**) Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. (To **MARIA**) A stoup of wine, **MARIA**.

MALVOLIO Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand.

(Exit)

MARIA Go shake your ears.

SIR ANDREW 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry to challenge him the field and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

SIR TOBY Do 't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MARIA Sweet **SIR TOBY**, be patient for tonight. Since the youth of the Count's was today with my lady she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur **MALVOLIO**, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

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

SIR ANDREW O, if I thought that I'd beat him like a dog.

SIR TOBY What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight.

SIR ANDREW I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

MARIA The dev'l a puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser, an affectioned ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swathes; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks,

with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY What wilt thou do?

MARIA I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape 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.

SIR TOBY Excellent, I smell a device.

SIR ANDREW I have 't in my nose too.

SIR TOBY 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.

SIR ANDREW And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA Ass I doubt not.

SIR ANDREW O, 'twill be admirable.

MARIA 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 TOBY Good night, Penthesilea.

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

SIR TOBY She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

SIR ANDREW I was adored once, too.

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

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

SIR TOBY Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not i' th' end, call me cut.

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

SIR TOBY Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come knight, come knight.

(Exeunt)

Act Scene

(Enter the Duke, **VIOLA** as Cesario, **CURIO**, and others)

ORSINO Give me some music. Now good morrow, friends.
Now good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antic song we heard last night.
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

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

ORSINO Who was it?

CURIO **FESTE** the jester, my lord, a fool that the lady **OLIVIA**'s
father took much delight in. He is about the house.

ORSINO Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

(Exit **CURIO**)

(Music plays)

(To **VIOLA**) 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 beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

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

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

VIOLA A little, by your favour.

ORSINO What kind of woman is 't?

VIOLA Of your complexion.

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

VIOLA About your years, my lord.

ORSINO Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself. So wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

VIOLA I think it well, my lord.

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

VIOLA And so they are. Alas that they are so:
To die even when they to perfection grow.
(Enter **CURIO** and **FESTE** the clown)

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

FESTE Are you ready, sir?

ORSINO I prithee, sing.
(Music)

FESTE (sings) Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fie away, fie 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 strewn.
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 (giving money) There's for thy pains.

FESTE No pains, sir. I take pleasure in singing, sir.

ORSINO I'll pay thy pleasure then.

FESTE Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or
another.

ORSINO Give me now leave to leave thee.

FESTE Now the melancholy god protect thee, and the
tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy
mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy
put to sea, that their business might be everything,
and their intent everywhere, for that's it that always
makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.
(Exit)

ORSINO Let all the rest give place:
(Exeunt **CURIO** and others)

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 bestowed upon her
Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

VIOLA But if she cannot love you, sir?

ORSINO I cannot be so answered.

VIOLA

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 answered?

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.
Alas, their love may be called 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**.

VIOLA Ay, but I know—

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.
My father had a daughter loved a man
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman
I should your lordship.

ORSINO And what's her history?

VIOLA A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' 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?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

ORSINO But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

ORSINO

Ay, that's the theme,

To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say
My love can give no place, bide no deny.
(Exeunt severally)

Act Scene

(Enter **SIR TOBY**, **SIR ANDREW**, and **FABIAN**)

SIR TOBY Come thy ways, Signor **FABIAN**.

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

SIR TOBY Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly
rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

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

SIR TOBY To anger him we'll have the bear again, and
we will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir
Andrew?

SIR ANDREW An we do not, it is pity of our lives.
(Enter **MARIA** with a letter)

SIR TOBY Here comes the little villain. 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 behaviour to his own shadow this half-hour.
Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this
letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in
the name of jesting!

(The men hide. **MARIA** places the letter)

Lie thou there, for here comes the trout that must be
caught with tickling.

(Exit)

(Enter **MALVOLIO**)

MALVOLIO 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. **MARIA** once told
me she did affect me, and I have heard herself come
thus near, that should she fancy it should be one of
my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more
exalted respect than anyone else that follows her. What
should I think on 't?

SIR TOBY Here's an overweening rogue.

FABIAN O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkeycock
of him—how he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR ANDREW 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue.

SIR TOBY Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO To be Count **MALVOLIO!**

SIR TOBY Ah, rogue.

SIR ANDREW Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY Peace, peace.

MALVOLIO There is example for 't: the Lady of the Strachey
married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR ANDREW Fie on him, Jezebel.

FABIAN O peace, now he's deeply in. Look how imagination
blows him.

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

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

MALVOLIO Calling my officers about me, in my branched
velvet gown, having come from a day-bed where I have
left **OLIVIA** sleeping—

SIR TOBY Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN O peace, peace.

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

SIR TOBY Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN O peace, peace, peace, now, now.

MALVOLIO Seven of my people with an obedient start
make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance
wind up my watch, or play with my— (touching his
chain) some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there
to me.

SIR TOBY Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,
yet peace.

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

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

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

SIR TOBY What, what!

MALVOLIO "You must amend your drunkenness."

SIR TOBY Out, scab.

FABIAN Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

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.

MALVOLIO (seeing the letter) What employment have we here?

FABIAN Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY O peace, and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him.

MALVOLIO (taking up the letter) By my life, this is my lady's hand. These be her very c's, her u's, and her t's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand.

SIR ANDREW 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! (Opening the letter) By your leave, wax—soft, and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal—'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

FABIAN This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO "Jove knows I love,

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know."

"No man must know." What follows? The numbers altered. "No man must know." If this should be thee,

MALVOLIO?

SIR TOBY Marry, hang thee, brock.

MALVOLIO "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."

FABIAN A fustian riddle.

SIR TOBY Excellent wench, say I.

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

FABIAN What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

SIR TOBY And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

MALVOLIO "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me. I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this. And the end—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me. Softly—"M.O.A.I."

SIR TOBY O ay, make up that, he is now at a cold scent.

FABIAN Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

MALVOLIO "M." **MALVOLIO**—"M"—why, that begins my

name.

FABIAN Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.

MALVOLIO “M.” But then there is no consonancy in the sequel. That suffers under probation. “A” should follow, but “O” does.

FABIAN And “O” shall end, I hope.

SIR TOBY Ay, or I’ll cudgel him, and make him cry “O!”

MALVOLIO And then “I” comes behind.

FABIAN Ay, an you had any eye behind you you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MALVOLIO “M.O.A.I.” This simulation is not as the former; and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose: “If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon ’em. Thy fates open their hands, 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. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say remember, go to, thou art made if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune’s fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

The Fortunate-Unhappy.”

Daylight and champaign discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle **SIR TOBY**, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-gartered, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised. Here is yet a postscript. “Thou

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

(Exit)

(**SIR TOBY**, **SIR ANDREW**, and **FABIAN** come from hiding)

FABIAN I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

SIR TOBY I could marry this wench for this device.

SIR ANDREW So could I, too.

SIR TOBY And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

(Enter **MARIA**)

SIR ANDREW Nor I neither.

FABIAN Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

SIR TOBY (to **MARIA**) Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

SIR ANDREW (to **MARIA**) Or o' mine either?

SIR TOBY (to **MARIA**) Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bondslave?

SIR ANDREW (to **MARIA**) I' faith, or I either?

SIR TOBY (to **MARIA**) Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

MARIA Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY Like aqua vitae with a midwife.

MARIA If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

SIR TOBY To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit.

SIR ANDREW I'll make one, too.

(Exeunt)

Act Scene

(Enter **VIOLA** as Cesario and **FESTE** the clown, with pipe and tabor)

VIOLA Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

FESTE No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA Art thou a churchman?

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

VIOLA So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar if a beggar dwell near him, or the church stands by thy tabor if thy tabor stand by the church.

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

VIOLA Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

FESTE I would therefore my sister had had no name, sir.

VIOLA Why, man?

FESTE Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

VIOLA Thy reason, man?

FESTE Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them.

VIOLA I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

FESTE Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIOLA Art not thou the Lady **OLIVIA**'s fool?

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

VIOLA I saw thee late at the Count **ORSINO**'s.

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

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

FESTE Now Jove in his next commodity of hair send thee a beard.

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

FESTE Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIOLA Yes, being kept together and put to use.

FESTE I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIOLA (giving money) I understand you, sir, 'tis well begged.

FESTE The matter I hope is not great, sir; begging but a beggar—Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would are out of my welkin—I might say “element”, but the word is over-worn.
(Exit)

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

SIR TOBY Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

VIOLA Et vous aussi, votre serviteur.

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

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

VIOLA I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean she is the list of my voyage.

SIR TOBY Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

VIOLA My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

SIR TOBY I mean to go, sir, to enter.

VIOLA I will answer you with gait and entrance.

(Enter **OLIVIA**, and **MARIA**, her gentlewoman)

But we are prevented.

(To **OLIVIA**) Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you.

SIR ANDREW (to **SIR TOBY**) That youth's a rare courtier; “rain odours”—well.

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

SIR ANDREW (to **SIR TOBY**) “Odours”, “pregnant”, and “vouchsafed”—I'll get 'em all three already.

OLIVIA Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

(Exeunt **SIR TOBY**, **SIR ANDREW**, and **MARIA**)

Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA My duty, madam, and most humble service.

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 called compliment.

You're servant to the Count **ORSINO**, youth.

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 filled with me.

VIOLA Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

OLIVIA O by your leave, I pray you.

I bade you never speak again of him;
But would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

VIOLA

Dear lady—

OLIVIA Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and I fear me you.
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown. A cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So let me hear you speak.

VIOLA I pity you.

OLIVIA That's a degree to love.

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

OLIVIA Why then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!

(Clock strikes)

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;

And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA

Then westward ho!

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship.
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLIVIA Stay. I prithee tell me what thou think'st 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.

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 (aside) O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is noon.

(To **VIOLA**) Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,

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:

Love sought is good, but given unsought, is 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

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 severally)

Act Scene

(Enter **SIR TOBY**, **SIR ANDREW**, and **FABIAN**)

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

SIR TOBY 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 servingman than ever she bestowed upon
me. I saw 't i' th' orchard.

SIR TOBY 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.

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

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

SIR TOBY And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

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 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. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

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 Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

FABIAN There is no way but this, **SIR ANDREW**.

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

SIR TOBY Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and brief. It is no matter how witty so it be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt him with the licence of ink. If thou "thou'st" him some thrice, it shall not be amiss, and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware, in England, set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

SIR ANDREW Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.
(Exit **SIR ANDREW**)

FABIAN This is a dear manikin to you, **SIR TOBY**.

SIR TOBY I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand

strong or so.

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

SIR TOBY Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

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

(Enter **MARIA**)

SIR TOBY Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MARIA If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yon gull **MALVOLIO** is turned heathen, a very renegado, for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY And cross-gartered?

MARIA Most villainously, like a pedant that keeps a school i' th' church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his 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.

SIR TOBY Come bring us, bring us where he is.

(Exeunt)

Act Scene

(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 filèd 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,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love
The rather by these arguments of fear

Set forth in your pursuit.

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,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this town?

ANTONIO Tomorrow, 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
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
I did some service, of such note indeed
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answered.

SEBASTIAN Belike you slew great number of his people.

ANTONIO Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered 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 latchèd in this place
I shall pay dear.

SEBASTIAN

Do not then walk too open.

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

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

SEBASTIAN Why I your purse?

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

SEBASTIAN I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an hour.

ANTONIO

To th' Elephant.

SEBASTIAN

I do remember.

(Exeunt severally)

Act Scene

(Enter **VIOLA** as Cesario and **FESTE** the clown, with pipe and tabor)

VIOLA Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

FESTE No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA Art thou a churchman?

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

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though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

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(Exit)

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And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
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And, like the haggard, check at every feather
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As full of labour as a wise man's art,
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SIR TOBY Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA And you, sir.

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VIOLA Et vous aussi, votre serviteur.

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

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OLIVIA Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

(Exeunt **SIR TOBY**, **SIR ANDREW**, and **MARIA**)

Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA My duty, madam, and most humble service.

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 called compliment.

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

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If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion than the wolf!
(Clock strikes)
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
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Then westward ho!

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

OLIVIA Stay. I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me.

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Love sought is good, but given unsought, is 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

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 severally)

Act Scene

(Enter **SEBASTIAN** and **FESTE**, the clown)

FESTE Will you make me believe that I am not sent for
you?

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

FESTE Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her, nor your name is not Master Cesario, nor this is not my nose, neither. Nothing that is so, is so.

SEBASTIAN I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else,
Thou know'st not me.

FESTE Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly—I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney. I prithee now ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall “vent” to my lady? Shall I “vent” to her that thou art coming?

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

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

(Enter **SIR ANDREW**, **SIR TOBY**, and **FABIAN**)

SIR ANDREW (to **SEBASTIAN**) Now, sir, have I met you again?
(Striking him) There's for you.

SEBASTIAN (striking **SIR ANDREW** with his dagger)
Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

SIR TOBY (to **SEBASTIAN**, holding him back) Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

FESTE This will I tell my lady straight, I would not be in some of your coats for twopence.
(Exit)

SIR TOBY Come on, sir, hold.

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 Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron. You are well fleshed. Come on.

SEBASTIAN (freeing himself)
I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

SIR TOBY What, what? Nay then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.
(**SIR TOBY** and **SEBASTIAN** draw their swords.)
(Enter **OLIVIA**)

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

SIR TOBY Madam.

OLIVIA Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached—out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
(To **SIR TOBY**) Rudesby, be gone.
(Exeunt **SIR TOBY**, **SIR ANDREW**, and **FABIAN**)

I prithee, gentle friend,

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

SEBASTIAN What relish is in this? How runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep.
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

OLIVIA Nay, come, I prithee, would thou'dst be ruled by me.

SEBASTIAN Madam, I will.

OLIVIA O, say so, and so be.

(Exeunt)

Act Scene

(Enter **MARIA** carrying a gown and false beard, and **FESTE**, the clown)

MARIA Nay, I prithee put on this gown and this beard,
make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate. Do it
quickly. I'll call **SIR TOBY** the whilst.
(Exit)

FESTE Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't,
and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in
such a gown.

(He disguises himself)

I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor
lean enough to be thought a good student, but to be
said "an honest man and a good housekeeper" goes as
fairly as to say "a careful man and a great scholar".
The competitors enter.

(Enter **SIR TOBY** and **MARIA**)

SIR TOBY Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

FESTE Bonos dies, **SIR TOBY**, for, as the old hermit of
Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily 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 To him, Sir Topas.

FESTE What ho, I say, peace in this prison.

SIR TOBY The knave counterfeits well—a good knave.

(**MALVOLIO** within)

MALVOLIO Who calls there?

FESTE Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit **MALVOLIO** the lunatic.

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

FESTE Out, hyperbolic fiend, how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TOBY Well said, Master Parson.

MALVOLIO Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have laid me here in hideous darkness.

FESTE Fie, thou dishonest Satan—I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayst thou that house is dark?

MALVOLIO As hell, Sir Topas.

FESTE Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony, and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MALVOLIO I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you this house is dark.

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

MALVOLIO I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question.

FESTE What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?

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

FESTE What thinkest thou of his opinion?

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

FESTE Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold th’ 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 My most exquisite Sir Topas.

FESTE Nay, I am for all waters.

MARIA Thou mightst have done this without thy beard
and gown, he sees thee not.

SIR TOBY (to **FESTE**) 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. (To **MARIA**) Come by and by to my
chamber.

(Exit with **MARIA**)

FESTE (sings) “Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.”

MALVOLIO Fool!

FESTE “My lady is unkind, pardie.”

MALVOLIO Fool!

FESTE “Alas, why is she so?”

MALVOLIO Fool, I say!

FESTE “She loves another.”

Who calls, ha?

MALVOLIO Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my
hand, help me to a candle and pen, ink, and paper. As
I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee
for 't.

FESTE Master **MALVOLIO**?

MALVOLIO Ay, good fool.

FESTE Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

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

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

MALVOLIO They have here propertied me, keep me in
darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they
can to face me out of my wits.

FESTE Advise you what you say, the minister is here. (As
Sir Topas) **MALVOLIO**, **MALVOLIO**, thy wits the heavens
restore. Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain
bibble-babble.

MALVOLIO Sir Topas.

FESTE (as Sir Topas) Maintain no words with him, good
fellow. (As himself) Who I, sir? Not I, sir. God b' wi'

you, good Sir Topas. (As Sir Topas) Marry, amen. (As himself) I will, sir, I will.

MALVOLIO Fool, fool, fool, I say.

FESTE Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

MALVOLIO Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

FESTE Well-a-day that you were, sir.

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

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

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

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

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

FESTE I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain,
Who with dagger of lath
In his rage and his wrath
Cries "Aha," to the devil,
Like a mad lad,
"Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil."
(Exit)

Act Scene

(Enter **SEBASTIAN**)

SEBASTIAN This is the air, that is the glorious sun.
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't,
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's **ANTONIO** then?
I could not find him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service,
For though my soul disputes well with my sense

That this may be some error but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad. Yet if 'twere so
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. There's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.
(Enter **OLIVIA** and a Priest)

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,
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?

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 Scene

(Enter **FESTE** the clown and **FABIAN**)

FABIAN Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

FESTE Good Master **FABIAN**, grant me another request.

FABIAN Anything.

FESTE Do not desire to see this letter.

FABIAN This is to give a dog, and in recompense desire
my dog again.

(Enter the Duke, **VIOLA** as Cesario, **CURIO**, and lords)

ORSINO Belong you to the Lady **OLIVIA**, friends?

FESTE Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.

ORSINO I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

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

ORSINO Just the contrary—the better for thy friends.

FESTE No, sir, the worse.

ORSINO How can that be?

FESTE Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me.
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.

ORSINO Why, this is excellent.

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

ORSINO (giving money)
Thou shalt not be the worse for me. There's gold.

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

ORSINO O, you give me ill counsel.

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

ORSINO Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-
dealer. (Giving money) There's another.

FESTE Primo, secundo, tertio is a good play, and the old
saying is "The third pays for all". The triplex, sir, is a
good tripping measure, or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir,
may put you in mind—"one, two, three".

ORSINO You can fool no more money out of me at this
throw. If you will let your lady know I am here to
speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may
awake my bounty further.

FESTE Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again.
I go, sir, but I would not have you to think that my
desire of having is the sin of covetousness. But as you
say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it
anon.
(Exit)
(Enter **ANTONIO** and Officers)

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

ORSINO That face of his I do remember well,
Yet when I saw it last it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.
A baubling vessel was he **CAPTAIN** of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scatheful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

1st OFFICER **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.

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.

ORSINO (to **ANTONIO**) 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?

ANTONIO

ORSINO, noble sir,

Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me.

ANTONIO never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough
ORSINO's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither.

That most ingrateful boy there by your side
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem. A wreck past hope he was.

His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint,
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.

VIOLA How can this be?

ORSINO When came he to this town?

ANTONIO Today, my lord, and for three months before,
No int'rim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.
(Enter **OLIVIA** and attendants)

ORSINO Here comes the Countess. Now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow—fellow, thy words are madness.
Three months this youth hath tended upon me.
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

OLIVIA What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein **OLIVIA** may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA Madam—

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
As howling after music.

ORSINO Still so cruel?

OLIVIA Still so constant, lord.

ORSINO What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st off'rings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tendered—what shall I do?

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

ORSINO Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to th' Egyptian thief, 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 crownèd in his master's spite.

(To **VIOLA**)

Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe in mischief.
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

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

OLIVIA Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More by all mores than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love.

OLIVIA Ay me detested, how am I beguiled!

VIOLA Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

OLIVIA Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
(Exit an attendant)

ORSINO (to **VIOLA**) Come, away.

OLIVIA Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

ORSINO Husband?

OLIVIA Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

ORSINO (to **VIOLA**) 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,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.
(Enter the Priest)

O welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold—though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe—what thou dost know
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

Priest A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function, by my testimony;
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.

ORSINO (to **VIOLA**) O thou dissembling cub, what wilt thou be
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?
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.

VIOLA My lord, I do protest.

OLIVIA O, do not swear!
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's 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.

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 incarnate.

ORSINO My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR ANDREW 'Od's lifelings, here he is. (To **VIOLA**) You broke my head for nothing, and that that I did I was set on to do 't by **SIR TOBY**.

VIOLA Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you. You drew your sword upon me without cause, But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not. (Enter **SIR TOBY** and **FESTE**, the clown)

SIR ANDREW If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes **SIR TOBY**, halting. You shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

ORSINO (to **SIR TOBY**) How now, gentleman? How is 't with you?

SIR TOBY That's all one, he's hurt me, and there's th' end on 't. (To **FESTE**) Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

FESTE O, he's drunk, **SIR TOBY**, an hour agone. His eyes were set at eight i' th' morning.

SIR TOBY Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavan. I hate a drunken rogue.

OLIVIA Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR ANDREW I'll help you, **SIR TOBY**, because we'll be dressed together.

SIR TOBY Will you help—an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin-faced knave, a gull?

OLIVIA Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to. (Exeunt **SIR TOBY**, **SIR ANDREW**, **FESTE**, and **FABIAN**) (Enter **SEBASTIAN**)

SEBASTIAN (to **OLIVIA**) 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 vows We made each other but so late ago.

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

SEBASTIAN ANTONIO! O, my dear **ANTONIO**, How have the hours racked and tortured me Since I have lost thee!

ANTONIO **SEBASTIAN** are you?

SEBASTIAN Fear'st thou that, **ANTONIO**?

ANTONIO How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is **SEBASTIAN**?

OLIVIA Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN (seeing **VIOLA**) Do I stand there? I never had a brother,
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
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
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,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek
And say "Thrice welcome, drownèd **VIOLA**."

VIOLA My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN And so had mine.

VIOLA And died that day when **VIOLA** from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.

SEBASTIAN O, that record is lively in my soul.
He finishèd indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIOLA If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurped 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 preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN (to **OLIVIA**) So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived.
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

ORSINO (to **OLIVIA**) Be not amazed. Right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
(To **VIOLA**) Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA And all those sayings will I overswear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbèd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

ORSINO

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Give me thy hand,

VIOLA The **CAPTAIN** that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments. He upon some action
Is now in durance, at **MALVOLIO**'s suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

OLIVIA He shall enlarge him. Fetch **MALVOLIO** hither—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distraught.
(Enter **FESTE** the clown with a letter, and **FABIAN**)
A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banished his.
How does he, sirrah?

FESTE Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's
end as well as a man in his case may do. He's here
writ a letter to you. I should have given 't you today
morning. But as a madman's epistles are no gospels,
so it skills not much when they are delivered.

OLIVIA Open 't and read it.

FESTE Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers
the madman. (Reads) "By the Lord, madam"—

OLIVIA How now, art thou mad?

FESTE No, madam, I do but read madness. An your
ladyship will have it as it ought to be you must allow
vox.

OLIVIA Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

FESTE So I do, madonna, but to read his right wits is to
read thus. Therefore perpend, my princess, and give
ear.

OLIVIA (to **FABIAN**) Read it you, sirrah.

(**FESTE** gives the letter to **FABIAN**)

FABIAN (reads) "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and
the world shall know it. Though you have put me into
darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me,
yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your
ladyship. I have your own letter that induced 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**.”

OLIVIA Did he write this?

FESTE Ay, madam.

ORSINO This savours not much of distraction.

OLIVIA See him delivered, **FABIAN**, bring him hither.

My lord, so please you—these things further thought on—
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown th’ alliance on ’t, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

ORSINO Madam, I am most apt t’ 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,
And since you called me master for so long,
Here is my hand. You shall from this time be
Your master’s mistress.

OLIVIA (to **VIOLA**)

A sister, you are she.

(Enter **MALVOLIO**)

ORSINO Is this the madman?

OLIVIA

Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, **MALVOLIO**?

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have done me wrong,

Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA

Have I, **MALVOLIO**? No.

MALVOLIO (showing a letter)

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, not 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-gartered 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 suffered me to be imprisoned,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e’er invention played on? Tell me why?

OLIVIA Alas, **MALVOLIO**, this is not my writing,
Though I confess much like the character,

But out of question, 'tis **MARIA**'s hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee be content;
This practice hath most shrewdly passed 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.

FABIAN

Good madam, hear me speak,

And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess myself and Toby
Set this device against **MALVOLIO** here
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him. **MARIA** writ
The letter, at **SIR TOBY**'s great importance,
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was followed
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge
If that the injuries be justly weighed
That have on both sides passed.

OLIVIA (to **MALVOLIO**) Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

FESTE Why, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrown upon them." I
was one, sir, in this interlude, one Sir Topas, sir; but
that's all one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad"—but
do you remember, "Madam, why laugh you at such a
barren rascal, an you smile not, he's gagged"—and
thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

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

(Exit)

OLIVIA He hath been most notoriously abused.

ORSINO Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.

He hath not told us of the **CAPTAIN** yet.

(Exit one or more)

When that is known, and golden time conveys,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come—
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
ORSINO's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

(Exeunt all but **FESTE**)

FESTE (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,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
 For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came, alas, to wive,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came unto my beds,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With tosspots still had drunken heads,
 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)