

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

or

What You Will

by

William Shakespeare

Special acting edition prepared by

David Jacklin

3<sup>rd</sup> draught

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ORSINO Duke of Illyria. (ORSINO:)

SEBASTIAN brother to Viola.

ANTONIO a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.

A Sea Captain, friend to Viola. (Captain:)

VALENTINE		
		gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO		

SIR TOBY BELCH uncle to Olivia.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK (SIR ANDREW:)

MALVOLIO steward to Olivia.

FABIAN		
		servants to Olivia.
FESTE a Clown (FESTE:)		

OLIVIA

VIOLA

MARIA Olivia's woman.

(Priest:)

(First Officer:)

(Second Officer:)

(Servant:)

**SCENE** A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.

## TWELFTH NIGHT

### ACT I

SCENE I      DUKE ORSINO's palace.

*(Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO)*

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:  
*(Listens)* Enough; no more!  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
O spirit of love! nought enters there,  
Of what validity and pitch so'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute.

CURIO:      Will you go hunt, my lord?

ORSINO:      Hunt what?

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!  
And my desires 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;  
All this to season a brother's dead love, which she  
Would keep fresh and lasting in sad remembrance.

ORSINO:      O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
That live in her;  
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:  
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

*(Exeunt)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT I**

**SCENE II**      The sea-coast.

*(Enter VIOLA and a Captain)*

VIOLA:            What country, friend, is this?

Captain:          This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA:            And what should I do in Illyria?  
My brother he is in Elysium.  
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you?

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, I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself  
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:            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 the name?

Captain:          Orsino.

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

Captain: And so is now, or was so very late;  
For but a month ago I went from hence,  
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: The daughter of a count  
That died some twelvemonth since. Her brother  
Shortly also died: for whose dear love,  
They say, she hath abjured the company  
And sight of men.

VIOLA: O that I served that lady  
And might not be delivered to the world,  
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: Conceal me what I am. I'll serve this duke:  
Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him:  
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing  
And speak to him in many sorts of music  
That will allow me very worth his service.

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)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT I**

**SCENE III     OLIVIA'S house.**

*(Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA)*

SIR TOBY: I am sure care's an enemy to life.

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

SIR TOBY: What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus?

MARIA: 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; and of a foolish knight that you brought in to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY: Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA: Ay, he.

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

MARIA: What's that to the 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' the 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 subtractors that say so. 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. What, wench! Here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

*(Enter SIR ANDREW)*

SIR ANDREW: Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY: Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW: 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 the hand.

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

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

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

MARIA:       It's dry, sir.

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

MARIA:       A dry jest, sir.

SIR ANDREW:       Are you full of them?

MARIA:       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 to-morrow, 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:       Would the arts 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 to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.



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

SIR ANDREW: I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the 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? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

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

SIR TOBY: 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 the caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

*(Exeunt)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT I**

**SCENE IV**     **DUKE ORSINO's palace.**

*(Enter VIOLA in man's attire and VALENTINE)*

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.

VIOLA:            I thank you. Here comes the count.

ORSINO:           *(OFF)* Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA:            On your attendance, my lord; here.

*(Enter ORSINO, CURIO)*

ORSINO:           Stand you a while aloof, Cesario,  
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd  
To thee the book even of my secret soul:  
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;  
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,  
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow  
Till thou have audience.

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

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

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

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.  
Prosper well in this, Cesario,  
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
To call his fortunes thine.

*(Exeunt all but VIOLA)*

VIOLA: I'll do my best  
To woo your lady: *(Aside)* yet, a barful strife!  
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

*(Exit)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT I**

**SCENE V**      OLIVIA'S house.

*(Enter MARIA and FESTE)*

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 fear no colours.

MARIA:      Make that good.

FESTE:      He shall see none to fear.

MARIA:      A good lenten answer.

FESTE:      God give them wisdom that have it; 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. 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.

*(Exit)*

FESTE:      Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

*(Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO)*

God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA: Take the fool away.

FESTE: Do you not hear, fellow? 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. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so 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, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA: Can you do it?

FESTE: Dexterously, good madonna.

OLIVIA: Make your proof.

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

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.

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! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but

he will not pass his word for tuppence that you are no fool.

OLIVIA: How say you to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO: I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools themselves.

OLIVIA: Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. 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 endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

*(Re-enter MARIA)*

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

OLIVIA: From the Count Orsino, is it? 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!

*(Exit MARIA)*

Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it.

*(Exit 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, – one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

*(Enter SIR TOBY)*

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 gentle man here – a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

FESTE: Good Sir Toby!

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

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 mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and the third drowns him.

OLIVIA: Go thou and seek the coroner, for he's in the third degree of drink: he's drowned. Go, look after him.

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

*(Exit)*

*(Re-enter MALVOLIO)*

MALVOLIO: Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

OLIVIA: Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO: Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your 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.

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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. 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)*

*(Re-enter MARIA)*

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

*(Enter VIOLA, and Attendants)*

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

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

VIOLA: Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty, – I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, 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 sensitive, 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.

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

VIOLA: No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. 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. 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 other's, profanation.

OLIVIA: 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.

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- 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.  
(Unveiling) Look you, sir. 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:  
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 crown'd  
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,  
And in dimension and the shape of nature  
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;  
He might have took his answer long ago.
- VIOLA: If I did love you in my master's flame,

With such a suffering, such a deadly life,  
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 contemnéd 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 gentle ... man.

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

VIOLA: I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:  
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;  
And let your fervor, like my master's, be  
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!  
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections

With an invisible and subtle stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.  
What ho, Malvolio!

*(Re-enter MALVOLIO)*

MALVOLIO: Here, madam, at your service.

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

MALVOLIO: Madam, I will.

*(Exit)*

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

*(Exit)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT II**

**SCENE I**      The sea-coast.

*(Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN)*

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

SEBASTIAN: By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: 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 you must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Cesario. My father 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 resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful. She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already with salt water, though I 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: 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)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT II**

**SCENE II**      A street.

*(Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following)*

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

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

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

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

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

*(Exit)*

VIOLA:            I left no ring with her: what means this lady?  
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.  
I am the ... man: if it be so, as 'tis,  
She loves me, sure! The cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.  
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.  
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?  
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;  
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

*(Exit)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT II**

**SCENE III** OLIVIA's house.

*(Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW)*

SIR TOBY: Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'being up early is best', thou know'st, –

SIR ANDREW: Nay, 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 life 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)*

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: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

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

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

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

SIR ANDREW: 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.

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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:           *(Sings)* 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? 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 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.

*(Catch sung; enter MARIA)*

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

SIR TOBY:    My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! *(Sings)* 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

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:    *(Sings)* 'O, the twelfth day of December,' –

MARIA:        For the love o' God, peace!

*(Enter MALVOLIO)*

MALVOLIO: My masters, are you mad? Have ye no wit nor manners but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

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

MALVOLIO: Sir Toby, I must be round with you. Though she harbours you as her kinsman, my lady's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome; 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.'

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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. 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' the mouth too.

SIR TOBY: Thou'rt i' the right. Go, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

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

*(Exit)*

MARIA: Go shake your ears.

SIR ANDREW: 'Twere a deed to challenge him, then to break promise and make a fool of him.

SIR TOBY: Do't, knight: 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 thy lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit 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! 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 devil a puritan he is but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, so crammed, as he

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

SIR TOBY: What wilt thou do?

MARIA: I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece.

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 will plant you two, and the fool a third, where he shall find the letter: observe him. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

*(Exit)*

SIR TOBY: Good night, Penthesilea. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me.

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' the end, call me cut.

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

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

*(Exeunt)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT II**

**SCENE IV**     DUKE ORSINO's palace.

*(Enter ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO)*

ORSINO:     Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.  
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song we heard last night:  
Methought it did relieve my passion much.  
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. The lady Olivia's fool. He is about the house.

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

*(Exit CURIO. Music plays)*

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,  
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;  
For such as I am all true lovers are.  
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 stay'd 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.  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm  
Than women's are.

VIOLA: I think it well, my lord.

ORSINO: Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

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

*(Re-enter CURIO and FESTE)*

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

FESTE: Are you ready, sir?

ORSINO: Ay; prithee, sing.

FESTE: *(Sings)* Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.  
Not a flower, not a flower sweet  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

ORSINO: There's for thy pains.

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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. Farewell.

*(Exit)*

ORSINO: Let all the rest give place.

*(CURIO retires)*

Once more, Cesario,  
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:  
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;  
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 answer'd.

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

ORSINO: There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart  
So big, to hold so much; 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 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?

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 denay.

*(Exeunt)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT II**

**SCENE V**      OLIVIA's garden.

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

SIR TOBY:    Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

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

SIR TOBY:    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.

SIR TOBY:    Here comes the little villain.

*(Enter MARIA)*

How now, my metal of India!

MARIA:        Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising 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! Lie thou there, *(Throws down a letter)* for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

*(Exit)*

*(Enter MALVOLIO)*

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

SIR TOBY:    Here's an overweening rogue!



FABIAN: O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock 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!

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 send 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 – some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies 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: What employment have we here?

*(Taking up the letter)*

FABIAN: Now is the woodcock near the gin.

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

MALVOLIO: By my life, this is my lady's hand these be her very C's, her U's and her T's and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in 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! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

FABIAN: This wins him, liver and all.

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

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!

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: Soft! He’ll smell it yet, though it must 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.

*(Reads)* '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. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. 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 country sky discovers not more. I will be proud. I will baffle Sir Toby. I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself; every reason excites me to this. My lady loves me! She did commend my yellow stockings, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love. I will be strange, in yellow stockings, cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! I am happy. Here is yet a postscript.

*(Reads)* 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

*(Exit)*

FABIAN: I will not give my part of this for a pension of thousands, paid by the Sultan!

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.

SIR ANDREW: Nor I neither.

FABIAN: Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

*(Re-enter MARIA)*

SIR TOBY: Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

SIR ANDREW: Or o' mine either?

SIR TOBY: Shall I play my freedom at traytrip, and become thy bond-slave?

SIR ANDREW: I' faith, or I either?

SIR TOBY: Thou hast put him in such a dream, that when he wakes, he must run mad.

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

SIR TOBY: Like whisky 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)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT III**

**SCENE I**      OLIVIA's garden.

*(Enter VIOLA, and FESTE with a tabour)*

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

FESTE:        No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA:        Art thou a churchman?

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

VIOLA:        They that dally with words may quickly make them wanton.

FESTE:        To see this age, sir! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

VIOLA:        Nay, that's certain. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

FESTE:        No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia will keep no fool till she be married. I am 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 every where. I think I saw your wisdom there.

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

FESTE:        Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIOLA:        By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; *(Aside)* though I would not have it grow on my chin. *(To FESTE)* 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, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIOLA:        I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

FESTE: My lady is within, sir. I will construe 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:  
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: My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIOLA: I am bound to your niece, sir.

SIR TOBY: Taste your legs, sir.

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. But we are prevented.

*(Enter OLIVIA and MARIA)*

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

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

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

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

OLIVIA: Leave me to my hearing, and let the garden door be shut.

*(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! 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 fill'd with me!

VIOLA: I come to whet your gentle thoughts on his behalf.

OLIVIA: 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.  
After the last enchantment you did here,  
I did send a ring in chase of you.  
So did I abuse myself, my servant  
And, I fear me, you to force that on you  
Which was none of yours: what might you think?  
To one of your receiving enough is shown:  
A cypress, not a bosom, hideth my heart.  
So, let me hear you speak.

VIOLA: I pity you.

OLIVIA: That's a degree to love.

VIOLA: No, not a bit; for very oft we pity enemies.



OLIVIA:       Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.  
                  The sun upbraids me with the waste of time.  
                  O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud!  
                  Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:  
                  And yet, when wit and youth come to harvest,  
                  You were like to prove 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! 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:       O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
                  In the contempt and anger of his lip!  
                  Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
                  By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,  
                  I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,  
                  Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

VIOLA:       By innocence I swear, and by my youth  
                  I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,  
                  And that no woman has, save I alone.  
                  And so adieu, good madam: never more  
                  Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*(Exit)*

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

*(Exit)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT III**

**SCENE II**      OLIVIA's house.

*(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 serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me.

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:      She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour. 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 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 either of valour or policy.

SIR ANDREW:      With valour, then; politics I hate: I had as lief be an actor as a politician.

SIR TOBY:    Why, then, challenge me the count's youth to fight; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail 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. 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; and stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

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 will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY: And cross-gartered?

MARIA: Most villanously. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him.

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

*(Exeunt)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT III**

**SCENE III**     A street.

*(Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO)*

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

ANTONIO: I could not stay behind you:  
My desire did spur me forth;  
And not all love to see you,  
But jealousy what might befall your travel,  
Being skill-less in these parts; 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 thanks; and oft good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.  
What's to do? Let's satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and the things of fame  
That do renown this city.

ANTONIO: 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 answer'd.

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: there shall you have me.

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

ANTONIO: To the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN: To the Elephant. I do remember. *(Exeunt)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT III**

**SCENE IVa OLIVIA's garden.**

*(Enter OLIVIA and MARIA)*

OLIVIA: I have sent after him: he says he'll come;  
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?  
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.  
I speak too loud.  
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:  
Where is Malvolio?

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

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

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

OLIVIA: Go call him hither.

*(Exit MARIA)*

I am as mad as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be.

*(Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO)*

How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO: Sweet lady, ho, ho.

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

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

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

MALVOLIO: Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and

commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLIVIA: Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

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

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

MARIA: How do you, Malvolio?

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

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

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

OLIVIA: What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO: 'Some are born great,' –

OLIVIA: Ha!

MALVOLIO: 'Some achieve greatness,' –

OLIVIA: What sayest thou?

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

OLIVIA: Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO: 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,' –

OLIVIA: Thy yellow stockings!

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

OLIVIA: Cross-gartered!

MALVOLIO: 'Go to thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;' --

OLIVIA: Am I maid?

MALVOLIO: 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

OLIVIA: Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*(Enter Servant)*

Servant Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLIVIA: I'll come to him.

*(Exit Servant)*

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

*(Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA)*

MALVOLIO: O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! She sends him on purpose. 'Cast thy humble slough,'; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer, and he is to be thanked.

*(Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN)*

SIR TOBY: Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

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

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

MARIA: How hollow the fiend speaks! Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MALVOLIO: Ah, ha! does she so?

SIR TOBY: Go to, peace, peace. We must deal gently with him. How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO: Do you know what you say?

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MARIA: La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart!

FABIAN: Carry his water to the wise woman!

MARIA: Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live.

MALVOLIO: How now, mistress!

MARIA: O Lord!

SIR TOBY: Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way.

FABIAN: No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend will not be roughly used.

SIR TOBY: Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

MALVOLIO: Sir!

MARIA: Get him to say his prayers!

MALVOLIO: My prayers, minx!

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

MALVOLIO: Go, hang yourselves all! I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter.

*(Exit)*

SIR TOBY: Is't possible?

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

MARIA: Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

FABIAN: Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA: The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY: We'll have him in a dark room and bound. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime prompt us to have mercy on him. But see!

*(Enter SIR ANDREW)*

FABIAN: More matter for a May morning.



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

FABIAN: Is't so saucy?

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

SIR TOBY: Give me. (*Reads*) 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

FABIAN: Good, and valiant.

SIR TOBY: 'Wonder not why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

FABIAN: That keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TOBY: 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, but that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

FABIAN: Very brief, and to exceeding good sense – less.

SIR TOBY: 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,' –

FABIAN: Good.

SIR TOBY: 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

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

SIR TOBY: 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK.'

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

MARIA: He is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

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

SIR ANDREW: Nay, let me alone for swearing.

*(Exit)*

SIR TOBY: Now will not I deliver his letter: for this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour;

and drive the gentleman into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, and fury.  
This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look.

*(Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA)*

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

SIR TOBY: I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

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

OLIVIA: I have said too much unto a heart of stone  
And laid mine honour too unchary out:  
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocks reproof.

VIOLA: With the same 'havior that your passion bears  
Goes on my master's grief.

OLIVIA: Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;  
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;  
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.  
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny?

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

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

VIOLA: I will acquit you.

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

*(Exeunt)*

**INTERMISSION**

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT III**

**SCENE IVb OLIVIA's garden**

*(Enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN)*

SIR TOBY: Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA: And you, sir.

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

VIOLA: You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

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

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

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

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

SIR TOBY: Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

VIOLA: This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TOBY: I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

*(Exit)*

VIOLA: Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

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

VIOLA: I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FABIAN: Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

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

*(Exeunt; re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW)*

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

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

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

SIR ANDREW: Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TOBY: I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls.

*(Aside)*

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

*(Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA)*

*(To FABIAN)*

I have his horse to take up the quarrel:

I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

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

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

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

FABIAN: Give ground, if you see him furious.

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

SIR ANDREW: Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIOLA: I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

*(They draw; enter ANTONIO)*

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

SIR TOBY: You, sir! why, what are you?

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

SIR TOBY: Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

*(They draw; enter Officers)*

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

SIR TOBY: I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA: Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

SIR ANDREW: Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word:  
he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Officer This is the man; do thy office.

Second Officer Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO: You do mistake me, sir.

First Officer No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,  
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.  
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

ANTONIO: I must obey.

*(To VIOLA)*

This comes with seeking you:  
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.  
What will you do, now my necessity  
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me  
Much more for what I cannot do for you  
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;  
But be of comfort.

Second Officer Come, sir, away.

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

VIOLA: What money, sir?  
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,  
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,  
Out of my lean and low ability  
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;  
I'll make division of my present with you:  
Hold, there's half my coffer.

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

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

ANTONIO: O heavens themselves!

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

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

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

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

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

ANTONIO: Lead me on.

*(Exit with Officers)*

VIOLA: Methinks his words do from such passion fly,  
That he believes himself: so do not I.  
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

SIR TOBY: Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of  
most sage saws.

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

For him I imitate: O, if it prove,  
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.

*(Exit)*

SIR TOBY: A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

FABIAN: A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

SIR ANDREW: 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

SIR TOBY: Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR ANDREW: An I do not, —

FABIAN: Come, let's see the event.

SIR TOBY: I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

*(Exeunt)*



**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT IV**

**SCENE I**      Before OLIVIA's house.

*(Enter SEBASTIAN and FESTE)*

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

SEBASTIAN: Go to, thou art a foolish fellow: let me be clear of thee.

FESTE:            Well held out! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.

SEBASTIAN: I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else.

FESTE:            Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN: Foolish Greek, depart! There's money: tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

FESTE:            By my troth, thou hast an open hand.

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

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

SEBASTIAN: Why, there's for thee! *(Prepares to fight)*

SIR TOBY:    *(Grabbing Sebastian)* Hold, sir!

FESTE:            This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for tuppence.

*(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, put up your iron! You are well fleshed.

SEBASTIAN: I will be free from thee. If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

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

*(Enter OLIVIA)*

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

SIR TOBY: Madam!

OLIVIA: Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,  
Out of my sight!  
Be not offended, dear Cesario.  
Rudesby, be gone!

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

I prithee, gentle friend,  
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway  
In this uncivil and unjust extent  
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house.  
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'ldst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN: Madam, I will.

OLIVIA: O, say so, and so be!

*(Exeunt)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT IV**

**SCENE II**      OLIVIA's house.

*(Enter MARIA and FESTE)*

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. 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)* 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, hyperbolical 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.

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

MALVOLIO: As hell, Sir Topas.

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

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 wild fowl?

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 the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO: Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

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

*(Exeunt SIR TOBY and MARIA)*

FESTE:       *(Singing)* 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does.'

MALVOLIO: Fool!

FESTE:       'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

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 a 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:       *(Changing voices)* Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Merry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

MALVOLIO: Fool, fool, fool, I say!

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

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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: *(Singing)* 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;  
Like a mad lad,  
Pare thy nails, dad;  
Adieu, good man devil.

*(Exit)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT IV**

**SCENE III**     OLIVIA's garden.

*(Enter SEBASTIAN)*

SEBASTIAN: This is the air; that is the glorious sun;  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?  
I could not find him at the Elephant:  
Yet he was there; 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  
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  
As I perceive she does: there's something in't  
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.

*(Enter OLIVIA and Priest)*

OLIVIA: Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,  
Now go with me and with this holy man  
Into the chantry by: there, before him,  
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 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)*

**TWELFTH NIGHT**

**ACT V**

**SCENE I**      Before OLIVIA's house.

*(Enter FESTE and FABIAN)*

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

FESTE:      Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN:      Any thing.

FESTE:      Do not desire to see this letter.

*(Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and Lords)*

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:      How can that be?

FESTE:      Marry, sir, my friends praise me and make an ass of me; 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.

ORSINO:      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, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

ORSINO:      Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there's another.

FESTE:      Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of 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, 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)*

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

*(Enter ANTONIO and Officers)*

ORSINO: That face of his I do remember well;  
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:  
When with such fearful grapple did he make  
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,  
That every tongue  
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

First Officer Orsino, this is that Antonio  
That took the Phoenix and her freight from Crete;  
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: 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,  
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,  
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,  
Orsino's enemy.  
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. 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,  
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
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: To-day, my lord; and for three months before,  
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,  
Both day and night did we keep company.

*(Enter OLIVIA and Attendants)*

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: Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,  
Kill what I love? – But hear me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
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:  
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.

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.

ORSINO: Come, away!

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

ORSINO: Husband!

OLIVIA: Ay, husband: can he that deny?

ORSINO: Her husband, sirrah!

VIOLA: No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA: 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 Priest)*

O, welcome, father!  
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,

Here to unfold what thou dost know  
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

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

ORSINO:      O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?  
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 has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb  
too: 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! 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 bespoke you fair, and hurt you not.

SIR ANDREW:        If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing  
by a bloody coxcomb.

*(Enter SIR TOBY and FESTE)*

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been  
in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

ORSINO:        How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

SIR TOBY:       That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon?

FESTE:        O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

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

SIR ANDREW:       I'll help you, Sir Toby, because well be dressed together.

SIR TOBY:       Will you help? an ass-head, a coxcomb, a knave, a thin-faced knave – a gull!

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

*(Exeunt FESTE, FABIAN, SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW; enter  
SEBASTIAN)*

SEBASTIAN: I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman:  
But, had it been the brother of my blood,  
I must have done no less with wit and safety.  
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 rack'd and tortured me,  
Since I have lost thee!

ANTONIO:       Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN:       Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

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

OLIVIA: Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN: Do I stand there? I never had a brother;  
I had a sister, whom the waves devour'd.  
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

VIOLA: Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too.

SEBASTIAN: Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

VIOLA: 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.  
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 are betroth'd both to a maid and a man.

ORSINO: 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.

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

VIOLA: The captain that did bring me first on shore  
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action  
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

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

*(Re-enter FESTE with a letter, and FABIAN)*

How does he, sirrah?

FESTE: Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the staves's end. Has here writ a letter to you;  
as a madman's epistles are no gospels, 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 in a 'mad' voice)* '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: *(To FABIAN)* Read it you, sirrah.

FABIAN: *(Reads)* 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me: 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 what I did; with  
which I shall do myself much right, or you much shame. 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 deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

*(Exit FABIAN)*

My lord, so please you to think me a sister, not a wife,  
One day shall crown the alliances, so please you,  
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

ORSINO: Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

*(To VIOLA)*

Your master quits you; and for your service done him,  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

OLIVIA: A sister! you are she.

*(Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO)*

ORSINO: Is this the madman?

OLIVIA: Ay, my lord, this same.  
How now, Malvolio!

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

OLIVIA: Have I, Malvolio? no.

MALVOLIO: Lady, peruse that letter. You must not now deny it is your hand; or say 'tis not your seal: you can say none of this. Well, grant it then and tell me, in the modesty of honour, why you have given me such clear lights of favour, bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you, to put on yellow stockings and to frown upon Sir Toby and the lighter people; and, acting this in an obedient hope, why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, and made the most notorious geck and gull that e'er invention play'd on? Tell me why.

OLIVIA: Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,  
Out of question 'tis Maria's hand.  
And now I do bethink me, it was she  
First told me thou wast mad. Prithee, be content:  
This practise hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;  
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,  
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge.

FABIAN: Good madam, hear me speak,  
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
Taint the condition of this present hour.  
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.

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

FESTE: Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness  
thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but 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:  
When that is known and golden time convents,  
A solemn combination shall be made  
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,  
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;  
For so you shall be, while you are a man;  
But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

*(Exeunt all, except 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.

*(Others enter and join the song)*

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

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

*(ORSINO, VIOLA in women's clothes, OLIVIA and SEBASTIAN  
enter and join the song)*

ALL:           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)*