

Twelfth Night or What You Will

ACT I

Scene I – The Illyrian Coast – January 6th, Morning

Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors.

- Viola.* What county, friends is this?
Captain. This is Illyria, lady.
Viola. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd. What think you sailors?
Captain. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.
Viola. O my poor brother, and so perchance may he be!
Captain. True, madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
To a strong mast that liv'd on the sea.
Viola. For saying so, there's gold. Know'st thou this country?
Captain. Ay, madam, well, for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Viola. Who governs here?
Captain. A noble duke in nature as in name.
Viola. What is his name?
Captain. Orsino.
Viola. Orsino. I have heard my father name him.
He was a bachelor then.
Captain. And so is now, or now so very late:
For but a month ago, I went from hence,
And then t'was fresh in murmur as you know
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Viola. What's she?
Captain. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.
Viola. O that I serv'd that lady,
That might not be deliver'd to the world
Till I had 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. I prithee (and I'll pay thee bounteously)
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as a eunuch to him;
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. *Exit Viola, Captain, Sailors.*

Enter Antonio and Sebastian

Antonio. Will you stay no longer? Nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. Be your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours. Therefore, I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone.

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

Seb. No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is near extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian of Messaline. My father left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you, sir, alter'd that, for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, my sister was drown'd.

Antonio. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful. She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.

Antonio. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

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

Seb. Desire it not. Fare ye well at once. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court.
Farewell. *Exit Sebastian.*

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 Antonio.*

Enter Captain, Sailors and Viola (in man's attire).

Viola. There is a fair behavior in thee, Captain.
It may be worth thy pains. For I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Captain. I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair.

Viola. I thank you.

Captain. Here comes the Count.

Give me some music. (*Viola and Sailors play*) Now good morrow, friends!

Enter Orsino, Curio and attendants.

Orsino. If music be the food of love, play on!
Give me excess of it, that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor. Enough, no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

Curio. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Orsino. What, Curio?
Curio. The hart.
Orsino. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O, when mine eye did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires like fell and cruel hounds
Ere since pursue me. How now, what news from her?

Valentine enters.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid, I do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But like a cloistress she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.
Orsino. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother.
Viola. How will she love when thy rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones are all supplied and fill'd,
Her sweet perfections, with one self king.
Captain. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord.
Orsino. Stand you awhile aloof. Cesario –
Viola. On your attendance, my lord, here.
Orsino. Thou know'st no less but all. I have unclasp'd
To thee the book of even my secret soul.
Therefore, good youth, address thy gate 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.
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,
A woman's part. Some four or five attend him,
All if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord
To call his fortunes thine. *Exit Orsino.*

Viola. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: [aside] yet a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Scene 2 – Olivia's Courtyard

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Belch What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus?
Maria By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.
Belch Why, let her except, before excepted.
Maria Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.
Belch Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too.
Maria That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.
Belch Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?
Maria Ay, he.
Belch He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.
Maria What's that to the purpose?
Belch 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.
Belch Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.
Maria He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller: and 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.
Belch By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?
Maria They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.
Belch With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward that will not drink to my niece. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek

Andrew Belch! how now, Belch!
Belch Sweet Sir Andrew!
Andrew Bless you, fair shrew.
Maria And you too, sir.
Belch Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.
Andrew What's that?
Belch My niece's chambermaid.
Andrew Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.
Maria My name is Mary, sir.
Andrew Good Mistress Mary Accost,--
Belch You mistake, knight; 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.
Andrew By my troth, is that the meaning of 'accost'?
Maria Fare you well, gentlemen.
Belch An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

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.

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

Maria Now, sir, I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Andrew Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Maria It's dry, 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.

Andrew Are you full of them?

Maria Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

Exit Maria.

Belch O knight: when did I see thee so put down?

Andrew Never in your life, I think. 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.

Belch No question.

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

Belch Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Andrew What is 'Pourquoi'? do or not do? Faith, I'll home to-morrow.

Belch Art thou good at kickshawses, knight?

Andrew As any man in Illyria.

Belch What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Andrew Faith, I can cut a caper. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as -

Belch Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Andrew Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock.

Belch Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto?

Andrew Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Belch She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man. Shall we set about some revels?

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.

Belch What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Andrew Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Belch No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! Excellent!

Exit Belch and Andrew

Enter Maria and Clown

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

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

Maria Make that good.

Clown He shall see none to fear.

Maria A good lenten answer: Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or,

to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clown Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.

Maria Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Exit Maria

Enter Olivia with Malvolio.

Clown God bless thee, lady!

Olivia Take the fool away.

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

Olivia Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clown Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest. Anything that's mended is but patched: Therefore, I say again, the lady bade take away the fool; take her away.

Olivia Sir, I bade them take away you.

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

Olivia Can you do it?

Clown Dexterously, good madonna.

Olivia Make your proof.

Clown Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Olivia Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown I think his soul is in hell.

Olivia I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

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

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

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

Clown God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Olivia How say you to that, Malvolio?

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

Olivia Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail.

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

Enter Maria

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

Olivia From the Count Orsino, is it?

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

Exit Maria

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

Exit Mal.

Olivia Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.
Clown Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling. Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I that am sure I lack thee may pass for a wise man. For what say Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'
Exit Clown.

Enter Mavolio

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.
Olivia Tell him he shall not speak with me.
Mal. 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?
Mal. Why, of mankind.
Olivia What manner of man?
Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.
Olivia Of what personage and years is he?
Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a cooling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.
Olivia Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.
Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

Exit Mal.

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.
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, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?
Olivia If I do not usurp myself, I am.
Viola Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.
Olivia Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.
Viola Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

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

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

Viola No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. 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.

Olivia Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.

Exit Maria and Attendants

Olivia Now, sir, what is your text?

Viola Most sweet lady,--

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

Viola In Orsino's bosom.

Olivia In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

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

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

Viola Good madam, let me see your face.

Olivia Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text.

Viola Lady, you are the cruellest 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 schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, 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.

Olivia Look you, sir, we will draw the curtain and show you the picture: is't not well done?

Viola Excellently done, if God did all.

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

Viola 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
My lord and master loves you!

Olivia How does he love me?

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

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

Viola If I did love you in my master's flame,
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 contemned love

And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, You should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Olivia You might do much.

What is your parentage?

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

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

Olivia 'What is your parentage?'
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
'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!
What ho, Malvolio!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 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.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Exit Malvolio.

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.

Scene 3 – Outside Olivia's House – That Evening

Enter Sebastian and Antonio

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
Antonio I could not stay behind you: my desire,

More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Unhospitable.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks.
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Antonio To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. But since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Enter Viola and Malvolio.

Antonio Pardon me.

Exit Sebastian and Antonio

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

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

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

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

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

Exit Mal.

Viola I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness.
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? Alas the day!--
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

Enter Orsino, Valentine, Curio and Attendants

Orsino Now, good Cesario! (*to Curio*) But that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night.

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

Orsino Who was it?

Curio Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

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

Exit Curio.

Music plays

Orsino Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me.

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.

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!

Enter Curio and Clown

Orsino O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is silly sooth,

Clown Are you ready, sir?

Orsino Ay; prithee, sing.

Clown *Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
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.

Clown No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Orsino I'll pay thy pleasure then.

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

Orsino Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown Now, the melancholy god protect thee. Farewell.

Exit Clown

Orsino Let all the rest give place.

Curio and Attendants retire

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 as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

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.

Viola Ay, but I know--

Orsino What dost thou know?

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

Orsino And what's her history?

Viola A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But 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 deny.
Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe in mischief.

Exit Viola and Orsino

Enter Belch and Andrew

Belch Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes;
and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,--

Andrew Nay, my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Belch 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?

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

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

wine!

Enter Clown

Andrew Here comes the fool, i' faith.
Clown How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?
Belch Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.
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.
Clown I did impeticos thy gratuity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.
Andrew Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.
Belch Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.
Andrew There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a--
Clown Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?
Belch A love-song, a love-song.
Andrew Ay, ay: I care not for good life.
Clown *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.*
Andrew Excellent good, i' faith.
Belch Good, good.
Andrew A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
Belch A contagious breath.
Andrew Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

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.
Belch 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] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'--
Maria For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?
Belch We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneak up!
Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.
Belch 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'
Maria Nay, good Sir Toby.
Clown 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'
Mal. Is't even so?
Belch 'But I will never die.'

Clown Sir Toby, there you lie.
Mal. This is much credit to you.
Belch 'Shall I bid him go?'
Clown 'What an if you do?'
Belch 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'
Clown 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'
Belch 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?
Clown Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.
Belch Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine,
Maria!
Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand.

Exit Malvolio.

Belch Fire and brimstone! (*to Maria*) Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.
Maria Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.
Andrew O, if I thought that I'd beat him like a dog!
Belch Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.
Maria Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight: since the youth of the count's was today with thy lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.
Belch 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, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece.
Belch He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.
Maria My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.
Andrew And your horse now would make him an ass.
Maria Ass, I doubt not.
Andrew O, 'twill be admirable!
Belch Excellent! I smell a device.
Andrew I have't in my nose too.
Maria Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Exit Maria

Belch Good night, Penthesilea.
Andrew Before me, she's a good wench.
Belch She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?
Andrew I was adored once too.
Belch Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight!

Exit Belch and Andrew

Scene 4 – Olivia's Courtyard – The Following Morning

Enter Viola, and Clown with a tabour

Viola Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabour?
Clown No, sir, I live by the church.
Viola Art thou a churchman?
Clown No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.
Viola Nay, they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.
Clown I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.
Viola Why?
Clown Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton.
Viola I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?
Clown No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married.
Viola I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.
Clown Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.
Viola Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.
Clown Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!
Viola By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one. Is thy lady within?
Clown My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn.

Exit Clown

Viola This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:

Enter Belch, Fabian, and Andrew

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

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Viola Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odors on you!
Olivia (*aside to Maria*) How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
Viola My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.
Olivia Give me your hand, sir.

Viola My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Exit Olivia, Viola and Maria

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

Belch Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fabian You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Andrew Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me!

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

Andrew 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fabian I will prove it legitimate, sir. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Andrew And't be anyway, it must be with valor, for policy I hate.

Enter Maria

Belch Here comes the little villain. How now, my metal of India!

Maria Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemptive idiot of him.

Fabian If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy!

Maria Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there, for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

Exit Maria

Enter Malvolio

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

Belch Here's an overweening rogue!

Fabian O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him!

Andrew 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Belch Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Belch Ah, rogue!

Andrew Pistol him, pistol him.

Belch Peace, peace!

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

Andrew Fie on him, Jezebel!

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

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

Belch O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

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

Fabian O, peace, peace!

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

Belch Bolts and shackles!

Fabian O peace, peace, peace! now, now.

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

Belch Shall this fellow live?

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

Belch And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

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

Belch What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Belch Out, scab!

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

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'--

Andrew That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'--

Andrew I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

Fabian Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Belch O, peace! and the spirit of humour intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. 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.

Andrew Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

Mal. [Reads] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my goodwishes:'--her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impresseure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fabian This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. *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?

Belch Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. *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!

Belch Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. '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!

Belch And with what wing the staniel cheeks at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,--what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,--Softly! M, O, A, I,--

Belch O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

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

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

Mal. 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.

Belch Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. 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.
Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.'

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

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

Exit Malvolio

Fabian I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.
Belch I could marry this wench for this device.
Andrew So could I too.
Fabian Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Enter Maria

Belch Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?
Andrew Or o' mine either?
Belch Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.
Maria Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?
Belch Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.
Maria If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt.

Enter Olivia and Viola (with drink)

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

Olivia Give me leave, beseech you. What is your name?
Viola Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.
Olivia My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.
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 Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.
Olivia O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.
Viola Dear lady,-
Olivia So let me hear you speak. What might you think?
Viola I pity you.
Olivia That's a degree to love.
Viola No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Olivia Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your were is alike to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
Viola Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition Attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Olivia Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.
Viola That you do think you are not what you are.
Olivia If I think so, I think the same of you.
Viola Then think you right: I am not what I am.
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.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought better.
Viola By innocence I swear, and by my youth

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

Exit Viola

Enter Maria

Olivia Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
I speak too loud. Where's 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 his wits.
Olivia Go call him hither. *Exit Maria*
I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter Maria, with Malvolio

Olivia How now, Malvolio!
Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.
Olivia Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood,
this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me
as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'
Olivia Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands,
and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.
Olivia Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?
Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, 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?
Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.
Maria Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?
Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.
Olivia What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
Mal. 'Some are born great,'--
Olivia Ha!
Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'--
Olivia What sayest thou?
Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'
Olivia Heaven restore thee!
Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'--
Olivia Thy yellow stockings!
Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'
Olivia Cross-gartered!
Mal. 'Go to thou art made, if thou desirest to be so,'--
Olivia Am I made?

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'
Olivia Why, this is very midsummer madness
Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let
some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry
for the half of my dowry.

Exit Olivia and Maria

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to
me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I
may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy
humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let
thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;'
and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage,
a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, 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. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple
of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance--What can be
said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my
hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Maria, with Belch and Fabian

Belch Which way is he, in the name of sanctity?
Fabian Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?
Mal. Go off; I discard you.
Maria Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my
lady prays you to have a care of him.
Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?
Belch Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do
you, Malvolio? How is't with you? Defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to
mankind.
Mal. Do you know what you say?
Maria You speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not
bewitched!
Fabian Carry his water to the wise woman.
Maria Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not
lose him for more than I'll say.
Mal. How now, mistress!
Maria O Lord!
Belch Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him?
let me alone with him.
Fabian No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be
roughly used.
Belch Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?
Mal. Sir!
Belch Ay, Bidy, come with me.
Maria Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.
Mal. My prayers, minx!
Maria No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.
Mal. Let me enjoy my private: go off.

Exit Malvolio

Belch 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.
Belch Come bring us, bring us where he is!
Maria If you will see it, follow me!

Exit All

Intermission

ACT II

Scene I – Outside the Church.

Enter Olivia and Maria

Olivia 'Be not offended, dear Cesario.
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is
That it but mocks reproof for I did send
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and I fear me, you.'
Prethee read i' thy right wits.
Maria 'Be not offended, dear Cesario.'

Enter Clown

Clown Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd. He attends
your ladyship's pleasure.
Olivia I'll come to him. Who of my people hold him delay?
Clown Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian

Olivia By mine honor, half drunk. Fie on him.

Exit Olivia

Andrew That youth's a rare courtier.
Belch Why, then, challenge the count's youth to fight; hurt him in eleven places: my
niece shall take note of it.
Fabian There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.
Andrew Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?
Toby Write it in a martial hand. Be curst and brief. Taunt him with the license
of ink! It is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of intention. Let
there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter.
About it! Go!

Exit Andrew

Maria Gull Malvolio has been yonder i' the sun practicing behavior to his own
shadow this half hour. If you desire the spleen and will laugh yourselves
into stiches, follow me.
Belch To the gates of Tatar, thou most excellent divel of wit!

Exit All

Enter Sebastian and Antonio

Seb. I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes

With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Antonio Would you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Antonio The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Antonio It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

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

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

Antonio To th' Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

Exit Sebastian and Antonio

Enter Belch, Fabian and Clown

Belch Come thy ways, Signoir Fabian

Fabian Nay, I'll come.

Belch We'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that
he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very
pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: But see, but see!

Enter Maria with Malvolio (masked and bound)

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element!

Maria Go shake your ears!

Malvolio is placed in hole.

Mal. You shall know more hereafter!

[close the hole]

Belch Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that when the image of it leaves
him, he must run mad!

Maria I prethee put on this gown and this beard. Make him believe thou art Sir
Topas the curate. Do it quickly.

Clown Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't!
Belch Jove bless thee, master Parson.
Clown Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;' so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson.
Belch To him, Sir Topas.

[*open the hole*]

Clown What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!
Belch The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.
Mal. [Within] Who calls there?
Clown Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.
Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.
Clown Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?
Belch Well said, Master Parson.
Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.
Clown Fie, thou dishonest Satan! sayest thou that house is dark?
Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.
Clown Why it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstores toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?
Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.
Clown Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance.
Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.
Clown What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?
Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
Clown What thinkest thou of his opinion?
Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.
Clown Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.
Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

[*close the hole*]

Belch My most exquisite Sir Topas!
Clown Nay, I am for all waters.
Maria Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.
Belch To him in thine own voice.

[*open the hole*]

Clown 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'
Mal. Fool!
Clown 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'
Mal. Fool!
Clown 'Alas, why is she so?'
Mal. Fool, I say!
Clown 'She loves another'--Who calls, ha?

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

Clown Master Malvolio?

Mal. Ay, good fool.

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

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

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

Mal. 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.

Clown 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.

Mal. Sir Topas!

Clown 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.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

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

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

Clown Well-a-day that you were, sir

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

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

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

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

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

Clown *I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, good man devil.*

[close the hole]

Enter Andrew

Andrew Here's the challenge; read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fabian Is't so saucy?

Toby Give me. [reads] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

Fabian Good and valiant.

Toby If this letter move him not, his legs cannot.

Maria You may have very fit occasion for't. He is now in some commerce with my

lady and will by and by depart.
Toby Go, Sir Andrew. I'll give't him. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and as thou draw'st, swear horrible.
Andrew Nay, let me alone for swearing.
Fabian Here he comes with your niece. Give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Exit Andrew, Clown and Maria

Toby I will mediate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.
Toby and Fabian hide

Enter Olivia and Viola

Olivia I have said too much unto a heart of stone
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
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,
That honour saved may upon asking give?
Viola Nothing but this; your true love for my master.
Olivia How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?
Viola I will acquit you.
Olivia Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

Exit Olivia

Enter Belch and Fabian

Belch Gentleman, God save thee.
Viola And you, sir.
Belch That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end.
Viola You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me.
Belch You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard.
Viola I pray you, sir, what is he?
Belch 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;
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.
Belch I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.
Exit Belch
Viola Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?
Fabian I know the knight is incensed against you, but nothing of the circumstance more. 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.

Enter Belch and Andrew

Belch Why, man, he's a very devil. 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.

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

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

Andrew Plague on't, Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse.

Belch I'll make the motion: stand here. (aside) Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. (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.

Belch [To *Viola*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for oath's sake: marry, therefore draw. He protests he will not hurt you.

Viola Pray God defend me!

Fabian Give ground, if you see him furious.

Belch Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, have one bout with you; but he has promised me, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

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.

Belch 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.

Belch Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

They draw. Enter Officers.

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

Belch I'll be with you anon.

Viola Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

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.

1st Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2nd Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.

Antonio You do mistake me, sir.

1st Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

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?

2nd Off. Come, sir.

Antonio I must entreat of you some of that money.

Viola What money, sir?

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:

2nd Off. 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.

1st Off. 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.

1st Off. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

Antonio Lead me on.

Exit with Officers

Viola He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove!
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Exit Viola

Belch A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: ask Fabian.

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

Andrew 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

Belch Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Andrew And I do not,--

Fabian Come, let's see the event.

Belch I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

Enter Sebastian

Belch Hold sir!

Andrew Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

Belch Come on, sir; hold.

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.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Belch Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron:
you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me
further, draw thy sword.

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

Enter Olivia

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

Belch Madam!
Olivia Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
 Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
 Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
 Rudesby, be gone! *Exit Belch, Andrew, and Fabian*
 I prithee, gentle friend,
 Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
 In this uncivil and thou unjust extent
 Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
 And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
 This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
 Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
 Do not deny. (*gives him jewel*) Beshrew his soul for me,
 He started one poor heart of mine in thee.
Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
 Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Olivia Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me!
Seb. Madam, I will.
Olivia O, say so, and so be!

Olivia kisses him and exits.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
 This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
 And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
 I could not find him at the Elephant:
 His counsel now might do me golden service.
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense
 That this may be some error, but not madness -
 Or else the lady's mad. Yet it 'twere so
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
 With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
 As I perceive. 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,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth. What do you say?
Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Olivia Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine!

Scene 2 – Olivia's Courtyard

Enter Clown and Fabian

Fabian Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.
Clown Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
Fabian Any thing.
Clown Do not desire to see this letter.
Fabian This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Orsino, Viola, Curio, and Lords

Orsino Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Clown Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.
Orsino I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?
Clown Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.
Orsino Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
Clown No, sir, the worse.
Orsino How can that be?
Clown Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends, I am abused: so that, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.
Orsino Why, this is excellent.
Clown By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.
Orsino Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.
Clown But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.
Orsino You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.
Clown Marry, I go, sir; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. *Exit Clown*
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:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
1st Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
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,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,

Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave to him and for his sake
Drew to defend him when he was beset.
His false cunning 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 days 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 days this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Olivia Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Viola Madam!

Orsino Gracious Olivia,--

Viola What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,--

Viola My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

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

Orsino Still so cruel?

Olivia Still so constant, lord.

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

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

Orsino Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
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 Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Reveal before 'tis ripe, 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:
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 Andrew

Andrew For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently
to Sir Toby.
Olivia What's the matter?
Andrew He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb
too:
Olivia Who has done this, Sir Andrew?
Andrew The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the
very devil incarninate.
Orsino My gentleman, Cesario?
Andrew 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing.
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.
Andrew If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by
a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Belch and Clown

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more.
Orsino How now, gentleman! how is't with you?
Belch That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon,

sot?
Clown O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.
Belch Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures panyn: I hate a drunken rogue.
Olivia Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?
Andrew I'll help you, Sir Toby, because well be dressed together.
Belch Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!
Olivia Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Exit Clown, Fabian, Belch, and Andrew

Enter Sebastian

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman:
 But, had it been the brother of my blood,
 I must have done no less with wit and safety.
 You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
 I do perceive it hath offended you:
 Pardon me, sweet one, even for the 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!
Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
 How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
 Since I have lost thee!
Antonio Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Antonio How have you made division of yourself?
 An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
 Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Olivia Most wonderful!
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
 Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
 Of here and every where. I had a sister,
 Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
 Of charity, what kin are you to me?
 What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Viola Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
 Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
 So went he suited to his watery tomb:
 If spirits can assume both form and suit
 You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
 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,
 Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
 I was preserved to serve this noble count.
 All the occurrence of my fortune since
 Hath been between this lady and this lord.
Seb. [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
 You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Orsino Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
 If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
 I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
(to Viola) Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
 Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.
Viola And all those sayings will I overswear;
 And those swearings keep as true in soul
 As doth that orb'd continent the fire
 That severs day from night.
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.

Enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
 From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
 How does he, sirrah?
Clown Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the staves's end as well as a man in his
 case may do: has here writ a letter to you.
Olivia Open't, and read it.
Clown Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [Reads]
 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you
 have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have
 I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that
 induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do
 myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my
 duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury. THE MADLY-USED
Malvolio.'
Olivia Did he write this?
Clown 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, these things further thought on,
 To think me as well a sister as a wife,
 One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
 Here at my house and at my proper cost.
Orsino Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
(to Viola) Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
 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.

Enter Fabian, with Malvolio

Orsino Is this the madman?
Olivia Ay, my lord, this same.
 How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Olivia Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear 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,
Though, I confess, much like the character
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. 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
Of thine own cause.

Fabian Good madam, hear me speak,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Olivia Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clown Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness
thrown upon them.' I was 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.

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

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.
Clown [Sings] *When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, & c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, & c.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, & c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, & c.
But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, & c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, & c.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, & c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.*