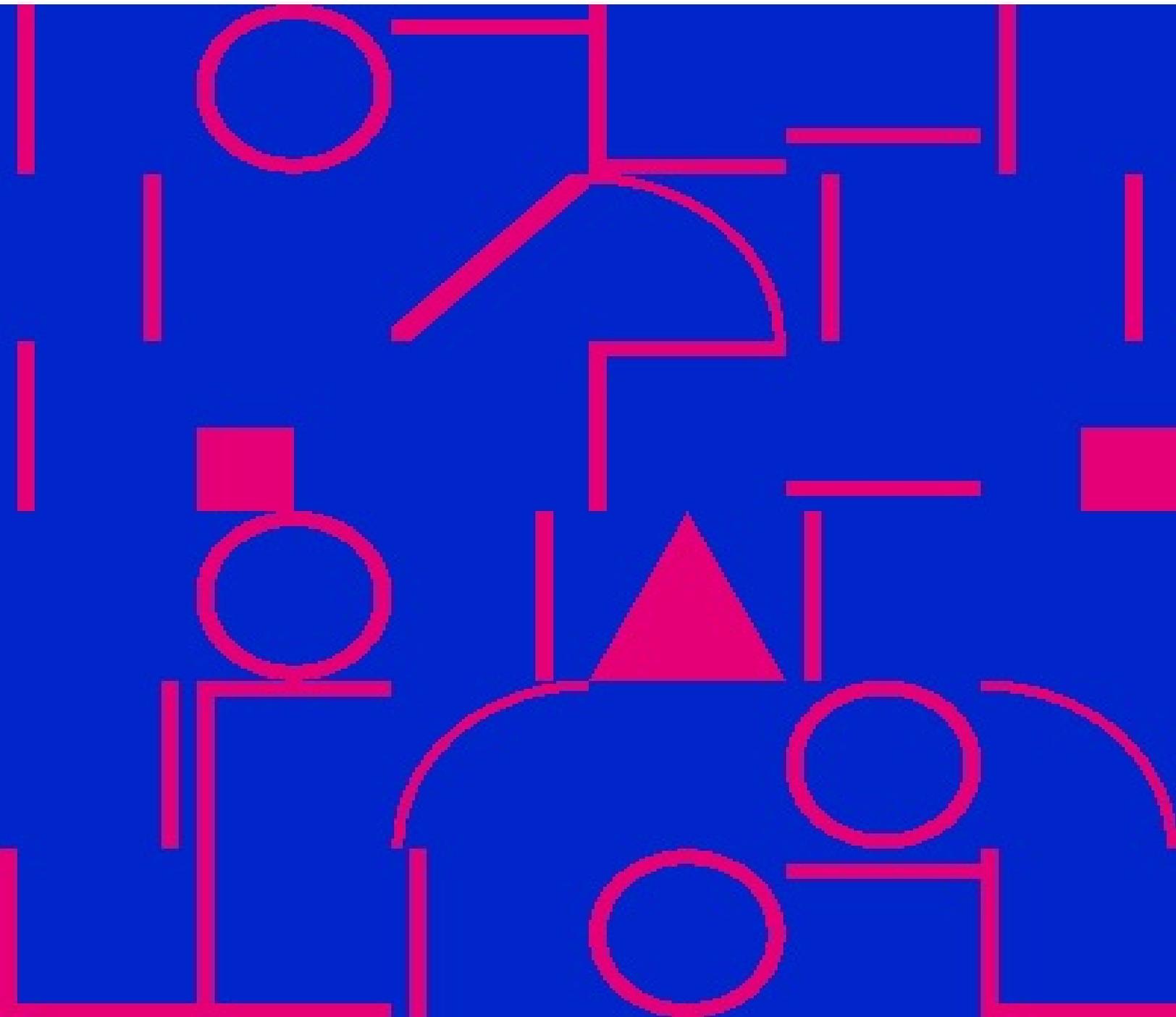


Twelfth Night; Or, What You Will

William Shakespeare



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WRITE TO US! We can be reached at:

Internet: hart@pobox.com

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This "Small Print!" by Charles B. Kramer, Attorney

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1602

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

by William Shakespeare

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria

SEBASTIAN, brother of Viola

ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend of Sebastian

A SEA CAPTAIN, friend of Viola

VALENTINE, gentleman attending on the Duke

CURIO, gentleman attending on the Duke

SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle of Olivia

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia
FABIAN, servant to Olivia
FESTE, a clown, servant to Olivia

OLIVIA, a rich countess
VIOLA, sister of Sebastian
MARIA, Olivia's waiting woman

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants

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SCENE: A city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it

ACT I. SCENE I. The DUKE'S palace

Enter ORSINO, Duke of Illyria, CURIO, and other LORDS; MUSICIANS attending

DUKE. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough, no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.
CURIO. Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE. What, Curio?

CURIO. The hart.

DUKE. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE

How now! what news from her?

VALENTINE. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,

But from her handmaid do return this answer:

The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But like a cloistress she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine; all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

DUKE. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd,
Her sweet perfections, with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flow'rs:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bow'rs.

Exeunt

SCENE II. The sea-coast

Enter VIOLA, a CAPTAIN, and SAILORS

VIOLA. What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN. This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd- what think you, sailors?

CAPTAIN. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

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

CAPTAIN. True, madam, and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,

When you, and those poor number saved with you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself-

Courage and hope both teaching him the practice-

To a strong mast that liv'd 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. For saying so, there's gold.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serves for authority,

The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

CAPTAIN. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIOLA. Who governs here?

CAPTAIN. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIOLA. What is his name?

CAPTAIN. 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. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count

That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

VIOLA. O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

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

VIOLA. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I 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 an eunuch to him;
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou silence to my wit.

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

VIOLA. I thank thee. Lead me on. Exeunt

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

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

MARIA. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights;

your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TOBY. Why, let her except before excepted.

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

of order.

SIR TOBY. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am.

These

clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too;

an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MARIA. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady

talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in

one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA. Ay, he.

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

MARIA. What's that to th' purpose?

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

MARIA. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a

very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TOBY. Fie that you'll say so! He plays o' th'

viol-de-gamboys,

and speaks three or four languages word for word without book,

and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MARIA. He hath indeed, almost natural; for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift

of a

coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought
among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors
that

say so of him. Who are they?

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

SIR TOBY. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her
as

long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria.

He's a coward and a coostrill that will not drink to my niece
till his brains turn o' th' toe like a parish-top. What,
wench!

Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

AGUECHEEK. Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY. Sweet Sir Andrew!

AGUECHEEK. Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA. And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

AGUECHEEK. What's that?

SIR TOBY. My niece's chambermaid.

AGUECHEEK. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA. My name is Mary, sir.

AGUECHEEK. Good Mistress Mary Accost-

SIR Toby. You mistake, knight. 'Accost' is front her, board
her,

woo her, assail her.

AGUECHEEK. 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!

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

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

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

MARIA. Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand
to

th' buttry-bar and let it drink.

AGUECHEEK. Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

MARIA. It's dry, sir.

AGUECHEEK. 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.

AGUECHEEK. 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

SIR TOBY. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary! When did I see

thee so put down?

AGUECHEEK. 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 great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY. No question.

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

SIR TOBY. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

AGUECHEEK. 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. Oh, had I but followed the arts!

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

AGUECHEEK. Why, would that have mended my hair?

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

AGUECHEEK. 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 huswife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

AGUECHEEK. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will

not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me;

the Count himself here hard by woos her.

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

AGUECHEEK. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest

mind i' th' world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

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

AGUECHEEK. 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?

AGUECHEEK. Faith, I can cut a caper.

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

AGUECHEEK. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong

as

any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these

gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like

Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a

galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a

jig; I would not so much as make water but in a 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 form'd under

the

star of a galliard.

AGUECHEEK. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in

flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY. What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

AGUECHEEK. 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

SCENE IV. The DUKE'S palace

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire

VALENTINE. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

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

VALENTINE. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and ATTENDANTS

VIOLA. I thank you. Here comes the Count.

DUKE. Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA. On your attendance, my lord, here.

DUKE. Stand you awhile 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.

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

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

DUKE. 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.

DUKE. Dear lad, believe it, For they shall yet belie thy happy years

That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. 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.

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 V. OLIVIA'S house

Enter MARIA and CLOWN

MARIA. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open

my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse;
my

lady will hang thee for thy absence.

CLOWN. Let her hang me. He that is well hang'd in this world needs

to fear no colours.

MARIA. Make that good.

CLOWN. He shall see none to fear.

MARIA. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was

born, of 'I fear no colours.'

CLOWN. Where, good Mistress Mary?

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

CLOWN. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are

fools, let them use their talents.

MARIA. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent; or to be

turn'd away- is not that as good as a hanging to you?

CLOWN. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning

away, let summer bear it out.

MARIA. You are resolute, then?

CLOWN. Not so, neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

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

your gaskins fall.

CLOWN. Apt, in good faith, very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby

would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh

as any in Illyria.

MARIA. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady.

Make

your excuse wisely, you were best. Exit

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO

CLOWN. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits

that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I that am

sure I lack thee may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.' God bless

thee, lady!

OLIVIA. Take the fool away.

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

OLIVIA. Go to, y'are 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; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patch'd; virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin, and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue.

If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I

say again, take her away.

OLIVIA. Sir, I bade them take away you.

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. Dexteriously, good madonna.

OLIVIA. Make your proof.

CLOWN. I must catechize you for it, madonna.

Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

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

CLOWN. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

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

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

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

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

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

MALVOLIO. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him.

Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

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 twopence that you are no fool.

OLIVIA. How say you to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool

that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of

his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him,

he is gagg'd. I protest I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools no better than the fools' zanies.

OLIVIA. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a

distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem

cannon bullets. There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he

do nothing but rail; nor no railing in known discreet man, though

he do nothing but reprove.

CLOWN. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st 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?

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

OLIVIA. Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman.

Fie on him! [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.

CLOWN. 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 gentleman here. [Hiccups] A plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

CLOWN. 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?

CLOWN. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above

heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns

him.

OLIVIA. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz;

for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd; go look after him.

CLOWN. 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.

OLIVIA. What manner of man?

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

OLIVIA. Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy;

as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis

almost an apple; 'tis with him in standing water, between boy

and

man. He is very well-favour'd, 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

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 penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it.

Good

beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, 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 allow'd 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 dialogue.

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

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

Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

OLIVIA. Tell me your mind.

VIOLA. I am a messenger.

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

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

no

taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are

as

full of peace as matter.

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

VIOLA. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my

entertainment. What I am and what I would are as secret as
maidenhead- to your cars, 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.

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, such a
one I

was this present. Is't not well done?

VIOLA. Excellently done, if God did all.

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

VIOLA. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out
divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and
every

particle and utensil labell'd 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 recompens'd 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,

Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

In voices well divulg'd, 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,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA. Why, what would you?

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

OLIVIA. You might do much.

What is your parentage?

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

OLIVIA. Get you to your lord.

I cannot love him; let him send no more-
Unless perchance you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.

I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.

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

OLIVIA. 'What is your parentage?'

'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast! Soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What ho, Malvolio!

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

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ACT II. SCENE I. The sea-coast

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

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

SEBASTIAN. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me;
the
malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours;
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 know of you whither you are bound.

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

express

myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is

Sebastian,

which I call'd Roderigo; my father was that Sebastian of
Messaline whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him
myself and a sister, both born in an hour; if the heavens had
been 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

was

my sister drown'd.

ANTONIO. Alas the day!

SEBASTIAN. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled
me,

was yet of many accounted beautiful; but though I could not
with

such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I

will

boldly publish her: she bore mind that envy could not but

call

fair. She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I
seem

to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEBASTIAN. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

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

SEBASTIAN. If you will not undo what you have done- that is,
kill

him whom you have recover'd-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 cnemies 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

SCENE II. A street

Enter VIOLA and MALVOLIO at several doors

MALVOLIO. Were you not ev'n now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd
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 return'd. 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?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much

That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none.

I am the man. If it be so- as 'tis-

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!

For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman- now alas the day!-
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie! Exit

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 'diluculo surgere' thou know'st-

AGUECHEEK. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know to be up late

is to be up late.

SIR TOBY. A false conclusion! I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be

up after midnight and to go to bed then is early; so that to

go

to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our

lives

consist of the four elements?

AGUECHEEK. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of

eating and drinking.

SIR TOBY. Th'art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.

Marian, I say! a stoup of wine.

Enter CLOWN

AGUECHEEK. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

CLOWN. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of 'we

three'?

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

AGUECHEEK. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had

rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a

breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very

gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of

Pigrogromitus,

of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very

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

CLOWN. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is

no

whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no

bottle-ale houses.

AGUECHEEK. 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.

AGUECHEEK. 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?

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

AGUECHEEK. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

CLOWN sings

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

AGUECHEEK. Excellent good, i' faith!

SIR TOBY. Good, good!

CLOWN 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.

AGUECHEEK. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TOBY. A contagious breath.

AGUECHEEK. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR TOBY. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall

we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in

a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do

that?

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

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

AGUECHEEK. Most certain. Let our catch be 'Thou knave.'

CLOWN. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave' knight? I shall be constrain'd

in't to call thee knave, knight.

AGUECHEEK. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to

call

me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

CLOWN. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

AGUECHEEK. Good, i' faith! Come, begin. [Catch sung]

Enter MARIA

MARIA. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not

call'd 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 [Sings]

Three merry men be we.

Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally, lady. [Sings]

There dwelt a man in Babylon,

Lady, lady.

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

AGUECHEEK. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, 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? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that

ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or

remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

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

MALVOLIO. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell

you that, though she harbours you as her kins-man, she's nothing

allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your

misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, and it would

please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you

farewell.

SIR TOBY. [Sings] Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

MARIA. Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLOWN. [Sings] His eyes do show his days are almost done.

MALVOLIO. Is't even so?

SIR TOBY. [Sings] But I will never die. [Falls down]

CLOWN. [Sings] Sir Toby, there you lie.

MALVOLIO. This is much credit to you.

SIR TOBY. [Sings] Shall I bid him go?

CLOWN. [Sings] What an if you do?

SIR TOBY. [Sings] Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

CLOWN. [Sings] O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.

SIR TOBY. [Rising] 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' th' mouth too.

SIR TOBY. Th' art i' th' right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.

A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at anything

more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

Exit

MARIA. Go shake your ears.

AGUECHEEK. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's ahungry,

to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him

and make a fool of him.

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

MARIA. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of

the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet.

For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him; if I do not gull

him into a nayword, 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.

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

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

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

MARIA. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY. What wilt thou do?

MARIA. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated.

I can write very like my lady, your niece; on forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TOBY. Excellent! I smell a device.

AGUECHEEK. 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.

AGUECHEEK. And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA. Ass, I doubt not.

AGUECHEEK. O, 'twill be admirable!

MARIA. Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where

he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Exit

SIR TOBY. Good night, Penthesilea.

AGUECHEEK. Before me, she's a good wench.

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

What o' that?

AGUECHEEK. I was ador'd once too.

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

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

SIR TOBY. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' th'

end,

call me Cut.

AGUECHEEK. If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.

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

go

to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. The DUKE'S palace

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and OTHERS

DUKE. 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,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

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

DUKE. 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.

DUKE. 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,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

DUKE. Thou dost speak masterly.

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA. A little, by your favour.

DUKE. What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA. Of your complexion.

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

VIOLA. About your years, my lord.

DUKE. Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

VIOLA. I think it well, my lord.

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

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

Re-enter CURIO and CLOWN

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

CLOWN. Are you ready, sir?

DUKE. Ay; prithee, sing. [Music]

FESTE'S SONG

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!

DUKE. There's for thy pains.

CLOWN. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

DUKE. I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

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

DUKE. Give me now leave to leave thee.

CLOWN. Now the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy

doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business

might be everything, and their intent everywhere: for that's it

that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit CLOWN

DUKE. Let all the rest give place.

Exeunt CURIO and ATTENDANTS

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.

Tell her my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune;

But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems

That Nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

VIOLA. But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE. 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?

DUKE. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart

So big to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite-

No motion of the liver, but the palate-

That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much. Make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me

And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA. Ay, but I know-

DUKE. 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 lov'd a man,

As it might be perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

VIOLA. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pin'd in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too- and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste. Give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no denay. Exeunt

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S garden

Enter SIR TOBY, 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

boil'd 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?

AGUECHEEK. And we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA

SIR TOBY. Here comes the little villain.

How now, my metal of India!

MARIA. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down

this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to

his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot

of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [As the men hide she drops

a letter] Lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be

caught with tickling.

Exit

Enter MALVOLIO

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

did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that,
should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides,

she

uses me with a more exalted respect than 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 advanc'd plumes!

AGUECHEEK. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue-

SIR TOBY. Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO. To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY. Ah, rogue!

AGUECHEEK. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY. Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO. There is example for't: the Lady of the Strachy
married

the yeoman of the wardrobe.

AGUECHEEK. 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 branch'd velvet
gown,

having come from a day-bed- where I have left Olivia
sleeping-

SIR TOBY. Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN. O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO. And then to have the humour of state; and after a
demure

travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would
they

should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby-

SIR TOBY. Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN. O, peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

MALVOLIO. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out
for

him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or
play

with my- some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to
me-

SIR TOBY. Shall this fellow live?

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

peace.

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

with an austere regard of control-

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

MALVOLIO. Saying 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your

niece give me this prerogative of speech'-

SIR TOBY. What, what?

MALVOLIO. 'You must amend your drunkenness'-

SIR TOBY. Out, scab!

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

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

AGUECHEEK. That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO. 'One Sir Andrew.'

AGUECHEEK. 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 humours 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.

AGUECHEEK. Her C's, her U's, and her T's. Why that?

MALVOLIO. [Reads] 'To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes.' Her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! And the impresse 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 alter'd!

'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 dress'd him!

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

MALVOLIO. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command
me: I

serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal
capacity; there is no obstruction in this. And the end- what
should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make

that

resemble something in me. Softly! M. O. A. I.-

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

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

as a fox.

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

FABIAN. Did not I say he would work it out?

The cur is excellent at faults.

MALVOLIO. M- But then there is no consonancy in the sequel;
that

suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

FABIAN. And O shall end, I hope.

SIR TOBY. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry 'O!'

MALVOLIO. And then I comes behind.

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

MALVOLIO. M. O. A. I. This simulation is not as the former; and
yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every

one of

these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[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;

and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy

humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman,

surly

with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put
thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee
that
sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,
and
wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember, Go
to,
thou art made, if thou desir'st 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 champain 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-garter'd; 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-garter'd, even with the swiftness
of
putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a
postscript.

[Reads] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou
entertain'st 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 sport for a pension of
thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

SIR TOBY. I could marry this wench for this device.

AGUECHEEK. So could I too.

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

Enter MARIA

AGUECHEEK. Nor I neither.

FABIAN. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

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

AGUECHEEK. Or o' mine either?

SIR TOBY. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

AGUECHEEK. I' faith, or I either?

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

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

SIR TOBY. Like aqua-vita! with a midwife.

AIARIA. 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-garter'd,

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!

AGUECHEEK. I'll make one too. Exeunt

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ACT III. SCENE I. OLIVIA'S garden

Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor

VIOLA. Save thee, friend, and thy music!

Dost thou live by thy tabor?

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

stand by the church.

CLOWN. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be

turn'd outward!

VIOLA. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may

quickly make them wanton.

CLOWN. I would, therefore, my sister had had name, sir.

VIOLA. Why, man?

CLOWN. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word

might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals

since bonds disgrac'd them.

VIOLA. Thy reason, man?

CLOWN. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words, and words

are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them.

VIOLA. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and car'st for nothing.

CLOWN. Not so, sir; I do care for something; but in my conscience,

sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir,

I would it would make you invisible.

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

CLOWN. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly; she will keep

no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands

as pilchers are to herrings- the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

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

CLOWN. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun- it

shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should

be

as oft with your master as with my mistress: 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. [Giving a coin]

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

VIOLA. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one;

[Aside] though I would not have it grow on my chin.- Is thy

lady

within?

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

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

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

VIOLA. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

[Giving another coin]

CLOWN. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar:

Cressida was a beggar. 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 overworn.

Exit CLOWN

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

And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time;

And, like the haggard, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice

As full of labour as a wise man's art;

For folly that he wisely shows is fit;

But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY. Save you, gentleman!

VIOLA. And you, sir.

AGUECHEEK. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

VIOLA. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

AGUECHEEK. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

SIR TOBY. Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you

should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIOLA. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list

of my

voyage.

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

VIOLA. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what

you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

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

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

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

AGUECHEEK. That youth's a rare courtier- 'Rain odours' well!

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

and vouchsafed car.

AGUECHEEK. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed'- I'll get 'em all

three all ready.

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

[Exeunt all but OLIVIA and VIOLA] Give me your hand, sir.

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

OLIVIA. What is your name?

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

OLIVIA. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.

Y'are 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. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you in a shameful cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

VIOLA. I Pity YOU.

OLIVIA. That's a degree to love.

VIOLA. No, not a 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! [Clock strikes]
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth; I will not have you;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA. Then westward-ho!

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

OLIVIA. Stay.

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

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

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

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

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

VIOLA. Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

OLIVIA. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
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 is better.

VIOLA. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLIVIA. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move

That heart which now abhors to like his love. Exeunt

SCENE II. OLIVIA'S house

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW and FABIAN

AGUECHEEK. 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.

AGUECHEEK. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's

servingsman than ever she bestow'd upon me; I saw't i' th' orchard.

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

AGUECHEEK. As plain as I see you now.

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

AGUECHEEK. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

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

and reason.

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

sailor.

FABIAN. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the

mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was

look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd. The double guilt of

this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd

into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an

icicle on Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

AGUECHEEK. An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy

I hate; I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

SIR TOBY. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of

valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him;

hurt

him in eleven places. My niece shall take note of it; and

assure

thymself there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail

in

man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

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

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

SIR TOBY. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief;

it is

no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention.

Taunt him with the license of ink; if thou thou'st him some

thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie

in

thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for

the

bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there

be

gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen,

no

matter. About it.

AGUECHEEK. Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY. We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

Exit SIR ANDREW

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

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

strong,

or so.

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

deliver't?

SIR TOBY. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the

youth

to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them

together. For Andrew, if he were open'd and you find so much

blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat

the

rest of th' anatomy.

FABIAN. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no

great

presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA

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

MARIA. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into

stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a

very

renegado; for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe such impossible passages

of

grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY. And cross-garter'd?

MARIA. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'

th'

church. I have dogg'd him like his murderer. He does obey

every

point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does

smile

his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my

lady

will strike him; if she do, he'll smile and take't for a

great

favour.

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

SCENE III. A street

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO

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

ANTONIO. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you- though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage-
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEBASTIAN. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are shuffl'd off with such uncurrent pay;
But were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

ANTONIO. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

SEBASTIAN. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
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.

SEBASTIAN. Belike you slew great number of his people.

ANTONIO. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been 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.

SEBASTIAN. Do not then walk too open.

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

SEBASTIAN. Why I your purse?

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

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

ANTONIO. To th' Elephant.

SEBASTIAN. I do remember. Exeunt

SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S garden

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

OLIVIA. I have sent after him; he says he'll come.

How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?

For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.

Where'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 possess'd, 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. Smil'st 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, sweetheart, 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 mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. 'Some are born great,'-

OLIVIA. Ha?

MALVOLIO. 'Some achieve greatness,'-

OLIVIA. What say'st 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 wish'd to see thee cross-garterd.'

OLIVIA. 'Cross-garter'd?'

MALVOLIO. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so';-

OLIVIA. Am I made?

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 return'd; 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 look'd 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! 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 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 lim'd her; but it is

Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went
away
now- 'Let this fellow be look'd to.' 'Fellow,' not 'Malvolio'
nor
after my degree, but 'fellow.' Why, everything 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.

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 be drawn in little, and Legion himself
possess'd
him, yet I'll speak to him.

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

SIR TOBY. How is't with you, man?

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

MARIA. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I
tell

you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MALVOLIO. Ah, ha! does she so?

SIR TOBY. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with
him.

Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you? What,
man,

defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO. Do you know what you say?

MARIA. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it
at

heart! Pray God he be not bewitched.

FABIAN. Carry his water to th' 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.

MALVOLIO. How now, mistress!

MARIA. O Lord!

SIR TOBY. 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 us'd.

SIR TOBY. Why, how now, my bawcock!

How dost thou, chuck?

MALVOLIO. Sir!

SIR TOBY. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man, 'tis not for gravity

to play at cherrypit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

MARIA. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MALVOLIO. My prayers, minx!

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

MALVOLIO. Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow things;

I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.

Exit

SIR TOBY. Is't possible?

FABIAN. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as

an improbable fiction.

SIR TOBY. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device,

man.

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. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece

is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for

our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of

breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW

FABIAN. More matter for a May morning.

AGUECHEEK. Here's the challenge; read it. I warrant there's vinegar

and pepper in't.

FABIAN. Is't so saucy?

AGUECHEEK. 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. [Reads] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why

I do

call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

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

SIR TOBY. [Reads] 'Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my

sight

she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat; that is

not

the matter I challenge thee for.'

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

SIR TOBY. [Reads] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it

be

thy chance to kill me'-

FABIAN. Good.

SIR TOBY. 'Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.'

FABIAN. Still you keep o' th' windy side of the law. Good!

SIR TOBY. [Reads] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one

of

our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is

better,

and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and

thy

sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.'

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

him.

MARIA. You may have very fit occasion for't; 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-bailly; so soon as ever thou seest him,

draw;

and as thou draw'st, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft

that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply

twang'd

off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself

would

have earn'd him. Away.

AGUECHEEK. Nay, let me alone for swearing. Exit

SIR TOBY. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour

of

the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and

breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece

confirms

no less. Therefore this letter, being so excellently

ignorant,

will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from

a

clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek notable report of valour, and drive

the

gentleman- as know his youth will aptly receive it- into a

most

hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity.

This

will so fright them both that they will kill one another by

the

look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA. With VIOLA

FABIAN. Here he comes with your niece; give them 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;

There's something in me that reproves my fault;

But such a headstrong potent fault it is

That it but mocks reproof.

VIOLA. With the same haviour that your passion bears

Goes on my master's griefs.

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 sav'd 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

Re-enter SIR TOBY and SIR FABIAN

SIR TOBY. Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA. And you, sir.

SIR TOBY. That defence thou hast, betake thee tot. 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, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier and on
carpet

consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and
bodies hath he divorc'd 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 SIR TOBY

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

FABIAN. I know the knight is incens'd 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 would 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.

AGUECHEEK. 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.

AGUECHEEK. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and

so

cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd 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. [To SIR TOBY] 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 promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

AGUECHEEK. Pray God he keep his oath! [They draw]

Enter ANTONIO

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

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. [To ANTONIO] I'll be with you anon.

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

AGUECHEEK. Marry, will I, sir; and for that I promis'd 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 amaz'd;

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,

Reliev'd 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 nam'd 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.

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

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

AGUECHEEK. And I do not- Exit

FABIAN. Come, let's see the event.

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

Exeunt

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ACT IV. SCENE I. Before OLIVIA'S house

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN

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

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

CLOWN. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not

sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your

name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.

Nothing that is so is so.

SEBASTIAN. I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else.

Thou know'st not me.

CLOWN. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and

now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great

lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird

thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady.

Shall

I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me;

There's money for thee; if you tarry longer

I shall give worse payment.

CLOWN. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that

give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen
years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN

AGUECHEEK. Now, sir, have I met you again?

[Striking SEBASTIAN] There's for you.

SEBASTIAN. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.

Are all the people mad?

SIR TOBY. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

[Holding SEBASTIAN]

CLOWN. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in
some of

your coats for two-pence. Exit

SIR TOBY. Come on, sir; hold.

AGUECHEEK. Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be

any

law in Illyria; though I struck him first, yet it's no matter

for

that.

SEBASTIAN. Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier,

put up your iron; you are well flesh'd. Come on.

SEBASTIAN. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [Draws]

SIR TOBY. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this

malapert blood from you. [Draws]

Enter OLIVIA

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

SIR TOBY. Madam!

OLIVIA. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd! 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,

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. Beshrew his soul for me!

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

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

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA. Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

SEBASTIAN. Madam, I will.

OLIVIA. O, say so, and so be! Exeunt

SCENE II. OLIVIA'S house

Enter MARIA and CLOWN

MARIA. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him

believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly. I'll call

Sir Toby the whilst. Exit

CLOWN. 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.

CLOWN. Bonos dies, Sir Toby; for as the old hermit of Prague, that

never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to 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.

CLOWN. What ho, I say! Peace in this prison!

SIR TOBY. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MALVOLIO. [Within] Who calls there?

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

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

CLOWN. Out, 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.

CLOWN. 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. Say'st thou that house is dark?

MALVOLIO. As hell, Sir Topas.

CLOWN. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the

clerestories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and

yet complainest thou of obstruction?

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

CLOWN. 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 abus'd. I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of

it in any constant question.

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

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

CLOWN. What think'st thou of his opinion?

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

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

hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and

fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

CLOWN. 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 find'st him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he

may be conveniently deliver'd, 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.

Exit with MARIA

CLOWN. [Sings] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,

Tell me how thy lady does.

MALVOLIO. Fool!

CLOWN. [Sings] My lady is unkind, perdy.

MALVOLIO. Fool!

CLOWN. [Sings] Alas, why is she so?

MALVOLIO. Fool I say!

CLOWN. [Sings] 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.

CLOWN. Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. Ay, good fool.

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

MALVOLIO. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd;

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.

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.

CLOWN. Advise you what. you say: the minister is here.

[Speaking as SIR TOPAS] Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore!

Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

MALVOLIO. Sir Topas!

CLOWN. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.- Who, I, sir?

Not

I, sir. God buy you, good Sir Topas.- Marry, amen.- I will

sir, I

will.

MALVOLIO. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

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

MALVOLIO. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper.

I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

CLOWN. 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.

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

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

CLOWN. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains.

I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

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

be

gone.

CLOWN. [Singing]

I am gone, sir,

And anon, sir,

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, goodman devil. Exit

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 there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As I perceive she does. There's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and 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 fun assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

SEBASTIAN. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine

That they may fairly note this act of mine! Exeunt

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ACT V. SCENE I. Before OLIVIA's house

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN

FABIAN. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

CLOWN. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN. Anything.

CLOWN. Do not desire to see this letter.

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

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and LORDS

DUKE. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

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

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

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

DUKE. Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.

CLOWN. No, sir, the worse.

DUKE. 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, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make

your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and

the better for my foes.

DUKE. Why, this is excellent.

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

my

friends.

DUKE. Thou shalt not be the worse for me. There's gold.

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

make it another.

DUKE. O, you give me ill counsel.

CLOWN. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let

your flesh and blood obey it.

DUKE. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer.

There's another.

CLOWN. 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.

DUKE. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you

will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring

her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

CLOWN. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go,

having

is the sin of covetousness. But, as you say, sir, let your bounty

take a nap; I will awake it anon. Exit

Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS

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

DUKE. 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 baubling vessel was he captain of,

For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,

With which such scathful grapple did he make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet

That very envy and the tongue of los

Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

FIRST OFFICER. 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.

DUKE. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

ANTONIO. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him, and did thereto ad
My love without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

VIOLA. How can this be?

DUKE. When came he to this town?

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

Enter OLIVIA and ATTENDANTS

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

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?

DUKE. 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.

DUKE. Still so cruel?

OLIVIA. Still so constant, lord.

DUKE. What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

My soul the faithfull'st off'rings hath breath'd out

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

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

DUKE. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,

Kill what I love?- a savage jealousy

That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your favour,

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;

But this your minion, whom I know you love,

And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye

Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love

To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

VIOLA. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

OLIVIA. Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA. After him I love

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

If I do feign, you witnesses above

Punish my life for tainting of my love!

OLIVIA. Ay me, detested! How am I beguil'd!

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

OLIVIA. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy father. Exit an ATTENDANT

DUKE. Come, away!

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

DUKE. Husband?

OLIVIA. Ay, husband; can he that deny?

DUKE. 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,
Here to unfold- though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals 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,
Strength'ned 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.

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

VIOLA. My lord, I do protest-

OLIVIA. O, do not swear!

Hold little faith, though thou has too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW

AGUECHEEK. For the love of God, a surgeon!

Send one presently to Sir Toby.

OLIVIA. What's the matter?

AGUECHEEK. Has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a
bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had

rather

than forty pound I were at home.

OLIVIA. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

AGUECHEEK. The Count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for

a

coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

DUKE. My gentleman, Cesario?

AGUECHEEK. Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for
nothing; and that that did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

VIOLA. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.

You drew your sword upon me without cause;

But I bespake you fair and hurt you not.

Enter SIR TOBY and CLOWN

AGUECHEEK. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think

you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby halting;

you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would

have tickl'd you othergates than he did.

DUKE. How now, gentleman? How is't with you?

SIR TOBY. That's all one; has hurt me, and there's th' 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' th' morning.

SIR TOBY. Then he's a rogue and a passy measures pavin. I hate a

drunken rogue.

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

AGUECHEEK. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

SIR TOBY. Will you help- an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a

thin fac'd knave, a gull?

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

Exeunt CLOWN, 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.

DUKE. 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 tortur'd me

Since I have lost thee!

ANTONIO. Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANTONIO. How have you made division of yourself?

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

OLIVIA. Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister
Whom the blind waves and surges have 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.

SEBASTIAN. A spirit I am indeed,

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

VIOLA. My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN. And so had mine.

VIOLA. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numb'ring thirteen years.

SEBASTIAN. O, that record is lively in my soul!

He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIOLA. If nothing lets to make us happy both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble Count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN. [To OLIVIA] So Comes it, lady, you have been
mistook;

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

DUKE. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

[To VIOLA] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA. And all those sayings will I overswear;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul

As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

DUKE. Give me thy hand;

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

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 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 stave's end as well

as a man in his case may do. Has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

OLIVIA. Open't, and read it.

CLOWN. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [Reads madly] 'By the Lord, madam-'

OLIVIA. How now! Art thou mad?

CLOWN. No, madam, I do but read madness. An your ladyship will have

it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

OLIVIA. Prithce read i' thy right wits.

CLOWN. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus; therefore perpend, my Princess, and give ear.

OLIVIA. [To FABIAN] Read it you, sirrah.

FABIAN. [Reads] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world

shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of

my

senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on, with the which I doubt

not

but to do myself much right or you much shame. Think of me as
you
please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out
of
my injury.

THE MADLY-US'D MALVOLIO'

OLIVIA. Did he write this?

CLOWN. Ay, Madam.

DUKE. 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 th' alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

DUKE. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.

[To VIOLA] Your master quits you; and, for your service done
him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
You master's mistress.

OLIVIA. A sister! You are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO

DUKE. 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, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand;
Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention;
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-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 gul
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 cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content;
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee,
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

FABIAN. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wond' red at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance,
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 baffl'd 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 gagg'd'? And

thus
the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

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

Exit

OLIVIA. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

DUKE. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace;

He hath not told us of the captain yet.

When that is known, and golden time convents,

A solemn combination shall be made

Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,

We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;

For so you shall be while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

Exeunt all but the CLOWN

CLOWN sings

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

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

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

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

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

Exit

THE END

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End of this Etext of The Complete Works of William Shakespeare
Twelfth Night; or What You Will