

TWELFTH NIGHT or What You Will

by William Shakespeare
adapted by Ezra Flam

CHARACTERS:

VIOLA, twin sister of Sebastian (disguises as Cesario)
SEBASTIAN, twin brother of Viola

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria
VALENTINE, attendant to Orsino
CURIO, attendant to Orsino
ATTENDANTS TO ORSINO

OLIVIA, a Countess
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle of Olivia
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, friend of Sir Toby
MARIA, attendant to Olivia.
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, servant to Olivia
ATTENDANTS TO OLIVIA

FESTE, a Clown
ANTONIA, a sailor

SEA CAPTAIN
PRIEST
FIRST OFFICER
SECOND OFFICER
SERVANT
MUSICIANS

SETTING: A city in Illyria, and the wharf near it.

ACT I, SCENE I: DUKE ORSINO'S PALACE

MUSICIANS play.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, ATTENDANTS

DUKE ORSINO

If music be the food of love, play on—
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
the appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall.
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
that breathes upon a bank of violets,
stealing and giving odor!

MUSICIANS play

Enough! No more.

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

CURIO

Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE ORSINO

What, Curio?

CURIO

The hart.

DUKE ORSINO

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

Enter VALENTINE

How now! What news from her?

VALENTINE

So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
but from her handmaid do return this answer:
the element itself, till seven years' heat,
shall not behold her face at ample view

but, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
and water once a day her chamber round
with eye-offending brine. All this to season
a brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
and lasting in her sad remembrance.

DUKE ORSINO

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
to pay this debt of love but to a brother;
how will she love when the rich golden shaft
hath killed the flock of all affections else
that live in her? When liver, brain and heart,
these sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled
her sweet perfections with one self king?
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

Exit ORSINO and ATTENDANTS

ACT 1, SCENE 2: THE COAST OF ILLYRIA

Enter VIOLA, and SEA CAPTAIN and SAILORS

VIOLA

What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN

This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drowned. What think you, sailors?

CAPTAIN

It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA

Oh 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,
to a strong mast that lived upon the sea.
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,
the like of him. Know'st thou this country?

CAPTAIN

Ay, madam, well, for I was bred and born
not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIOLA

Who governs here?

CAPTAIN

A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIOLA

What is the name?

CAPTAIN

Orsino.

VIOLA

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

CAPTAIN

And so is now, or was so very late;
for but a month ago I went from hence,
and then 'twas fresh in murmur (as, you know
what great ones do the less will prattle of)
that he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA

What's she?

CAPTAIN

A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
that died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
in the protection of his son, her brother,
who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
they say, she hath abjured the company
and sight of men.

VIOLA

O that I served that lady
and might not be delivered to the world,
till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
what my estate is!

CAPTAIN

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

VIOLA

There is a fair behavior in thee, captain.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
conceal me what I am. I'll serve this duke.
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing
and speak to him in many sorts of music
that will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit,
only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAPTAIN

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

VIOLA

I thank thee, lead me on.

Exit VIOLA and CAPTAIN

ACT 1, SCENE 3: OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights. Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours. You must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too.

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

What's that to the purpose?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Fie, that you'll say so!

MARIA

He's a fool. He's a great quarreler, and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! For here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW

Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA

And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW

What's that?

SIR TOBY BELCH

My niece's chambermaid.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA

My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Mary Accost--

SIR TOBY BELCH

You mistake, knight, *accost* is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR ANDREW

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

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR ANDREW

Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MARIA

Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR ANDREW

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

Exit MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

No question.

SIR ANDREW

And I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Pourquoi, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW

What is *Pourquoi*? Do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting. Faith, I'll home tomorrow Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen, or if she be it's four to one she'll none of me. The count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

SIR ANDREW

As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be. Faith, I can cut a caper, and I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em?

SIR ANDREW

Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY BELCH

What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

SIR ANDREW

Taurus! That's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY BELCH

No sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see the caper
Ha! Higher. Ha, ha! Excellent!

SIR ANDREW dances

Exit SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW

ACT 1, SCENE 4: DUKE ORSINO'S PALACE

Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA, now in man's attire as Cesaria

VALENTINE

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

VIOLA

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

VALENTINE

No, believe me.

VIOLA

I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and ATTENDANTS

DUKE ORSINO

Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA

On your attendance, my lord, here.

DUKE ORSINO

Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
thou knowest no less but all. I have unclasped
to thee the book even of my secret soul,
therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her,
be not denied access, stand at her doors
till thou have audience.

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

O, then unfold the passion of my love,
surprise her with discourse of my dear faith.
It shall become thee well to act my woes,
she will attend it better in thy youth

VIOLA

I think not so, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Dear lad, believe it,
for they shall yet belie thy happy years,
that say thou art a man: Diana's lip
is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
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.
Yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exit ALL.

ACT 1, SCENE 5: OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter MARIA and FESTE

MARIA

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

FESTE

Let her hang me, he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

MARIA

Make that good.

FESTE

He shall see none to fear.

MARIA

A good lenten answer.

FESTE

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

MARIA

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

FESTE

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.

MARIA

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

Exit MARIA

FESTE

Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!

God bless thee, lady!

*Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO
and ATTENDANTS*

OLIVIA

Take the fool away.

FESTE

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

OLIVIA

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

FESTE

Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest, if he cannot, let the botcher mend him.

The lady bade take away the fool, therefore I say again, take her away.

OLIVIA

Sir, I bade them take away you.

FESTE

Misprision in the highest degree! Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA

Can you do it?

FESTE

Dexterously, good madonna.

OLIVIA

Make your proof.

FESTE

I must catechize you for it, Madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me, why mournest thou?

OLIVIA

Good fool, for my brother's death.

FESTE

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

FESTE

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

OLIVIA

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

MALVOLIO

I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools no better than the fools.

OLIVIA

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

FESTE

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

Enter SERVANT

SERVANT

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

OLIVIA

From the Count Orsino, is it?

SERVANT

I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man, and well attended.

OLIVIA

Who of my people hold him in delay?

SERVANT

Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA

Fetch him off, I pray you.

He speaks nothing but madman, fie on him!

Exit SERVANT

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

OLIVIA (*continued*)

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

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH

By mine honor, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TOBY BELCH

A gentleman.

OLIVIA

A gentleman! What gentleman?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FESTE

Good Sir Toby!

OLIVIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

OLIVIA

Ay, marry, what is he?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Exit SIR TOBY

OLIVIA

Go, look after him.

FESTE

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

Exit FESTE.

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 and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA

What kind of 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. He is very well favored and he speaks very shrewishly.

OLIVIA

Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO

Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

Exit MALVOLIO.

Enter MARIA.

OLIVIA

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

Enter VIOLA and ORSINO'S ATTENDANTS.

VIOLA

The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

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

I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you.

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

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. My words are as full of peace as matter.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are to your ears divinity, to any other's profanation.

OLIVIA

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

Exit MARIA & 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. Look you, sir, is't not well done?

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

'Tis beauty truly blent. Lady, you are the cruelest she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave and leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA

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.

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 know him noble, of great estate,
and in dimension and the shape of nature
a gracious person, but yet I cannot love him.
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame,
with such a suffering, such a deadly life,
in your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA

Why, what would you?

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

You might do much.
What is your parentage?

VIOLA

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

Exit VIOLA

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?

Well, let it be.

What ho, Malvolio!

Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA

Run after that same peevish messenger,

the county’s man. He left this ring behind him,

would I or not. Tell him I’ll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,

nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him.

If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,

I’ll give him reasons for’t. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO

Madam, I will.

Exit MALVOLIO

OLIVIA

I do I know not what, and fear to find

mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe;

what is decreed must be, and be this so.

Exit OLIVIA

ACT 2, SCENE 1: THE SEA COAST

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me. Therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

ANTONIO

Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEBASTIAN

My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! But you sir, altered that, for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

ANTONIO

Alas the day!

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN

If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court. Farewell.

Exit SEBASTIAN

ANTONIO

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
that danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

Exit ANTONIO

ACT 2, SCENE 2: *The Street*

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following

MALVOLIO

Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA

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

MALVOLIO

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

VIOLA

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

MALVOLIO

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

Exit MALVOLIO

VIOLA

I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
She made good view of me, indeed, so much,
that sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
for she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure. The cunning of her passion
invites me in this churlish messenger.
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 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 to untie!

Exit VIOLA

ACT 2, SCENE 3: OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes, and *diluculo surgere*, thou knowest.

SIR ANDREW

Nay, my troth, I know not. But I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY BELCH

A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfilled can. 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. Let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! A stoup of wine!

Enter FESTE

SIR ANDREW

Here comes the fool, i' faith.

FESTE

How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of we three?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

Now, a song.

SIR TOBY BELCH *(to musicians)*

Come on, there is sixpence for you. Let's have a song.

MUSICIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

A love song, a love song.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

MUSICIANS play a song.

SIR ANDREW *(during the song)*

Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TOBY BELCH *(during the song)*

Good, good.

SIR ANDREW

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TOBY BELCH

But shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

SIR ANDREW

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

FESTE

And some dogs will catch well.

SIR ANDREW

Most certain. Come, begin.

MUSICIANS start another song. FESTE, ANDREW and SIR TOBY join in.

Enter MARIA

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! *(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 ye no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house. If not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY BELCH (*singing*)

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

MARIA

Nay, good Sir Toby.

FESTE (*singing*)

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

MALVOLIO

Is't even so?

SIR TOBY BELCH (*singing*)

"But I will never die."

FESTE

Sir Toby, there you lie.

MALVOLIO

This is much credit to you.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Out o' tune, sir. Ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO

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

Exit MALVOLIO

SIR TOBY

Go shake your ears.

MARIA

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the youth of the Count's was today with thy lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not 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 BELCH

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

MARIA

Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan, so crammed (as he thinks) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him, and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY BELCH

What wilt thou do?

MARIA

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece. On a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR ANDREW

I have't in my nose too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

SIR ANDREW

And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA

I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two where he shall find the letter. Observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Exit MARIA

SIR ANDREW

Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

I was adored once too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Let's to bed, knight. Thou had'st need send for more money.

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Send for money, knight. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack. 'Tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight, come, knight.

Exit SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

ACT 2, SCENE 4: DUKE ORSINO'S PALACE

Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and ATTENDANTS

DUKE ORSINO

That old and antique song we heard last night,
methought it did relieve my passion much.
Come, but one verse.

CURIO

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

DUKE ORSINO

Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

*Exit CURIO.
Music plays*

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
in the sweet pangs of it remember me,
for such as I am all true lovers are,
unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
save in the constant image of the creature
that is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

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

VIOLA

A little, by your favor.

DUKE ORSINO

What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA

Of your complexion.

DUKE ORSINO

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

VIOLA

About your years, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Too old by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves
our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
more longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
than women's are.

VIOLA

I think it well, my lord.

Enter CURIO and MUSICIAN

DUKE ORSINO

O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.

MUSICIANS perform a song.

DUKE ORSINO

There's for thy pains.

MUSICIAN

No pains, sir. I take pleasure in playing, sir.

DUKE ORSINO

I'll pay thy pleasure then.
Give me now leave to leave thee.
Let all the rest give place.

*MUSICIANS, CURIO and
ATTENDANTS exit.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
prizes not quantity of dirty lands,
but 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
that nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

VIOLA

But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE ORSINO

I cannot be so answered.

VIOLA

Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
hath for your love a great a pang of heart
as you have for Olivia. You cannot love her,
you tell her so; must she not then be answered?

DUKE ORSINO

There is no woman's sides
can bide the beating of so strong a passion
as love doth give my heart, no woman's heart
so big, to hold so much. Make no compare
between that love a woman can bear me
and that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA

Ay, but I know--

DUKE ORSINO

What dost thou know?

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

And what's her history?

VIOLA

A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
but 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 ORSINO

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste, give her this jewel. Say
my love can give no place, bide no denay.

Exit VIOLA

ACT 2, SCENE 5: OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come thy ways, Signor Fabian.

FABIAN

Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy. You know, he brought me out o' favor with my lady.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA

MARIA

Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there, for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

MARIA throws down the letter and exits. 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 BELCH

Here's an overweening rogue!

FABIAN

O, peace!

SIR ANDREW

'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO

To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW

Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Peace, peace! Now he's deeply in. Look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO

Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown. Having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN

O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

Toby approaches, curtsies there to me—

SIR TOBY BELCH

Shall this fellow live?

MALVOLIO

I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control, saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech—"

SIR TOBY BELCH

What, what?

MALVOLIO

"You must amend your drunkenness."

SIR TOBY BELCH

Out, scab!

FABIAN

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

MALVOLIO

“Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight—”

SIR ANDREW

That’s me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO

“One Sir Andrew.”

SIR ANDREW

I knew ‘twas I, for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO

What employment have we here?

MALVOLIO takes up the letter.

FABIAN

Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And the spirit of humor intimate reading aloud to him!

MALVOLIO

By my life, this is my lady’s hand these be her very C’s, her U’s an’ her T’s and thus makes she her great P’s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR ANDREW

Her C’s, her U’s an’ her T’s, why that?

MALVOLIO (*reading*)

“To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes”

Her very phrases! To whom should this be?

FABIAN

This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO

*“Jove knows I love: But who?
Lips, do not move,
no man must know.”*

“No man must know.” What follows? If this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO

*“I may command where I adore,
but silence, like a Lucrece knife,
with bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M-O-A-I doth sway my life.”*

FABIAN

A fustian riddle!

SIR TOBY BELCH

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.

“I may command where I adore.”

Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. 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 BELCH

O, ay, make up that

MALVOLIO

M. Malvolio. M. Why, that begins my name.

FABIAN

Did not I say he would work it out?

MALVOLIO

M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequel. A should follow but O does.

FABIAN

And O shall end, I hope.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MALVOLIO

And then I comes behind. 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.

*“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. Cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember. Farewell, she that would alter services with thee,
THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.”*

This is open. I will be proud, 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 that my lady loves me, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

“Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well, therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.”

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

Exit MALVOLIO

FABIAN

I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I could marry this wench for this device and ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

FABIAN

Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Enter MARIA

MARIA

Does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR ANDREW

I'll make one too.

Exit ALL

ACT 3, SCENE 1: OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Enter VIOLA, and FESTE with a tabor

VIOLA

Save thee, friend, and thy music, dost thou live by thy tabor?

FESTE

No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA

Art thou a churchman?

FESTE

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

VIOLA

So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

FESTE

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

VIOLA

Why, man?

FESTE

Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton.

VIOLA

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

FESTE

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

VIOLA

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

FESTE

No, indeed, sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly. She will keep no fool, sir, till she be married.

VIOLA

I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

FESTE

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

VIOLA

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

FESTE

My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come.

Exit FESTE

VIOLA

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
and to do that well craves a kind of wit
as full of labor as a wise man's art.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

VIOLA

Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

SIR ANDREW

I hope, sir, you are. And I am yours.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

VIOLA

I am bound to your niece, sir. I mean, she is the list of my voyage. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

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

SIR ANDREW

That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odors." Well.

VIOLA

My matter hath no voice, to your own most pregnant and vouchsaféd ear.

SIR ANDREW

"Odors," "pregnant," and "vouchsaféd." I'll get 'em all three all ready.

OLIVIA

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

*Exit SIR TOBY BELCH,
SIR ANDREW, and MARIA*

Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA

My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLIVIA

What is your name?

VIOLA

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA

You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

For him, I think not on him. For his thoughts,
would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him.
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
than music from the spheres. What might you think?

VIOLA

I pity you.

OLIVIA

That's a degree to love.

VIOLA

No, not a grize, for 'tis a vulgar proof
that very oft we pity enemies.

OLIVIA

Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
to fall before the lion than the wolf!
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you.
There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA

Then westward-ho!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

That you do think you are not what you are.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

I would you were as I would have you be!

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
in the contempt and anger of his lip!
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

VIOLA

By innocence I swear, and by my youth
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
and that no woman has, 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.

Exit VIOLA, then OLIVIA.

ACT 3, SCENE 2: OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

FABIAN

You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

As plain as I see you now.

FABIAN

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

SIR ANDREW

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

FABIAN

She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her. You should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him. Hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall take note of it and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valor.

FABIAN

There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and brief. It is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, set 'em down. Go, about it.

Exit SIR ANDREW

FABIAN

This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby. We shall have a rare letter from him. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

SIR TOBY BELCH

For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Enter MARIA

Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MARIA

If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turnéd heathen. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And cross-gartered?

MARIA

Most villainously. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. 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 favor.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exit MARIA, SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

ACT 3, SCENE 3: THE 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 filéd steel, did spur me forth.
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 were my worth as is my conscience firm,
you should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this town?

ANTONIO

Tomorrow, sir. Best first go see your lodging.

SEBASTIAN

I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
with the memorials and the things of fame
that do renown this city.

ANTONIO

Would you'd pardon me,
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count, his galleys
I did some service of such note indeed,
that were I taken here it would scarce be answered.

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 the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN

I do remember.

Exit ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

ACT 3, SCENE 4: 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?
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? He is sad and civil,
and suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

MARIA

He's coming, madam, but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possesséd, 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.

Enter MARIA and MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA

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

MALVOLIO

Sad, lady! I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering, but what of that?

OLIVIA

Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee?

MALVOLIO

Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs.

OLIVIA

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

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

MARIA

How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

At your request! "Be not afraid of greatness" 'Twas well writ.

OLIVIA

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

"Some are born great"

OLIVIA

Ha!

MALVOLIO

"Some achieve greatness"

OLIVIA

What sayest thou?

MALVOLIO

"And some have greatness thrust upon them."

OLIVIA

Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO

"Remember who commended thy yellow stockings"

OLIVIA

Thy yellow stockings!

MALVOLIO

“And wished to see thee cross-gartered.”

OLIVIA

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

Enter SERVANT

SERVANT

Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino’s is returned. I could hardly entreat him back. He attends your ladyship’s pleasure.

OLIVIA

I’ll come to him.

Exit SERVANT

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where’s my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him.

Exit 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.

And when she went away now, “Let this fellow be looked to.” Fellow! Not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes.

Enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH

Which way is he, in the name of sanctity?

FABIAN

Here he is, here he is. How is’t with you, sir? How is’t with you, man?

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.

SIR TOBY BELCH

How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you? What, man! Defy the devil.

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!

MALVOLIO

How now, mistress!

MARIA

O Lord!

FABIAN

Gently, the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR TOBY BELCH

What, man! 'Tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit 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 MALVOLIO

SIR TOBY BELCH

Is't possible?

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

FABIAN

Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA

The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance.

Enter SIR ANDREW

FABIAN

More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW

Here's the challenge, read it. Warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

FABIAN

Is't so saucy?

SIR ANDREW

Ay, is't, I warrant him. Do but read.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Give me. "*Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*"

FABIAN

Good, and valiant.

SIR TOBY BELCH

"*Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*"

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

“I will waylay thee going home where if it be thy chance to kill me, thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.”

FABIAN

Still you keep o’ the windy side of the law. Good.

SIR TOBY BELCH

“Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls! 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 BELCH

Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw and, as thou draw’st swear horrible.

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Exit SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Now will not I deliver his lette. 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 a notable report of valor and drive the gentleman into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity.

FABIAN

Here he comes with your niece. Give them way till he take leave.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Exit SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, and MARIA. Enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA

OLIVIA

I have said too much unto a heart of stone
and laid mine honor 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 'havior that your passion bears
goes on my master's griefs.

OLIVIA

How with mine honor may I give him that
which I have given to you?

VIOLA

I will acquit you.

OLIVIA

Well, come again tomorrow Fare thee well.
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

Exit OLIVIA. Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN

SIR TOBY BELCH

Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

That defense thou hast, betake thee to't. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast
done him, I know not, but thy interceptor attends thee at the orchard-end.

VIOLA

You mistake, sir, I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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 BELCH

He is knight, a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death.

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 BELCH

I will do so. Signor 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 incensed against you, but nothing of the circumstance more.

VIOLA

I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FABIAN

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.

Exit FABIAN.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, with SIR ANDREW on the other side of the stage.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, man, he's a very devil. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable.

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on't.

SIR TOBY crosses to FABIAN

I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY crosses to VIOLA

SIR TOBY BELCH

There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake. Therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow. He protests he will not hurt you.

VIOLA (*aside*)

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy. The gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you, but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't.

SIR ANDREW

Pray God, he keep his oath!

VIOLA

I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

VIOLA and SIR ANDREW draw swords.

Enter ANTONIO

ANTONIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

You, sir! Why, what are you?

ANTONIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR TOBY and ANTONIO draw. Enter OFFICERS.

FABIAN

O good Sir Toby, hold! Here come the officers.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA

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

SIR ANDREW

Marry, will I, sir.

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 favor well, though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away. He knows I know him well.

ANTONIO (*to Viola*)

I must obey. This comes with seeking you,
but there's no remedy, I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
much more for what I cannot do for you
than what befalls myself. You stand amazed,
but be of comfort.

SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO

I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA

What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
out of my lean and low ability
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.

SECOND OFFICER

Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANTONIO

Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death,
and to his image, which methought did promise
most venerable worth, did I devotion.

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind.
None can be called deformed but the unkind.

FIRST OFFICER

The man grows mad. Away with him! Come, come, sir.

ANTONIO

Lead me on.

Exit ANTONIO with OFFICERS.

VIOLA

Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
that he believes himself. So do not I.
He named Sebastian, him I imitate.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
that I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Exit VIOLA

SIR TOBY BELCH

A very dishonest paltry boy.

FABIAN

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

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Exit SIR ANDREW

FABIAN

Come, let's see the event.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

Exit SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

ACT 4, SCENE 1: OUTSIDE OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter SEBASTIAN and FESTE

FESTE

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

SEBASTIAN

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

FESTE

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

SEBASTIAN

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

FESTE

Vent my folly! 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.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR ANDREW strikes SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FESTE

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

Exit FESTE.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come on, sir, hold.

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let him alone. I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria.

SEBASTIAN

Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, sir, I will not let you go.

SEBASTIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Enter OLIVIA

OLIVIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Madam!

OLIVIA

Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
where manners ne'er were preached! Out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!

*Exit SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR
ANDREW, and FABIAN*

I prithee, gentle friend,
let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
in this uncivil and unjust extent
against thy peace. Go with me to my house
and hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
this ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby
mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go:

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'st be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be!

Exit OLIVIA and SEBASTIAN.

ACT 4, SCENE 2: A PRISON

Enter MARIA, FESTE and SIR TOBY

MARIA

Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard. Make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate.

Exit MARIA

FESTE

Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Jove bless thee, master Parson.

FESTE (*as Sir Topas*)

Bonos dies, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

To him, Sir Topas.

FESTE (*as Sir Topas*)

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

The knave counterfeits well.

MALVOLIO

Who calls there?

FESTE (*as Sir Topas*)

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE (*as Sir Topas*)

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE (*as Sir Topas*)

Fie, thou dishonest Satan! Sayest thou that house is dark?

MALVOLIO

As hell, Sir Topas.

FESTE (*as Sir Topas*)

Why it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE (*as Sir Topas*)

Madman, thou errest. I say, there is no darkness but ignorance.

MALVOLIO

I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell, and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are.

FESTE (*as Sir Topas*)

Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY BELCH

My most exquisite Sir Topas!

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot.

Exit SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

FESTE (*as himself, singing*)

“Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy lady does.”

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FESTE

Who calls, ha?

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Ay, good fool.

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

Advise you what you say, the minister is here.

(*as Sir Topas*) Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore!

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas!

FESTE

(as himself) Maintain no words with him, good fellow.

(as Sir Topas) Who, I, sir? not I, sir.

(as himself) God be wi' you, good Sir Topas.

(as Sir Topas) Merry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed?

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE *(singing)*

I am gone, sir,

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

Adieu, good man devil.

Exit FESTE.

ACT 4, SCENE 3: OLIVIA'S GARDEN

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN

This is the air, that is the glorious sun,
this pearl she gave me, I do feel and see,
and though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
His counsel now might do me golden service,
for though my soul disputes well with my sense
that this may be some error, but 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,
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,
plight me the full assurance of your faith;
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!

Exit OLIVIA, SEBASTIAN and PRIEST

ACT 5, SCENE 1: OLIVIA'S HOUSE

Enter FESTE and FABIAN

FABIAN

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

FESTE

Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN

Any thing.

FESTE

Do not desire to see this letter.

FABIAN

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

Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, CURIO, and ATTENDANTS

DUKE ORSINO

Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

FESTE

Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.

DUKE ORSINO

I know thee well, how dost thou, my good fellow?

FESTE

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

DUKE ORSINO

Just the contrary, the better for thy friends.

FESTE

No, sir, the worse.

DUKE ORSINO

How can that be?

FESTE

Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass. So that by my foes, sir I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends, I am abused.

DUKE ORSINO

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

FESTE

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

DUKE ORSINO

If you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

FESTE

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

Exit FESTE

VIOLA

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

Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS

DUKE ORSINO

That face of his I do remember well,
yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared
as black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.

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 ORSINO

Notable pirate! Thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
hast made thine enemies?

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir,
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
from the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
did I redeem. A wreck past hope he was,
his life I gave him and did thereto add
my love, without retention or restraint.
And for his sake did I expose myself
into the danger of this adverse town,
where being apprehended, his false cunning
taught him to face me out of his acquaintance.

VIOLA

How can this be?

DUKE ORSINO

When came he to this town?

ANTONIO

Today, my lord, and for three months before,
both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and ATTENDANTS

DUKE ORSINO

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

OLIVIA

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
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 ORSINO

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA

Still so constant, lord.

DUKE ORSINO

What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady,
to whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
my soul the faithfulest offerings hath breathed out
that e'er devotion tendered! What shall I do?

OLIVIA

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

DUKE ORSINO

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
and that I partly know the instrument
that screws me from my true place in your favor,
then 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 crownéd 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.

OLIVIA

Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA

After him I love
more than I love these eyes, more than my life,
more, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

OLIVIA

Ay me, detested! How am I beguiled!

VIOLA

Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

OLIVIA

Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

DUKE ORSINO

Come, away!

OLIVIA

Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE ORSINO

Husband!

OLIVIA

Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

DUKE ORSINO

Her husband, sirrah!

VIOLA

No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA

Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up.
O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
here to unfold, what thou dost know
hath newly passed between this youth and me.

Enter PRIEST

PRIEST

A contract of eternal bond of love,
confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
attested by the holy close of lips,
strengthened by interchangement of your rings.
And all the ceremony of this compact
sealed in my function, by my testimony.

DUKE ORSINO

O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be
when time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA

My lord, I do protest—

OLIVIA

O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR ANDREW

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

OLIVIA

What's the matter?

SIR ANDREW

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

OLIVIA

Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

The count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the very
devil incarnate.

DUKE ORSINO

My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR ANDREW

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

VIOLA

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.
You drew your sword upon me without cause,
but I bespoke you fair, and hurt you not.

SIR ANDREW

If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH
and FESTE*

Here comes Sir Toby halting. You shall hear more.

DUKE ORSINO

How now, gentleman! How is't with you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

That's all one. Has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

FESTE

O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Then he's a rogue. I hate a drunken rogue.

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Will you help? An ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave?

OLIVIA

Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

Exit SIR TOBY BELCH, 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.
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
we made each other but so late ago.

DUKE ORSINO

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

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN

Fearest 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.
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.

SEBASTIAN

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
and say "Thrice-welcome, drownéd Viola!"

VIOLA

If nothing lets to make us happy both
but this my masculine usurped attire,
then I am Viola. Which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
where lie my maiden weeds, by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN *(to Olivia)*

So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
you are betrothed both to a maid and man.

DUKE ORSINO

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
thou never should'st love woman like to me.

VIOLA

And all those sayings will I overswear.

DUKE ORSINO

Give me thy hand.
and let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIOLA

The captain that did bring me first on shore
hath my maid's garments. He upon some action
is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit.

OLIVIA

He shall enlarge him. Fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
they say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
How does he, sirrah?

FESTE

Truly, madam, has here writ a letter to you. I should have given't you today morning,
but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are
delivered.

OLIVIA

Open't, and read it.

FESTE

Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman.
(reads in madman's voice)
"By the Lord, madam"

OLIVIA

How now! Art thou mad?

FESTE

No, madam, I do but read madness.

OLIVIA

Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

FESTE

So I do, Madonna, but to read his right wits is to read thus.

OLIVIA (to Fabian)

Read it you, sirrah.

FABIAN

“By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on, with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury. THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.”

OLIVIA

Did he write this?

FESTE

Ay, madam.

DUKE ORSINO

This savors not much of distraction.

OLIVIA

See him delivered, 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.

DUKE ORSINO

Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

(to VIOLA)

Your master quits you, and for your service done him,
and since you called me master for so long,
here is my hand. You shall from this time be
your master's mistress.

OLIVIA

A sister! You are she.

Enter FABIAN & MALVOLIO.

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,
or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention.
Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
and made the most notorious geck and gull
that e'er invention played on? Tell me why.

OLIVIA

Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
though, I confess, much like the character.
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee,
but when we know the grounds and authors of it,
thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
of thine own cause.

FABIAN

Good madam, hear me speak,
and let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
yaint the condition of this present hour.
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
set this device against Malvolio here
upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
we had conceived against him. Maria writ
the letter at Sir Toby's great importance,
in recompense whereof he hath married her.

OLIVIA

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

FESTE

Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude, one Sir Topas, sir. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad."

But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal?"

And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

MALVOLIO

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

Exit MALVOLIO

OLIVIA

He hath been most notoriously abused.

DUKE ORSINO

Pursue him and entreat him to a peace,
he hath not told us of the captain yet.
When that is known and golden time convents,
a solemn combination shall be made
of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
we will not part from hence. Cesario, come,
for so you shall be, while you are a man.
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

FESTE (*sings*)

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

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

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.