Project Gutenberg's Twelfth Night, by William Shakspeare and J P Kemble

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or, What You Will

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*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TWELFTH NIGHT ***

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TWELFTH NIGHT;
OR,
WHAT YOU WILL.

A COMEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

REVISED BY
J. P. KEMBLE.

AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND
BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUKE ORSINO	_Mr Barrymore_.
VALENTINE	_Mr Claremont_.
CURIO	_Mr Treby_.
SIR TOBY BELCH	_Mr Emery_.
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK	_Mr Munden_.
SEBASTIAN	_Mr Hamerton_.
ANTONIO	_Mr Cresswell_.
ROBERTO	_Mr Jefferies_.
FRIAR	_Mr Atkins_.
MALVOLIO	_Mr Liston_.
CLOWN	_Mr Fawcett_.
FABIAN	_Mr Farley_.
FIRST OFFICER	_Mr King_.
SECOND OFFICER	_Mr Lambert_.
OLIVIA	_Mrs C. Kemble_.
VIOLA	_Miss S. Booth_.
MARIA	_Mrs Gibbs_.

Gentlemen.--Musicians.--Sailors.--Servants.

SCENE--_A City in Illyria, and the Sea-coast near it._

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, ROBERTO, _and two Sailors, carrying a Trunk_.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Rob. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drown'd:--What think you, sailors?

Rob. It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.

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

Rob. True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that 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 lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Rob. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Rob. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name?

Rob. Orsino.

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

Rob. 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.

Vio. What is she?

Rob. 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.

Vio. Oh, that I served that lady!
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

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

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And, I believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as a page unto him,
Of gentle breeding, and my name, Cesario:--
That trunk, the reliques of my sea-drown'd brother,
Will furnish man's apparel to my need:--
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.

Rob. Be you his page, and I your mute will be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee:--Lead me on. [_Exeunt._

SCENE II.

A Room in DUKE ORSINO'S _Palace_.

The Duke discovered, seated, and attended by CURIO, _and Gentlemen_.

Duke. [_Music._] If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.----
[_Music._] That strain again;--it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odours.--
[_Music._] Enough; no more; [_He rises._
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. 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 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 my Olivia?--speak.

Val. 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!--
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[_Exeunt._

SCENE III.

A Room in OLIVIA'S _House_.

Enter MARIA _and_ SIR TOBY BELCH.

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

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your niece, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

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

Sir To. 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.

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

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

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

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a-year.

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

Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, all, most 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 To. By this band, they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

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

Sir To. 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 coystril, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top--See, here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

[SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, _without_.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,----

Sir To. You mistake, knight; accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

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

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

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

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

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

Mar. [_Takes his hand._] Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

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

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, [_Lets go his hand._] now I let go your hand, I am barren. [_Exit_ MARIA.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. 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 To. No question.

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

Sir To. _Pourquoy_, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is _pourquoy_? do, or not do? I would I had bestow'd that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for, thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

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

Sir And. '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 duke himself, here hard by, wooes her.

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

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

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I'll not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

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

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. 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.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper:--Ha! higher:--Ha, ha!--excellent!

[_Exeunt._

SCENE IV.

A Room in DUKE ORSINO'S _Palace_.

Enter VALENTINE, _and_ VIOLA _in Man's Attire_.

Val. If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced.

Vio. 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?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you.--Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, _and Gentlemen_.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. 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.

Vio. 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.

Vio. 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 of more grave aspect.

Vio. 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:
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:--Go:--prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

[_Exeunt_ DUKE, CURIO, VALENTINE, _and Gentlemen_.

Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo his lady: yet,--a barful strife!--
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[_Exit._

SCENE V.

A Room in OLIVIA'S _House_.

Enter CLOWN _and_ MARIA.

Mar. 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.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: 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?

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

Mar. Here comes my lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[_Exit_ MARIA.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.

Enter OLIVIA, MALVOLIO, _and two Servants_.

Bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

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

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

Clo. 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.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

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

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

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

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

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

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

Oli. 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 a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter MARIA.

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

Oli. From the Duke Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fye on him! [_Exit_ MARIA.
Go you, Malvolio:--if it be a suit from the duke, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it.
[_Exeunt_ MALVOLIO, _and two Servants_.
Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool.

Sir To. [_Without._] Where is she? where is she?

Clo. Whose skull Jove cram with brains!--for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak _pia mater_.

Enter SIR TOBY.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.--What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here,--How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,----

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

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

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.--A plague o' these pickle-herrings. [_Exit_ SIR TOBY.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. 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.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [_Exit_ CLOWN.

Enter MALVOLIO.

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

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and, he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man-kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

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

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a coddling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en 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.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [_Exit_ MALVOLIO.

[Illustration]

Enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil. [_Exit_ MARIA.
What means his message to me?
I have denied his access o'er and o'er:
Then what means this?

Enter MARIA, _with a Veil_.

Come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

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

Vio. 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 loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. 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.

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve.

Oli. 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 a dialogue.--What are you? what would you?

Vio. What I am, and what I would, are to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [_Exit_ MARIA.
Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,----

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

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

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

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

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negociate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I, does this present. [_Unveiling._

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted.

Vio. My lord and master loves you; O, such love

Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

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

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. 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.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. 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;
Holla 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.

Oli. You might do much:--What is your parentage?

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

Oli. 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.

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

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

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

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

Mal. Madam, I will. [_Exit_ MALVOLIO.

Oli. 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._

SCENE VI.

A Street before OLIVIA'S _House_.

Enter VIOLA, _and_ MALVOLIO _following_.

Mal. Sir, sir,--young gentleman: Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir.

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

Vio. She took the ring of me!--I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned.--[_Throws the ring on the ground._] If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [_Exit_ MALVOLIO.

Vio. [_Takes up the ring._] I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
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.
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 entangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [_Exit._

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Sea-port.

Enter SEBASTIAN _and_ ANTONIO.

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

Seb. 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.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, pardon me your trouble.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.--But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself.--You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; 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.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. [_He weeps._]

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

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Duke Orsino's court, farewell.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

Seb. Fare ye well. [_Exeunt._

SCENE II.

A Dining-room in OLIVIA'S _House_.

SIR TOBY _and_ SIR ANDREW _discovered, drinking and smoking_.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and _diluculo surgere_, thou know'st,----

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. 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. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

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

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.--Maria, I say!----a stoop of wine!

[_The_ CLOWN _sings without_.

[SIR ANDREW _and_ SIR TOBY _rise_.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Enter CLOWN.

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

Sir To. Welcome, ass.

Sir And. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a voice to sing, as the fool has.--In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: Hadst it?

Clo. 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.

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

Sir To. Come on: Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

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

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

Sir And. Begin, fool: it begins,--[_Sings._] _Hold thy peace._

Clo. Hold my peace!--I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith!--Come, begin:--that, or something else,--or what you will.

[_They all three sing._

_Christmas comes but once a year,
And therefore we'll be merry._

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling 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 To. My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians. Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay:--[_Sings._]--_And three merry men be we._

Sir And. [_Sings._] _And three merry men be we._

Sir To. Am I not consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady!--[_Sings._]--_There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!_

Sir And. [_Sings_] _Lady_,----

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

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. [_Sings_.] _Lady_,--

Sir To. Let us have another.

[_They all three sing and dance._

_Which is the properest day to drink?
Saturday,--Sunday,--Monday_,--

Mar. For the love of heaven, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO, _in a Gown and Cap, with a Light_.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you?

Sir And. [_Sings._] _Monday_,--

Mal. Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night?

Sir To. [_Sings._] _Saturday_,--

Mal. Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

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

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

Sir To. [_Sings._] _Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone._

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. [_Sings._] _His eyes do show his days are almost done._

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. [_Sings._] _But I will never die._ [_Falls on the floor._

Clo. [_Sings._] _Sir Toby,--O, Sir Toby,--there you lie._

Mal. This is much credit to you. [CLOWN _raises_ SIR TOBY.

Sir To. [_Sings._] _You lie._--Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.--Go, sir, rub your chain with crums:--A stoop of wine, Maria!

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

[_Exit_ MALVOLIO, _followed by the_ CLOWN, _mocking him_.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

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

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

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke'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 To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

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

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

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

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground 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 To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. 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, 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 To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him?

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I will plant you two, and let Fabian make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [_Exit_ MARIA.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

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

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.--Thou hadst need send for more money.

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

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now.

Sir And. I'll call you Cut.

Sir To. Come, knight,--come, knight.

Sir And. I'll call you Cut. [_Exeunt._

SCENE III.

A Hall in DUKE ORSINO'S _Palace_.

Enter DUKE, _and_ VIOLA.

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

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

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

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven.--Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answered.

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

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart:--make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,--

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. 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. And what's her history?

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

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

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too.--
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._

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

OLIVIA'S _Garden_.

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, _and_ FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

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

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:--Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

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

Enter MARIA, _with a Letter_.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:--How now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three behind yon clump: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him.--Close, in the name of jesting! [_The men hide themselves._]--Lie thou there; [_Throws down a letter._] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [_Exit_ MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

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

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:--

Mal. To be Count Malvolio;--

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

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

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. Now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

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

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

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

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O peace, peace!

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

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

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

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

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

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

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, _Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech_:--

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. _You must amend your drunkenness._

Sir To. Out, scab!

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

Mal. _Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight_;--

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. _One Sir Andrew_:--

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?
[_Taking up the letter._

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O peace! an the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him,--

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very _C's_, her _U's_, and her _T's_; and thus makes she her great _P's_. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her _C's_, her _U's_, and her _T's_: Why that?

Mal. [_Reads._] _To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes_: her very phrases!--By your leave, wax.--Soft!--and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be? [_Opens the letter._]

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [_Reads._] _Jove knows, I love:
But who?
Lips do not move,
No man must know.
No man must know._--If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [_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_.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M,O,A,I, _doth sway my life_.--Nay, but first, let me see,--let me see,--let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stanniel checks at it!

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

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:--he is now at a cold scent.

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

Fab. I thought he would work it out: the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. _M_,--But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: _A_ should follow, but _O_ does.

Fab. And _O_ shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, _O_.

Mal. And then _I_ comes behind.

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

Mal. _M_,_O_,_A_,_I_;--This simulation is not as the former:--and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.--[_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 them. To enure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee._ _The fortunate-unhappy._ Day-light and champian discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered:--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--[_Reads._] _Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee._ Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

[_Exit_ MALVOLIO.

[_They advance from behind the Trees._]

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

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

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. Or I either?

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

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

Sir To. Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.

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

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

Sir And. I'll make one too.

Fab. And I.

Omnes. Huzza! huzza! huzza! [_Exeunt._

SCENE II.

A public Square.

Enter SEBASTIAN _and_ ANTONIO.

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

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
I fear'd besides what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of doubt,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks.--What is to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

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

Seb. 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.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst Orsino's galleys

Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst Orsino's galiies,
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answered.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

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

Seb. Why I your purse?

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

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

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [_Exeunt._

SCENE III.

OLIVIA'S _Garden_.

Enter CLOWN, _playing on a Tabor, and_ VIOLA.

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

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. 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.

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

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

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke Orsino's.

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

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

[_Gives him money._

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

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one.--Is thy lady within?

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

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

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

Vio. I understand you, sir: [_Gives him more money._] 'tis well begged.

Clo. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you came: who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [_Exit_ CLOWN.

Vio. This fellow's 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.

Enter SIR TOBY, _and_ SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

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

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

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

Sir To. I mean,--to go, sir, to enter.

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

Enter OLIVIA.

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

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier!--_Rain odours!_--well.

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

Sir And. _Odours_, _pregnant_, and _vouchsafed_!--I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Leave me to my hearing.

Sir And. _Odours--pregnant--vouchsafed._

[_Exeunt_ SIR TOBY _and_ SIR ANDREW.

Oli. Give me your hand, sir.

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

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was called compliment:
You are servant to the Duke Orsino, youth.

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

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

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

Oli. 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.

Vio. Dear lady,----

Oli. Give me leave, I 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 the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
[_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.

Vio. Then westward-hoe:
Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

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

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

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!

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

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

Vio. 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.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[_Exeunt._

SCENE IV.

A Room in OLIVIA'S _House_.

Enter SIR ANDREW, FABIAN, _and_ SIR TOBY.

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

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't this moment in the garden.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

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

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

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

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

Sir And. An it be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate.

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

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

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

Sir To. 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.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the _cubiculo:_ Go.

[_Exit_ SIR ANDREW.

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

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it?

Sir To. 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 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.

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

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Enter MARIA.

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

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.--I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in a map: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[_Exeunt._

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE 1.

A Room in OLIVIA'S _House_.

Enter OLIVIA _and_ MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him:--He says, he'll come.
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
I speak too loud.----
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam;
But in strange manner. He is sure possessed.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile: your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come;
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [_Exit_ MARIA.
I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.--

Enter MALVOLIO, _in yellow Stockings, cross-garter'd, and_ MARIA.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [_Smiles fantastically._

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

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: _Please one, and please all_.

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

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs.--It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

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

Oli. Heaven comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. _Be not afraid of greatness_:--'Twas well writ.

Oli. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. _Some are born great_,--

Oli. Ha?

Mal. _Some achieve greatness_,--

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. _ And some have greatness thrust upon them._

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. _Remember who commended thy yellow stockings_;--

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal _And wished to see thee cross-garter'd._

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. _Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so_;--

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. _If not, let me see thee a servant still._

Oli. Why, this is very Midsummer madness.

Enter FABIAN.

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

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to.--Call my uncle Toby. [_Exit_ FABIAN.
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.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? She sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. I have limed her.--And, when she went away now, _Let this fellow be looked to_:--Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together.--Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Sir To. [_Without_] Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Enter FABIAN, SIR TOBY, _and_ MARIA.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:--How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?--Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; we must deal gently with him. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray, heaven, he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me.--What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, Sir Toby.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he'll not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. Begone. Ha! ha! ha! [_Exit_ MALVOLIO.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir To. Is't possible?

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

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

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound.--Follow him, and let him not from thy sight. [_Exit_ MARIA. But see, but see.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Enter SIR ANDREW, _with a Letter_.

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

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.--[_Reads._] _Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow._

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. _Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't._

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

Sir To. _Thou comest 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._

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. _I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me_,--

Fab. Good.

Sir To. _Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain._

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. _Fare thee well; and heaven 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.

Fab. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the garden, like a bum-bailiff; 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 earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [_Exit_ SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; 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 Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I 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.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [_Exeunt_ SIR TOBY _and_ FABIAN.

Enter VIOLA _and_ OLIVIA.

Oli. 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.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

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

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well!

[_Exit_ OLIVIA.

Enter SIR TOBY _and_ FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, heaven save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. 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 To. 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.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

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

Vio. I will return, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.

Sir To. Back you shall not, 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.

Vio. 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 To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [_Exit_ SIR TOBY.

Vio. 'Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

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

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. 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.

Vio. 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._

SCENE II.

OLIVIA'S _Garden_.

Enter SIR TOBY, _with_ SIR ANDREW, _in a great fright_.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil;--

Sir And. Oh!

Sir To. I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him,--rapier, scabbard, and all,--and he gives me the stuck-in,----

Sir And. Oh!

Sir To. With such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Plague on't, I'll not meddle with him.

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

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

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on't.--[_Aside._] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter FABIAN _and_ VIOLA.

I have his horse [_To_ FABIAN.] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. [_To_ SIR TOBY.] He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [_To_ VIOLA.] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his 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.

Vio. [_Draws her Sword._] Pray heaven defend me!--[_Aside._] A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. [_To_ VIOLA.] Give ground, if you see him furious.

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

Sir And. [_Draws._] Pray heaven, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[_They fight._--SIR TOBY _and_ FABIAN _urge on_ SIR ANDREW _and_ VIOLA.

Enter ANTONIO, _who runs between_ SIR ANDREW _and_ VIOLA.

Ant. 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 To. You, sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. [_Draws._] One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. [_Draws._] Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[SIR TOBY _and_ ANTONIO _fight_.]

[SIR ANDREW _hides himself behind the Trees_.--VIOLA _retires a little_.]

Fab. [_Parts them._] O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. [_To_ ANTONIO.] I'll be with you anon. [ANTONIO _shows great alarm_--SIR TOBY _sheathes his sword_.]--Sir knight,--Sir Andrew,--

Sir And. Here I am.

Sir To. What, man!--Come on. [_Brings_ SIR ANDREW _forward_.]

Vio. [_Advances._] 'Pray, sir, [_To_ SIR ANDREW.] put up your sword, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;--and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

Enter two Officers of Justice.

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

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

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well.--
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.--This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy.
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.

1 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed 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 is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you

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.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

1 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
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.

[_Exeunt_ ANTONIO _and Officers_.

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian.

[_They retire together._

Vio. He named Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[_Exit_ VIOLA.

[_They advance._]

Sir To. 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.

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

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

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly;--but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not!-- [_Exeunt._

SCENE III.

The Street before OLIVIA'S _House_.

Enter SEBASTIAN _and_ CLOWN.

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

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

Clo. 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 Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither:--Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else;--Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool.--I pr'ythee, tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. 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 And. Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you.
[_Striking_ SEBASTIAN.

Seb. [_Draws his sword._] Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:--Are all the people mad?

[_Beating_ SIR ANDREW.

Enter SIR TOBY _and_ FABIAN.

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

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

[_Exit_ CLOWN.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [_Holding_ SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on.

Seb. [_Disengages himself._] I will be free from thee.
--What would'st thou now?
If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what?--[_Draws._]--Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [_They fight._

Enter OLIVIA, _and two Servants_.

Fab. Hold, good Sir Toby, hold:--my lady here!

[_Exit_ FABIAN.

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

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. 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!--

Sir To. Come along, knight. [_Exit_ SIR TOBY.

Oli. And you, sir, follow him.

Sir And. Oh, oh!--Sir Toby,--

[_Exit_ SIR ANDREW.

Oli. I pr'ythee, 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
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny.

Seb. 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!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thou'dst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [_Exeunt._

SCENE IV.

A Gallery in OLIVIA'S _House_.

Enter MARIA, _with a black Gown and Hood, and_ CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and hood; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[_Exit_ MARIA.

Clo. 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.

Enter SIR TOBY _and_ MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. _Bonos dies_, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, _That, that is, is_; so I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. [_Opens the door of an inner Room_] What, hoa, I say,--Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [_In the inner Room._] Who calls there?

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

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

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have bound me, hand and foot, and laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

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

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

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

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

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

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

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,--

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas,--

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters. [_Takes off the gown and hood, and gives them to_ MARIA.]

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy hood and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring us word how thou find'st him: Come by and by to my chamber.
[_Exeunt_ SIR TOBY _and_ MARIA.

Clo. [_Sings._] _Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does._

Mal. Fool,--fool,--good fool,--

Clo. Who calls, ha?

Mal. 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.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

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

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

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

Mal. 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.

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

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

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

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. [_Shuts the door of the inner Room, and sings._]
_I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again, &c._ [_Exit._

SCENE V.

OLIVIA'S _Garden_.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but 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.--But here she comes.

Enter OLIVIA, _and a_ FRIAR.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine:--If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.--What do you say?

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

Oli. Then lead the way, good father: [_Exit_ FRIAR.
And heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [_Exeunt._

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Street before OLIVIA'S _House_.

Enter CLOWN _and_ FABIAN.

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

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.--The Duke Orsino.

[_Exit_ FABIAN.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, _and two Gentlemen_.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friend?--I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?

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

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. 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.

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

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. 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.

Clo. _Primo_, _Secundo_,--_Tertio_, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all.

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.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again: As you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.
[_Exit_ CLOWN.

Vio. 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 bawbling 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 loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.--

Enter ANTONIO _and Officers_.

What's the matter?

1 Off. This, please you, sir, 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.

Vio. 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?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and for his sake too,
Did I expose myself
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.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.----
But for thee; fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
But more of that anon.----Take him aside.

[ANTONIO _and Officers retire a little_.

Enter OLIVIA _and two Servants_.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?--
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,----

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

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

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

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

Oli. 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?
But hear me this:
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I see, 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.

[_Exeunt_ DUKE _and Gentlemen_.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [_Going._

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life;
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, forsaken! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?--
Call forth the holy father. [_Exeunt two Servants._

Enter DUKE.

Duke. [_To_ VIOLA.] Come away.

Oli. Whither, my lord?--Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband: Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. 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 FRIAR _and two Servants_.

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 past between this youth and me.

Friar. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, 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?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,--

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

[OLIVIA _sends away the Friar_.

Enter SIR ANDREW, _crying, with his Head broke_.

Sir And. O, O,--For the love of heaven, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of heaven, your help: I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

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

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 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.

Vio. 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.

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

Sir To. [_Without._] Holla, Sir Andrew,--where are you?

Sir And. Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled your Toby for you.

Enter SIR TOBY, _drunk, with his Forehead bleeding_.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.--Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

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

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, a drunken rogue,--and I hate a drunken rogue. [_Enter_ SEBASTIAN _behind_.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

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

Sir To. Will you help an ass head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull!

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

[_Exeunt_ SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, _and Servants_.

Seb. [_Advances_] 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.

[ANTONIO, _seeing_ SEBASTIAN, _comes forward_.

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.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me.
Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?--
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Seb. [_Sees_ VIOLA.] Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:--
Of charity, [_To_ VIOLA.] what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

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

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Away with doubt:--each other circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, doth cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola,--your sister Viola. [_They embrace._

Seb. [_To_ OLIVIA.] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.

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

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

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

Vio. 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.

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

Enter CLOWN, _with a Letter, and_ FABIAN.

How does Malvolio, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman: [_Reads._] _By the Lord, madam_,--

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness.

Oli. [_To_ FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. [READS.] _By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury._
The madly-used MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[_Exit_ FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.--
Your master quits you; [_To_ VIOLA.] and, for your service done him,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Enter MALVOLIO, _with a Letter, and_ FABIAN.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

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

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that
letter: [_Gives_ OLIVIA _the Letter_.
You must not now deny it is your hand;--
(Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;)--
Or, say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention.

Oli. 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:--
Pr'ythee, 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.

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

If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Fab. Malvolio!--

Clo. Why,--_Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust 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? an you smile not, he's gagg'd_:--And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.--Ha, ha, ha!

Fab. Ha, ha, ha!--

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

[_Exit_ MALVOLIO.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.
Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.

[_Exit_ FABIAN.

Duke. 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--Go, officers;
We do discharge you of your prisoner. [_Exeunt Officers._
Antonio, thou hast well deserved our thanks:
Thy kind protection of Cesario's person,
(Although thou knew'st not then for whom thou fought'st,)
Merits our favour: Henceforth, be forgotten
All cause of anger: Thou hast a noble spirit,
And as Sebastian's friend be ever near him.--
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.

The 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 knave and thief 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 bed,
With hey, ho, the wind, and the rain,
With toss pots still had drunken head;
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._

[Exeunt.

THE END.

Transcriber Notes:

Passages in italics were indicated by _underscores_.

Small caps were replaced with ALL CAPS.

Throughout the document, the oe ligature was replaced with "oe".

The character tags were italizied, even when before italizied text.

Throughout the dialogues, there were words used to mimic accents of the speakers. Those words were retained as-is.

Errors and inconsistencies in punctuations and spelling were not corrected unless otherwise noted.

On page 21, a comma after Vio was replaced with a period.

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