
TWELFTH NIGHT *or,* WHAT YOU WILL

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

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Contents

Front Matter	From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library Textual Introduction Synopsis Characters in the Play
ACT 1	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3 Scene 4 Scene 5
ACT 2	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3 Scene 4 Scene 5
ACT 3	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3 Scene 4
ACT 4	Scene 1 Scene 2 Scene 3
ACT 5	Scene 1

From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

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I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in

chains of magic were not bound,␣”), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: “With ␣blood␣ and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest ␣soldier.␣ Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

Twelfth Night—an allusion to the night of festivity preceding the Christian celebration of the Epiphany—combines love, confusion, mistaken identities, and joyful discovery.

After the twins Sebastian and Viola survive a shipwreck, neither knows that the other is alive. Viola goes into service with Count Orsino of Illyria, disguised as a young man, “Cesario.” Orsino sends Cesario to woo the Lady Olivia on his behalf, but Olivia falls in love with Cesario. Viola, in the meantime, has fallen in love with Orsino.

At the estate of Lady Olivia, Sir Toby Belch, Olivia’s kinsman, has brought in Sir Andrew Aguecheek to be her suitor. A confrontation between Olivia’s steward, Malvolio, and the partying Toby and his cohort leads to a revenge plot against Malvolio. Malvolio is tricked into making a fool of himself, and he is locked in a dungeon as a lunatic.

In the meantime, Sebastian has been rescued by a sea captain, Antonio. When Viola, as Cesario, is challenged to a duel, Antonio mistakes her for Sebastian, comes to her aid, and is arrested. Olivia, meanwhile, mistakes Sebastian for Cesario and declares her love. When, finally, Sebastian and Viola appear together, the puzzles around the mistaken identities are solved: Cesario is revealed as Viola, Orsino asks for Viola’s hand, Sebastian will wed Olivia, and Viola will marry Count Orsino. Malvolio, blaming Olivia and others for his humiliation, vows revenge.

Characters in the Play

VIOLA, a lady of Messaline shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria
(later disguised as CESARIO)

OLIVIA, an Illyrian countess

MARIA, her waiting-gentlewoman

SIR TOBY BELCH, Olivia's kinsman

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, Sir Toby's companion

MALVOLIO, steward in Olivia's household

FOOL, Olivia's jester, named Feste

FABIAN, a gentleman in Olivia's household

ORSINO, duke (or count) of Illyria

VALENTINE } *gentlemen serving Orsino*
CURIO }

SEBASTIAN, Viola's brother

ANTONIO, friend to Sebastian

CAPTAIN

PRIEST

TWO OFFICERS

Lords, Sailors, Musicians, and other Attendants

ACT 1

Scene 1

*Enter Orsino, Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords,
[with Musicians playing.]*

ORSINO

FTLN 0001	If music be the food of love, play on.	
FTLN 0002	Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,	
FTLN 0003	The appetite may sicken and so die.	
FTLN 0004	That strain again! It had a dying fall.	
FTLN 0005	O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound	5
FTLN 0006	That breathes upon a bank of violets,	
FTLN 0007	Stealing and giving odor. Enough; no more.	
FTLN 0008	'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.	
FTLN 0009	O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,	
FTLN 0010	That, notwithstanding thy capacity	10
FTLN 0011	Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,	
FTLN 0012	Of what validity and pitch soe'er,	
FTLN 0013	But falls into abatement and low price	
FTLN 0014	Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy	
FTLN 0015	That it alone is high fantastical.	15

CURIO

FTLN 0016 Will you go hunt, my lord?

FTLN 0017 ORSINO What, Curio?

FTLN 0018 CURIO The hart.

ORSINO

FTLN 0019	Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.	
FTLN 0020	O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,	20

FTLN 0021 Methought she purged the air of pestilence.
 FTLN 0022 That instant was I turned into a hart,
 FTLN 0023 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 FTLN 0024 E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

FTLN 0025 How now, what news from her? 25

VALENTINE

FTLN 0026 So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
 FTLN 0027 But from her handmaid do return this answer:
 FTLN 0028 The element itself, till seven years' heat,
 FTLN 0029 Shall not behold her face at ample view,
 FTLN 0030 But like a cloistress she will veiled walk, 30
 FTLN 0031 And water once a day her chamber round
 FTLN 0032 With eye-offending brine—all this to season
 FTLN 0033 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
 FTLN 0034 And lasting in her sad remembrance.

ORSINO

FTLN 0035 O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame 35
 FTLN 0036 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 FTLN 0037 How will she love when the rich golden shaft
 FTLN 0038 Hath killed the flock of all affections else
 FTLN 0039 That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
 FTLN 0040 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled 40
 FTLN 0041 Her sweet perfections with one self king!
 FTLN 0042 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers!
 FTLN 0043 Love thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

FTLN 0044 VIOLA What country, friends, is this?

FTLN 0045 CAPTAIN This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

FTLN 0046 And what should I do in Illyria?

FTLN 0047 My brother he is in Elysium.
 FTLN 0048 Perchance he is not drowned.—What think you, 5
 FTLN 0049 sailors?

CAPTAIN

FTLN 0050 It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
 VIOLA

FTLN 0051 O, my poor brother! And so perchance may he be.
 CAPTAIN

FTLN 0052 True, madam. And to comfort you with chance,
 FTLN 0053 Assure yourself, after our ship did split, 10
 FTLN 0054 When you and those poor number saved with you
 FTLN 0055 Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
 FTLN 0056 Most provident in peril, bind himself
 FTLN 0057 (Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
 FTLN 0058 To a strong mast that lived upon the sea, 15
 FTLN 0059 Where, like ‘Arion’ on the dolphin’s back,
 FTLN 0060 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
 FTLN 0061 So long as I could see.

FTLN 0062 VIOLA, ‘giving him money’ For saying so, there’s gold.
 FTLN 0063 Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope, 20
 FTLN 0064 Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
 FTLN 0065 The like of him. Know’st thou this country?

CAPTAIN

FTLN 0066 Ay, madam, well, for I was bred and born
 FTLN 0067 Not three hours’ travel from this very place.

FTLN 0068 VIOLA Who governs here? 25
 CAPTAIN

FTLN 0069 A noble duke, in nature as in name.
 FTLN 0070 VIOLA What is his name?
 FTLN 0071 CAPTAIN Orsino.
 VIOLA

FTLN 0072 Orsino. I have heard my father name him.
 FTLN 0073 He was a bachelor then. 30
 CAPTAIN

FTLN 0074 And so is now, or was so very late;
 FTLN 0075 For but a month ago I went from hence,

FTLN 0076	And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as, you know,	
FTLN 0077	What great ones do the less will prattle of)	
FTLN 0078	That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.	35
FTLN 0079	VIOLA What's she?	
	CAPTAIN	
FTLN 0080	A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count	
FTLN 0081	That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her	
FTLN 0082	In the protection of his son, her brother,	
FTLN 0083	Who shortly also died, for whose dear love,	40
FTLN 0084	They say, she hath abjured the sight	
FTLN 0085	And company of men.	
FTLN 0086	VIOLA O, that I served that lady,	
FTLN 0087	And might not be delivered to the world	
FTLN 0088	Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,	45
FTLN 0089	What my estate is.	
FTLN 0090	CAPTAIN That were hard to compass	
FTLN 0091	Because she will admit no kind of suit,	
FTLN 0092	No, not the Duke's.	
	VIOLA	
FTLN 0093	There is a fair behavior in thee, captain,	50
FTLN 0094	And though that nature with a beauteous wall	
FTLN 0095	Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee	
FTLN 0096	I will believe thou hast a mind that suits	
FTLN 0097	With this thy fair and outward character.	
FTLN 0098	I prithee—and I'll pay thee bounteously—	55
FTLN 0099	Conceal me what I am, and be my aid	
FTLN 0100	For such disguise as haply shall become	
FTLN 0101	The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke.	
FTLN 0102	Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.	
FTLN 0103	It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing	60
FTLN 0104	And speak to him in many sorts of music	
FTLN 0105	That will allow me very worth his service.	
FTLN 0106	What else may hap, to time I will commit.	
FTLN 0107	Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.	
	CAPTAIN	
FTLN 0108	Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be.	65

FTLN 0109 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

FTLN 0110 VIOLA I thank thee. Lead me on.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

FTLN 0111 TOBY What a plague means my niece to take the death
FTLN 0112 of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to
FTLN 0113 life.

FTLN 0114 MARIA By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier
FTLN 0115 o' nights. Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions 5
FTLN 0116 to your ill hours.

FTLN 0117 TOBY Why, let her except before excepted!

FTLN 0118 MARIA Ay, but you must confine yourself within the
FTLN 0119 modest limits of order.

FTLN 0120 TOBY Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am. 10
FTLN 0121 These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so
FTLN 0122 be these boots too. An they be not, let them hang
FTLN 0123 themselves in their own straps!

FTLN 0124 MARIA That quaffing and drinking will undo you. I
FTLN 0125 heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish 15
FTLN 0126 knight that you brought in one night here to be her
FTLN 0127 wooer.

FTLN 0128 TOBY Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

FTLN 0129 MARIA Ay, he.

FTLN 0130 TOBY He's as tall a man as any 's in Illyria. 20

FTLN 0131 MARIA What's that to th' purpose?

FTLN 0132 TOBY Why, he has three thousand ducats a year!

FTLN 0133 MARIA Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats.
FTLN 0134 He's a very fool and a prodigal.

FTLN 0135 TOBY Fie, that you'll say so! He plays o' th' viol-de-gamboys, 25
FTLN 0136 and speaks three or four languages word
FTLN 0137 for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of
FTLN 0138 nature.

FTLN 0139 MARIA He hath indeed, almost natural, for, besides
 FTLN 0140 that he's a fool, he's a great quarreler, and, but that 30
 FTLN 0141 he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath
 FTLN 0142 in quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent he
 FTLN 0143 would quickly have the gift of a grave.
 FTLN 0144 TOBY By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors
 FTLN 0145 that say so of him. Who are they? 35
 FTLN 0146 MARIA They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in
 FTLN 0147 your company.
 FTLN 0148 TOBY With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to
 FTLN 0149 her as long as there is a passage in my throat and
 FTLN 0150 drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coistrel that 40
 FTLN 0151 will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th'
 FTLN 0152 toe like a parish top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo*,
 FTLN 0153 for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew.

FTLN 0154 ANDREW Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch?
 FTLN 0155 TOBY Sweet Sir Andrew! 45
 FTLN 0156 ANDREW, 「*to Maria*」 Bless you, fair shrew.
 FTLN 0157 MARIA And you too, sir.
 FTLN 0158 TOBY Accost, Sir Andrew, accost!
 FTLN 0159 ANDREW What's that?
 FTLN 0160 TOBY My niece's chambermaid. 50
 FTLN 0161 「ANDREW」 Good Mistress Accost, I desire better
 FTLN 0162 acquaintance.
 FTLN 0163 MARIA My name is Mary, sir.
 FTLN 0164 ANDREW Good Mistress Mary Accost—
 FTLN 0165 TOBY You mistake, knight. "Accost" is front her, board 55
 FTLN 0166 her, woo her, assail her.
 FTLN 0167 ANDREW By my troth, I would not undertake her in
 FTLN 0168 this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?
 FTLN 0169 MARIA Fare you well, gentlemen. 「*She begins to exit.*」
 FTLN 0170 TOBY An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou 60
 FTLN 0171 mightst never draw sword again.
 FTLN 0172 ANDREW An you part so, mistress, I would I might

FTLN 0173 never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you
 FTLN 0174 have fools in hand?

FTLN 0175 MARIA Sir, I have not you by th' hand. 65

FTLN 0176 ANDREW Marry, but you shall have, and here's my
 FTLN 0177 hand. *He offers his hand.*

FTLN 0178 MARIA, *taking his hand* Now sir, thought is free. I
 FTLN 0179 pray you, bring your hand to th' butt'ry bar and let
 FTLN 0180 it drink. 70

FTLN 0181 ANDREW Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your
 FTLN 0182 metaphor?

FTLN 0183 MARIA It's dry, sir.

FTLN 0184 ANDREW Why, I think so. I am not such an ass but I
 FTLN 0185 can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest? 75

FTLN 0186 MARIA A dry jest, sir.

FTLN 0187 ANDREW Are you full of them?

FTLN 0188 MARIA Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends. Marry,
 FTLN 0189 now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Maria exits.*

FTLN 0190 TOBY O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary! When did 80
 FTLN 0191 I see thee so put down?

FTLN 0192 ANDREW Never in your life, I think, unless you see
 FTLN 0193 canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have
 FTLN 0194 no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man
 FTLN 0195 has. But I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that 85
 FTLN 0196 does harm to my wit.

FTLN 0197 TOBY No question.

FTLN 0198 ANDREW An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride
 FTLN 0199 home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

FTLN 0200 TOBY *Pourquoi*, my dear knight? 90

FTLN 0201 ANDREW What is "*pourquoi*"? Do, or not do? I would I
 FTLN 0202 had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in
 FTLN 0203 fencing, dancing, and bearbaiting. O, had I but
 FTLN 0204 followed the arts!

FTLN 0205 TOBY Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair. 95

FTLN 0206 ANDREW Why, would that have mended my hair?

FTLN 0207 TOBY Past question, for thou seest it will not *curl by*
 FTLN 0208 nature.

FTLN 0209 ANDREW But it becomes 'me' well enough, does 't not?
 FTLN 0210 TOBY Excellent! It hangs like flax on a distaff, and I 100
 FTLN 0211 hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs
 FTLN 0212 and spin it off.
 FTLN 0213 ANDREW Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your
 FTLN 0214 niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one
 FTLN 0215 she'll none of me. The Count himself here hard by 105
 FTLN 0216 woos her.
 FTLN 0217 TOBY She'll none o' th' Count. She'll not match above
 FTLN 0218 her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit. I have
 FTLN 0219 heard her swear 't. Tut, there's life in 't, man.
 FTLN 0220 ANDREW I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' 110
 FTLN 0221 strangest mind i' th' world. I delight in masques
 FTLN 0222 and revels sometimes altogether.
 FTLN 0223 TOBY Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?
 FTLN 0224 ANDREW As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be,
 FTLN 0225 under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not 115
 FTLN 0226 compare with an old man.
 FTLN 0227 TOBY What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?
 FTLN 0228 ANDREW Faith, I can cut a caper.
 FTLN 0229 TOBY And I can cut the mutton to 't.
 FTLN 0230 ANDREW And I think I have the back-trick simply as 120
 FTLN 0231 strong as any man in Illyria.
 FTLN 0232 TOBY Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have
 FTLN 0233 these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to
 FTLN 0234 take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost
 FTLN 0235 thou not go to church in a galliard and come home 125
 FTLN 0236 in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. I would
 FTLN 0237 not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.
 FTLN 0238 What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues
 FTLN 0239 in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy
 FTLN 0240 leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard. 130
 FTLN 0241 ANDREW Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a
 FTLN 0242 'dun-colored' stock. Shall we 'set' about some
 FTLN 0243 revels?

FTLN 0244 TOBY What shall we do else? Were we not born under
 FTLN 0245 Taurus? 135
 FTLN 0246 ANDREW Taurus? 'That's' sides and heart.
 FTLN 0247 TOBY No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee
 FTLN 0248 caper. 'Sir Andrew dances.' Ha, higher! Ha, ha,
 FTLN 0249 excellent!

They exit.

Scene 4

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire 'as Cesario.'

FTLN 0250 VALENTINE If the Duke continue these favors towards
 FTLN 0251 you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced. He
 FTLN 0252 hath known you but three days, and already you
 FTLN 0253 are no stranger.
 FTLN 0254 VIOLA You either fear his humor or my negligence, that 5
 FTLN 0255 you call in question the continuance of his love. Is
 FTLN 0256 he inconstant, sir, in his favors?
 FTLN 0257 VALENTINE No, believe me.
 FTLN 0258 VIOLA I thank you.

Enter 'Orsino,' Curio, and Attendants.

FTLN 0259 Here comes the Count. 10
 FTLN 0260 ORSINO Who saw Cesario, ho?
 FTLN 0261 VIOLA On your attendance, my lord, here.
 ORSINO, 'to Curio and Attendants'
 FTLN 0262 Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
 FTLN 0263 Thou know'st no less but all. I have unclasped
 FTLN 0264 To thee the book even of my secret soul. 15
 FTLN 0265 Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her.
 FTLN 0266 Be not denied access. Stand at her doors
 FTLN 0267 And tell them, there thy fixèd foot shall grow
 FTLN 0268 Till thou have audience.
 FTLN 0269 VIOLA Sure, my noble lord, 20
 FTLN 0270 If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
 FTLN 0271 As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

ORSINO

FTLN 0272 Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
FTLN 0273 Rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA

FTLN 0274 Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then? 25

ORSINO

FTLN 0275 O, then unfold the passion of my love.
FTLN 0276 Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith.
FTLN 0277 It shall become thee well to act my woes.
FTLN 0278 She will attend it better in thy youth
FTLN 0279 Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect. 30

VIOLA

FTLN 0280 I think not so, my lord.

ORSINO Dear lad, believe it;

FTLN 0281 For they shall yet belie thy happy years
FTLN 0282 That say thou art a man. Diana's lip
FTLN 0283 Is not more smooth and rubious, thy small pipe
FTLN 0284 Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound, 35
FTLN 0285 And all is semblative a womans part.
FTLN 0286 I know thy constellation is right apt
FTLN 0287 For this affair.—Some four or five attend him,
FTLN 0288 All, if you will, for I myself am best
FTLN 0289 When least in company.—Prosper well in this
FTLN 0290 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, 40
FTLN 0291 To call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA I'll do my best

FTLN 0294 To woo your lady. *Aside.* Yet a barful strife! 45
FTLN 0295 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

They exit.

Scene 5

Enter Maria and Feste, the Fool.

FTLN 0296 MARIA Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I
FTLN 0297 will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter

FTLN 0298 in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy
 FTLN 0299 absence.

FTLN 0300 FOOL Let her hang me. He that is well hanged in this 5
 FTLN 0301 world needs to fear no colors.

FTLN 0302 MARIA Make that good.

FTLN 0303 FOOL He shall see none to fear.

FTLN 0304 MARIA A good Lenten answer. I can tell thee where
 FTLN 0305 that saying was born, of “I fear no colors.” 10
 FTLN 0306 FOOL Where, good Mistress Mary?

FTLN 0307 MARIA In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in
 FTLN 0308 your foolery.

FTLN 0309 FOOL Well, God give them wisdom that have it, and
 FTLN 0310 those that are Fools, let them use their talents. 15
 FTLN 0311 MARIA Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent.
 FTLN 0312 Or to be turned away, is not that as good as a
 FTLN 0313 hanging to you?

FTLN 0314 FOOL Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage,
 FTLN 0315 and, for turning away, let summer bear it out. 20
 FTLN 0316 MARIA You are resolute, then?

FTLN 0317 FOOL Not so, neither, but I am resolved on two points.

FTLN 0318 MARIA That if one break, the other will hold, or, if both
 FTLN 0319 break, your gaskins fall.

FTLN 0320 FOOL Apt, in good faith, very apt. Well, go thy way. If Sir 25
 FTLN 0321 Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a
 FTLN 0322 piece of Eve’s flesh as any in Illyria.

FTLN 0323 MARIA Peace, you rogue. No more o’ that. Here comes
 FTLN 0324 my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.

「*She exits.*」

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio 「and Attendants.」

FTLN 0325 FOOL, 「*aside*」 Wit, an ’t be thy will, put me into good 30
 FTLN 0326 fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very
 FTLN 0327 oft prove fools, and I that am sure I lack thee may
 FTLN 0328 pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus?
 FTLN 0329 “Better a witty Fool than a foolish wit.”—God bless
 FTLN 0330 thee, lady! 35

FTLN 0331	OLIVIA	Take the Fool away.	
FTLN 0332	FOOL	Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the Lady.	
FTLN 0333	OLIVIA	Go to, you're a dry Fool. I'll no more of you.	
FTLN 0334		Besides, you grow dishonest.	
FTLN 0335	FOOL	Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel	40
FTLN 0336		will amend. For give the dry Fool drink, then is	
FTLN 0337		the Fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend	
FTLN 0338		himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he	
FTLN 0339		cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's	
FTLN 0340		mended is but patched; virtue that transgresses is	45
FTLN 0341		but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but	
FTLN 0342		patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism	
FTLN 0343		will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is	
FTLN 0344		no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.	
FTLN 0345		The Lady bade take away the Fool. Therefore, I say	50
FTLN 0346		again, take her away.	
FTLN 0347	OLIVIA	Sir, I bade them take away you.	
FTLN 0348	FOOL	Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, <i>cucullus</i>	
FTLN 0349		<i>non facit monachum</i> . That's as much to say as, I	
FTLN 0350		wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give	55
FTLN 0351		me leave to prove you a fool.	
FTLN 0352	OLIVIA	Can you do it?	
FTLN 0353	FOOL	Dexteriously, good madonna.	
FTLN 0354	OLIVIA	Make your proof.	
FTLN 0355	FOOL	I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my	60
FTLN 0356		mouse of virtue, answer me.	
FTLN 0357	OLIVIA	Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide	
FTLN 0358		your proof.	
FTLN 0359	FOOL	Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?	
FTLN 0360	OLIVIA	Good Fool, for my brother's death.	65
FTLN 0361	FOOL	I think his soul is in hell, madonna.	
FTLN 0362	OLIVIA	I know his soul is in heaven, Fool.	
FTLN 0363	FOOL	The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your	
FTLN 0364		brother's soul, being in heaven. Take away the fool,	
FTLN 0365		gentlemen.	70
FTLN 0366	OLIVIA	What think you of this Fool, Malvolio? Doth he	
FTLN 0367		not mend?	

FTLN 0368 MALVOLIO Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death
 FTLN 0369 shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth
 FTLN 0370 ever make the better Fool. 75

FTLN 0371 FOOL God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the
 FTLN 0372 better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn
 FTLN 0373 that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for
 FTLN 0374 twopence that you are no fool.

FTLN 0375 OLIVIA How say you to that, Malvolio? 80

FTLN 0376 MALVOLIO I marvel your Ladyship takes delight in
 FTLN 0377 such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other
 FTLN 0378 day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain
 FTLN 0379 than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard
 FTLN 0380 already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to 85
 FTLN 0381 him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men
 FTLN 0382 that crow so at these set kind of Fools no better than
 FTLN 0383 the Fools' zanies.

FTLN 0384 OLIVIA O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste
 FTLN 0385 with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, 90
 FTLN 0386 and of free disposition is to take those things
 FTLN 0387 for bird-bolts that you deem cannon bullets. There
 FTLN 0388 is no slander in an allowed Fool, though he do
 FTLN 0389 nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet
 FTLN 0390 man, though he do nothing but reprove. 95

FTLN 0391 FOOL Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou
 FTLN 0392 speak'st well of Fools!

Enter Maria.

FTLN 0393 MARIA Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman
 FTLN 0394 much desires to speak with you.

FTLN 0395 OLIVIA From the Count Orsino, is it? 100

FTLN 0396 MARIA I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man, and
 FTLN 0397 well attended.

FTLN 0398 OLIVIA Who of my people hold him in delay?

FTLN 0399 MARIA Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

FTLN 0400 OLIVIA Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks nothing 105
 FTLN 0401 but madman. Fie on him! *['Maria exits.']* Go you,
 FTLN 0402 Malvolio. If it be a suit from the Count, I am sick,

FTLN 0403 or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. (*Malvolio*
 FTLN 0404 *exits.*) Now you see, sir, how your fooling
 FTLN 0405 grows old, and people dislike it. 110
 FTLN 0406 FOOL Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest
 FTLN 0407 son should be a Fool, whose skull Jove cram with
 FTLN 0408 brains, for—here he comes—one of thy kin has a
 FTLN 0409 most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir Toby.

FTLN 0410 OLIVIA By mine honor, half drunk!—What is he at the 115
 FTLN 0411 gate, cousin?
 FTLN 0412 TOBY A gentleman.
 FTLN 0413 OLIVIA A gentleman? What gentleman?
 FTLN 0414 TOBY 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle
 FTLN 0415 herring!—How now, sot? 120
 FTLN 0416 FOOL Good Sir Toby.
 FTLN 0417 OLIVIA Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by
 FTLN 0418 this lethargy?
 FTLN 0419 TOBY Lechery? I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.
 FTLN 0420 OLIVIA Ay, marry, what is he? 125
 FTLN 0421 TOBY Let him be the devil an he will, I care not. Give
 FTLN 0422 me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. *He exits.*
 FTLN 0423 OLIVIA What's a drunken man like, Fool?
 FTLN 0424 FOOL Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman. One
 FTLN 0425 draught above heat makes him a fool, the second 130
 FTLN 0426 mads him, and a third drowns him.
 FTLN 0427 OLIVIA Go thou and seek the crowner and let him sit o'
 FTLN 0428 my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink: he's
 FTLN 0429 drowned. Go look after him.
 FTLN 0430 FOOL He is but mad yet, madonna, and the Fool shall 135
 FTLN 0431 look to the madman. *He exits.*

Enter Malvolio.

FTLN 0432 MALVOLIO Madam, yond young fellow swears he will
 FTLN 0433 speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes

FTLN 0434 on him to understand so much, and therefore
 FTLN 0435 comes to speak with you. I told him you were 140
 FTLN 0436 asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that
 FTLN 0437 too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is
 FTLN 0438 to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any
 FTLN 0439 denial.

FTLN 0440 OLIVIA Tell him he shall not speak with me. 145
 FTLN 0441 MALVOLIO Has been told so, and he says he'll stand at
 FTLN 0442 your door like a sheriff's post and be the supporter
 FTLN 0443 to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

FTLN 0444 OLIVIA What kind o' man is he?
 FTLN 0445 MALVOLIO Why, of mankind. 150
 FTLN 0446 OLIVIA What manner of man?
 FTLN 0447 MALVOLIO Of very ill manner. He'll speak with you,
 FTLN 0448 will you or no.

FTLN 0449 OLIVIA Of what personage and years is he?
 FTLN 0450 MALVOLIO Not yet old enough for a man, nor young 155
 FTLN 0451 enough for a boy—as a squash is before 'tis a
 FTLN 0452 peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis
 FTLN 0453 with him in standing water, between boy and man.
 FTLN 0454 He is very well-favored, and he speaks very shrewishly.
 FTLN 0455 One would think his mother's milk were 160
 FTLN 0456 scarce out of him.

FTLN 0457 OLIVIA Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

FTLN 0458 MALVOLIO Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *He exits.*

Enter Maria.

FTLN 0459 OLIVIA Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face.
[*Olivia veils.*]

FTLN 0460 We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy. 165

Enter [Viola.]

FTLN 0461 VIOLA The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

FTLN 0462	OLIVIA	Speak to me. I shall answer for her. Your will?	
FTLN 0463	VIOLA	Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable	
FTLN 0464		beauty—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the	
FTLN 0465		house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast	170
FTLN 0466		away my speech, for, besides that it is excellently	
FTLN 0467		well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good	
FTLN 0468		beauties, let me sustain no scorn. I am very comptible,	
FTLN 0469		even to the least sinister usage.	
FTLN 0470	OLIVIA	Whence came you, sir?	175
FTLN 0471	VIOLA	I can say little more than I have studied, and	
FTLN 0472		that question's out of my part. Good gentle one,	
FTLN 0473		give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the	
FTLN 0474		house, that I may proceed in my speech.	
FTLN 0475	OLIVIA	Are you a comedian?	180
FTLN 0476	VIOLA	No, my profound heart. And yet, by the very	
FTLN 0477		fangs of malice, I swear I am not that I play. Are	
FTLN 0478		you the lady of the house?	
FTLN 0479	OLIVIA	If I do not usurp myself, I am.	
FTLN 0480	VIOLA	Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp	185
FTLN 0481		yourself, for what is yours to bestow is not yours to	
FTLN 0482		reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on	
FTLN 0483		with my speech in your praise and then show you	
FTLN 0484		the heart of my message.	
FTLN 0485	OLIVIA	Come to what is important in 't. I forgive you	190
FTLN 0486		the praise.	
FTLN 0487	VIOLA	Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis	
FTLN 0488		poetical.	
FTLN 0489	OLIVIA	It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you,	
FTLN 0490		keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and	195
FTLN 0491		allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than	
FTLN 0492		to hear you. If you be not mad, begone; if you have	
FTLN 0493		reason, be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me	
FTLN 0494		to make one in so skipping a dialogue.	
FTLN 0495	MARIA	Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way.	200
FTLN 0496	VIOLA	No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little	

FTLN 0497 longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet
 FTLN 0498 lady.

FTLN 0499 「OLIVIA」 Tell me your mind.

FTLN 0500 「VIOLA」 I am a messenger. 205

FTLN 0501 OLIVIA Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver
 FTLN 0502 when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your
 FTLN 0503 office.

FTLN 0504 VIOLA It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture
 FTLN 0505 of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in 210
 FTLN 0506 my hand. My words are as full of peace as matter.

FTLN 0507 OLIVIA Yet you began rudely. What are you? What
 FTLN 0508 would you?

FTLN 0509 VIOLA The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I
 FTLN 0510 learned from my entertainment. What I am and 215
 FTLN 0511 what I would are as secret as maidenhead: to your
 FTLN 0512 ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

FTLN 0513 OLIVIA Give us the place alone. We will hear this
 FTLN 0514 divinity. 「*Maria and Attendants exit.*」 Now, sir, what
 FTLN 0515 is your text? 220

FTLN 0516 VIOLA Most sweet lady—

FTLN 0517 OLIVIA A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said
 FTLN 0518 of it. Where lies your text?

FTLN 0519 VIOLA In Orsino's bosom.

FTLN 0520 OLIVIA In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom? 225

FTLN 0521 VIOLA To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

FTLN 0522 OLIVIA O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more
 FTLN 0523 to say?

FTLN 0524 VIOLA Good madam, let me see your face.

FTLN 0525 OLIVIA Have you any commission from your lord to 230
 FTLN 0526 negotiate with my face? You are now out of your
 FTLN 0527 text. But we will draw the curtain and show you the
 FTLN 0528 picture. 「*She removes her veil.*」 Look you, sir, such a
 FTLN 0529 one I was this present. Is 't not well done?

FTLN 0530 VIOLA Excellently done, if God did all. 235

FTLN 0531 OLIVIA 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and
 FTLN 0532 weather.

 VIOLA

FTLN 0533 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
 FTLN 0534 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
 FTLN 0535 Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive 240
 FTLN 0536 If you will lead these graces to the grave
 FTLN 0537 And leave the world no copy.

FTLN 0538 OLIVIA O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted! I will give
 FTLN 0539 out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be
 FTLN 0540 inventoried and every particle and utensil labeled 245
 FTLN 0541 to my will: as, *item*, two lips indifferent red; *item*,
 FTLN 0542 two gray eyes, with lids to them; *item*, one neck, one
 FTLN 0543 chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise
 FTLN 0544 me?

VIOLA

FTLN 0545 I see you what you are. You are too proud. 250
 FTLN 0546 But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
 FTLN 0547 My lord and master loves you. O, such love
 FTLN 0548 Could be but recompensed though you were
 FTLN 0549 crowned

FTLN 0550 The nonpareil of beauty. 255

FTLN 0551 OLIVIA How does he love me?

FTLN 0552 VIOLA With adorations, fertile tears,
 FTLN 0553 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

FTLN 0554 Your lord does know my mind. I cannot love him.
 FTLN 0555 Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, 260
 FTLN 0556 Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
 FTLN 0557 In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant,
 FTLN 0558 And in dimension and the shape of nature
 FTLN 0559 A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him.
 FTLN 0560 He might have took his answer long ago. 265

VIOLA

FTLN 0561 If I did love you in my master's flame,
 FTLN 0562 With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
 FTLN 0563 In your denial I would find no sense.
 FTLN 0564 I would not understand it.

FTLN 0565	OLIVIA	Why, what would you?	270
	VIOLA		
FTLN 0566		Make me a willow cabin at your gate	
FTLN 0567		And call upon my soul within the house,	
FTLN 0568		Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love	
FTLN 0569		And sing them loud even in the dead of night,	
FTLN 0570		Hallow your name to the reverberate hills	275
FTLN 0571		And make the babbling gossip of the air	
FTLN 0572		Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest	
FTLN 0573		Between the elements of air and earth	
FTLN 0574		But you should pity me.	
FTLN 0575	OLIVIA	You might do much.	280
FTLN 0576		What is your parentage?	
	VIOLA		
FTLN 0577		Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.	
FTLN 0578		I am a gentleman.	
FTLN 0579	OLIVIA	Get you to your lord.	
FTLN 0580		I cannot love him. Let him send no more—	285
FTLN 0581		Unless perchance you come to me again	
FTLN 0582		To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.	
FTLN 0583		I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.	
		<i>She offers money.</i>	
	VIOLA		
FTLN 0584		I am no fee'd post, lady. Keep your purse.	
FTLN 0585		My master, not myself, lacks recompense.	290
FTLN 0586		Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,	
FTLN 0587		And let your fervor, like my master's, be	
FTLN 0588		Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty.	<i>She exits.</i>
FTLN 0589	OLIVIA	"What is your parentage?"	
FTLN 0590		"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.	295
FTLN 0591		I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art.	
FTLN 0592		Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit	
FTLN 0593		Do give thee fivefold blazon. Not too fast! Soft,	
FTLN 0594		soft!	
FTLN 0595		Unless the master were the man. How now?	300
FTLN 0596		Even so quickly may one catch the plague?	

FTLN 0597 Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
FTLN 0598 With an invisible and subtle stealth
FTLN 0599 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
FTLN 0600 What ho, Malvolio! 305

Enter Malvolio.

FTLN 0601	MALVOLIO	Here, madam, at your service.	
	OLIVIA		
FTLN 0602		Run after that same peevish messenger,	
FTLN 0603		The County's man. He left this ring behind him,	
FTLN 0604		Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.	
		<i>「She hands him a ring.」</i>	
FTLN 0605		Desire him not to flatter with his lord,	310
FTLN 0606		Nor hold him up with hopes. I am not for him.	
FTLN 0607		If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,	
FTLN 0608		I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.	
FTLN 0609	MALVOLIO	Madam, I will.	<i>He exits.</i>
	OLIVIA		
FTLN 0610		I do I know not what, and fear to find	315
FTLN 0611		Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.	
FTLN 0612		Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe.	
FTLN 0613		What is decreed must be, and be this so.	
		<i>「She exits.」</i>	

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

FTLN 0614	ANTONIO	Will you stay no longer? Nor will you not that	
FTLN 0615		I go with you?	
FTLN 0616	SEBASTIAN	By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly	
FTLN 0617		over me. The malignancy of my fate might perhaps	
FTLN 0618		distemper yours. Therefore I shall crave of you your	5
FTLN 0619		leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad	
FTLN 0620		recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.	
FTLN 0621	ANTONIO	Let me yet know of you whither you are	
FTLN 0622		bound.	
FTLN 0623	SEBASTIAN	No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is	10
FTLN 0624		mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent	
FTLN 0625		a touch of modesty that you will not extort	
FTLN 0626		from me what I am willing to keep in. Therefore it	
FTLN 0627		charges me in manners the rather to express myself.	
FTLN 0628		You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name	15
FTLN 0629		is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was	
FTLN 0630		that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have	
FTLN 0631		heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister,	
FTLN 0632		both born in an hour. If the heavens had been	
FTLN 0633		pleased, would we had so ended! But you, sir,	20
FTLN 0634		altered that, for some hour before you took me	
FTLN 0635		from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.	
FTLN 0636	ANTONIO	Alas the day!	

FTLN 0637 SEBASTIAN A lady, sir, though it was said she much
 FTLN 0638 resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful. 25
 FTLN 0639 But though I could not with such estimable
 FTLN 0640 wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly
 FTLN 0641 publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but
 FTLN 0642 call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water,
 FTLN 0643 though I seem to drown her remembrance again 30
 FTLN 0644 with more.

FTLN 0645 ANTONIO Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

FTLN 0646 SEBASTIAN O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

FTLN 0647 ANTONIO If you will not murder me for my love, let me
 FTLN 0648 be your servant. 35

FTLN 0649 SEBASTIAN If you will not undo what you have done—
 FTLN 0650 that is, kill him whom you have recovered—desire
 FTLN 0651 it not. Fare you well at once. My bosom is full of
 FTLN 0652 kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my
 FTLN 0653 mother that, upon the least occasion more, mine 40
 FTLN 0654 eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count
 FTLN 0655 Orsino's court. Farewell. *He exits.*

FTLN 0656 ANTONIO
 FTLN 0657 The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
 FTLN 0658 I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
 FTLN 0659 Else would I very shortly see thee there. 45
 FTLN 0660 But come what may, I do adore thee so
 That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.
He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

FTLN 0661 MALVOLIO Were not you even now with the Countess
 FTLN 0662 Olivia?

FTLN 0663 VIOLA Even now, sir. On a moderate pace I have since
 FTLN 0664 arrived but hither.

FTLN 0665 MALVOLIO She returns this ring to you, sir. You might 5

FTLN 0666 have saved me my pains to have taken it away
 FTLN 0667 yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put
 FTLN 0668 your lord into a desperate assurance she will none
 FTLN 0669 of him. And one thing more, that you be never so
 FTLN 0670 hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to 10
 FTLN 0671 report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.
 FTLN 0672 VIOLA She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.
 FTLN 0673 MALVOLIO Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and
 FTLN 0674 her will is it should be so returned. *He throws*
 FTLN 0675 *down the ring.* If it be worth stooping for, there it 15
 FTLN 0676 lies, in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

He exits.

VIOLA

FTLN 0677 I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
She picks up the ring.
 FTLN 0678 Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
 FTLN 0679 She made good view of me, indeed so much
 FTLN 0680 That methought her eyes had lost her tongue, 20
 FTLN 0681 For she did speak in starts distractedly.
 FTLN 0682 She loves me, sure! The cunning of her passion
 FTLN 0683 Invites me in this churlish messenger.
 FTLN 0684 None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none!
 FTLN 0685 I am the man. If it be so, as 'tis, 25
 FTLN 0686 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
 FTLN 0687 Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness
 FTLN 0688 Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
 FTLN 0689 How easy is it for the proper false
 FTLN 0690 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! 30
 FTLN 0691 Alas, *our* frailty is the cause, not we,
 FTLN 0692 For such as we are made *of,* such we be.
 FTLN 0693 How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
 FTLN 0694 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,
 FTLN 0695 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. 35
 FTLN 0696 What will become of this? As I am man,
 FTLN 0697 My state is desperate for my master's love.
 FTLN 0698 As I am woman (now, alas the day!),

FTLN 0728 FOOL I did impeticoes thy gratillity, for Malvolio's nose
 FTLN 0729 is no whipstock, my lady has a white hand, and the
 FTLN 0730 Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.
 FTLN 0731 ANDREW Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling when 30
 FTLN 0732 all is done. Now, a song!
 FTLN 0733 TOBY, *['giving money to the Fool']* Come on, there is
 FTLN 0734 sixpence for you. Let's have a song.
 FTLN 0735 ANDREW, *['giving money to the Fool']* There's a testril of
 FTLN 0736 me, too. If one knight give a— 35
 FTLN 0737 FOOL Would you have a love song or a song of good
 FTLN 0738 life?
 FTLN 0739 TOBY A love song, a love song.
 FTLN 0740 ANDREW Ay, ay, I care not for good life.
 FOOL *sings*
 FTLN 0741 *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?* 40
 FTLN 0742 *O, stay and hear! Your true love's coming,*
 FTLN 0743 *That can sing both high and low.*
 FTLN 0744 *Trip no further, pretty sweeting.*
 FTLN 0745 *Journeys end in lovers meeting,*
 FTLN 0746 *Every wise man's son doth know.* 45
 FTLN 0747 ANDREW Excellent good, i' faith!
 FTLN 0748 TOBY Good, good.
 FOOL *['sings']*
 FTLN 0749 *What is love? 'Tis not hereafter.*
 FTLN 0750 *Present mirth hath present laughter.*
 FTLN 0751 *What's to come is still unsure.* 50
 FTLN 0752 *In delay there lies no plenty,*
 FTLN 0753 *Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.*
 FTLN 0754 *Youth's a stuff will not endure.*
 FTLN 0755 ANDREW A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
 FTLN 0756 TOBY A contagious breath. 55
 FTLN 0757 ANDREW Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.
 FTLN 0758 TOBY To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
 FTLN 0759 But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall
 FTLN 0760 we rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw
 FTLN 0761 three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that? 60

FTLN 0762 ANDREW An you love me, let's do 't. I am dog at a
 FTLN 0763 catch.
 FTLN 0764 FOOL By 'r Lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
 FTLN 0765 ANDREW Most certain. Let our catch be "Thou
 FTLN 0766 Knave." 65
 FTLN 0767 FOOL "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be
 FTLN 0768 constrained in 't to call thee "knave," knight.
 FTLN 0769 ANDREW 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one
 FTLN 0770 to call me "knave." Begin, Fool. It begins "Hold
 FTLN 0771 thy peace." 70
 FTLN 0772 FOOL I shall never begin if I hold my peace.
 FTLN 0773 ANDREW Good, i' faith. Come, begin. *Catch sung.*

Enter Maria.

FTLN 0774 MARIA What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my
 FTLN 0775 lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and
 FTLN 0776 bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me. 75
 FTLN 0777 TOBY My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's
 FTLN 0778 a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *['Sings.] Three merry men be*
 FTLN 0779 *we. Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her*
 FTLN 0780 *blood? Tillyvally! "Lady"! ['Sings.] There dwelt a man*
 FTLN 0781 *in Babylon, lady, lady.* 80
 FTLN 0782 FOOL Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.
 FTLN 0783 ANDREW Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed,
 FTLN 0784 and so do I, too. He does it with a better grace, but
 FTLN 0785 I do it more natural.
 FTLN 0786 TOBY *['sings]* O' the twelfth day of December— 85
 FTLN 0787 MARIA For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

FTLN 0788 MALVOLIO My masters, are you mad? Or what are you?
 FTLN 0789 Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty but to
 FTLN 0790 gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you
 FTLN 0791 make an ale-house of my lady's house, that you 90
 FTLN 0792 squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation
 FTLN 0793 or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of
 FTLN 0794 place, persons, nor time in you?

FTLN 0795 TOBY We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

FTLN 0796 MALVOLIO Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady 95

FTLN 0797 bade me tell you that, though she harbors you as her

FTLN 0798 kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If

FTLN 0799 you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors,

FTLN 0800 you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would

FTLN 0801 please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to 100

FTLN 0802 bid you farewell.

FTLN 0803 TOBY *「sings」*

FTLN 0804 *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*

FTLN 0805 MARIA Nay, good Sir Toby.

FTLN 0806 FOOL *「sings」*

FTLN 0807 *His eyes do show his days are almost done.*

FTLN 0808 MALVOLIO Is 't even so? 105

FTLN 0809 TOBY *「sings」*

FTLN 0810 *But I will never die.*

FTLN 0811 FOOL *「sings」*

FTLN 0812 *Sir Toby, there you lie.*

FTLN 0813 MALVOLIO This is much credit to you.

FTLN 0814 TOBY *「sings」*

FTLN 0815 *Shall I bid him go?*

FTLN 0816 FOOL *「sings」*

FTLN 0817 *What an if you do?* 110

FTLN 0818 TOBY *「sings」*

FTLN 0819 *Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*

FTLN 0820 FOOL *「sings」*

FTLN 0821 *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

FTLN 0822 TOBY Out o' tune, sir? You lie. Art any more than a

FTLN 0823 steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,

FTLN 0824 there shall be no more cakes and ale? 115

FTLN 0825 FOOL Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' th'

FTLN 0826 mouth, too.

FTLN 0827 TOBY Thou 'rt i' th' right.—Go, sir, rub your chain

FTLN 0828 with crumbs.—A stoup of wine, Maria!

FTLN 0829 MALVOLIO Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor 120

FTLN 0830 at anything more than contempt, you would not give

FTLN 0823 means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by
 FTLN 0824 this hand. *He exits.*

FTLN 0825 MARIA Go shake your ears!

FTLN 0826 ANDREW 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a 125
 FTLN 0827 man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field and
 FTLN 0828 then to break promise with him and make a fool of
 FTLN 0829 him.

FTLN 0830 TOBY Do 't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge. Or I'll
 FTLN 0831 deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth. 130

FTLN 0832 MARIA Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the
 FTLN 0833 youth of the Count's was today with my lady, she is
 FTLN 0834 much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me
 FTLN 0835 alone with him. If I do not gull him into 'a nayword'
 FTLN 0836 and make him a common recreation, do not think I 135
 FTLN 0837 have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I
 FTLN 0838 can do it.

FTLN 0839 TOBY Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

FTLN 0840 MARIA Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

FTLN 0841 ANDREW O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog! 140

FTLN 0842 TOBY What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason,
 FTLN 0843 dear knight?

FTLN 0844 ANDREW I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have
 FTLN 0845 reason good enough.

FTLN 0846 MARIA The devil a puritan that he is, or anything 145
 FTLN 0847 constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass
 FTLN 0848 that cons state without book and utters it by great
 FTLN 0849 swaths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed,
 FTLN 0850 as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds
 FTLN 0851 of faith that all that look on him love him. And on 150
 FTLN 0852 that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause
 FTLN 0853 to work.

FTLN 0854 TOBY What wilt thou do?

FTLN 0855 MARIA I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of
 FTLN 0856 love, wherein by the color of his beard, the shape of 155
 FTLN 0857 his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his
 FTLN 0858 eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself

FTLN 0859	most feelingly personated. I can write very like my	
FTLN 0860	lady your niece; on a forgotten matter, we can	
FTLN 0861	hardly make distinction of our hands.	160
FTLN 0862	TOBY Excellent! I smell a device.	
FTLN 0863	ANDREW I have 't in my nose, too.	
FTLN 0864	TOBY He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop,	
FTLN 0865	that they come from my niece, and that she's in	
FTLN 0866	love with him.	165
FTLN 0867	MARIA My purpose is indeed a horse of that color.	
FTLN 0868	ANDREW And your horse now would make him an ass.	
FTLN 0869	MARIA Ass, I doubt not.	
FTLN 0870	ANDREW O, 'twill be admirable!	
FTLN 0871	MARIA Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic	170
FTLN 0872	will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the	
FTLN 0873	Fool make a third, where he shall find the letter.	
FTLN 0874	Observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed,	
FTLN 0875	and dream on the event. Farewell.	
FTLN 0876	TOBY Good night, Penthesilea.	<i>She exits.</i> 175
FTLN 0877	ANDREW Before me, she's a good wench.	
FTLN 0878	TOBY She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores	
FTLN 0879	me. What o' that?	
FTLN 0880	ANDREW I was adored once, too.	
FTLN 0881	TOBY Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for	180
FTLN 0882	more money.	
FTLN 0883	ANDREW If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way	
FTLN 0884	out.	
FTLN 0885	TOBY Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not i'	
FTLN 0886	th' end, call me "Cut."	185
FTLN 0887	ANDREW If I do not, never trust me, take it how you	
FTLN 0888	will.	
FTLN 0889	TOBY Come, come, I'll go burn some sack. 'Tis too	
FTLN 0890	late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.	
		<i>They exit.</i>

Scene 4

Enter 「Orsino,」 *Viola, Curio, and others.*

ORSINO

FTLN 0891 Give me some music. 「*Music plays.*」 Now, good
FTLN 0892 morrow, friends.—

FTLN 0893 Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
FTLN 0894 That old and antique song we heard last night.

FTLN 0895 Methought it did relieve my passion much, 5
FTLN 0896 More than light airs and recollected terms
FTLN 0897 Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

FTLN 0898 Come, but one verse.

FTLN 0899 CURIO He is not here, so please your lordship, that
FTLN 0900 should sing it. 10

FTLN 0901 ORSINO Who was it?

FTLN 0902 CURIO Feste the jester, my lord, a Fool that the Lady
FTLN 0903 Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about
FTLN 0904 the house.

ORSINO

FTLN 0905 Seek him out 「*Curio exits,*」 and play the tune the 15
FTLN 0906 while. *Music plays.*

FTLN 0907 「*To Viola.*」 Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
FTLN 0908 In the sweet pangs of it remember me,
FTLN 0909 For such as I am, all true lovers are,
FTLN 0910 Unstaid and skittish in all motions else 20
FTLN 0911 Save in the constant image of the creature
FTLN 0912 That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA

FTLN 0913 It gives a very echo to the seat
FTLN 0914 Where love is throned.

FTLN 0915 ORSINO Thou dost speak masterly. 25

FTLN 0916 My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
FTLN 0917 Hath stayed upon some favor that it loves.
FTLN 0918 Hath it not, boy?

FTLN 0919 VIOLA A little, by your favor.

ORSINO

FTLN 0920 What kind of woman is 't? 30

FTLN 0921 VIOLA Of your complexion.

ORSINO

FTLN 0922 She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

FTLN 0923 VIOLA About your years, my lord.

ORSINO

FTLN 0924 Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
FTLN 0925 An elder than herself. So wears she to him; 35

FTLN 0926 So sways she level in her husband's heart.

FTLN 0927 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,

FTLN 0928 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

FTLN 0929 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

FTLN 0930 Than women's are. 40

FTLN 0931 VIOLA I think it well, my lord.

ORSINO

FTLN 0932 Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

FTLN 0933 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.

FTLN 0934 For women are as roses, whose fair flower,

FTLN 0935 Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour. 45

VIOLA

FTLN 0936 And so they are. Alas, that they are so,

FTLN 0937 To die even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio and 'Feste, the Fool.'

ORSINO

FTLN 0938 O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.—

FTLN 0939 Mark it, Cesario. It is old and plain;

FTLN 0940 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun 50

FTLN 0941 And the free maids that weave their thread with

FTLN 0942 bones

FTLN 0943 Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,

FTLN 0944 And dallies with the innocence of love

FTLN 0945 Like the old age. 55

FTLN 0946 FOOL Are you ready, sir?

FTLN 0947 ORSINO Ay, prithee, sing. *Music.*

The Song.

[FOOL]

FTLN 0948 *Come away, come away, death,*
 FTLN 0949 *And in sad cypress let me be laid.*
 FTLN 0950 [Fly] away, [fly] away, breath, 60
 FTLN 0951 *I am slain by a fair cruel maid.*
 FTLN 0952 *My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,*
 FTLN 0953 *O, prepare it!*
 FTLN 0954 *My part of death, no one so true*
 FTLN 0955 *Did share it.* 65

FTLN 0956 *Not a flower, not a flower sweet*
 FTLN 0957 *On my black coffin let there be strown;*
 FTLN 0958 *Not a friend, not a friend greet*
 FTLN 0959 *My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.*
 FTLN 0960 *A thousand thousand sighs to save,* 70
 FTLN 0961 *Lay me, O, where*
 FTLN 0962 *Sad true lover never find my grave,*
 FTLN 0963 *To weep there.*

FTLN 0964 ORSINO, [giving money] There's for thy pains.
 FTLN 0965 FOOL No pains, sir. I take pleasure in singing, sir. 75
 FTLN 0966 ORSINO I'll pay thy pleasure, then.
 FTLN 0967 FOOL Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or
 FTLN 0968 another.

FTLN 0969 ORSINO Give me now leave to leave thee.
 FTLN 0970 FOOL Now the melancholy god protect thee, and the 80
 FTLN 0971 tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy
 FTLN 0972 mind is a very opal. I would have men of such
 FTLN 0973 constancy put to sea, that their business might be
 FTLN 0974 everything and their intent everywhere, for that's it
 FTLN 0975 that always makes a good voyage of nothing. 85
 FTLN 0976 Farewell. *He exits.*

ORSINO

FTLN 0977 Let all the rest give place.

FTLN 0978 *[All but Orsino and Viola exit.]*
 Once more, Cesario,

FTLN 0979 Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.
 FTLN 0980 Tell her my love, more noble than the world, 90
 FTLN 0981 Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.
 FTLN 0982 The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
 FTLN 0983 Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune.
 FTLN 0984 But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
 FTLN 0985 That nature pranks her in attracts my soul. 95
 FTLN 0986 VIOLA But if she cannot love you, sir—
 ORSINO
 FTLN 0987 [I] cannot be so answered.
 FTLN 0988 VIOLA Sooth, but you must.
 FTLN 0989 Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
 FTLN 0990 Hath for your love as great a pang of heart 100
 FTLN 0991 As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her;
 FTLN 0992 You tell her so. Must she not then be answered?
 FTLN 0993 ORSINO There is no woman's sides
 FTLN 0994 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
 FTLN 0995 As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart 105
 FTLN 0996 So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
 FTLN 0997 Alas, their love may be called appetite,
 FTLN 0998 No motion of the liver, but the palate,
 FTLN 0999 That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
 FTLN 1000 But mine is all as hungry as the sea, 110
 FTLN 1001 And can digest as much. Make no compare
 FTLN 1002 Between that love a woman can bear me
 FTLN 1003 And that I owe Olivia.
 FTLN 1004 VIOLA Ay, but I know—
 FTLN 1005 ORSINO What dost thou know? 115
 VIOLA
 FTLN 1006 Too well what love women to men may owe.
 FTLN 1007 In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
 FTLN 1008 My father had a daughter loved a man
 FTLN 1009 As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
 FTLN 1010 I should your Lordship. 120
 FTLN 1011 ORSINO And what's her history?

VIOLA

FTLN 1012 A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
 FTLN 1013 But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
 FTLN 1014 Feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought,
 FTLN 1015 And with a green and yellow melancholy 125
 FTLN 1016 She sat like Patience on a monument,
 FTLN 1017 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
 FTLN 1018 We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
 FTLN 1019 Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
 FTLN 1020 Much in our vows but little in our love. 130

ORSINO

FTLN 1021 But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA

FTLN 1022 I am all the daughters of my father's house,
 FTLN 1023 And all the brothers, too—and yet I know not.
 FTLN 1024 Sir, shall I to this lady?

FTLN 1025 ORSINO Ay, that's the theme. 135
 FTLN 1026 To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say
 FTLN 1027 My love can give no place, bide no denay.

He hands her a jewel and they exit.

Scene 5

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

FTLN 1028 TOBY Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
 FTLN 1029 FABIAN Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport,
 FTLN 1030 let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
 FTLN 1031 TOBY Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly
 FTLN 1032 rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame? 5
 FTLN 1033 FABIAN I would exult, man. You know he brought me
 FTLN 1034 out o' favor with my lady about a bearbaiting here.
 FTLN 1035 TOBY To anger him, we'll have the bear again, and we
 FTLN 1036 will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir
 FTLN 1037 Andrew? 10
 FTLN 1038 ANDREW An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

FTLN 1039 TOBY Here comes the little villain.—How now, my
FTLN 1040 metal of India?
FTLN 1041 MARIA Get you all three into the boxtree. Malvolio's
FTLN 1042 coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the 15
FTLN 1043 sun practicing behavior to his own shadow this half
FTLN 1044 hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I
FTLN 1045 know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of
FTLN 1046 him. Close, in the name of jesting! *「They hide.」* Lie
FTLN 1047 thou there *「putting down the letter,」* for here comes 20
FTLN 1048 the trout that must be caught with tickling.

She exits.

Enter Malvolio.

FTLN 1049 MALVOLIO 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once
FTLN 1050 told me she did affect me, and I have heard herself
FTLN 1051 come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be
FTLN 1052 one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a 25
FTLN 1053 more exalted respect than anyone else that follows
FTLN 1054 her. What should I think on 't?
FTLN 1055 TOBY, *「aside」* Here's an overweening rogue.
FTLN 1056 FABIAN, *「aside」* O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare
FTLN 1057 turkeycock of him. How he jets under his advanced 30
FTLN 1058 plumes!
FTLN 1059 ANDREW, *「aside」* 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!
FTLN 1060 TOBY, *「aside」* Peace, I say.
FTLN 1061 MALVOLIO To be Count Malvolio.
FTLN 1062 TOBY, *「aside」* Ah, rogue! 35
FTLN 1063 ANDREW, *「aside」* Pistol him, pistol him!
FTLN 1064 TOBY, *「aside」* Peace, peace!
FTLN 1065 MALVOLIO There is example for 't. The lady of the
FTLN 1066 Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
FTLN 1067 ANDREW, *「aside」* Fie on him, Jezebel! 40
FTLN 1068 FABIAN, *「aside」* O, peace, now he's deeply in. Look how
FTLN 1069 imagination blows him.

FTLN 1070 MALVOLIO Having been three months married to her,
 FTLN 1071 sitting in my state—

FTLN 1072 TOBY, *aside* O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye! 45

FTLN 1073 MALVOLIO Calling my officers about me, in my
 FTLN 1074 branched velvet gown, having come from a daybed,
 FTLN 1075 where I have left Olivia sleeping—

FTLN 1076 TOBY, *aside* Fire and brimstone!

FTLN 1077 FABIAN, *aside* O, peace, peace! 50

FTLN 1078 MALVOLIO And then to have the humor of state; and
 FTLN 1079 after a demure travel of regard, telling them I
 FTLN 1080 know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to
 FTLN 1081 ask for my kinsman Toby—

FTLN 1082 TOBY, *aside* Bolts and shackles! 55

FTLN 1083 FABIAN, *aside* O, peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

FTLN 1084 MALVOLIO Seven of my people, with an obedient start,
 FTLN 1085 make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance
 FTLN 1086 wind up my watch, or play with my—some
 FTLN 1087 rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me— 60

FTLN 1088 TOBY, *aside* Shall this fellow live?

FTLN 1089 FABIAN, *aside* Though our silence be drawn from us
 FTLN 1090 with cars, yet peace!

FTLN 1091 MALVOLIO I extend my hand to him thus, quenching
 FTLN 1092 my familiar smile with an austere regard of 65
 FTLN 1093 control—

FTLN 1094 TOBY, *aside* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the
 FTLN 1095 lips then?

FTLN 1096 MALVOLIO Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having
 FTLN 1097 cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of 70
 FTLN 1098 speech—"

FTLN 1099 TOBY, *aside* What, what?

FTLN 1100 MALVOLIO "You must amend your drunkenness."

FTLN 1101 TOBY, *aside* Out, scab!

FTLN 1102 FABIAN, *aside* Nay, patience, or we break the sinews 75
 FTLN 1103 of our plot!

FTLN 1104 MALVOLIO "Besides, you waste the treasure of your
 FTLN 1105 time with a foolish knight—"

FTLN 1106 ANDREW, *aside* That's me, I warrant you.

FTLN 1107 MALVOLIO "One Sir Andrew." 80

FTLN 1108 ANDREW, *aside* I knew 'twas I, for many do call me

FTLN 1109 fool.

FTLN 1110 MALVOLIO, *seeing the letter* What employment have

FTLN 1111 we here?

FTLN 1112 FABIAN, *aside* Now is the woodcock near the gin. 85

FTLN 1113 TOBY, *aside* O, peace, and the spirit of humors intimate

FTLN 1114 reading aloud to him.

FTLN 1115 MALVOLIO, *taking up the letter* By my life, this is my

FTLN 1116 lady's hand! These be her very *c*'s, her *u*'s, and her

FTLN 1117 *t*'s, and thus she makes her great *P*'s. It is in 90

FTLN 1118 contempt of question her hand.

FTLN 1119 ANDREW, *aside* Her *c*'s, her *u*'s, and her *t*'s. Why that?

FTLN 1120 MALVOLIO *reads* *To the unknown beloved, this, and my*

FTLN 1121 *good wishes*—Her very phrases! By your leave, wax.

FTLN 1122 Soft. And the impressure her Lucrece, with which 95

FTLN 1123 she uses to seal—'tis my lady! *He opens the letter.*

FTLN 1124 To whom should this be?

FTLN 1125 FABIAN, *aside* This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO *reads*

FTLN 1126 *Jove knows I love,*

FTLN 1127 *But who?* 100

FTLN 1128 *Lips, do not move;*

FTLN 1129 *No man must know.*

FTLN 1130 "No man must know." What follows? The numbers

FTLN 1131 altered. "No man must know." If this should be

FTLN 1132 thee, Malvolio! 105

FTLN 1133 TOBY, *aside* Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO *reads*

FTLN 1134 *I may command where I adore,*

FTLN 1135 *But silence, like a Lucrece knife,*

FTLN 1136 *With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;*

FTLN 1137 *M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.* 110

FTLN 1138 FABIAN, *aside* A fustian riddle!

FTLN 1139 TOBY, *aside* Excellent wench, say I.

FTLN 1140 MALVOLIO "M.O.A.I. doth sway my life." Nay, but first
 FTLN 1141 let me see, let me see, let me see.

FTLN 1142 FABIAN, *aside* What dish o' poison has she dressed 115
 FTLN 1143 him!

FTLN 1144 TOBY, *aside* And with what wing the *staniel* checks
 FTLN 1145 at it!

FTLN 1146 MALVOLIO "I may command where I adore." Why, she
 FTLN 1147 may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, 120
 FTLN 1148 this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no
 FTLN 1149 obstruction in this. And the end—what should that
 FTLN 1150 alphabetical position portend? If I could make that
 FTLN 1151 resemble something in me! Softly! "M.O.A.I."—

FTLN 1152 TOBY, *aside* O, ay, make up that.—He is now at a cold 125
 FTLN 1153 scent.

FTLN 1154 FABIAN, *aside* Sowter will cry upon 't for all this,
 FTLN 1155 though it be as rank as a fox.

FTLN 1156 MALVOLIO "M"—Malvolio. "M"—why, that begins
 FTLN 1157 my name! 130

FTLN 1158 FABIAN, *aside* Did not I say he would work it out? The
 FTLN 1159 cur is excellent at faults.

FTLN 1160 MALVOLIO "M." But then there is no consonancy in
 FTLN 1161 the sequel that suffers under probation. "A" should
 FTLN 1162 follow, but "O" does. 135

FTLN 1163 FABIAN, *aside* And "O" shall end, I hope.

FTLN 1164 TOBY, *aside* Ay, or I'll cudgel him and make him cry
 FTLN 1165 "O."

FTLN 1166 MALVOLIO And then "I" comes behind.

FTLN 1167 FABIAN, *aside* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you 140
 FTLN 1168 might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes
 FTLN 1169 before you.

FTLN 1170 MALVOLIO "M.O.A.I." This simulation is not as the
 FTLN 1171 former, and yet to crush this a little, it would bow
 FTLN 1172 to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. 145
 FTLN 1173 Soft, here follows prose.

FTLN 1174 *He reads.* If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my
 FTLN 1175 stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness.

FTLN 1176	<i>Some are 'born' great, some 'achieve' greatness, and</i>	
FTLN 1177	<i>some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates open</i>	150
FTLN 1178	<i>their hands. Let thy blood and spirit embrace them.</i>	
FTLN 1179	<i>And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast</i>	
FTLN 1180	<i>thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with</i>	
FTLN 1181	<i>a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang</i>	
FTLN 1182	<i>arguments of state. Put thyself into the trick of singularity.</i>	155
FTLN 1183	<i>She thus advises thee that sighs for thee.</i>	
FTLN 1184	<i>Remember who commended thy yellow stockings and</i>	
FTLN 1185	<i>wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember.</i>	
FTLN 1186	<i>Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so. If</i>	
FTLN 1187	<i>not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of</i>	160
FTLN 1188	<i>servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers.</i>	
FTLN 1189	<i>Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,</i>	
FTLN 1190	<i>The Fortunate-Unhappy.</i>	
FTLN 1191	<i>Daylight and champion discovers not more! This is</i>	
FTLN 1192	<i>open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I</i>	165
FTLN 1193	<i>will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance,</i>	
FTLN 1194	<i>I will be point-devise the very man. I do not</i>	
FTLN 1195	<i>now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for</i>	
FTLN 1196	<i>every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me.</i>	
FTLN 1197	<i>She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she</i>	170
FTLN 1198	<i>did praise my leg being cross-gartered, and in this</i>	
FTLN 1199	<i>she manifests herself to my love and, with a kind of</i>	
FTLN 1200	<i>injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I</i>	
FTLN 1201	<i>thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout,</i>	
FTLN 1202	<i>in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with</i>	175
FTLN 1203	<i>the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be</i>	
FTLN 1204	<i>praised! Here is yet a postscript.</i>	
FTLN 1205	<i>'He reads.' Thou canst not choose but know who I</i>	
FTLN 1206	<i>am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy</i>	
FTLN 1207	<i>smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my</i>	180
FTLN 1208	<i>presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.</i>	
FTLN 1209	<i>Jove, I thank thee! I will smile. I will do everything</i>	
FTLN 1210	<i>that thou wilt have me.</i>	<i>He exits.</i>

FTLN 1211 FABIAN I will not give my part of this sport for a
 FTLN 1212 pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. 185
 FTLN 1213 TOBY I could marry this wench for this device.
 FTLN 1214 ANDREW So could I too.
 FTLN 1215 TOBY And ask no other dowry with her but such
 FTLN 1216 another jest.
 FTLN 1217 ANDREW Nor I neither. 190

Enter Maria.

FTLN 1218 FABIAN Here comes my noble gull-catcher.
 FTLN 1219 TOBY Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?
 FTLN 1220 ANDREW Or o' mine either?
 FTLN 1221 TOBY Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip and become
 FTLN 1222 thy bonds slave? 195
 FTLN 1223 ANDREW I' faith, or I either?
 FTLN 1224 TOBY Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that
 FTLN 1225 when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.
 FTLN 1226 MARIA Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?
 FTLN 1227 TOBY Like aqua vitae with a midwife. 200
 FTLN 1228 MARIA If you will then see the fruits of the sport,
 FTLN 1229 mark his first approach before my lady. He will
 FTLN 1230 come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color
 FTLN 1231 she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests;
 FTLN 1232 and he will smile upon her, which will now 205
 FTLN 1233 be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted
 FTLN 1234 to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot
 FTLN 1235 but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will
 FTLN 1236 see it, follow me.
 FTLN 1237 TOBY To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil 210
 FTLN 1238 of wit!
 FTLN 1239 ANDREW I'll make one, too.

They exit.

ACT 3

Scene 1

Enter Viola and Feste, the Fool, playing a tabor.

FTLN 1240	VIOLA	Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live	
FTLN 1241		by thy tabor?	
FTLN 1242	FOOL	No, sir, I live by the church.	
FTLN 1243	VIOLA	Art thou a churchman?	
FTLN 1244	FOOL	No such matter, sir. I do live by the church, for I	5
FTLN 1245		do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the	
FTLN 1246		church.	
FTLN 1247	VIOLA	So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar if a	
FTLN 1248		beggar dwell near him, or the church stands by thy	
FTLN 1249		tabor if thy tabor stand by the church.	10
FTLN 1250	FOOL	You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is	
FTLN 1251		but a chev'ril glove to a good wit. How quickly the	
FTLN 1252		wrong side may be turned outward!	
FTLN 1253	VIOLA	Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with	
FTLN 1254		words may quickly make them wanton.	15
FTLN 1255	FOOL	I would therefore my sister had had no name,	
FTLN 1256		sir.	
FTLN 1257	VIOLA	Why, man?	
FTLN 1258	FOOL	Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with	
FTLN 1259		that word might make my sister wanton. But,	20
FTLN 1260		indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgraced	
FTLN 1261		them.	
FTLN 1262	VIOLA	Thy reason, man?	

FTLN 1263	FOOL	Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words,	
FTLN 1264		and words are grown so false I am loath to prove	25
FTLN 1265		reason with them.	
FTLN 1266	VIOLA	I warrant thou art a merry fellow and car'st for	
FTLN 1267		nothing.	
FTLN 1268	FOOL	Not so, sir. I do care for something. But in my	
FTLN 1269		conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to	30
FTLN 1270		care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you	
FTLN 1271		invisible.	
FTLN 1272	VIOLA	Art not thou the Lady Olivia's Fool?	
FTLN 1273	FOOL	No, indeed, sir. The Lady Olivia has no folly. She	
FTLN 1274		will keep no Fool, sir, till she be married, and Fools	35
FTLN 1275		are as like husbands as pilchers are to herrings: the	
FTLN 1276		husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her Fool but	
FTLN 1277		her corrupter of words.	
FTLN 1278	VIOLA	I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.	
FTLN 1279	FOOL	Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the	40
FTLN 1280		sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but	
FTLN 1281		the Fool should be as oft with your master as with	
FTLN 1282		my mistress. I think I saw your Wisdom there.	
FTLN 1283	VIOLA	Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with	
FTLN 1284		thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee. <i>['Giving a coin.']</i>	45
FTLN 1285	FOOL	Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send	
FTLN 1286		thee a beard!	
FTLN 1287	VIOLA	By my troth I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for	
FTLN 1288		one, <i>['aside']</i> though I would not have it grow on my	
FTLN 1289		chin.—Is thy lady within?	50
FTLN 1290	FOOL	Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?	
FTLN 1291	VIOLA	Yes, being kept together and put to use.	
FTLN 1292	FOOL	I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to	
FTLN 1293		bring a Cressida to this Troilus.	
FTLN 1294	VIOLA	I understand you, sir. 'Tis well begged. <i>['Giving another coin.']</i>	55
FTLN 1295	FOOL	The matter I hope is not great, sir, begging but a	
FTLN 1296		beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir.	

FTLN 1297 I will conster to them whence you come. Who you
 FTLN 1298 are and what you would are out of my welkin—I
 FTLN 1299 might say “element,” but the word is overworn. 60

He exits.

VIOLA

FTLN 1300 This fellow is wise enough to play the Fool,
 FTLN 1301 And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
 FTLN 1302 He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
 FTLN 1303 The quality of persons, and the time,
 FTLN 1304 And, like the haggard, check at every feather 65
 FTLN 1305 That comes before his eye. This is a practice
 FTLN 1306 As full of labor as a wise man’s art:
 FTLN 1307 For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
 FTLN 1308 But “wise men,” folly-fall’n, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

FTLN 1309 TOBY Save you, gentleman. 70

FTLN 1310 VIOLA And you, sir.

FTLN 1311 ANDREW *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

FTLN 1312 VIOLA *Et vous aussi. Votre serviteur!*

FTLN 1313 ANDREW I hope, sir, you are, and I am yours.

FTLN 1314 TOBY Will you encounter the house? My niece is 75
 FTLN 1315 desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

FTLN 1316 VIOLA I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the
 FTLN 1317 list of my voyage.

FTLN 1318 TOBY Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

FTLN 1319 VIOLA My legs do better understand me, sir, than I 80
 FTLN 1320 understand what you mean by bidding me taste my
 FTLN 1321 legs.

FTLN 1322 TOBY I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

FTLN 1323 VIOLA I will answer you with gait and entrance—but 85
 FTLN 1324 we are prevented.

Enter Olivia, and “Maria, her” Gentlewoman.

FTLN 1325 Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain
 FTLN 1326 odors on you!

FTLN 1327	ANDREW, <i>aside</i> That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain	
FTLN 1328	odors," well.	
FTLN 1329	VIOLA My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own	90
FTLN 1330	most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.	
FTLN 1331	ANDREW, <i>aside</i> "Odors," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed."	
FTLN 1332	I'll get 'em all three all ready.	
FTLN 1333	OLIVIA Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to	
FTLN 1334	my hearing. <i>['Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria exit.]</i>	95
FTLN 1335	Give me your hand, sir.	
	VIOLA	
FTLN 1336	My duty, madam, and most humble service.	
FTLN 1337	OLIVIA What is your name?	
	VIOLA	
FTLN 1338	Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.	
	OLIVIA	
FTLN 1339	My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world	100
FTLN 1340	Since lowly feigning was called compliment.	
FTLN 1341	You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.	
	VIOLA	
FTLN 1342	And he is yours, and his must needs be yours.	
FTLN 1343	Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.	
	OLIVIA	
FTLN 1344	For him, I think not on him. For his thoughts,	105
FTLN 1345	Would they were blanks rather than filled with me.	
	VIOLA	
FTLN 1346	Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts	
FTLN 1347	On his behalf.	
FTLN 1348	OLIVIA O, by your leave, I pray you.	
FTLN 1349	I bade you never speak again of him.	110
FTLN 1350	But would you undertake another suit,	
FTLN 1351	I had rather hear you to solicit that	
FTLN 1352	Than music from the spheres.	
FTLN 1353	VIOLA Dear lady—	
	OLIVIA	
FTLN 1354	Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,	115
FTLN 1355	After the last enchantment you did here,	

FTLN 1356	A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse	
FTLN 1357	Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.	
FTLN 1358	Under your hard construction must I sit,	
FTLN 1359	To force that on you in a shameful cunning	120
FTLN 1360	Which you knew none of yours. What might you	
FTLN 1361	think?	
FTLN 1362	Have you not set mine honor at the stake,	
FTLN 1363	And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts	
FTLN 1364	That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your	125
FTLN 1365	receiving	
FTLN 1366	Enough is shown. A cypress, not a bosom,	
FTLN 1367	Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.	
	VIOLA	
FTLN 1368	I pity you.	
FTLN 1369	OLIVIA That's a degree to love.	130
	VIOLA	
FTLN 1370	No, not a grize, for 'tis a vulgar proof	
FTLN 1371	That very oft we pity enemies.	
	OLIVIA	
FTLN 1372	Why then methinks 'tis time to smile again.	
FTLN 1373	O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!	
FTLN 1374	If one should be a prey, how much the better	135
FTLN 1375	To fall before the lion than the wolf. <i>Clock strikes.</i>	
FTLN 1376	The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.	
FTLN 1377	Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you.	
FTLN 1378	And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest,	
FTLN 1379	Your wife is like to reap a proper man.	140
FTLN 1380	There lies your way, due west.	
FTLN 1381	VIOLA Then westward ho!	
FTLN 1382	Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship.	
FTLN 1383	You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?	
	OLIVIA	
FTLN 1384	Stay. I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.	145
	VIOLA	
FTLN 1385	That you do think you are not what you are.	

OLIVIA

FTLN 1386 If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIOLA

FTLN 1387 Then think you right. I am not what I am.

OLIVIA

FTLN 1388 I would you were as I would have you be.

VIOLA

FTLN 1389 Would it be better, madam, than I am? 150

FTLN 1390 I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

OLIVIA, *aside*

FTLN 1391 O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

FTLN 1392 In the contempt and anger of his lip!

FTLN 1393 A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon

FTLN 1394 Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is 155

FTLN 1395 noon.—

FTLN 1396 Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

FTLN 1397 By maidhood, honor, truth, and everything,

FTLN 1398 I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

FTLN 1399 Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide. 160

FTLN 1400 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

FTLN 1401 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

FTLN 1402 But rather reason thus with reason fetter:

FTLN 1403 Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

VIOLA

FTLN 1404 By innocence I swear, and by my youth, 165

FTLN 1405 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

FTLN 1406 And that no woman has, nor never none

FTLN 1407 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

FTLN 1408 And so adieu, good madam. Nevermore

FTLN 1409 Will I my master's tears to you deplore. 170

OLIVIA

FTLN 1410 Yet come again, for thou perhaps mayst move

FTLN 1411 That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

They exit in different directions.

Scene 2

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

FTLN 1412	ANDREW	No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.	
FTLN 1413	TOBY	Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.	
FTLN 1414	FABIAN	You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.	
FTLN 1415	ANDREW	Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the	
FTLN 1416		Count's servingman than ever she bestowed upon	5
FTLN 1417		me. I saw 't i' th' orchard.	
FTLN 1418	TOBY	Did she see 'thee' the while, old boy? Tell me	
FTLN 1419		that.	
FTLN 1420	ANDREW	As plain as I see you now.	
FTLN 1421	FABIAN	This was a great argument of love in her toward	10
FTLN 1422		you.	
FTLN 1423	ANDREW	'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?	
FTLN 1424	FABIAN	I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of	
FTLN 1425		judgment and reason.	
FTLN 1426	TOBY	And they have been grand-jurymen since before	15
FTLN 1427		Noah was a sailor.	
FTLN 1428	FABIAN	She did show favor to the youth in your sight	
FTLN 1429		only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse	
FTLN 1430		valor, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in	
FTLN 1431		your liver. You should then have accosted her, and	20
FTLN 1432		with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint,	
FTLN 1433		you should have banged the youth into dumbness.	
FTLN 1434		This was looked for at your hand, and this was	
FTLN 1435		balked. The double guilt of this opportunity you let	
FTLN 1436		time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north	25
FTLN 1437		of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an	
FTLN 1438		icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem	
FTLN 1439		it by some laudable attempt either of valor or	
FTLN 1440		policy.	
FTLN 1441	ANDREW	An 't be any way, it must be with valor, for	30
FTLN 1442		policy I hate. I had as lief be a Brownist as a	
FTLN 1443		politician.	
FTLN 1444	TOBY	Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis	

FTLN 1445 of valor. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight
 FTLN 1446 with him. Hurt him in eleven places. My niece shall 35
 FTLN 1447 take note of it, and assure thyself, there is no
 FTLN 1448 love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's
 FTLN 1449 commendation with woman than report of valor.
 FTLN 1450 FABIAN There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.
 FTLN 1451 ANDREW Will either of you bear me a challenge to him? 40
 FTLN 1452 TOBY Go, write it in a martial hand. Be curst and
 FTLN 1453 brief. It is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent
 FTLN 1454 and full of invention. Taunt him with the license of
 FTLN 1455 ink. If thou "thou"-est him some thrice, it shall not
 FTLN 1456 be amiss, and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of 45
 FTLN 1457 paper, although the sheet were big enough for the
 FTLN 1458 bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go, about it.
 FTLN 1459 Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou
 FTLN 1460 write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.
 FTLN 1461 ANDREW Where shall I find you? 50
 FTLN 1462 TOBY We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

Sir Andrew exits.

FTLN 1463 FABIAN This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.
 FTLN 1464 TOBY I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand
 FTLN 1465 strong, or so.
 FTLN 1466 FABIAN We shall have a rare letter from him. But you'll 55
 FTLN 1467 not deliver 't?
 FTLN 1468 TOBY Never trust me, then. And by all means stir on
 FTLN 1469 the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes
 FTLN 1470 cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were
 FTLN 1471 opened and you find so much blood in his liver as 60
 FTLN 1472 will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th'
 FTLN 1473 anatomy.
 FTLN 1474 FABIAN And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage
 FTLN 1475 no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

FTLN 1476 TOBY Look where the youngest wren of mine comes. 65
 FTLN 1477 MARIA If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves

FTLN 1478	into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is	
FTLN 1479	turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no	
FTLN 1480	Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly	
FTLN 1481	can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness.	70
FTLN 1482	He's in yellow stockings.	
FTLN 1483	TOBY And cross-gartered?	
FTLN 1484	MARIA Most villainously, like a pedant that keeps a	
FTLN 1485	school i' th' church. I have dogged him like his	
FTLN 1486	murderer. He does obey every point of the letter	75
FTLN 1487	that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face	
FTLN 1488	into more lines than is in the new map with the	
FTLN 1489	augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such	
FTLN 1490	a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at	
FTLN 1491	him. I know my lady will strike him. If she do, he'll	80
FTLN 1492	smile and take 't for a great favor.	
FTLN 1493	TOBY Come, bring us, bring us where he is.	
	<i>They all exit.</i>	

Scene 3

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

SEBASTIAN

FTLN 1494	I would not by my will have troubled you,
FTLN 1495	But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
FTLN 1496	I will no further chide you.

ANTONIO

FTLN 1497	I could not stay behind you. My desire,	
FTLN 1498	More sharp than filèd steel, did spur me forth;	5
FTLN 1499	And not all love to see you, though so much	
FTLN 1500	As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,	
FTLN 1501	But jealousy what might befall your travel,	
FTLN 1502	Being skill-less in these parts, which to a stranger,	
FTLN 1503	Unguided and unfriended, often prove	10
FTLN 1504	Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,	
FTLN 1505	The rather by these arguments of fear,	
FTLN 1506	Set forth in your pursuit.	

FTLN 1507	SEBASTIAN	My kind Antonio,	
FTLN 1508		I can no other answer make but thanks,	15
FTLN 1509		And thanks, and ever 「thanks; and」 oft good turns	
FTLN 1510		Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.	
FTLN 1511		But were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,	
FTLN 1512		You should find better dealing. What's to do?	
FTLN 1513		Shall we go see the relics of this town?	20
	ANTONIO		
FTLN 1514		Tomorrow, sir. Best first go see your lodging.	
	SEBASTIAN		
FTLN 1515		I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.	
FTLN 1516		I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes	
FTLN 1517		With the memorials and the things of fame	
FTLN 1518		That do renown this city.	25
FTLN 1519	ANTONIO	Would you'd pardon me.	
FTLN 1520		I do not without danger walk these streets.	
FTLN 1521		Once in a sea fight 'gainst the Count his galleys	
FTLN 1522		I did some service, of such note indeed	
FTLN 1523		That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answered.	30
	SEBASTIAN		
FTLN 1524		Belike you slew great number of his people?	
	ANTONIO		
FTLN 1525		Th' offense is not of such a bloody nature,	
FTLN 1526		Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel	
FTLN 1527		Might well have given us bloody argument.	
FTLN 1528		It might have since been answered in repaying	35
FTLN 1529		What we took from them, which, for traffic's sake,	
FTLN 1530		Most of our city did. Only myself stood out,	
FTLN 1531		For which, if I be lapsèd in this place,	
FTLN 1532		I shall pay dear.	
FTLN 1533	SEBASTIAN	Do not then walk too open.	40
	ANTONIO		
FTLN 1534		It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.	
		<i>「Giving him money.」</i>	
FTLN 1535		In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,	
FTLN 1536		Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet	

FTLN 1537 Whiles you beguile the time and feed your
 FTLN 1538 knowledge 45
 FTLN 1539 With viewing of the town. There shall you have me.
 FTLN 1540 SEBASTIAN Why I your purse?
 ANTONIO
 FTLN 1541 Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
 FTLN 1542 You have desire to purchase, and your store,
 FTLN 1543 I think, is not for idle markets, sir. 50
 SEBASTIAN
 FTLN 1544 I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
 FTLN 1545 For an hour.
 FTLN 1546 ANTONIO To th' Elephant.
 FTLN 1547 SEBASTIAN I do remember.
They exit [in different directions.]

Scene 4
Enter Olivia and Maria.

OLIVIA, [aside]
 FTLN 1548 I have sent after him. He says he'll come.
 FTLN 1549 How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
 FTLN 1550 For youth is bought more oft than begged or
 FTLN 1551 borrowed.
 FTLN 1552 I speak too loud.— 5
 FTLN 1553 Where's Malvolio? He is sad and civil
 FTLN 1554 And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
 FTLN 1555 Where is Malvolio?
 FTLN 1556 MARIA He's coming, madam, but in very strange manner.
 FTLN 1557 He is sure possessed, madam. 10
 FTLN 1558 OLIVIA Why, what's the matter? Does he rave?
 FTLN 1559 MARIA No, madam, he does nothing but smile. Your
 FTLN 1560 Ladyship were best to have some guard about you if
 FTLN 1561 he come, for sure the man is tainted in 's wits.
 OLIVIA
 FTLN 1562 Go call him hither. [Maria exits.] I am as mad as he, 15
 FTLN 1563 If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter [Maria with] Malvolio.

FTLN 1564	How now, Malvolio?	
FTLN 1565	MALVOLIO Sweet lady, ho, ho!	
FTLN 1566	OLIVIA Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad	
FTLN 1567	occasion.	20
FTLN 1568	MALVOLIO Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make	
FTLN 1569	some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering,	
FTLN 1570	but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is	
FTLN 1571	with me as the very true sonnet is: "Please one, and	
FTLN 1572	please all."	25
FTLN 1573	[OLIVIA] Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter	
FTLN 1574	with thee?	
FTLN 1575	MALVOLIO Not black in my mind, though yellow in my	
FTLN 1576	legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall	
FTLN 1577	be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman	30
FTLN 1578	hand.	
FTLN 1579	OLIVIA Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?	
FTLN 1580	MALVOLIO To bed? "Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to	
FTLN 1581	thee."	
FTLN 1582	OLIVIA God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and	35
FTLN 1583	kiss thy hand so oft?	
FTLN 1584	MARIA How do you, Malvolio?	
FTLN 1585	MALVOLIO At your request? Yes, nightingales answer	
FTLN 1586	daws!	
FTLN 1587	MARIA Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness	40
FTLN 1588	before my lady?	
FTLN 1589	MALVOLIO "Be not afraid of greatness." 'Twas well	
FTLN 1590	writ.	
FTLN 1591	OLIVIA What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?	
FTLN 1592	MALVOLIO "Some are born great—"	45
FTLN 1593	OLIVIA Ha?	
FTLN 1594	MALVOLIO "Some achieve greatness—"	
FTLN 1595	OLIVIA What sayst thou?	
FTLN 1596	MALVOLIO "And some have greatness thrust upon	
FTLN 1597	them."	50

FTLN 1598 OLIVIA Heaven restore thee!

FTLN 1599 MALVOLIO "Remember who commended thy yellow
FTLN 1600 stockings—"

FTLN 1601 OLIVIA Thy yellow stockings?

FTLN 1602 MALVOLIO "And wished to see thee cross-gartered." 55

FTLN 1603 OLIVIA Cross-gartered?

FTLN 1604 MALVOLIO "Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be
FTLN 1605 so—"

FTLN 1606 OLIVIA Am I made?

FTLN 1607 MALVOLIO "If not, let me see thee a servant still." 60

FTLN 1608 OLIVIA Why, this is very midsummer madness!

Enter Servant.

FTLN 1609 SERVANT Madam, the young gentleman of the Count
FTLN 1610 Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him
FTLN 1611 back. He attends your Ladyship's pleasure.

FTLN 1612 OLIVIA I'll come to him. *「Servant exits.」* Good Maria, let 65
FTLN 1613 this fellow be looked to. Where's my Cousin Toby?
FTLN 1614 Let some of my people have a special care of him. I
FTLN 1615 would not have him miscarry for the half of my
FTLN 1616 dowry.

「Olivia and Maria」 exit 「in different directions.」

FTLN 1617 MALVOLIO O ho, do you come near me now? No worse 70
FTLN 1618 man than Sir Toby to look to me. This concurs
FTLN 1619 directly with the letter. She sends him on purpose
FTLN 1620 that I may appear stubborn to him, for she incites
FTLN 1621 me to that in the letter: "Cast thy humble slough,"
FTLN 1622 says she. "Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with 75
FTLN 1623 servants; let thy tongue *「tang」* with arguments of
FTLN 1624 state; put thyself into the trick of singularity," and
FTLN 1625 consequently sets down the manner how: as, a sad
FTLN 1626 face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit
FTLN 1627 of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her, 80
FTLN 1628 but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful!
FTLN 1629 And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be
FTLN 1630 looked to." "Fellow!" Not "Malvolio," nor after my

FTLN 1631 degree, but “fellow.” Why, everything adheres together,
 FTLN 1632 that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a 85
 FTLN 1633 scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe
 FTLN 1634 circumstance—what can be said? Nothing that can
 FTLN 1635 be can come between me and the full prospect of
 FTLN 1636 my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and
 FTLN 1637 he is to be thanked. 90

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

FTLN 1638 TOBY Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all
 FTLN 1639 the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion
 FTLN 1640 himself possessed him, yet I’ll speak to him.
 FTLN 1641 FABIAN Here he is, here he is.—How is ’t with you, sir?
 FTLN 1642 How is ’t with you, man? 95
 FTLN 1643 MALVOLIO Go off, I discard you. Let me enjoy my
 FTLN 1644 private. Go off.
 FTLN 1645 MARIA, *‘to Toby’* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks
 FTLN 1646 within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady
 FTLN 1647 prays you to have a care of him. 100
 FTLN 1648 MALVOLIO Aha, does she so?
 FTLN 1649 TOBY, *‘to Fabian and Maria’* Go to, go to! Peace, peace.
 FTLN 1650 We must deal gently with him. Let me alone.—How
 FTLN 1651 do you, Malvolio? How is ’t with you? What, man,
 FTLN 1652 defy the devil! Consider, he’s an enemy to mankind. 105
 FTLN 1653 MALVOLIO Do you know what you say?
 FTLN 1654 MARIA, *‘to Toby’* La you, an you speak ill of the devil,
 FTLN 1655 how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not
 FTLN 1656 bewitched!
 FTLN 1657 FABIAN Carry his water to th’ wisewoman. 110
 FTLN 1658 MARIA Marry, and it shall be done tomorrow morning
 FTLN 1659 if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than
 FTLN 1660 I’ll say.
 FTLN 1661 MALVOLIO How now, mistress?
 FTLN 1662 MARIA O Lord! 115
 FTLN 1663 TOBY Prithee, hold thy peace. This is not the way. Do
 FTLN 1664 you not see you move him? Let me alone with
 FTLN 1665 him.

FTLN 1666 FABIAN No way but gentleness, gently, gently. The
 FTLN 1667 fiend is rough and will not be roughly used. 120
 FTLN 1668 TOBY, *['to Malvolio']* Why, how now, my bawcock? How
 FTLN 1669 dost thou, chuck?
 FTLN 1670 MALVOLIO Sir!
 FTLN 1671 TOBY Ay, biddy, come with me.—What, man, 'tis not
 FTLN 1672 for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang 125
 FTLN 1673 him, foul collier!
 FTLN 1674 MARIA Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby; get
 FTLN 1675 him to pray.
 FTLN 1676 MALVOLIO My prayers, minx?
 FTLN 1677 MARIA, *['to Toby']* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of 130
 FTLN 1678 godliness.
 FTLN 1679 MALVOLIO Go hang yourselves all! You are idle, shallow
 FTLN 1680 things. I am not of your element. You shall
 FTLN 1681 know more hereafter. *He exits.*
 FTLN 1682 TOBY Is 't possible? 135
 FTLN 1683 FABIAN If this were played upon a stage now, I could
 FTLN 1684 condemn it as an improbable fiction.
 FTLN 1685 TOBY His very genius hath taken the infection of the
 FTLN 1686 device, man.
 FTLN 1687 MARIA Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air 140
 FTLN 1688 and taint.
 FTLN 1689 FABIAN Why, we shall make him mad indeed.
 FTLN 1690 MARIA The house will be the quieter.
 FTLN 1691 TOBY Come, we'll have him in a dark room and
 FTLN 1692 bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's 145
 FTLN 1693 mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his
 FTLN 1694 penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath,
 FTLN 1695 prompt us to have mercy on him, at which time we
 FTLN 1696 will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a
 FTLN 1697 finder of madmen. But see, but see! 150

Enter Sir Andrew.

FTLN 1698 FABIAN More matter for a May morning.
 FTLN 1699 ANDREW, *['presenting a paper']* Here's the challenge.
 FTLN 1700 Read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

FTLN 1701	FABIAN	Is 't so saucy?	
FTLN 1702	ANDREW	Ay, is 't. I warrant him. Do but read.	155
FTLN 1703	TOBY	Give me. <i>「He reads.」 Youth, whatsoever thou art,</i>	
FTLN 1704		<i>thou art but a scurvy fellow.</i>	
FTLN 1705	FABIAN	Good, and valiant.	
FTLN 1706	TOBY	<i>「reads」 Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind,</i>	
FTLN 1707		<i>why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason</i>	160
FTLN 1708		<i>for 't.</i>	
FTLN 1709	FABIAN	A good note, that keeps you from the blow of	
FTLN 1710		the law.	
FTLN 1711	TOBY	<i>「reads」 Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my</i>	
FTLN 1712		<i>sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy throat;</i>	165
FTLN 1713		<i>that is not the matter I challenge thee for.</i>	
FTLN 1714	FABIAN	Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.	
FTLN 1715	TOBY	<i>「reads」 I will waylay thee going home, where if it be</i>	
FTLN 1716		<i>thy chance to kill me—</i>	
FTLN 1717	FABIAN	Good.	170
FTLN 1718	TOBY	<i>「reads」 Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.</i>	
FTLN 1719	FABIAN	Still you keep o' th' windy side of the law.	
FTLN 1720		Good.	
FTLN 1721	TOBY	<i>「reads」 Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon</i>	
FTLN 1722		<i>one of our souls. He may have mercy upon mine, but</i>	175
FTLN 1723		<i>my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as</i>	
FTLN 1724		<i>thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,</i>	
FTLN 1725		<i>Andrew Aguecheek.</i>	
FTLN 1726		If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll	
FTLN 1727		give 't him.	180
FTLN 1728	MARIA	You may have very fit occasion for 't. He is now	
FTLN 1729		in some commerce with my lady, and will by and	
FTLN 1730		by depart.	
FTLN 1731	TOBY	Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner	
FTLN 1732		of the orchard like a bum-bailly. So soon as ever	185
FTLN 1733		thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, swear	
FTLN 1734		horrible, for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath,	
FTLN 1735		with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives	
FTLN 1736		manhood more approbation than ever proof itself	
FTLN 1737		would have earned him. Away!	190

FTLN 1738 ANDREW Nay, let me alone for swearing. *He exits.*
 FTLN 1739 TOBY Now will not I deliver his letter, for the behavior
 FTLN 1740 of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good
 FTLN 1741 capacity and breeding; his employment between
 FTLN 1742 his lord and my niece confirms no less. Therefore, 195
 FTLN 1743 this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed
 FTLN 1744 no terror in the youth. He will find it comes from a
 FTLN 1745 clodpoll. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by
 FTLN 1746 word of mouth, set upon Aguecheek a notable
 FTLN 1747 report of valor, and drive the gentleman (as I know 200
 FTLN 1748 his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous
 FTLN 1749 opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This
 FTLN 1750 will so fright them both that they will kill one
 FTLN 1751 another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

FTLN 1752 FABIAN Here he comes with your niece. Give them 205
 FTLN 1753 way till he take leave, and presently after him.
 FTLN 1754 TOBY I will meditate the while upon some horrid
 FTLN 1755 message for a challenge.

['Toby, Fabian, and Maria exit.']

OLIVIA

FTLN 1756 I have said too much unto a heart of stone
 FTLN 1757 And laid mine honor too uncharly on 't. 210
 FTLN 1758 There's something in me that reproves my fault,
 FTLN 1759 But such a headstrong potent fault it is
 FTLN 1760 That it but mocks reproof.

VIOLA

FTLN 1761 With the same 'havior that your passion bears
 FTLN 1762 Goes on my master's griefs. 215

OLIVIA

FTLN 1763 Here, wear this jewel for me. 'Tis my picture.
 FTLN 1764 Refuse it not. It hath no tongue to vex you.
 FTLN 1765 And I beseech you come again tomorrow.
 FTLN 1766 What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
 FTLN 1767 That honor, saved, may upon asking give? 220

VIOLA

FTLN 1768 Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

OLIVIA

FTLN 1769 How with mine honor may I give him that

FTLN 1770 Which I have given to you?

FTLN 1771 VIOLA I will acquit you.

OLIVIA

FTLN 1772 Well, come again tomorrow. Fare thee well. 225

FTLN 1773 A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

She exits.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

FTLN 1774 TOBY Gentleman, God save thee.

FTLN 1775 VIOLA And you, sir.

FTLN 1776 TOBY That defense thou hast, betake thee to 't. Of what
FTLN 1777 nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know 230

FTLN 1778 not, but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as

FTLN 1779 the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end. Dismount

FTLN 1780 thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy

FTLN 1781 assailant is quick, skillful, and deadly.

FTLN 1782 VIOLA You mistake, sir. I am sure no man hath any 235

FTLN 1783 quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and

FTLN 1784 clear from any image of offense done to any man.

FTLN 1785 TOBY You'll find it otherwise, I assure you. Therefore,

FTLN 1786 if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your

FTLN 1787 guard, for your opposite hath in him what youth, 240

FTLN 1788 strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

FTLN 1789 VIOLA I pray you, sir, what is he?

FTLN 1790 TOBY He is knight dubbed with unhatched rapier and

FTLN 1791 on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private

FTLN 1792 brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and 245

FTLN 1793 his incensement at this moment is so implacable

FTLN 1794 that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death

FTLN 1795 and sepulcher. "Hob, nob" is his word; "give 't or

FTLN 1796 take 't."

FTLN 1797 VIOLA I will return again into the house and desire 250

FTLN 1798 some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have
 FTLN 1799 heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely
 FTLN 1800 on others to taste their valor. Belike this is a
 FTLN 1801 man of that quirk.

FTLN 1802 TOBY Sir, no. His indignation derives itself out of a very 255
 FTLN 1803 competent injury. Therefore get you on and give
 FTLN 1804 him his desire. Back you shall not to the house,
 FTLN 1805 unless you undertake that with me which with as
 FTLN 1806 much safety you might answer him. Therefore on,
 FTLN 1807 or strip your sword stark naked, for meddle you 260
 FTLN 1808 must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about
 FTLN 1809 you.

FTLN 1810 VIOLA This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do
 FTLN 1811 me this courteous office, as to know of the knight
 FTLN 1812 what my offense to him is. It is something of my 265
 FTLN 1813 negligence, nothing of my purpose.

FTLN 1814 TOBY I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this
 FTLN 1815 gentleman till my return. *Toby exits.*

FTLN 1816 VIOLA Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FTLN 1817 FABIAN I know the knight is incensed against you even 270
 FTLN 1818 to a mortal arbitrament, but nothing of the circumstance
 FTLN 1819 more.

FTLN 1820 VIOLA I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FTLN 1821 FABIAN Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read
 FTLN 1822 him by his form, as you are like to find him in the 275
 FTLN 1823 proof of his valor. He is indeed, sir, the most skillful,
 FTLN 1824 bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly
 FTLN 1825 have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk
 FTLN 1826 towards him? I will make your peace with him if I
 FTLN 1827 can. 280

FTLN 1828 VIOLA I shall be much bound to you for 't. I am one
 FTLN 1829 that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight, I
 FTLN 1830 care not who knows so much of my mettle.

They exit.

Enter Toby and Andrew.

FTLN 1831	TOBY	Why, man, he's a very devil. I have not seen such	
FTLN 1832		a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard,	285
FTLN 1833		and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such	
FTLN 1834		a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the	
FTLN 1835		answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hits the	
FTLN 1836		ground they step on. They say he has been fencer	
FTLN 1837		to the Sophy.	290
FTLN 1838	ANDREW	Pox on 't! I'll not meddle with him.	
FTLN 1839	TOBY	Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can	
FTLN 1840		scarce hold him yonder.	
FTLN 1841	ANDREW	Plague on 't! An I thought he had been	
FTLN 1842		valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him	295
FTLN 1843		damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let	
FTLN 1844		the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray	
FTLN 1845		Capilet.	
FTLN 1846	TOBY	I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good	
FTLN 1847		show on 't. This shall end without the perdition of	300
FTLN 1848		souls. <i>Aside.</i> Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I	
FTLN 1849		ride you.	

Enter Fabian and Viola.

['Toby crosses to meet them.]

FTLN 1850		<i>Aside to Fabian.</i> I have his horse to take up the	
FTLN 1851		quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.	
FTLN 1852	FABIAN, <i>aside to Toby</i>	He is as horribly conceited of	305
FTLN 1853		him, and pants and looks pale as if a bear were at his	
FTLN 1854		heels.	
FTLN 1855	TOBY, <i>to Viola</i>	There's no remedy, sir; he will fight	
FTLN 1856		with you for 's oath sake. Marry, he hath better	
FTLN 1857		bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now	310
FTLN 1858		scarce to be worth talking of. Therefore, draw for	
FTLN 1859		the supportance of his vow. He protests he will not	
FTLN 1860		hurt you.	
FTLN 1861	VIOLA	Pray God defend me! <i>Aside.</i> A little thing	
FTLN 1862		would make me tell them how much I lack of a	315
FTLN 1863		man.	

FTLN 1864	FABIAN	Give ground if you see him furious. <i>「Toby crosses to Andrew.」</i>	
FTLN 1865	TOBY	Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy. The	
FTLN 1866		gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout	
FTLN 1867		with you. He cannot by the <i>duello</i> avoid it. But he	320
FTLN 1868		has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier,	
FTLN 1869		he will not hurt you. Come on, to 't.	
FTLN 1870	ANDREW, <i>「drawing his sword」</i>	Pray God he keep his	
FTLN 1871		oath!	
	VIOLA, <i>「drawing her sword」</i>		
FTLN 1872		I do assure you 'tis against my will.	325
<i>Enter Antonio.</i>			
	ANTONIO, <i>「to Andrew」</i>		
FTLN 1873		Put up your sword. If this young gentleman	
FTLN 1874		Have done offense, I take the fault on me.	
FTLN 1875		If you offend him, I for him defy you.	
FTLN 1876	TOBY	You, sir? Why, what are you?	
	ANTONIO, <i>「drawing his sword」</i>		
FTLN 1877		One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more	330
FTLN 1878		Than you have heard him brag to you he will.	
	TOBY, <i>「drawing his sword」</i>		
FTLN 1879		Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.	
<i>Enter Officers.</i>			
FTLN 1880	FABIAN	O, good Sir Toby, hold! Here come the officers.	
FTLN 1881	TOBY, <i>「to Antonio」</i>	I'll be with you anon.	
FTLN 1882	VIOLA, <i>「to Andrew」</i>	Pray, sir, put your sword up, if	335
FTLN 1883		you please.	
FTLN 1884	ANDREW	Marry, will I, sir. And for that I promised	
FTLN 1885		you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you	
FTLN 1886		easily, and reins well.	
FTLN 1887	FIRST OFFICER	This is the man. Do thy office.	340
FTLN 1888	SECOND OFFICER	Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of	
FTLN 1889		Count Orsino.	
FTLN 1890	ANTONIO	You do mistake me, sir.	

FIRST OFFICER

FTLN 1891 No, sir, no jot. I know your favor well,
 FTLN 1892 Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.— 345
 FTLN 1893 Take him away. He knows I know him well.

ANTONIO

FTLN 1894 I must obey. *['To Viola.']* This comes with seeking
 FTLN 1895 you.
 FTLN 1896 But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.
 FTLN 1897 What will you do, now my necessity 350
 FTLN 1898 Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
 FTLN 1899 Much more for what I cannot do for you
 FTLN 1900 Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed,
 FTLN 1901 But be of comfort.

FTLN 1902 SECOND OFFICER Come, sir, away. 355

ANTONIO, *['to Viola']*

FTLN 1903 I must entreat of you some of that money.
 FTLN 1904 VIOLA What money, sir?
 FTLN 1905 For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
 FTLN 1906 And part being prompted by your present trouble,
 FTLN 1907 Out of my lean and low ability 360
 FTLN 1908 I'll lend you something. My having is not much.
 FTLN 1909 I'll make division of my present with you.
 FTLN 1910 Hold, there's half my coffer. *['Offering him money.']*

ANTONIO Will you deny me now?

FTLN 1912 Is 't possible that my deserts to you 365
 FTLN 1913 Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
 FTLN 1914 Lest that it make me so unsound a man
 FTLN 1915 As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
 FTLN 1916 That I have done for you.

FTLN 1917 VIOLA I know of none, 370

FTLN 1918 Nor know I you by voice or any feature.
 FTLN 1919 I hate ingratitude more in a man
 FTLN 1920 Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
 FTLN 1921 Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
 FTLN 1922 Inhabits our frail blood— 375

FTLN 1923 ANTONIO O heavens themselves!

FTLN 1924	SECOND OFFICER	Come, sir, I pray you go.	
	ANTONIO		
FTLN 1925		Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here	
FTLN 1926		I snatched one half out of the jaws of death,	
FTLN 1927		Relieved him with such sanctity of love,	380
FTLN 1928		And to his image, which methought did promise	
FTLN 1929		Most venerable worth, did I devotion.	
	FIRST OFFICER		
FTLN 1930		What's that to us? The time goes by. Away!	
	ANTONIO		
FTLN 1931		But O, how vile an idol proves this god!	
FTLN 1932		Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.	385
FTLN 1933		In nature there's no blemish but the mind;	
FTLN 1934		None can be called deformed but the unkind.	
FTLN 1935		Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil	
FTLN 1936		Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the devil.	
	FIRST OFFICER		
FTLN 1937		The man grows mad. Away with him.—Come,	390
FTLN 1938		come, sir.	
FTLN 1939	ANTONIO	Lead me on.	
		<i>「Antonio and Officers」 exit.</i>	
	VIOLA, <i>「aside」</i>		
FTLN 1940		Methinks his words do from such passion fly	
FTLN 1941		That he believes himself; so do not I.	
FTLN 1942		Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,	395
FTLN 1943		That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!	
FTLN 1944	TOBY	Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian. We'll	
FTLN 1945		whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.	
		<i>「Toby, Fabian, and Andrew move aside.」</i>	
	VIOLA		
FTLN 1946		He named Sebastian. I my brother know	
FTLN 1947		Yet living in my glass. Even such and so	400
FTLN 1948		In favor was my brother, and he went	
FTLN 1949		Still in this fashion, color, ornament,	
FTLN 1950		For him I imitate. O, if it prove,	
FTLN 1951		Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!	
		<i>「She exits.」</i>	

FTLN 1952	TOBY	A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward	405
FTLN 1953		than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his	
FTLN 1954		friend here in necessity and denying him; and for	
FTLN 1955		his cowardship, ask Fabian.	
FTLN 1956	FABIAN	A coward, a most devout coward, religious	
FTLN 1957		in it.	410
FTLN 1958	ANDREW	'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.	
FTLN 1959	TOBY	Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy	
FTLN 1960		sword.	
FTLN 1961	ANDREW	An I do not—	
FTLN 1962	FABIAN	Come, let's see the event.	415
FTLN 1963	TOBY	I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.	
		<i>They exit.</i>	

ACT 4

Scene 1

Enter Sebastian and 'Feste, the Fool.'

FTLN 1964	FOOL	Will you make me believe that I am not sent for	
FTLN 1965		you?	
FTLN 1966	SEBASTIAN	Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let	
FTLN 1967		me be clear of thee.	
FTLN 1968	FOOL	Well held out, i' faith. No, I do not know you, nor	5
FTLN 1969		I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come	
FTLN 1970		speak with her, nor your name is not Master	
FTLN 1971		Cesario, nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing	
FTLN 1972		that is so is so.	
FTLN 1973	SEBASTIAN	I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else.	10
FTLN 1974		Thou know'st not me.	
FTLN 1975	FOOL	Vent my folly? He has heard that word of some	
FTLN 1976		great man and now applies it to a Fool. Vent my	
FTLN 1977		folly? I am afraid this great lubber the world will	
FTLN 1978		prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness	15
FTLN 1979		and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I	
FTLN 1980		vent to her that thou art coming?	
FTLN 1981	SEBASTIAN	I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me.	
FTLN 1982		There's money for thee. <i>'Giving money.'</i> If you	
FTLN 1983		tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.	20
FTLN 1984	FOOL	By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise	
FTLN 1985		men that give Fools money get themselves a good	
FTLN 1986		report—after fourteen years' purchase.	

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

FTLN 1987	ANDREW, <i>「to Sebastian」</i>	Now, sir, have I met you again?	
FTLN 1988		There's for you. <i>「He strikes Sebastian.」</i>	25
FTLN 1989	SEBASTIAN, <i>「returning the blow」</i>	Why, there's for thee,	
FTLN 1990		and there, and there.—Are all the people mad?	
FTLN 1991	TOBY	Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the	
FTLN 1992		house.	
FTLN 1993	FOOL, <i>「aside」</i>	This will I tell my lady straight. I would	30
FTLN 1994		not be in some of your coats for twopence.	
		<i>「He exits.」</i>	
FTLN 1995	TOBY, <i>「seizing Sebastian」</i>	Come on, sir, hold!	
FTLN 1996	ANDREW	Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to	
FTLN 1997		work with him. I'll have an action of battery against	
FTLN 1998		him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck	35
FTLN 1999		him first, yet it's no matter for that.	
FTLN 2000	SEBASTIAN, <i>「to Toby」</i>	Let go thy hand!	
FTLN 2001	TOBY	Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young	
FTLN 2002		soldier, put up your iron. You are well fleshed.	
FTLN 2003		Come on.	40
	SEBASTIAN		
FTLN 2004		I will be free from thee.	
		<i>「He pulls free and draws his sword.」</i>	
FTLN 2005		What wouldst thou now?	
FTLN 2006		If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.	
FTLN 2007	TOBY	What, what? Nay, then, I must have an ounce or	
FTLN 2008		two of this malapert blood from you.	45
		<i>「He draws his sword.」</i>	

Enter Olivia.

	OLIVIA	
FTLN 2009		Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee, hold!
FTLN 2010	TOBY	Madam.
	OLIVIA	
FTLN 2011		Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
FTLN 2012		Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

FTLN 2013	Where manners ne'er were preached! Out of my	50
FTLN 2014	sight!—	
FTLN 2015	Be not offended, dear Cesario.—	
FTLN 2016	Rudesby, begone! <i>「Toby, Andrew, and Fabian exit.」</i>	
FTLN 2017	I prithee, gentle friend,	
FTLN 2018	Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway	55
FTLN 2019	In this uncivil and unjust extent	
FTLN 2020	Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,	
FTLN 2021	And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks	
FTLN 2022	This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby	
FTLN 2023	Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go.	60
FTLN 2024	Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me!	
FTLN 2025	He started one poor heart of mine, in thee.	
	SEBASTIAN, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 2026	What relish is in this? How runs the stream?	
FTLN 2027	Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.	
FTLN 2028	Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;	65
FTLN 2029	If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!	
	OLIVIA	
FTLN 2030	Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou 'dst be ruled by	
FTLN 2031	me!	
	SEBASTIAN	
FTLN 2032	Madam, I will.	
FTLN 2033	OLIVIA O, say so, and so be!	70
	<i>They exit.</i>	

Scene 2

Enter Maria and 「Feste, the Fool.」

FTLN 2034	MARIA Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard;	
FTLN 2035	make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate. Do	
FTLN 2036	it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. <i>「She exits.」</i>	
FTLN 2037	FOOL Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in	
FTLN 2038	't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled	5
FTLN 2039	in such a gown. <i>「He puts on gown and beard.」</i> I am	

FTLN 2040 not tall enough to become the function well, nor
 FTLN 2041 lean enough to be thought a good student, but to be
 FTLN 2042 said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as
 FTLN 2043 fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. 10
 FTLN 2044 The competitors enter.

Enter Toby [and Maria.]

FTLN 2045 TOBY Jove bless thee, Master Parson.
 FTLN 2046 FOOL *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby; for, as the old hermit of
 FTLN 2047 Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said
 FTLN 2048 to a niece of King Gorboduc “That that is, is,” so I, 15
 FTLN 2049 being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for what is
 FTLN 2050 “that” but “that” and “is” but “is”?
 FTLN 2051 TOBY To him, Sir Topas.
 FTLN 2052 FOOL, *[disguising his voice]* What ho, I say! Peace in this
 FTLN 2053 prison! 20
 FTLN 2054 TOBY The knave counterfeits well. A good knave.

Malvolio within.

FTLN 2055 MALVOLIO Who calls there?
 FTLN 2056 FOOL Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio
 FTLN 2057 the lunatic.
 FTLN 2058 MALVOLIO Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to 25
 FTLN 2059 my lady—
 FTLN 2060 FOOL Out, hyperbolical fiend! How vexest thou this
 FTLN 2061 man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?
 FTLN 2062 TOBY, *[aside]* Well said, Master Parson.
 FTLN 2063 MALVOLIO Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. 30
 FTLN 2064 Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have
 FTLN 2065 laid me here in hideous darkness—
 FTLN 2066 FOOL Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most
 FTLN 2067 modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones
 FTLN 2068 that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayst 35
 FTLN 2069 thou that house is dark?
 FTLN 2070 MALVOLIO As hell, Sir Topas.

FTLN 2071	FOOL	Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes,	
FTLN 2072		and the 'clerestories' toward the south-north	
FTLN 2073		are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest	40
FTLN 2074		thou of obstruction?	
FTLN 2075	MALVOLIO	I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you this	
FTLN 2076		house is dark.	
FTLN 2077	FOOL	Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness	
FTLN 2078		but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than	45
FTLN 2079		the Egyptians in their fog.	
FTLN 2080	MALVOLIO	I say this house is as dark as ignorance,	
FTLN 2081		though ignorance were as dark as hell. And I say	
FTLN 2082		there was never man thus abused. I am no more	
FTLN 2083		mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any	50
FTLN 2084		constant question.	
FTLN 2085	FOOL	What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning	
FTLN 2086		wildfowl?	
FTLN 2087	MALVOLIO	That the soul of our grandam might haply	
FTLN 2088		inhabit a bird.	55
FTLN 2089	FOOL	What thinkst thou of his opinion?	
FTLN 2090	MALVOLIO	I think nobly of the soul, and no way	
FTLN 2091		approve his opinion.	
FTLN 2092	FOOL	Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness.	
FTLN 2093		Thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will	60
FTLN 2094		allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest	
FTLN 2095		thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee	
FTLN 2096		well.	
FTLN 2097	MALVOLIO	Sir Topas, Sir Topas!	
FTLN 2098	TOBY	My most exquisite Sir Topas!	65
FTLN 2099	FOOL	Nay, I am for all waters.	
FTLN 2100	MARIA	Thou mightst have done this without thy beard	
FTLN 2101		and gown. He sees thee not.	
FTLN 2102	TOBY	To him in thine own voice, and bring me word	
FTLN 2103		how thou find'st him. I would we were well rid	70
FTLN 2104		of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered,	
FTLN 2105		I would he were, for I am now so far in	
FTLN 2106		offense with my niece that I cannot pursue with	

FTLN 2107	any safety this sport the upshot. Come by and by	
FTLN 2108	to my chamber.	75
	<i>「Toby and Maria」 exit.</i>	
	FOOL <i>「sings, in his own voice」</i>	
FTLN 2109	<i>Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,</i>	
FTLN 2110	<i>Tell me how thy lady does.</i>	
FTLN 2111	MALVOLIO Fool!	
	FOOL <i>「sings」</i>	
FTLN 2112	<i>My lady is unkind, perdy.</i>	
FTLN 2113	MALVOLIO Fool!	80
	FOOL <i>「sings」</i>	
FTLN 2114	<i>Alas, why is she so?</i>	
FTLN 2115	MALVOLIO Fool, I say!	
	FOOL <i>「sings」</i>	
FTLN 2116	<i>She loves another—</i>	
FTLN 2117	Who calls, ha?	
FTLN 2118	MALVOLIO Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at	85
FTLN 2119	my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and	
FTLN 2120	paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful	
FTLN 2121	to thee for 't.	
FTLN 2122	FOOL Master Malvolio?	
FTLN 2123	MALVOLIO Ay, good Fool.	90
FTLN 2124	FOOL Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?	
FTLN 2125	MALVOLIO Fool, there was never man so notoriously	
FTLN 2126	abused. I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.	
FTLN 2127	FOOL But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be	
FTLN 2128	no better in your wits than a Fool.	95
FTLN 2129	MALVOLIO They have here propertied me, keep me in	
FTLN 2130	darkness, send ministers to me—asses!—and do	
FTLN 2131	all they can to face me out of my wits.	
FTLN 2132	FOOL Advise you what you say. The minister is here.	
FTLN 2133	<i>「In the voice of Sir Topas.」</i> Malvolio, Malvolio, thy	100
FTLN 2134	wits the heavens restore. Endeavor thyself to sleep	
FTLN 2135	and leave thy vain bibble-babble.	
FTLN 2136	MALVOLIO Sir Topas!	

FTLN 2137 FOOL, *‘as Sir Topas’* Maintain no words with him, good
 FTLN 2138 fellow. *‘As Fool.’* Who, I, sir? Not I, sir! God buy 105
 FTLN 2139 you, good Sir Topas. *‘As Sir Topas.’* Marry, amen.
 FTLN 2140 *‘As Fool.’* I will, sir, I will.
 FTLN 2141 MALVOLIO Fool! Fool! Fool, I say!
 FTLN 2142 FOOL Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am
 FTLN 2143 shent for speaking to you. 110
 FTLN 2144 MALVOLIO Good Fool, help me to some light and some
 FTLN 2145 paper. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any
 FTLN 2146 man in Illyria.
 FTLN 2147 FOOL Welladay that you were, sir!
 FTLN 2148 MALVOLIO By this hand, I am. Good Fool, some ink, 115
 FTLN 2149 paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to
 FTLN 2150 my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the
 FTLN 2151 bearing of letter did.
 FTLN 2152 FOOL I will help you to ’t. But tell me true, are you not
 FTLN 2153 mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit? 120
 FTLN 2154 MALVOLIO Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.
 FTLN 2155 FOOL Nay, I’ll ne’er believe a madman till I see his
 FTLN 2156 brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.
 FTLN 2157 MALVOLIO Fool, I’ll requite it in the highest degree. I
 FTLN 2158 prithee, begone. 125
 FOOL *‘sings’*
 FTLN 2159 *I am gone, sir, and anon, sir,*
 FTLN 2160 *I’ll be with you again,*
 FTLN 2161 *In a trice, like to the old Vice,*
 FTLN 2162 *Your need to sustain.*
 FTLN 2163 *Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,* 130
 FTLN 2164 *Cries “aha!” to the devil;*
 FTLN 2165 *Like a mad lad, “Pare thy nails, dad!*
 FTLN 2166 *Adieu, goodman devil.”*

He exits.

Scene 3
Enter Sebastian.

「SEBASTIAN」

FTLN 2167	This is the air; that is the glorious sun.	
FTLN 2168	This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't.	
FTLN 2169	And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,	
FTLN 2170	Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?	
FTLN 2171	I could not find him at the Elephant.	5
FTLN 2172	Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,	
FTLN 2173	That he did range the town to seek me out.	
FTLN 2174	His counsel now might do me golden service.	
FTLN 2175	For though my soul disputes well with my sense	
FTLN 2176	That this may be some error, but no madness,	10
FTLN 2177	Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune	
FTLN 2178	So far exceed all instance, all discourse,	
FTLN 2179	That I am ready to distrust mine eyes	
FTLN 2180	And wrangle with my reason that persuades me	
FTLN 2181	To any other trust but that I am mad—	15
FTLN 2182	Or else the lady's mad. Yet if 'twere so,	
FTLN 2183	She could not sway her house, command her	
FTLN 2184	followers,	
FTLN 2185	Take and give back affairs and their dispatch	
FTLN 2186	With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing	20
FTLN 2187	As I perceive she does. There's something in 't	
FTLN 2188	That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.	

Enter Olivia, and 「a」 Priest.

OLIVIA, 「to Sebastian」

FTLN 2189	Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,	
FTLN 2190	Now go with me and with this holy man	
FTLN 2191	Into the chantry by. There, before him	25
FTLN 2192	And underneath that consecrated roof,	
FTLN 2193	Plight me the full assurance of your faith,	
FTLN 2194	That my most jealous and too doubtful soul	
FTLN 2195	May live at peace. He shall conceal it	

FTLN 2196	Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,	30
FTLN 2197	What time we will our celebration keep	
FTLN 2198	According to my birth. What do you say?	
	SEBASTIAN	
FTLN 2199	I'll follow this good man and go with you,	
FTLN 2200	And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.	
	OLIVIA	
FTLN 2201	Then lead the way, good father, and heavens so	35
FTLN 2202	shine	
FTLN 2203	That they may fairly note this act of mine.	
	<i>They exit.</i>	

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter 「Feste, the Fool」 and Fabian.

FTLN 2204	FABIAN	Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.	
FTLN 2205	FOOL	Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.	
FTLN 2206	FABIAN	Anything.	
FTLN 2207	FOOL	Do not desire to see this letter.	
FTLN 2208	FABIAN	This is to give a dog and in recompense desire	5
FTLN 2209		my dog again.	

Enter 「Orsino,」 Viola, Curio, and Lords.

	ORSINO		
FTLN 2210		Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?	
FTLN 2211	FOOL	Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.	
	ORSINO		
FTLN 2212		I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?	
FTLN 2213	FOOL	Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse	10
FTLN 2214		for my friends.	
	ORSINO		
FTLN 2215		Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.	
FTLN 2216	FOOL	No, sir, the worse.	
FTLN 2217	ORSINO	How can that be?	
FTLN 2218	FOOL	Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me.	15
FTLN 2219		Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by	
FTLN 2220		my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and	
FTLN 2221		by my friends I am abused. So that, conclusions to	
FTLN 2222		be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two	

FTLN 2223	affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends and	20
FTLN 2224	the better for my foes.	
FTLN 2225	ORSINO Why, this is excellent.	
FTLN 2226	FOOL By my troth, sir, no—though it please you to be	
FTLN 2227	one of my friends.	
	ORSINO, <i>giving a coin</i>	
FTLN 2228	Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.	25
FTLN 2229	FOOL But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would	
FTLN 2230	you could make it another.	
FTLN 2231	ORSINO O, you give me ill counsel.	
FTLN 2232	FOOL Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once,	
FTLN 2233	and let your flesh and blood obey it.	30
FTLN 2234	ORSINO Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a	
FTLN 2235	double-dealer: there's another. <i>He gives a coin.</i>	
FTLN 2236	FOOL <i>Primo, secundo, tertio</i> is a good play, and the old	
FTLN 2237	saying is, the third pays for all. The triplex, sir, is a	
FTLN 2238	good tripping measure, or the bells of Saint Bennet,	35
FTLN 2239	sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three.	
FTLN 2240	ORSINO You can fool no more money out of me at this	
FTLN 2241	throw. If you will let your lady know I am here to	
FTLN 2242	speak with her, and bring her along with you, it	
FTLN 2243	may awake my bounty further.	40
FTLN 2244	FOOL Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come	
FTLN 2245	again. I go, sir, but I would not have you to think	
FTLN 2246	that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness.	
FTLN 2247	But, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap. I	
FTLN 2248	will awake it anon. <i>He exits.</i>	45

Enter Antonio and Officers.

VIOLA

FTLN 2249 Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

ORSINO

FTLN 2250 That face of his I do remember well.

FTLN 2251 Yet when I saw it last, it was besmeared

FTLN 2252 As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.

FTLN 2253 A babbling vessel was he captain of, 50

FTLN 2254	For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,	
FTLN 2255	With which such scatheful grapple did he make	
FTLN 2256	With the most noble bottom of our fleet	
FTLN 2257	That very envy and the tongue of loss	
FTLN 2258	Cried fame and honor on him.—What's the matter?	55
	FIRST OFFICER	
FTLN 2259	Orsino, this is that Antonio	
FTLN 2260	That took the <i>Phoenix</i> and her fraught from Candy,	
FTLN 2261	And this is he that did the <i>Tiger</i> board	
FTLN 2262	When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.	
FTLN 2263	Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,	60
FTLN 2264	In private brabble did we apprehend him.	
	VIOLA	
FTLN 2265	He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,	
FTLN 2266	But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.	
FTLN 2267	I know not what 'twas but distraction.	
	ORSINO	
FTLN 2268	Notable pirate, thou saltwater thief,	65
FTLN 2269	What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies	
FTLN 2270	Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,	
FTLN 2271	Hast made thine enemies?	
FTLN 2272	ANTONIO Orsino, noble sir,	
FTLN 2273	Be pleased that I shake off these names you give	70
FTLN 2274	me.	
FTLN 2275	Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,	
FTLN 2276	Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,	
FTLN 2277	Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither.	
FTLN 2278	That most ingrateful boy there by your side	75
FTLN 2279	From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth	
FTLN 2280	Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was.	
FTLN 2281	His life I gave him and did thereto add	
FTLN 2282	My love, without retention or restraint,	
FTLN 2283	All his in dedication. For his sake	80
FTLN 2284	Did I expose myself, pure for his love,	
FTLN 2285	Into the danger of this adverse town;	
FTLN 2286	Drew to defend him when he was beset;	

FTLN 2287	Where, being apprehended, his false cunning	
FTLN 2288	(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)	85
FTLN 2289	Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance	
FTLN 2290	And grew a twenty years' removed thing	
FTLN 2291	While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,	
FTLN 2292	Which I had recommended to his use	
FTLN 2293	Not half an hour before.	90
FTLN 2294	VIOLA How can this be?	
FTLN 2295	ORSINO, 「 <i>to Antonio</i> 」 When came he to this town?	
	ANTONIO	
FTLN 2296	Today, my lord; and for three months before,	
FTLN 2297	No int'rim, not a minute's vacancy,	
FTLN 2298	Both day and night did we keep company.	95
	<i>Enter Olivia and Attendants.</i>	
	ORSINO	
FTLN 2299	Here comes the Countess. Now heaven walks on	
FTLN 2300	earth!—	
FTLN 2301	But for thee, fellow: fellow, thy words are madness.	
FTLN 2302	Three months this youth hath tended upon me—	
FTLN 2303	But more of that anon. 「 <i>To an Officer.</i> 」 Take him	100
FTLN 2304	aside.	
	OLIVIA	
FTLN 2305	What would my lord, but that he may not have,	
FTLN 2306	Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—	
FTLN 2307	Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.	
FTLN 2308	VIOLA Madam?	105
FTLN 2309	ORSINO Gracious Olivia—	
	OLIVIA	
FTLN 2310	What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord—	
	VIOLA	
FTLN 2311	My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.	
	OLIVIA	
FTLN 2312	If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,	
FTLN 2313	It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear	110
FTLN 2314	As howling after music.	

ORSINO

FTLN 2315 Still so cruel?

FTLN 2316 OLIVIA Still so constant, lord.

ORSINO

FTLN 2317 What, to perverseness? You, uncivil lady,
 FTLN 2318 To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars 115
 FTLN 2319 My soul the faithful'st off'rings have breathed out
 FTLN 2320 That e'er devotion tendered—what shall I do?

OLIVIA

FTLN 2321 Even what it please my lord that shall become him.

ORSINO

FTLN 2322 Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
 FTLN 2323 Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death, 120
 FTLN 2324 Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
 FTLN 2325 That sometime savors nobly. But hear me this:
 FTLN 2326 Since you to nonregardance cast my faith,
 FTLN 2327 And that I partly know the instrument
 FTLN 2328 That screws me from my true place in your favor, 125
 FTLN 2329 Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.
 FTLN 2330 But this your minion, whom I know you love,
 FTLN 2331 And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
 FTLN 2332 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye
 FTLN 2333 Where he sits crownèd in his master's spite.— 130
 FTLN 2334 Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe in
 FTLN 2335 mischief.
 FTLN 2336 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love
 FTLN 2337 To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

VIOLA

FTLN 2338 And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly, 135
 FTLN 2339 To do you rest a thousand deaths would die.

OLIVIA

FTLN 2340 Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA After him I love

FTLN 2342 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 FTLN 2343 More by all mores than e'er I shall love wife. 140
 FTLN 2344 If I do feign, you witnesses above,
 FTLN 2345 Punish my life for tainting of my love.

OLIVIA

FTLN 2346 Ay me, detested! How am I beguiled!

VIOLA

FTLN 2347 Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

OLIVIA

FTLN 2348 Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?— 145

FTLN 2349 Call forth the holy father. *「An Attendant exits.」*FTLN 2350 ORSINO, *「to Viola」* Come, away!

OLIVIA

FTLN 2351 Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

ORSINO

FTLN 2352 Husband?

FTLN 2353 OLIVIA Ay, husband. Can he that deny? 150

ORSINO

FTLN 2354 Her husband, sirrah?

FTLN 2355 VIOLA No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA

FTLN 2356 Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

FTLN 2357 That makes thee strangle thy propriety.

FTLN 2358 Fear not, Cesario. Take thy fortunes up. 155

FTLN 2359 Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

FTLN 2360 As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

FTLN 2361 O, welcome, father.

FTLN 2362 Father, I charge thee by thy reverence

FTLN 2363 Here to unfold (though lately we intended 160

FTLN 2364 To keep in darkness what occasion now

FTLN 2365 Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know

FTLN 2366 Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

PRIEST

FTLN 2367 A contract of eternal bond of love,

FTLN 2368 Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands, 165

FTLN 2369 Attested by the holy close of lips,

FTLN 2370 Strengthened by interchangement of your rings,

FTLN 2371 And all the ceremony of this compact

FTLN 2372	Sealed in my function, by my testimony;	
FTLN 2373	Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my	170
FTLN 2374	grave	
FTLN 2375	I have traveled but two hours.	
	ORSINO, <i>['to Viola']</i>	
FTLN 2376	O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be	
FTLN 2377	When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?	
FTLN 2378	Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow	175
FTLN 2379	That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?	
FTLN 2380	Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feet	
FTLN 2381	Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.	
	VIOLA	
FTLN 2382	My lord, I do protest—	
FTLN 2383	OLIVIA O, do not swear.	180
FTLN 2384	Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.	
	<i>Enter Sir Andrew.</i>	
FTLN 2385	ANDREW For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one	
FTLN 2386	presently to Sir Toby.	
FTLN 2387	OLIVIA What's the matter?	
FTLN 2388	ANDREW Has broke my head across, and has given Sir	185
FTLN 2389	Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God,	
FTLN 2390	your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at	
FTLN 2391	home.	
FTLN 2392	OLIVIA Who has done this, Sir Andrew?	
FTLN 2393	ANDREW The Count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took	190
FTLN 2394	him for a coward, but he's the very devil	
FTLN 2395	incardinate.	
FTLN 2396	ORSINO My gentleman Cesario?	
FTLN 2397	ANDREW 'Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke my	
FTLN 2398	head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to	195
FTLN 2399	do 't by Sir Toby.	
	VIOLA	
FTLN 2400	Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.	
FTLN 2401	You drew your sword upon me without cause,	
FTLN 2402	But I bespake you fair and hurt you not.	

FTLN 2403 ANDREW If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt 200
FTLN 2404 me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Toby and 'Feste, the Fool.'

FTLN 2405 Here comes Sir Toby halting. You shall hear
FTLN 2406 more. But if he had not been in drink, he would
FTLN 2407 have tickled you othergates than he did.

FTLN 2408 ORSINO How now, gentleman? How is 't with you? 205

FTLN 2409 TOBY That's all one. Has hurt me, and there's th' end
FTLN 2410 on 't. *'To Fool.'* Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

FTLN 2411 FOOL O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes
FTLN 2412 were set at eight i' th' morning.

FTLN 2413 TOBY Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin. I 210
FTLN 2414 hate a drunken rogue.

FTLN 2415 OLIVIA Away with him! Who hath made this havoc
FTLN 2416 with them?

FTLN 2417 ANDREW I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be
FTLN 2418 dressed together. 215

FTLN 2419 TOBY Will you help?—an ass-head, and a coxcomb,
FTLN 2420 and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull?

FTLN 2421 OLIVIA
Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

'Toby, Andrew, Fool, and Fabian exit.'

Enter Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

FTLN 2422 I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman,
FTLN 2423 But, had it been the brother of my blood, 220
FTLN 2424 I must have done no less with wit and safety.

FTLN 2425 You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
FTLN 2426 I do perceive it hath offended you.

FTLN 2427 Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
FTLN 2428 We made each other but so late ago. 225

ORSINO

FTLN 2429 One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!
FTLN 2430 A natural perspective, that is and is not!

SEBASTIAN

FTLN 2431 Antonio, O, my dear Antonio!
 FTLN 2432 How have the hours racked and tortured me
 FTLN 2433 Since I have lost thee! 230

ANTONIO

FTLN 2434 Sebastian are you?

FTLN 2435 SEBASTIAN Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANTONIO

FTLN 2436 How have you made division of yourself?
 FTLN 2437 An apple cleft in two is not more twin
 FTLN 2438 Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian? 235

FTLN 2439 OLIVIA Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN, *['looking at Viola']*

FTLN 2440 Do I stand there? I never had a brother,
 FTLN 2441 Nor can there be that deity in my nature
 FTLN 2442 Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
 FTLN 2443 Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured. 240
 FTLN 2444 Of charity, what kin are you to me?
 FTLN 2445 What countryman? What name? What parentage?

VIOLA

FTLN 2446 Of Messaline. Sebastian was my father.
 FTLN 2447 Such a Sebastian was my brother too.
 FTLN 2448 So went he suited to his watery tomb. 245
 FTLN 2449 If spirits can assume both form and suit,
 FTLN 2450 You come to fright us.

SEBASTIAN A spirit I am indeed,

FTLN 2452 But am in that dimension grossly clad
 FTLN 2453 Which from the womb I did participate. 250
 FTLN 2454 Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
 FTLN 2455 I should my tears let fall upon your cheek
 FTLN 2456 And say "Thrice welcome, drownèd Viola."

VIOLA

FTLN 2457 My father had a mole upon his brow.

FTLN 2458 SEBASTIAN And so had mine. 255

VIOLA

FTLN 2459 And died that day when Viola from her birth
 FTLN 2460 Had numbered thirteen years.

SEBASTIAN

FTLN 2461 O, that record is lively in my soul!
 FTLN 2462 He finishèd indeed his mortal act
 FTLN 2463 That day that made my sister thirteen years. 260

VIOLA

FTLN 2464 If nothing lets to make us happy both
 FTLN 2465 But this my masculine usurped attire,
 FTLN 2466 Do not embrace me till each circumstance
 FTLN 2467 Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
 FTLN 2468 That I am Viola; which to confirm, 265
 FTLN 2469 I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
 FTLN 2470 Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
 FTLN 2471 I was preserved to serve this noble count.
 FTLN 2472 All the occurrence of my fortune since
 FTLN 2473 Hath been between this lady and this lord. 270

SEBASTIAN, *['to Olivia']*

FTLN 2474 So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.
 FTLN 2475 But nature to her bias drew in that.
 FTLN 2476 You would have been contracted to a maid.
 FTLN 2477 Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived:
 FTLN 2478 You are betrothed both to a maid and man. 275

ORSINO, *['to Olivia']*

FTLN 2479 Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
 FTLN 2480 If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
 FTLN 2481 I shall have share in this most happy wrack.—
 FTLN 2482 Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
 FTLN 2483 Thou never shouldst love woman like to me. 280

VIOLA

FTLN 2484 And all those sayings will I overswear,
 FTLN 2485 And all those swearings keep as true in soul
 FTLN 2486 As doth that orbèd continent the fire
 FTLN 2487 That severs day from night.

FTLN 2488 ORSINO Give me thy hand, 285
 FTLN 2489 And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIOLA

FTLN 2490 The Captain that did bring me first on shore

FTLN 2491	Hath my maid's garments. He, upon some action,	
FTLN 2492	Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,	
FTLN 2493	A gentleman and follower of my lady's.	290
OLIVIA		
FTLN 2494	He shall enlarge him.	
<i>Enter [Feste, the Fool] with a letter, and Fabian.</i>		
FTLN 2495	Fetch Malvolio hither.	
FTLN 2496	And yet, alas, now I remember me,	
FTLN 2497	They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.	
FTLN 2498	A most extracting frenzy of mine own	295
FTLN 2499	From my remembrance clearly banished his.	
FTLN 2500	<i>[To the Fool.]</i> How does he, sirrah?	
FTLN 2501	FOOL Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's	
FTLN 2502	end as well as a man in his case may do. Has here	
FTLN 2503	writ a letter to you. I should have given 't you today	300
FTLN 2504	morning. But as a madman's epistles are no gospels,	
FTLN 2505	so it skills not much when they are delivered.	
FTLN 2506	OLIVIA Open 't and read it.	
FTLN 2507	FOOL Look then to be well edified, when the Fool	
FTLN 2508	delivers the madman. <i>[He reads.] By the Lord,</i>	305
FTLN 2509	<i>madam—</i>	
FTLN 2510	OLIVIA How now, art thou mad?	
FTLN 2511	FOOL No, madam, I do but read madness. An your	
FTLN 2512	Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must	
FTLN 2513	allow vox.	310
FTLN 2514	OLIVIA Prithee, read i' thy right wits.	
FTLN 2515	FOOL So I do, madonna. But to read his right wits is to	
FTLN 2516	read thus. Therefore, perpend, my princess, and	
FTLN 2517	give ear.	
FTLN 2518	OLIVIA, <i>[giving letter to Fabian]</i> Read it you, sirrah.	315
FTLN 2519	FABIAN <i>(reads)</i> By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and	
FTLN 2520	<i>the world shall know it. Though you have put me into</i>	
FTLN 2521	<i>darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over</i>	
FTLN 2522	<i>me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your</i>	
FTLN 2523	<i>Ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to</i>	320

FTLN 2524	<i>the semblance I put on, with the which I doubt not but</i>	
FTLN 2525	<i>to do myself much right or you much shame. Think of</i>	
FTLN 2526	<i>me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of</i>	
FTLN 2527	<i>and speak out of my injury.</i>	
FTLN 2528	<i>The madly used Malvolio.</i>	325
FTLN 2529	OLIVIA Did he write this?	
FTLN 2530	FOOL Ay, madam.	
	ORSINO	
FTLN 2531	This savors not much of distraction.	
	OLIVIA	
FTLN 2532	See him delivered, Fabian. Bring him hither.	
	<i>「Fabian exits.」</i>	
FTLN 2533	<i>「To Orsino.」</i> My lord, so please you, these things	330
FTLN 2534	further thought on,	
FTLN 2535	To think me as well a sister as a wife,	
FTLN 2536	One day shall crown th' alliance on 't, so please	
FTLN 2537	you,	
FTLN 2538	Here at my house, and at my proper cost.	335
	ORSINO	
FTLN 2539	Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.	
FTLN 2540	<i>「To Viola.」</i> Your master quits you; and for your	
FTLN 2541	service done him,	
FTLN 2542	So much against the mettle of your sex,	
FTLN 2543	So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,	340
FTLN 2544	And since you called me "master" for so long,	
FTLN 2545	Here is my hand. You shall from this time be	
FTLN 2546	Your master's mistress.	
FTLN 2547	OLIVIA, <i>「to Viola」</i> A sister! You are she.	
	<i>Enter Malvolio 「and Fabian.」</i>	
	ORSINO	
FTLN 2548	Is this the madman?	345
FTLN 2549	OLIVIA Ay, my lord, this same.—	
FTLN 2550	How now, Malvolio?	
FTLN 2551	MALVOLIO Madam, you have done me	
FTLN 2552	wrong,	
FTLN 2553	Notorious wrong.	350

FTLN 2554	OLIVIA	Have I, Malvolio? No.	
	MALVOLIO,	<i>handing her a paper</i>	
FTLN 2555		Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.	
FTLN 2556		You must not now deny it is your hand.	
FTLN 2557		Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase,	
FTLN 2558		Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention.	355
FTLN 2559		You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,	
FTLN 2560		And tell me, in the modesty of honor,	
FTLN 2561		Why you have given me such clear lights of favor?	
FTLN 2562		Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,	
FTLN 2563		To put on yellow stockings, and to frown	360
FTLN 2564		Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people?	
FTLN 2565		And, acting this in an obedient hope,	
FTLN 2566		Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,	
FTLN 2567		Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,	
FTLN 2568		And made the most notorious geck and gull	365
FTLN 2569		That e'er invention played on? Tell me why.	
	OLIVIA		
FTLN 2570		Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,	
FTLN 2571		Though I confess much like the character.	
FTLN 2572		But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.	
FTLN 2573		And now I do bethink me, it was she	370
FTLN 2574		First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,	
FTLN 2575		And in such forms which here were presupposed	
FTLN 2576		Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content.	
FTLN 2577		This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee.	
FTLN 2578		But when we know the grounds and authors of it,	375
FTLN 2579		Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge	
FTLN 2580		Of thine own cause.	
FTLN 2581	FABIAN	Good madam, hear me speak,	
FTLN 2582		And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come	
FTLN 2583		Taint the condition of this present hour,	380
FTLN 2584		Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,	
FTLN 2585		Most freely I confess, myself and Toby	
FTLN 2586		Set this device against Malvolio here,	
FTLN 2587		Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts	
FTLN 2588		We had conceived against him. Maria writ	385

FTLN 2589	The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,	
FTLN 2590	In recompense whereof he hath married her.	
FTLN 2591	How with a sportful malice it was followed	
FTLN 2592	May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,	
FTLN 2593	If that the injuries be justly weighed	390
FTLN 2594	That have on both sides passed.	
	OLIVIA, <i>to Malvolio</i>	
FTLN 2595	Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!	
FTLN 2596	FOOL Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness,	
FTLN 2597	and some have greatness thrown upon them."	
FTLN 2598	I was one, sir, in this interlude, one Sir Topas, sir,	395
FTLN 2599	but that's all one. "By the Lord, Fool, I am not	
FTLN 2600	mad"—but, do you remember "Madam, why laugh	
FTLN 2601	you at such a barren rascal; an you smile not, he's	
FTLN 2602	gagged"? And thus the whirligig of time brings in	
FTLN 2603	his revenges.	400
	MALVOLIO	
FTLN 2604	I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you! <i>He exits.</i>	
	OLIVIA	
FTLN 2605	He hath been most notoriously abused.	
	ORSINO	
FTLN 2606	Pursue him and entreat him to a peace. <i>Some exit.</i>	
FTLN 2607	He hath not told us of the Captain yet.	
FTLN 2608	When that is known, and golden time convents,	405
FTLN 2609	A solemn combination shall be made	
FTLN 2610	Of our dear souls.—Meantime, sweet sister,	
FTLN 2611	We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come,	
FTLN 2612	For so you shall be while you are a man.	
FTLN 2613	But when in other habits you are seen,	410
FTLN 2614	Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.	
	<i>All but the Fool exit.</i>	
	FOOL <i>sings</i>	
FTLN 2615	<i>When that I was and a little tiny boy,</i>	
FTLN 2616	<i>With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,</i>	
FTLN 2617	<i>A foolish thing was but a toy,</i>	
FTLN 2618	<i>For the rain it raineth every day.</i>	415

FTLN 2619	<i>But when I came to man's estate,</i>	
FTLN 2620	<i>With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,</i>	
FTLN 2621	<i>'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,</i>	
FTLN 2622	<i>For the rain it raineth every day.</i>	
FTLN 2623	<i>But when I came, alas, to wive,</i>	420
FTLN 2624	<i>With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,</i>	
FTLN 2625	<i>By swaggering could I never thrive,</i>	
FTLN 2626	<i>For the rain it raineth every day.</i>	
FTLN 2627	<i>But when I came unto my beds,</i>	
FTLN 2628	<i>With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,</i>	425
FTLN 2629	<i>With tosspots still had drunken heads,</i>	
FTLN 2630	<i>For the rain it raineth every day.</i>	
FTLN 2631	<i>A great while ago the world begun,</i>	
FTLN 2632	<i>「With」 hey, ho, the wind and the rain,</i>	
FTLN 2633	<i>But that's all one, our play is done,</i>	430
FTLN 2634	<i>And we'll strive to please you every day.</i>	
	<i>「He exits.」</i>	
