

## Twelfth Night Script

### ACT I

#### SCENE I. DUKE ORSINO's palace.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending

DUKE ORSINO

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

CURIO

Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE ORSINO

What, Curio?

CURIO

The hart.

DUKE ORSINO

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

(To Valentine)

How now! what news from her?

VALENTINE

So please my lord, we might not be admitted;  
But from her handmaid do return this answer:  
The element itself, till seven years' heat,  
Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
all this to season a brother's dead love.

ACT I-1

DUKE ORSINO

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother.  
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:  
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

Exeunt

**SCENE II. The sea-coast.**

Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors

VIOLA

What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN

This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

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

CAPTAIN

It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA

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

ACARIO

True, madam. And to comfort you with chance,  
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
When you and those poor number saved with you  
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself-

BURIM

Courage and hope both teaching him the practice!

ACARIO

To a strong mast that lived upon the sea-

BURIM

Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves  
So long as I could see.

VIOLA

Know'st thou this country?

CAPTAIN

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

VIOLA

Who governs here?

CAPTAIN

A noble duke, Orsino.

ACT I-2

VIOLA

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

CAPTAIN

And so is now. A month ago I went from hence,  
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,  
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA

What's she?

CAPTAIN

A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count-

BURIM

That died some twelvemonth since-

ACARIO

Then leaving her  
In the protection of his son, her brother-

BURIM

Who shortly also died-

ACARIO

For whose dear love,

They say, she hat abjured the sight  
And company of men.

VIOLA

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

CAPTAIN

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

VIOLA

Captain, conceal what I am, and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:  
Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him.

BURIM

Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be-

CAPTAIN

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

VIOLA

I thank thee: lead me on.

Exeunt

### **SCENE III. OLIVIA'S house.**

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'  
nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great  
exceptions to your ill hours.  
That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard  
my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish

ACT I-3

knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MARIA

Ay, he. He's a fool and a great quarreler.  
Moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TOBY BELCH

With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to  
her as long as there is a passage in my throat and  
drink in Illyria: Here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR ANDREW

Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA

And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW

What's that?

SIR TOBY BELCH

My niece's chambermaid.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA

My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Good Mistress Mary Accost --

ACT 1-3

SIR TOBY BELCH

You mistake, knight; board her, woo her.

SIR ANDREW

Is that the meaning of "accost?"

MARIA

Fare you well, gentlemen.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

When did I see thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW

I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY BELCH

No question.

SIR ANDREW

Sir Toby: your niece will none of me:  
the count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY BELCH

She'll none o' the count: I  
have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't,  
man.

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Let me see the  
caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

ACT I-3

Exeunt

**SCENE IV. DUKE ORSINO's palace**

Enter VIOLA (in men's clothing) and CURIO

CURIO

If the duke continue these favours towards you,  
Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath  
Known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIOLA

You either fear his fumour or my negligence, that  
You call in question the continuance of his love;  
Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

CURIO

No, believe me.

VIOLA

I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE ORSINO and attendants

DUKE ORSINO

Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA

On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE ORSINO

Cesario, address thy gait unto her;  
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,  
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow  
Till thou have audience.

VIOLA

Sure, my noble lord,  
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow  
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

ORSINO

Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds

ACT I-4

Rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA

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

ORSINO

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

VIOLA

I think not so, my lord.

ORSINO

Dear lad, believe it:  
For they shall yet belie thy happy years  
That say thou art a man. Diana's lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious, thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound.  
And all is semblative of a woman's part.

VIOLA

I'll do my best  
To woo your lady:

(Aside)

yet, a barful strife!  
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exeunt

### **SCENE V. OLIVIA'S house.**

Enter MARIA and FESTE

MARIA

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



FESTE

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and,  
for turning away, let summer bear it out.  
Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking,  
thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MARIA

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

Exit

FESTE

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

Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO

God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA

Take the fool away.

ACT I-5

FESTE

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

OLIVIA

Sir, I bade them take away you.

FESTE

Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA

Can you do it?

FESTE

Dexterously, good madonna.

OLIVIA

Make your proof.

FESTE

Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLIVIA

Good fool, for my brother's death.

FESTE

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

FESTE

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

OLIVIA

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

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

ACT I-5

OLIVIA

Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets.

FESTE

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

Re-enter MARIA

GILDA

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

OLIVIA

From the Count Orsino, is it?

GILDA

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

OLIVIA

Who of my people hold him in delay?

GILDA

Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA

Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him!

Exit MARIA

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

Exit MALVOLIO. Enter SIR TOBY BELCH

OLIVIA

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

ACT I-5

SIR TOBY BELCH

A gentleman.

OLIVIA

A gentleman! what gentleman?

SIR TOBY BELCH

'Tis a gentle man here -- a plague o' these pickle-herring! There's one at the gate.

SIR TOBY Exits.

OLIVIA

Fool, go, look after him.

FESTE

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

Exit

Re-enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

What kind o' man is he?

MALVOLIO

Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA

What manner of man?

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

Of what personage and years is he?

ACT I-5

MALVOLIO

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy. One would think his mother'

OLIVIA

Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO

Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

Exit

Re-enter MARIA, and GENTLEWOMEN in veils.

OLIVIA

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

Enter VIOLA (as CESARIO).

VIOLA

The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Are you a comedian?

VIOLA

Are you the lady of the house?

OLIVIA

If I do not usurp myself, I am.  
I heard you were saucy at my gates,  
and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you  
than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if  
you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of  
moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.  
What are you? what would you?

ACT I-5

MARIA

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

VIOLA

No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

OLIVIA

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

Exeunt MARIA and GENTLEWOMEN

VIOLA

Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate  
with my face? But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.  
Look you, sir, is't not well done?

Unveiling

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

'Tis beauty truly bent.  
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave  
And leave the world no copy.

ACT I-5

OLIVIA

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted;  
My beauty shall be inventoried, and every particle  
labeled: as, item, two lips,  
indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to  
them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were  
you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA

I see you what you are, you are too proud;  
But, my lord and master loves you.

OLIVIA

Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Why, what would you?

VIOLA

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house;  
Write loyal cantons of contemned love  
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills  
And make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out 'Olivia!'

OLIVIA

You might do much.  
What is your parentage?

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord;  
I cannot love him: let him send no more;  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,  
To tell me how he takes it. Spend this for me.

ACT I-5

VIOLA

I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:  
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Farewell, fair cruelty.

Exit

OLIVIA

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

Re-enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO  
Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA  
Run after that same peevish messenger,  
he left this ring behind him. Tell him I'll none of it.  
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
I'll give him reasons for't.

MALVOLIO  
Madam, I will.

Exit

OLIVIA  
I do I know not what, and fear to find  
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;  
What is decreed must be, and be this so.

Exit

ACT I-5

## **ACT II**

### **SCENE I. The sea-coast.**

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

ANTONIO  
Will you stay no longer? Will you not that I go with you?

SEBASTIAN  
No. My stars shine darkly over me: therefore I shall crave of you your  
leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad  
recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

ANTONIO:  
Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEBASTIAN  
You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian,  
which I called Roderigo. My father was that  
Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard  
of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour,



but some hour before you took me from the sea was my sister drowned.

ANTONIO  
Alas the day!

SEBASTIAN  
A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled  
me, was yet of many accounted beautiful:  
She is drowned already, sir, with salt  
water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

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

SEBASTIAN  
Desire it not. Fare ye well at once:  
I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell.

Exit

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

ACT II-1

Exit

**SCENE II. A street.**

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following

MALVOLIO  
Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA  
Even now, sir.

MALVOLIO  
She returns this ring to you, sir:  
She adds, moreover, that you be never so hardy to  
come again in his affairs, unless it be to report  
your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

VIOLA

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

MALVOLIO

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

Exit

VIOLA

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

ACT II-2

Exit

### **SCENE III. OLIVIA's house.**

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes.

SIR ANDREW

Nay, I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY BELCH

A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can.  
To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes.

SIR ANDREW  
Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.

SIR TOBY BELCH  
Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter FESTE and FABIAN

SIR ANDREW  
Here comes the fool, i' faith.

FESTE  
How now, my hearts!

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

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

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

ACT II-3

SIR ANDREW  
Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

FESTE [Sings]  
*O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O, stay and hear! Your truelove's coming.  
That can sing both high and low.  
Trip no Further Pretty sweeting  
Journeys end in lovers meeting.  
Every wise man's son doth know.*

FABIAN  
Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TOBY BELCH  
Good, good.

FESTE  
*What is love? 'Tis not hereafter.  
Present mirth hat present laughter.  
What's to come is still unsure.*

*In delay there lies no plenty,  
Then come and kiss me, sweet and twenty.  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

SIR ANDREW

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

DIMITRI

A contagious breath.

SIR ANDREW

Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Enter MARIA

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we*.

FESTE

Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR ANDREW

Ay, he does well enough, but I do it more natural.

ACT II-3

SIR TOBY BELCH

(singing)

*On the twelfth day of December-*

MARIA

For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO

My masters, are you mad? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TOBY BELCH

We did keep time, sir...

FABIAN

...in our catches.

MALVOLIO

Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, if you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY BELCH

(singing)

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

MARIA

Nay, good Sir Toby.

FESTE

*Hi eyes do show his days are almost done.*

MALVOLIO

Is't even so?

SIR TOBY BELCH

*But I will never die.*

FESTE

*Sir Toby, there you lie.*

ACT II-3

SIR TOBY BELCH

Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO

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

Exit MALVOLIO

MARIA

Go shake your ears.

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight:

For Monsieur Malvolio, let me

alone with him: if I do not make him a common recreation,

do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed:  
I know I can do it.

DIMITRI

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

MARIA

It is his faith that all that look on him love  
him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find  
notable cause to work.

SIR ANDREW

What wilt thou do?

MARIA

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of  
love; I can write very like my lady your niece:  
on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR ANDREW

I have't in my nose too.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

ACT II-3

FABIAN

O, 'twill be admirable!

MARIA

Sport royal, I warrant you: For this night, to  
bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Exeunt MARIA and FABIAN

SIR ANDREW

Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TOBY BELCH

She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me:

SIR ANDREW  
I was adored once too.

DIMITRI  
Let's to bed knight.

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

SIR TOBY BELCH  
Send for more money, knight.

SIR ANDREW  
If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR TOBY BELCH  
Come, come, I'll go burn some sack;  
'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

Exeunt

**SCENE IV. DUKE ORSINO's palace.**

Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, VALENTINE, CURIO and others

DUKE ORSINO  
Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.  
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song we heard last night.  
Methought it did relieve my passion much,  
More than light airs and recollected terms  
Of those most brisk and giddy-paced times.  
Come, but one verse.

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

DUKE ORSINO  
Who was it?

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

DUKE ORSINO

Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

ACT II-4

Exit CURIO and ORLANDO. Music plays.

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,  
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;  
For such as I am all true lovers are,  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save in the constant image of the creature  
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

Thou dost speak masterly:  
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye  
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:  
Hath it not, boy? What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA

Of your complexion.

DUKE ORSINO

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

VIOLA

About your years, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Too old by heaven.

VIOLA

I think it well, my lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.  
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,  
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour

VIOLA

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



To die even when they to perfection grow!

Enter FESTE and CURIO and ORLANDO

DUKE ORSINO

O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.  
Mark it, Cesario.

FESTE

Are you ready, sir?

ACT II-4

DUKE ORSINO

Ay; prithee, sing.

FESTE

*Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid.  
Fly away, fly away, breath,  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.*

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

VIOLA takes over singing halfway through.

DUKE ORSINO

There's for thy pains.

FESTE

No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.  
Now, the melancholy god protect thee; Farewell.

DUKE ORSINO

Give me now leave to leave thee.

Exit FESTE

DUKE ORSINO

Let all the rest give place.

Exeunt

Once more, Cesario,  
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.

VIOLA

But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE ORSINO

I cannot be so answer'd.

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart  
So big, to hold so much; make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

ACT II-4

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

And what's her history?

VIOLA

A blank, my lord. She never told her love.  
She sat like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

DUKE ORSINO

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA

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

DUKE ORSINO

Ay, that's the theme.

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

Exeunt

**SCENE V. OLIVIA's garden.**

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW and FABIAN and DIMITRI

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN

Nay I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport,  
Let me boiled to death with melancholy.

ACT II-5

SIR TOBY BELCH

Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly  
rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FABIAN

I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o'  
Favor with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TOBY BELCH

We will fool him black and blue: shall we not Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

An we do not, it is pity of our lives

SIR TOBY BELCH

Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA

How now, my metal of India?

MARIA

Get ye into the box-tree: Malvolio's  
coming down this walk:  
observe him, for the love of mockery; for I  
know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of  
him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there,

MARIA lays down the letter and exits. SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW hide.  
Enter MALVOLIO

MALVOLIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Here's an overweening rogue!

DIMITRI

O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock  
Of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

ACT II-5

SIR ANDREW

'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY BELCH

Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO

To be Count Malvolio!

SIR ANDREW

Pistol him, pistol him.

FABIAN

O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO

Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state-  
Calling my officers about my, having come from a daybed,  
Where I have left Olivia sleeping-

SIR TOBY

Fire and brimstone!

DIMITRI

O peace, peace! Now, now.

MALVOLIO

I frown the while, and perchance  
Wind up my watch, or play with my-  
Some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me-

SIR TOBY

Out scab!

MALVOLIO

What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter ]

MALVOLIO

By my life, this is my lady's hand.

[Reads] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good  
wishes:" -- her very phrases! To whom should this be?

FABIAN

This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO

[Reads] "Jove knows I love: But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know."

if this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Marry, hang thee!

MALVOLIO

[Reads] "I may command where I adore;  
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

DIMITRI  
A fustian riddle!

SIR TOBY BELCH  
Excellent winch, say I.

MALVOLIO  
Let me see, let me see, let me see.  
'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command  
me: I serve her; she is my lady. What should  
that alphabetical position portend? If I could make  
that resemble something in me, -- Softly! M, O, A,  
I,-- M,-- Malvolio; M,--why, that begins my name.

FABIAN  
Did not I say he would work it out?

MALVOLIO  
M, O, A, I; to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for  
every one of these letters are in my name. Soft!  
here follows prose.

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

Daylight and champaign discovers not more: this is  
open. I will be proud, I will baffle Sir Toby,  
I will be point-devise the very man.  
For my lady loves me. I thank my stars I am happy.  
I will be strange in yellow stockings, and  
cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting  
on. Here is yet a postscript.

[Reads] "Thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my

ACT II-5

presence smile.”

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

Exit

FABIAN

I will not give my part of this sport for a pension  
Of thousands to be paid by the Sophy.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I could marry this wench for this device.

SIR ANDREW

So could I too.

DIMITRI

Here comes the noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH

Shall I become thy bond-slave?

SIR ANDREW

I' faith, or I either?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

MARIA

He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she  
abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests;  
and he will smile upon her, which will now be so  
unsuitable to her disposition, that it cannot but turn him  
into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow  
me.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Exeunt

## **ACT III**

### **SCENE I. OLIVIA's garden.**

Enter VIOLA, and FESTE

VIOLA

I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

FESTE

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun,  
it shines every where.

VIOLA

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

FESTE

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

Exit

VIOLA

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

(Aside)

though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy  
lady within?

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA

And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW

Dieu vos garde, monsieur.

VIOLA

Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.



SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

VIOLA

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

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

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

SIR ANDREW

That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours;' well.

OLIVIA

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

Exeunt

OLIVIA

What is your name?

VIOLA

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA

Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,  
After the last enchantment you did here,  
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse  
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:  
Under your hard construction must I sit,  
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,  
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?  
Enough is shown: So, let me hear you speak.

VIOLA

I pity you.

OLIVIA

That's a degree to love.

(Clock strikes)

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.  
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:  
There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA  
Then westward-ho!

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

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

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

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

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

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

OLIVIA  
O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
In the contempt and anger of his lip!  
A murd'rous guilt shows itself more soon  
Than love that would seem hid.  
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,  
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.  
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;  
But rather reason thus with reason fetter:  
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

VIOLA  
By innocence I swear, and by my youth  
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,  
And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
And so adieu, good madam: never more  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLIVIA

Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move  
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

ACT III-1

Exeunt

**SCENE II. OLIVIA's house.**

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, FABIAN, DIMITRI

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

FABIAN

You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW

Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the  
count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me;  
I saw't i' the orchard.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

SIR ANDREW

As plain as I see you now.

FABIAN

She did show favour to the youth in your sight only  
to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to  
put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver.

DIMITRI

You should then have accosted her; and with some  
excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should  
have banged the youth into dumbness.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Challenge me the count's youth to fight  
with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall  
take note of it; there is no love-broker in the world can  
more prevail than report of valour.

FABIAN

There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

ACT III-2

SIR ANDREW

Will you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Exit SIR ANDREW

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Never trust me, then. And you stir on the youth to an answer.

Enter MARIA

MARIA

If you will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me.  
Malvolio has turned heathen, a very renegado; he's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY BELCH

And cross-gartered?

MARIA

Most villainously; you have not seen such  
a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things  
at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do,  
he'll smile and take't for a great favour.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt

**SCENE III. A street.**

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO

ANTONIO

I could not stay behind you: my desire,  
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth.

SEBASTIAN

My kind Antonio,  
I can no other answer make but thanks,  
And thanks; I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and the things of fame  
That do renown this city.

ACT III-3

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

Belike you slew great number of his people.

ANTONIO

If I be lapsed in this place, I shall pay dear.  
Hold, sir, here's my purse.  
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,  
Is best to lodge; there shall you have me.

SEBASTIAN

Why I your purse?

ANTONIO

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

SEBASTIAN

I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you  
For an hour.

ANTONIO

To the Elephant.

SEBASTIAN  
I do remember.

Exeunt

**SCENE IV. OLIVIA's garden.**

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

ACT III-4

OLIVIA  
I have sent after him: he says he'll come;  
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?  
Where is Malvolio? He is sad and civil,  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

MARIA  
He's coming, madam; but he does nothing but smile.  
For sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

OLIVIA  
Go call him hither.

Exit MARIA

I am as mad as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO  
Sweet lady, ho, ho.

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

MALVOLIO  
I could be sad: this does make some  
obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering;  
It did come to his hands, and commands shall be  
executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLIVIA

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

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

OLIVIA

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

MARIA

Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

ACT III-4

MALVOLIO

'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.

OLIVIA

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

'Some are born great,'--

OLIVIA

Ha!

MALVOLIO

'Some achieve greatness,'--

OLIVIA

What sayest thou?

MALVOLIO

'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

OLIVIA

Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO

'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

OLIVIA

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Gilda

GILDA

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

OLIVIA

I'll come to him.

Exit GILDA

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

ACT III-4

Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA

MALVOLIO

O, ho! Sir Toby to look to me!  
She sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. And when she went away now "Let this fellow be looked to:" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, DIMITRI

SIR TOBY BELCH

Which way is he, in the name of sanctity?

FABIAN

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

MALVOLIO

Go off; I discard you.

MARIA

Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him!

SIR TOBY BELCH

We must deal gently with him.  
How do you, Malvolio? What, man, defy the devil!



MALVOLIO

Do you know what you say?

MARIA

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

MALVOLIO

My prayers, minx!

MARIA

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

ACT III-4

MALVOLIO

Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle, shallow Things. I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter.

Exit

DIMITRI

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA

The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Enter SIR ANDREW

FABIAN

More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW

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

FABIAN

Is't so saucy?

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Give me.

{Reads} "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

DIMITRI and FABIAN

Good, and valiant.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reads] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

ACT III-4

DIMITRI

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reads] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me, thou killest me like a villain.'

FABIAN

Good.

SIR TOBY BELCH

[Reads] "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! Thy friend and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Aguecheek. "

SIR TOBY BELCH

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot.

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll give it to him. Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him;  
so soon as ever thou seest him, draw;  
and, as thou drawest swear horrible. Away!

SIR ANDREW

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH

Now will not I deliver his letter:

The young gentlemen will think it comes from a clotpoll.

But, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth and drive the youth into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, and impetuosity.

This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA

FABIAN

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

ACT III-4

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, DIMITRI, FABIAN, and MARIA

OLIVIA

I have said too much unto a heart of stone.  
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny.

VIOLA

Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

OLIVIA

How with mine honor may I give him that which I have given to you?  
Fare thee well: A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

Exit

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN and DIMITRI

SIR TOBY BELCH

That defense thou hast, betake thee to't:  
thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as  
the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end.

VIOLA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

You'll find it otherwise, I assure you.

Betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

VIOLA

I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.

SIR TOBY BELCH

Back you shall not to the house.

ACT III-4

VIOLA

This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TOBY BELCH

I will do so. Segniors Fabian and Dimitri, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

Exit

VIOLA

I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FABIAN

He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

VIOLA

I shall be much bound to you for't.

Exeunt

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH, with SIR ANDREW

SIR TOBY BELCH

Why, man, he's a very devil.

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

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

SIR ANDREW  
Plague on't. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TOBY BELCH  
I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls.

ACT III-4

(Aside) Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA

(to FABIAN) I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

DIMITRI  
He pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

SIR TOBY BELCH  
(To VIOLA) There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake:

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

SIR TOBY BELCH  
Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you. He has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, He will not hurt you.

SIR ANDREW  
Pray he keep his oath.

[Draw and fight]

ANTONIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

You, sir! why, what are you?

ANTONIO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Fight scene #2.

Enter Officers.

ACT III-4

FABIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA

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

SIR ANDREW

Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you,  
I'll be as good as my word.

OFFICER 1

This is the man. Do thy office.

OFFICER 2

Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO

You do mistake me, sir.

OFFICER 1

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

ANTONIO

I must obey.

(To VIOLA) This comes with seeking you: But there's no remedy.  
Necessity makes me to ask you for my purse.

OFFICER 2

Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO

I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA

What money, sir?

ANTONIO

Will you deny me now?

Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

VIOLA

I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature.

ACT III-4

OFFICER 2

Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANTONIO

This youth that you see here I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,

But O how vile an idol proves this god.

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.

OFFICER 1

The man grows mad: away with him!

ANTONIO

Lead me on.

Exit with Officers.

VIOLA

Methinks his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself: so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!  
He named Sebastian. I my brother know  
Yet living in my glass.  
O, if it prove, Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

Exit

SIR TOBY BELCH  
A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than  
a hare.

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

SIR ANDREW  
I'll after him again and beat him.

SIR TOBY BELCH  
Cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR ANDREW  
An I do not,--

FABIAN  
Come, let's see the event.

ACT III-4

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

Exeunt

**ACT IV**  
**SCENE I. Before OLIVIA's house.**

Enter SEBASTIAN and FESTE

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

SEBASTIAN  
Let me be clear of thee.

FESTE  
No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come



Speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario;  
nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

SEBASTIAN

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

FESTE

Vent my folly? He has heard that word of some  
Great man and now applies it to a Fool. Vent my folly?  
I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY BELCH, FABIAN, DIMITRI

SIR ANDREW

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

[they draw]

SEBASTIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

FESTE

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

Exit

SIR ANDREW

I'll have an action of battery against  
him; though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

ACT IV-1

SEBASTIAN

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

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

Enter OLIVIA

OLIVIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Madam!

OLIVIA

Ungracious wretch, fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby, be gone!

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, FABIAN, and DIMITRI

I prithee, gentle friend,

Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:

Do not deny.

SEBASTIAN

(Aside) What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

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

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

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

OLIVIA

Nay, come, I prithee; would thou'ldst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN

Madam, I will.

ACT IV-1

OLIVIA

O, say so, and so be!

Exeunt

**SCENE II. OLIVIA's house.**

Enter MARIA and FESTE

MARIA

Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard;

make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do

it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

Exit

FESTE

Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself  
in't; The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

SIR TOBY BELCH

Jove bless thee, master Parson.

FESTE

Bonos dies, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY BELCH

To him, Sir Topas.

FESTE

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MALVOLIO

(Within) Who calls there?

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

ACT IV-2

FESTE

Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man!  
talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TOBY BELCH

Well said, Master Parson.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir  
Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me

here in hideous darkness.

FESTE

Fie, thou dishonest Satan!

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE

Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness.

MALVOLIO

Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY BELCH

My most exquisite Sir Topas!

MARIA

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how  
thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this  
knavery.

ACT IV-2

Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

FESTE (Singing)

*Hey Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does.*

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FESTE

*My lady is unkind, perdy.*

MALVOLIO

Fool!

FESTE

*Alas, why is she so?*

MALVOLIO

Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper.

FESTE

Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO

Ay, good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady:

FESTE

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

MALVOLIO

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

FESTE (Singing)

*I am gone, sir, and anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again,  
In a trice, like to the old Vice...*

Exit

**SCENE III. OLIVIA's garden.**

ACT IV-3

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN

This is the air; that is the glorious sun;  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch

With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing  
As I perceive she does: there's something in't  
That is deceiveable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST

OLIVIA

Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,  
Now go with me and with this holy man  
Into the chantry by: there, before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;  
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
May live at peace. What do you say?

SEBASTIAN

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

OLIVIA

Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,  
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

Exeunt

## **ACT V**

### **SCENE I. Before OLIVIA's house.**

Enter FABIAN, DIMITRI and FESTE

Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, and ATTENDANTS

VALENTINE

Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

DIMITRI

Aye sir, we are some of her trappings.

CURIO

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

FESTE

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

ORLANDO  
How can that be?

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

DUKE ORSINO  
Why, this is excellent.

ACT V-1

FESTE  
By my troth, sir, no-- thought it please you to be  
One of my friends.

DUKE ORSINO  
Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

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

DUKE ORSINO  
You can fool no more money out of me at this throw:  
If you will let your lady know that I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with  
you, it may awake my bounty further.

Exit FESTE

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

Enter ANTONIO and Officers

VALENTINE  
That face of his I do remember well-

ORLANDO  
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.

OFFICER 1  
Orsino, this is that Antonio

That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught from Candy-

OFFICER 2

And this is he that did the *Tiger* board  
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.

OFFICER 1

Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,  
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIOLA

He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;  
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.

DUKE ORSINO

Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!  
What foolish boldness brought thee to thine enemies?

ACT V-1

ANTONIO

Orsino, noble sir,  
A witchcraft drew me hither:  
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,  
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth  
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:  
His life I gave him and did thereto add  
My love, without retention or restraint,  
All his in dedication; for his sake  
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
Into the danger of this adverse town;  
Drew to defend him when he was beset:  
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,  
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,  
denied me mine own purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

VIOLA

How can this be?

DUKE ORSINO

When came he to this town?

ANTONIO

To-day, my lord.



Enter OLIVIA and Attendants

DUKE ORSINO

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

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

Madam!

ACT V-1

DUKE ORSINO

Gracious Olivia,--

OLIVIA

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

VIOLA

My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLIVIA

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

DUKE ORSINO

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA

Still so constant, lord.

DUKE ORSINO

Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,  
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,  
Kill what I love? But hear me this:  
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your favour,  
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;  
But this your minion, whom I know you love,

And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,  
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.  
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:  
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

VIOLA

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

OLIVIA

Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA

After him I love  
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.  
If I do feign, you witnesses above  
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

ACT V-1

OLIVIA

Ay me, detested! How am I beguiled!

VIOLA

Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

OLIVIA

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

GILDA exits.

DUKE ORSINO

Come, away!

OLIVIA

Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE ORSINO

Husband!

OLIVIA

Ay, husband: can he that deny?

DUKE ORSINO  
Her husband, sirrah!

VIOLA  
No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA  
Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear  
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:  
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art  
As great as that thou fear'st.

PRIEST enters

OLIVIA  
O, welcome, father.  
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence  
Here to unfold what thou dost know  
Hat newly passed between this youth and me.

PRIEST  
A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings,  
And all the ceremony of this compact  
Sealed in my function, by my testimony.

DUKE ORSINO  
O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?  
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA  
My lord, I do protest--

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

Enter SIR ANDREW

ACT V-1

SIR ANDREW

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

OLIVIA

What's the matter?

SIR ANDREW

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

OLIVIA

Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW

Cesario.

DUKE ORSINO

My gentleman, Cesario?

VIOLA

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

SIR ANDREW

You broke my head for nothing!

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FESTE, FABIAN, and DIMITRI

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more.

DUKE ORSINO

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't.

ACT V-1

OLIVIA

Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR ANDREW

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

SIR TOBY BELCH

Will you help? – an ass-head, and a coxcomb?

OLIVIA

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

Exeunt FESTE, SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW

Enter SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman:  
But, had it been the brother of my blood,  
I must have done no less with wit and safety.  
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that  
I do perceive it hath offended you:  
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows  
We made each other but so late ago.

DUKE ORSINO

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

SEBASTIAN

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

ANTONIO

Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN

Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANTONIO

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

ACT V-1

OLIVIA

Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN

Do I stand there? I never had a brother;

I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.  
What kin are you to me?

VIOLA

Sebastian was my father;  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,  
So went he suited to his watery tomb.

SEBASTIAN

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

VIOLA

If nothing lets to make us happy both,  
but this my masculine usurped attire.  
I am Viola:

SEBASTIAN

(To OLIVIA) So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.  
You would have been contracted to a maid.

DUKE ORSINO

I shall have share in this most happy wreck.  
(To VIOLA) Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times  
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA

And all those sayings will I swear true.

DUKE ORSINO

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

OLIVIA

My lord so please you, these things further  
thought on, To think me as well a sister as a wife.

DUKE ORSINO

Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.

{To VIOLA} Your master quits you;  
And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

OLIVIA

A sister! you are she.

VIOLA

The captain that did bring me first on shore  
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action  
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit.

OLIVIA

Alas, now I remember me, he's much distract.

Re-enter FESTE with the letter, and FABIAN and DIMITRI

A most extracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.  
How does he, sirrah?

FABIAN

He's here writ a letter to you.

OLIVIA

Open't, and read it.

FESTE

Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers  
the madman.  
(Reads) "By the Lord, madam,-"

OLIVIA

How now! Art thou mad?

FESTE

No, Madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship  
Will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

ACT V-1

OLIVIA

Prithee, read I' thy right wits.

FESTE

So I do, Madonna; but to read his right wits is to  
Read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

OLIVIA (to FABIAN)

Read it you, sirrah.

FABIAN

(Reads) 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: You have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury. The madly-used Malvolio.'

OLIVIA

Did he write this?

FESTE

Ay, madam.

OLIVIA

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

ENTER MALVOLIO

OLIVIA

How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO

Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA

Have I, Malvolio? no.

MALVOLIO

Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.  
You must not now deny it is your hand:  
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,  
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,  
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,  
To put on yellow stockings and to frown  
Upon Sir Toby; And, why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
And made the most notorious geck and gull  
That e'er invention play'd on? Tell me why.

ACT V-1



OLIVIA

Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,  
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.  
This practise hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee.

FESTE

Good madam, hear me speak,  
Most freely I confess, myself, Fabian, and Toby  
Set this device against Malvolio here,  
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
We had conceived against him: Maria writ  
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;  
In recompense whereof he hath married her.

OLIVIA

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

FESTE

Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness,  
and some have greatness thrown upon them.'  
I was one, in this interlude, Sir Topas, sir but that's all one.  
And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

MALVOLIO

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

Exit

OLIVIA

He hath been most notoriously abused.

DUKE ORSINO (To CURIO) Pursue him and entreat him to peace.

A solemn combination shall be made  
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,  
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;  
For so you shall be, while you are a man;  
But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

ACT V-1

FESTE

[Sings]

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,*

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

FESTE exits.

**END OF PLAY.**