TWELFTH NIGHT

Script

Playing Shakespeare with Deutsche Bank 2016
ACT 1 SCENE 1

Music is playing. Enter Duke Orsino, Curio, and other Lords.

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. [Music stops.] O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou That, notwithstanding thy capacity, Receiveth as the sea. Naught enters there, Of what validity and pitch soe’er, But falls into abatement and low price Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy That it alone is high fantastical.

Curio

Will you go hunt, my lord?

Orsino

What, Curio?

Curio

The hart.

Orsino

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

Valentine

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

Orsino

O she that hath a heart of that fine frame To pay this debt of love but to a brother, How will she love, when the rich golden shaft Hath killed the flock of all affections else That live in her? When liver, brain, and heart, These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and filled [Her sweet perfections!] with one selfsame king. Away before me, to sweet beds of flowers, Love thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. They all exit.
ACT 1 SCENE 2

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 drowned. What think you, sailors?

Captain It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Viola O my poor brother! And so perchance may he be.

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

Viola [Giving money.] For saying so, there’s gold. Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope, Whereto thy speech serves for authority, The like of him. Knowest thou this country?

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

Viola Who governs here?

Captain A noble duke in nature, as in name.

Viola What is his name?

Captain Orsino.

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

Captain And so is now, or was so very late. For but a month ago I went from hence, And then ’twas fresh in murmur (as, you know, What great ones do the less will prattle of) That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Viola What’s she?

Captain A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her In the protection of his son, her brother, Who shortly also died. For whose dear love (They say) she hath 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.
ACT 1 SCENE 3

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

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

Maria
By my troth Sir Toby, you must come in earlier a-nights. Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir Toby
Why let her except, before excepted.

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

Sir Toby
Confine? I’ll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too. And they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

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

Sir Toby
Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Maria
Ay, he.

Sir Toby
He’s as tall a man as any’s in Illyria.

Maria
What’s that to th’ purpose?

Sir Toby
Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

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

Sir Toby
Fie, that you’ll say so! He plays o’ th’ viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

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Maria

He hath indeed all, most natural, for, besides that he’s a fool, he’s a great quarreller. And, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarreling, ’tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir Toby

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

Maria

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

Sir Toby

With drinking healths to my niece. I’ll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He’s a coward and a coistrel that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o’ th’ toe, like a parish top. Enter Sir Andrew Auguecheek.

What wench! Castiliano vulgo, for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir Andrew

[To Maria.] Bless you fair shrew.

Maria

And you too, sir.

Sir Toby

[To Sir Andrew.] Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir Andrew

[To Sir Toby.] What’s that?

Sir Toby

[To Sir Andrew.] My niece’s chambermaid.

Sir Andrew

[To Maria.] Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Maria

My name is Mary, sir.

Sir Andrew

Good Mistress Mary Accost—

Sir Toby

You mistake knight. "Accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir Andrew

[To Sir Toby.] By my troth I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

Maria

Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir Toby

[To Sir Andrew.] And thou let part so Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Sir Andrew

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

Maria

Sir, I have not you by th’ hand.

Sir Andrew

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

Maria

[Taking his hand.] Now sir, thought is free. [Putting his hand on her breast.] I pray you, bring your hand to th’ buttery bar and let it drink.

Sir Andrew

Wherefore, sweetheart? What’s your metaphor?

Maria

It’s dry, sir.

Sir Andrew

Why I think so. I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what’s your jest?

Maria

A dry jest, sir.
Sir Andrew  Are you full of them?

Maria  Ay sir, I have them at my fingers’ ends. [Letting go of his hand.] Marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

Exit Maria.

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

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

Sir Toby  No question.

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

Sir Toby  Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir Andrew  What is "pourquoi"? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bearbaiting. O had I but followed the arts!

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

Sir Andrew  Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir Toby  But it becomes me well enough, dost not?

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

Sir Andrew  Faith, I'll home tomorrow Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The Count himself here hard by woos her.

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

Sir Andrew  I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world. I delight in masques and revels, sometimes altogether.

Sir Andrew  Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

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

Sir Andrew  What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir Andrew  Faith, I can cut a caper.

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

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

Sir Toby  Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. I would not so much as
**Act 1 Scene 4**

Enter Valentine, and Viola disguised as Cesario.

Valentine
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.

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

Valentine
No, believe me.

Cesario (Viola)
I thank you.  

Enter Orsino, Curio, and Attendants.

Orsino
Who saw Cesario, ho?

Cesario (Viola)
On your attendance, my lord, here.

Orsino
[To Curio and Attendants.]  

Stand you awhile aloof. [They move away.] Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all. I have unclasped To thee the book even of my secret soul. Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her. Be not denied access, stand at her doors And tell them there thy fixèd foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

Cesario (Viola)
Sure, my noble lord,  

If she be so abandoned to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

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

Cesario (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.

Cesario (Viola)
I think not so, my lord.

Orsino
Dear lad, believe it.  

For they shall yet belie thy happy years

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**Notes:**

117 make water: urinate  
118 sink-a-pace: double meaning: cinquepace [dance], sink = sewer  
119 virtues: talents  
119 constitution: build  
120 under the star: reference to astrology; many people believed the stars controlled their lives  
121 indifferent: moderately  
122 dun-coloured stock: brown stocking  
123 Taurus: astrological sign of the bull  
124 sides and heart: parts of the body he thinks Taurus rules  
125 advanced: promoted  
3 but: just, only  
3 you are no stranger: he tells you everything  
4 humour: nature might be changeable  
12 aloof: aside  
13 no less but all: everything  
15 address thy gait: go  
18 thou shall have audience: she will see you  
19 abandoned to: absorbed by  
20 spoke: rumoured  
21 leap all civil bounds: be pushy, not polite  
22 make an unprofited return: come back without seeing her  
25 Surprise: ambush  
25 discourse: speaking  
25 faith: faithful love  
27 in thy: of your  
28 nuncio: messenger  
28 grave aspect: serious manner  
30 belie: misrepresent
ACT 1 SCENE 5

Enter Maria and Feste.

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

Feste
Let her hang me. He that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Maria
Make that good.

Feste
He shall see none to fear.

Maria
A good Lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of “I fear no colours.”

Feste
Where, good Mistress Mary?

Maria
In the wars, and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

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

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

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

Maria
You are resolute then?

Feste
Not so, neither, but I am resolved on two points.

Maria
That if one break, the other will hold, or if both break, your gaskins fall.

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

Maria
Peace, you rogue. no more o’ that. Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.]

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio and attendants.

Cesario [Viola]
I’ll do my best To woo your lady. [Aside.] Yet a barful strife! Whoe’er I woo, myself would be his wife.

They all exit.
Feste  
*[Aside.*] Wit, and’t be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools, and I that am sure I lack thee may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? “Better a witty Fool than a foolish wit.”— God bless thee lady.

Olivia  
Take the Fool away.

Feste  
Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the Lady.

Olivia  
Go to, you’re a dry Fool. I’ll no more of you. Besides, you grow dishonest.

Feste  
Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend. For, give the dry Fool drink, then is the Fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest: if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that’s mended is but patched. Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so. If it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty’s a flower. The Lady bade take away the Fool, therefore, I say again, take her away.

Olivia  
Sir, I bade them take away you.

Feste  
Misprison in the highest degree. Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum* — that’s as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Olivia  
Can you do it?

Feste  
Dexteriously, good madonna.

Olivia  
Make your proof.

Feste  
I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Olivia  
Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I’ll bide your proof.

Feste  
Good madonna, why mourn’st 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.

Olivia  
How say you to that, Malvolio?
Malvolio

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

Olivia

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

Feste

Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of Fools.

Enter Maria.

Maria

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

Olivia

From the Count Orsino, is it?

Maria

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

Olivia

Who of my people hold him in delay?

Maria

Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Olivia

Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him!

[Maria exits.]

Enter Sir Toby.

Maria

[To Feste.] Now you see sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Feste

Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a Fool, whose skull Jove cram with brains,—

Enter Sir Toby.

for here he comes, one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Olivia

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

Sir Toby

A gentleman.

Olivia

A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir Toby

'Tis a gentleman here, [He belches.] — a plague o' these pickle herring! [To Feste.] How now, sot?

Feste

Good Sir Toby.

Olivia

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

Sir Toby

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

Olivia

Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir Toby

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

He exits.
Olivia
What’s a drunken man like, Fool?

Feste
Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman. One draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Olivia
Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o’my coz, for he’s in the third degree of drink: he’s drowned. Go look after him.

Feste
He is but mad yet, madonna, and the Fool shall look to the madman. [He exits.]

Enter Malvolio.

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

Olivia
Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Malvolio
Has been told so, and he says he’ll stand at your door like a sheriff’s post and be the supporter to a bench, but he’ll speak with you.

Olivia
What kind o’man is he?

Malvolio
Why, of mankind.

Olivia
What manner of man?

Malvolio
Of very ill manner. He’ll speak with you, will you or no.

Olivia
Of what personage and years is he?

Malvolio
Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy. As a squash is before ‘tis a peascod, or a codling when ‘tis almost an apple, ‘tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly. One would think his mother’s milk were scarce out of him.

Olivia
Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Malvolio
Gentlewoman, my lady calls. He exits.

Enter Maria.

Olivia
Give me my veil. Come, throw it o’er my face. We’ll once more hear Orsino’s embassy.

Enter Viola, disguised as Cesario.

Cesario (Viola)
The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

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

Cesario (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. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn. I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.
Olivia

Whence came you, sir?

Cesario (Viola)

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

Olivia

Are you a comedian?

Cesario (Viola)

No, my profound heart. And yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Olivia

If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Cesario (Viola)

Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself, for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Olivia

Come to what is important in't. I forgive you the praise.

Cesario (Viola)

Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Olivia

It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and 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.

Maria

Will you hoist sail sir? Here lies your way.

Cesario (Viola)

No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. [To Olivia.] Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind. I am a messenger.

Olivia

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

Cesario (Viola)

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

Olivia

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

Cesario (Viola)

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. [Maria and Attendants exit].

Olivia

Now, sir, what is your text?

Cesario (Viola)

Most sweet lady—

Olivia

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

Cesario (Viola)

In Orsino's bosom.

Olivia

In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Cesario (Viola)

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

Olivia

O, I have read it, it is heresy. Have you no more to say?
Cesario (Viola)  Good madam, let me see your face.

Olivia  Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text. But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. [Unveiling.] Look you sir, such a one I was this present. Is’t not well done?

Cesario (Viola)  Excellently done, if God did all.

Olivia  ‘Tis in grain sir, ‘twill endure wind and weather.

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

Olivia  O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item two lips indifferent red, item two gray eyes, with lids to them, item one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Cesario (Viola)  I see you what you are, you are too proud. But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you. O such love Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned The nonpareil of beauty.

Olivia  How does he love me?

Cesario (Viola)  With adorations, fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Olivia  Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him. Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulged, free, learnèd, and valiant, And in dimension and the shape of nature A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him. He might have took his answer long ago.

Cesario (Viola)  If I did love you in my master’s flame, With such a suff’ring, such a deadly life, In your denial, I would find no sense, I would not understand it.

Olivia  Why, what would you?

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

Olivia  You might do much. What is your parentage?
Cesario (Viola) Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.
I am a gentleman.

Olivia Get you to your lord.
I cannot love him. Let him send no more,
Unless [perchance] you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

Cesario (Viola) I am no fee’d post, lady. Keep your purse,
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master’s, be
Placed in contempt. Farewell, fair cruelty. He exits.

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 fivefold blazon. Not too fast! Soft, soft,
Unless the master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth’s perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. —
What ho, Malvolio!

Enter Malvolio.

Malvolio Here madam, at your service.

Olivia Run after that same peevish messenger,
The County’s man. He left this ring behind him,
Would I or not. Tell him I’ll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,
I’ll give him reasons for’t. Hie thee, Malvolio

Malvolio Madam, I will. He exits.

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.
She exits.

ACT 2 SCENE 1

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

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

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

Antonio Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Sebastian No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in. Therefore it charges me in manners

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14

17 both born in an hour: born in the same hour [twins]
17–8 If the heavens ... so ended: if only our stars had let us die then
20 breach of the sea: tossing waves

ACT 2 SCENE 2

Enter Cesario [Viola disguised as a man], and Malvolio, at different doors.

Malvolio

Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Cesario (Viola)

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

Malvolio

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

Cesario (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. [Throwing down the ring] If it be worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye, if not, be it his that finds it. He exits.

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Cesario (Viola)

[Picking up the ring.]

I left no ring with her. What means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her. She made good view of me, indeed so much That methought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts, distractedly. She loves me sure! The cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord’s ring? Why, he sent her none! I am the man! If it be so, as ‘tis, Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy is it for the proper false In women’s waxen hearts to set their forms. Alas! O frailty is the cause, not we, For such as we are made of, such we be. How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly, And I, poor monster, fond as much on him, And she (mistaken) seems to dote on me. What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master’s love. As I am woman (now, alas the day) What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe? O Time, thou must untangle this, not I. It is too hard a knot for me t’untie. [She exits.]

ACT 2 SCENE 3

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir Toby

Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes, and diluculo surgere, thou know’st.

Sir Andrew

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

Sir Toby

A false conclusion. I hate it as an 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. Does not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir Andrew

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

Sir Toby

Th’art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Maria, I say, a stoup of wine!

Enter Feste.

Sir Andrew

Here comes the Fool, i’faith.

Feste

How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of “We Three”?

Sir Toby

Welcome, ass. Now let’s have a catch.

Sir Andrew

By my troth the Fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the Fool has. [To Feste.] In sooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok’st of Pigromitrus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus. ’Twas very good, i’faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman. Hadst it?

17 my outside: my appearance
18 made good view of me: certainly looked me over
19 had lost her tongue: had made her lose her tongue
20 in starts: in bursts
21 distractedly: madly
22 in: by
23 churlish: rude
25 were better love: would be better off loving
27 Wherein: in which
27 pregnant enemy: resourceful enemy [i.e. the Devil]
28 proper false: attractive but deceitful men
29 set their forms: make their impression
32 fadge: turn out
33 monster: unnatural creature [because of her disguise]
34 dote on: be infatuated with
35 As I am man: while I’m disguised as a man
38 thriftless: wasted

2 betimes: early
2 diluculo surgere: a Latin proverb: ‘to get up early is most healthy’
3 by my troth: truly
5 can: tankard
8 the four elements: it was thought everything was made up of: earth, air fire and water
14 my hearts: my good friends
15 ‘We Three’: a famous picture of two stupid people, the person look is supposed to be the third
16 ass: [i.e. Feste is the third idiot]
16 a catch: a round song [e.g. ‘London’s Burning’]
17 breast: set of lungs [for singing]
18 such a leg: [for dancing]
20 thou wast … fooling: you were making us all laugh hugely
22–3 Pigromitrus … Queubus: either Feste was making up nonsense OR Sir Andrew remembers nonsense
23 leman: sweetheart
23 Hads’t it?: Did you get it?
Feste

I did impeticos thy gratillity. For Malvolio’s nose is no whipstock, my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir Andrew

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

Sir Toby

[Giving Feste money.] Come on, there is sixpence for you. Let’s have a song.

Sir Andrew

[Giving Feste money.] There’s a testril of me too. If one knight give a—

Feste

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

Sir Toby

A love song, a love song.

Sir Andrew

Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

Feste

[Sings.] O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love’s coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting.
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man’s son doth know.

Sir Andrew

Excellent good, ’tis faith.

Sir Toby

Good, good.

Feste

[Sings.] What is love? ’Tis not hereafter.
Present mirth hath present laughter.
What’s to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.
Youth’s a stuff will not endure.

Sir Andrew

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir Toby

A contagious breath.

Sir Andrew

Very sweet and contagious, ’tis faith.

Sir Toby

To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir Andrew

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

Feste

By’r Lady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir Andrew

Most certain. Let our catch be “Thou Knave.”

Feste

“Hold thy peace, thou knave”, knight? I shall be constrained in’t to call thee knave, knight.

Sir Andrew

’Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, Fool. It begins “Hold thy peace.”

Feste

I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir Andrew

Good ’tis faith. Come, begin.

Feste starts singing, then each one joins in when the previous person has finished the first line.
The song gets very loud.

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

My lady’s a Cathayan, we are politicians, Malvolio’s a Peg-a-Ramsey, and [singing] Three merry men be we. Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, Lady! [Singing.] There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.

Feste

Beshrew me, the knight’s in admirable fooling.

Sir Andrew

Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too. He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir Toby

[Singing.] O’ the twelfth day of December—

Maria

For the love o’God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Malvolio

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

Sir Toby

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

Malvolio

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

Sir Toby

[Singing.] Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Maria

Nay, good Sir Toby.

Feste

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

Malvolio

Is’t even so?

Sir Toby

[Singing.] But I will never die.

Feste

[Singing.] Sir Toby, there you lie.

Malvolio

This is much credit to you.

Sir Toby

[Singing.] Shall I bid him go?

Feste

[Singing.] What an if you do?

Sir Toby

[Singing.] Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Feste

[Singing.] O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

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Act 2 Scene 3

Sir Toby Out o' tune sir? Ye lie! Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Feste Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' th' mouth too.

Sir Toby Thou'rt i' th' right. [To Malvolio.] Go sir, rub your chain with crumbs.—A stoup of wine, Maria!

Malvolio Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand. [He exits.]

Maria Go shake your ears!

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

Sir Toby Do't knight, I'll write thee a challenge. Or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

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

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

Maria Marry sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

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

Sir Toby What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

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

Maria The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swathes. The best persuaded of himself, so crammed [as he thinks] with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him, love him. And on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir Toby What wilt thou do?

Maria I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece. On a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir Toby Excellent, I smell a device.

Sir Andrew I have't in my nose too.

Sir Toby He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.
Maria
My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

Sir Andrew
And your horse now would make him an ass.

Maria
Ass, I doubt not.

Sir Andrew
O, ’twill be admirable!

Maria
Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the Fool make a third, where he shall find the letter. Observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. She exits.

Sir Toby
Good night Penthesilea.

Sir Andrew
Before me, she’s a good wench.

Sir Toby
She’s a beagle true bred, and one that adores me. What o’ that?

Sir Andrew
I was adored once too.

Sir Toby
Let’s to bed knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

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

Sir Toby
Send for money knight. If thou hast her not i’th’end, call me cut.

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

Sir Toby
Come, come, I’ll go burn some sack. ’Tis too late to go to bed now. Come knight, come knight.

They exit.

ACT 2 SCENE 4

Enter Orsino, Cesario [Viola in disguise], Curio, and others.

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

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

Orsino
Who was it?

Curio
Feste the jester my lord, a fool that the Lady Olivia’s father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Orsino
Seek him out [Curio exits.]
and play the tune the while.
[To Viola.] Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pang 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?

Cesario [Viola]
It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.
Act 2 Scene 4

Orsino

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

Cesario (Viola)

A little, by your favour.

Orsino

What kind of woman is’t?

Cesario (Viola)

Of your complexion.

Orsino

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

Cesario (Viola)

About your years, my lord.

Orsino

Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband’s heart.
For boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women’s are.

Cesario (Viola)

I think it well, my lord.

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.

Cesario (Viola)

And so they are. Alas, that they are so,
To die even when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio and Feste.

Orsino

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

Feste

Are you ready, sir?

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 truedid share it.
Not a flower, not a flower, sweet
On my black coffin let there be strewn.
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.

Orsino

[Giving him money.] There’s for thy pains.

Feste

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

Orsino

I’ll pay thy pleasure then.

Feste

Truly sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.
Orsino  
Give me now leave to leave thee.

Feste  
Now the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything and their intent everywhere, for that’s it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.  

Orsino  
Let all the rest give place.  

[Exit all except Orsino and Cesario (Viola).]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.  
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.  
The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,  
Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune.  
But ‘tis that miracle and queen of gems  
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Cesario (Viola)  
But if she cannot love you, sir—

Orsino  
I cannot be so answered.

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

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. They lack retention.  
Alas, their love may be called appetite,  
No motion of the liver, but the palate,  
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt.  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much. Make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me,  
And that I owe Olivia.

Cesario (Viola)  
Ay, but I know—

Orsino  
What dost thou know?

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

Orsino  
And what’s her history?

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

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Cesario (Viola)

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

Orsino

Ay, that’s the theme. 
To her in haste. [Handing her a jewel.] 
Give her this jewel. Say 
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

They exit.

ACT 2 SCENE 5

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir Toby

Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fabian

Nay, I’ll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be 
boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir Toby

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

Fabian

I would exult, man. You know he brought me out o’ 
favour with my lady about a bearbaiting here.

Sir Toby

To anger him, we’ll have the bear again, and we will 
fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir Andrew

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

Enter Maria.

Maria

Get you all three into the box tree. Malvolio’s coming 
down this walk. He has been yonder i’the sun practising 
behaviour to his own shadow this half-hour. Observe 
him for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will 
make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name 
of jesting! [The men hide.] 
[Putting down the letter.] Lie thou there, for here comes 
the trout that must be caught with tickling. She exits.

Enter Malvolio.

Malvolio

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

Sir Toby

[Malvolio does not hear any of the things said by Sir Toby, 
Fabian and Sir Andrew in hiding.] 
Here’s an overweening rogue.

Fabian

O peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him. 
How he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir Andrew

‘Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir Toby

Peace I say.

Malvolio

To be Count Malvolio.
ACT 2 SCENE 5

Sir Toby
Ah, rogue!

Sir Andrew
Pistol him, pistol him!

Sir Toby
Peace, peace!

Malvolio
There is example for’t. The Lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir Andrew
Fie on him, Jezebel!

Sir Toby
O peace, now he’s deeply in. Look how imagination blows him.

Malvolio
Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

Sir Toby
O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

Malvolio
Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a daybed, where I have left Olivia sleeping—

Sir Toby
Fire and brimstone!

Fabian
O peace, peace.

Malvolio
And then to have the humour of state, and after a demure travel of regard (telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs), to ask for my kinsman Toby—

Sir Toby
Bolts and shackles!

Fabian
O, peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

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

Sir Toby
Shall this fellow live?

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

Malvolio
I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control—

Sir Toby
And does not Toby take you a blow o’the lips then?

Malvolio
Saying, “Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech—”

Sir Toby
What, what?

Malvolio
“You must amend your drunkenness.”

Sir Toby
Out scab!

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

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

Sir Andrew
That’s me, I warrant you.

Malvolio
“One Sir Andrew.”

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

Malvolio
[Seeing the letter.] What employment have we here?

34  Pistol: shoot

36–7  The Lady ... wardrobe: [gives an example of a woman marrying a man below her social status]

38  Jezebel: shameless woman

40  blows him: puffs him up

41–2  my state: my grand chair

43  stone-bow: catapult

44  officers: servants

44  branched: embroidered

49  humour of state: manner of a great lord

49–50  a demure travel of regard: looking solemnly around the room

51  would: wish

53  Bolts and shackles!: put him in prison chains

58  curtsies: bows

60  Though our ... with cars: even if we were tortured to break our silence

62  familiar: friendly

63  austere regard of control: stern look of a superior person

64  take you ... lips: give you a punch in the mouth

66  prerogative: right

68  amend: change

69  Out scab!: You scoundrel!

70  break the sinews: ruin

76  employment: business [i.e. the letter]
Act 2 Scene 5

Fabian
Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir Toby
O peace, and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him.

Malvolio
[Picking up the letter.] By my life, this is my lady’s hand. These be her very c’s, her u’s, and her t’s, and thus she makes her great P’s. It is in contempt of question her hand.

Sir Andrew
Her c’s, her u’s, and her t’s. Why that?

Malvolio
[Reading.] To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes. Her very phrases! [Opening the letter.] By your leave wax. Soft, and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal. ’Tis my lady! To whom should this be?

Fabian
This wins him, liver and all.

Malvolio
[Reading.] Jove knows I love, but who? Lips, do not move, no man must know. “No man must know.” What follows? The numbers altered. “No man must know.” If this should be thee, Malvolio!

Sir Toby
Marry, hang thee, brock!

Malvolio
[Reading.] I may command where I adore, But silence, like a Lucrece knife, With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore. M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.

Fabian
A fustian riddle.

Sir Toby
Excellent wench, say I.

Malvolio
“M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.” Nay, but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fabian
What dish o’ poison has she dressed him?

Sir Toby
And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

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

Sir Toby
O ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

Fabian
Sowter will cry upon’t for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Malvolio
“M.” Malvolio. “M”— why, that begins my name!

Fabian
Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults.

Malvolio
“M.” But then there is no consonancy in the sequel that suffers under probation. “A” should follow, but “O” does.

Fabian
And “O” shall end, I hope.

Sir Toby
Ay, or I’ll cudgel him and make him cry “O.”

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Malvolio

And then "I" comes behind.

Fabian

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

Malvolio

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

[Reading.] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy fates open their hands. Let thy blood and spirit embrace them and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made if thou desirest to be so. If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

The Fortunate-Unhappy.

Daylight and champain discovers not more! This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jabe me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised. Here is yet a postscript.

[Reading.] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee. Jove, I thank thee! I will smile, I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

He exits.

Fabian

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

Sir Toby

I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir Andrew

So could I too.

Sir Toby

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

Sir Andrew

Nor I neither.

Enter Maria.

Fabian

Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir Toby

Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

Sir Andrew

Or o'mine either?
Sir Toby
Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip and become thy bondslave?

Sir Andrew
I’ faith, or I either?

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

Maria
Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir Toby
Like aqua vitae with a midwife.

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

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

Sir Andrew
I’ll make one, too.

They exit.

Enter Cesario (Viola disguised as a man) and Feste, playing a tabor.

Cesario (Viola)
Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Feste
No, sir, I live by the church.

Cesario (Viola)
Art thou a churchman?

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

Cesario (Viola)
So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him, or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Feste
You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit, how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Cesario (Viola)
Nay, that’s certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

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

Cesario (Viola)
Why, man?

Feste
Why sir, her name’s a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Cesario (Viola)
Thy reason, man?

Feste
Troth sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them.

Cesario (Viola)
I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car’st for nothing.
Feste
Not so sir. I do care for something: but in my conscience sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Cesario (Viola)
Art not thou the Lady Olivia’s Fool?

Feste
No indeed sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly. She will keep no fool, sir, till she be married, and Fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings — the husband’s the bigger. I am indeed not her Fool, but her corrupter of words.

Cesario (Viola)
I saw thee late at the Count Orsino’s.

Feste
Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry sir, but the Fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.

Cesario (Viola)
Nay, an thou pass upon me, I’ll no more with thee. Hold, [Giving a coin.] there’s expenses for thee.

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

Cesario (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. [To Feste.] Is thy lady within?

Feste
Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Cesario (Viola)
Yes, being kept together and put to use.

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

Cesario (Viola)
I understand you, sir. [Giving another coin.] ’Tis well begged.

Feste
The matter I hope is not great, sir; begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would are out of my welkin. I might say "element," but the word is overworn.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

Sir Toby
Save you, gentleman.

Cesario (Viola)
And you sir.

Sir Andrew
Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Cesario (Viola)
Et vous aussi, votre serviteur!

Sir Andrew
I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.
Sir Toby
Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Cesario (Viola) 
I am bound to your niece, sir. I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

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

Cesario (Viola)
My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir Toby
I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Cesario (Viola)
I will answer you with gait and entrance—but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia, and Maria.

Sir Andrew

Cesario (Viola)
My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir Andrew
[Aside.] "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed." I’ll get 'em all three all ready.

Olivia
Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [Maria, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew exit.]

Give me your hand sir.

Cesario (Viola)
My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Olivia
What is your name?

Cesario (Viola)
Cesario is your servant’s name, fair princess.

Olivia
My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world since lowly feigning was called compliment. Y’are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Cesario (Viola)
And he is yours, and his must needs be yours. Your servant’s servant is your servant, madam.

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

Cesario (Viola)
Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf.

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

Cesario (Viola)
Dear lady—

Olivia
Give me leave, I beseech you. I did send, After the last enchantment you did here, A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you. Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you in a shameful cunning Which you knew none of yours. What might you think? Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all th’ unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown. A cypress, not a bosom, 
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Cesario (Viola)  
I pity you.

Olivia  
That’s a degree to love.

Cesario (Viola)  
No, not a grize. For ‘tis a vulgar proof 
That very oft we pity enemies.

Olivia  
Why then methinks ‘tis time to smile again. 
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud! 
If one should be a prey, how much the better 
To fall before the lion than the wolf.  
A clock strikes. 

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. 
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you. 
And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest, 
Your wife is like to reap a proper man. 
There lies your way, due west.

Cesario (Viola)  
Then westward ho! 
Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship. 
You’ll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Olivia  
Stay. I prithee tell me what thou think’st of me.

Cesario (Viola)  
That you do think you are not what you are.

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

Cesario (Viola)  
Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Olivia  
I would you were as I would have you be.

Cesario (Viola)  
Would it be better, madam, than I am?

Olivia  
[Aside.] 
O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful 
In the contempt and anger of his lip. 
A murd’rous guilt shows not itself more soon 
Than love that would seem hid. Love’s night is noon. — Cesario, by the roses of the spring, 
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything, 
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.

Cesario (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.  

They exit at different doors.
ACT 3 SCENE 2

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir Andrew
No, faith, I’ll not stay a jot longer.

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

Fabian
You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew
Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count’s servingman than ever she bestowed upon me. I saw’t i’ th’ orchard.

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

Sir Andrew
As plain as I see you now.

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

Sir Andrew
‘Slight! will you make an ass o’ me?

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

Sir Toby
And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fabian
She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady’s opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman’s beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir Andrew
An’t be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate. I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

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

Fabian
There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

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

Sir Toby
Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and brief. It is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt him with the license of ink. If thou ‘thou’st’ him some thrice, it shall not be amiss, and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set ‘em down. Go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir Andrew
Where shall I find you?
Sir Toby  
We’ll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fabian  
This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

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

Fabian  
We shall have a rare letter from him. But you’ll not deliver’t?

Sir Toby  
Never trust me then. And by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I’ll eat the rest of th’anatomy

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

Enter Maria.

Sir Toby  
Look where the youngest wren of mine comes.

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

Sir Toby  
And cross-gartered?

Maria  
Most villainously, like a pedant that keeps a school i’th' church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as ‘tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him. If she do, he’ll smile and take’t for a great favour.

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

They all exit.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

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

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

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

Antonio

Tomorrow, sir. Best first go see your lodging.

Sebastian

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

Antonio

Would you 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 answered.

Sebastian

Belike you slew great number of his people?

Antonio

Th’offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffic’s sake,
Most of our city did. Only myself stood out,
For which if I be lapsèd in this place
I shall pay dear.

Sebastian

Do not then walk too open.

Antonio

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

Sebastian

Why I your purse?

Antonio

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

Sebastian

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

Antonio

To th’ Elephant.

Sebastian

I do remember.

ACT 3 SCENE 4

Enter Olivia.

Olivia

I have sent after him, he says he’ll come.
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrowed.

[Maria enters.]

I speak too loud.
Where’s Malvolio? He is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

[To Maria.] Where is Malvolio?

1 him: [i.e. Caesario]
2 feast him: entertain him
2 bestow of: give to
5 sad and civil: serious and polite
6 with my fortunes: in my circumstances
16 shuffled off: shrugged off
16 uncurrent: worthless
17 worth: wealth
17 conscience: sense of obligation
17 firm: secure
18 dealing: reward
19 relics: famous sights
21 to: until
24 renown: make famous
26 the Count his galleys: the Count's [Orsino's] ships
27–8 I did ... answered: I did so well that if I'm caught, I'm in trouble
29 Belike: presumably
31 Albeit: even though
31 quality ... quarrel: circumstances of the dispute
32 bloody argument: cause for bloodshed
33 answered: settled
34 traffic: trade
35 stood out: refused to pay
36 lapsèd: caught
40 bespeak our diet: order our food
41 beguile the time: sightsee
42 have me: find me
44 Haply: perhaps
44 your eye ... upon: you’ll see
44 toy: souvenir
45–6 your store ... markets: you don’t have money for inessentials
Maria
He's coming madam. But in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

Olivia
Why, what's the matter? Does he rave?

Maria
No, madam, he does nothing but smile. Your Ladyship were best to have some guard about you if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Olivia
Go call him hither. [Exit Maria.]

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

Enter Malvolio, cross-gartered, in yellow stockings, followed by Maria.

How now, Malvolio?

Malvolio
Sweet lady, ho, ho!

Olivia
Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Malvolio
Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering, but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: "Please one, and please all."

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

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

Olivia
Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Malvolio
To bed? 'Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee."

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

Maria
How do you, Malvolio?

Malvolio
At your request? Yes, nightingales answer daws.

Maria
Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Malvolio
"Be not afraid of greatness." 'Twas well writ.

Olivia
What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

Malvolio
"Some are born great—"

Olivia
Ha?

Malvolio
"Some achieve greatness—"

Olivia
What sayst thou?

Malvolio
"And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Olivia
Heaven restore thee!

Malvolio
"Remember who commended thy yellow stockings—"

Olivia
Thy yellow stockings?

Malvolio
"And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

Olivia
Cross-gartered?

Malvolio
"Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so—"
Olivia  Am I made?

Malvolio  “If not, let me see thee a servant still.”

Olivia  Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

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

Olivia  I’ll come to him. [Exit Servant.]  

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where’s my Cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry

Exit Olivia and Maria through different doors.

Malvolio  O ho, do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me. This concurs directly with the letter. She sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him, for she incites me to that in the letter: “Cast thy humble slough,” says she, “be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, put thyself into the trick of singularity,” and consequently sets down the manner how: as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her. But it is Jove’s doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, “Let this fellow be looked to.” “Fellow!” Not “Malvolio,” nor after my degree, but “fellow.” Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance — what can be said? — nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

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

Fabian  Here he is, here he is. [To Malvolio.] How is ’t with you, sir? How is’t with you, man?

Malvolio  Go off, I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off.

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

Malvolio  Aha, does she so?

Sir Toby  [To Fabian and Maria.] Go to, go to! Peace, peace, we must deal gently with him. Let me alone. [To Malvolio.] How do you, Malvolio? How is’t with you? What, man, defy the devil! Consider, he’s an enemy to mankind.

Malvolio  Do you know what you say?

Maria  La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitched!
Fabian

Carry his water to th’ wise woman.

Maria

Marry, and it shall be done tomorrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I’ll say.

Malvolio

How now, mistress?

Maria

O Lord!

Sir Toby

Prithee hold thy peace, this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

Fabian

No way but gentleness, gently, gently. The fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir Toby

[To Malvolio.] Why how now, my bawcock? How dost thou, chuck?

Malvolio

Sir!

Sir Toby

Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man, ’tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

Maria

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

Malvolio

My prayers, minx?

Maria

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

Malvolio

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

Sir Toby

Is’t possible?

Fabian

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

Sir Toby

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

Maria

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

Fabian

Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Maria

The house will be the quieter.

Sir Toby

Come, we’ll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he’s mad. We may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him. At which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see!

Enter Sir Andrew, with a letter.

Fabian

More matter for a May morning.

Sir Andrew

Here’s the challenge, read it. I 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

Give me. [Reading.] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fabian

Good, and valiant.

Sir Toby

[Reading.] I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for’t.
Act 3 Scene 4

Fabian

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

Sir Toby

[Reading.] Thou com’st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fabian

Very brief, and to exceeding good sense [aside]—less.

Sir Toby

[Reading.] I will waylay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me—

Fabian

Good.

Sir Toby

[Reading.] thou kill’st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fabian

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

Sir Toby

[Reading.] Rare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls. He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

Andrew Aguecheek

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

Maria

You may have very fit occasion for’t. He is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir Toby

Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw’st, swear horrible, for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir Andrew

Nay, let me alone for swearing. He exits.

Sir Toby

Now will not I deliver his letter, for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding. His employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less. Therefore, this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth. He will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman [as I know his youth will aptly receive it] into a most hidedious opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Cesario (Viola disguised as a man).

Fabian

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

Sir Toby

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

[Sir Toby, Fabian and Maria exit.]

Olivia

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

I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on’t.
There’s something in me that reproves my fault,
But such a headstrong potent fault it is
That it but mocks reproof.
**Act 3 Scene 4**

**Cesario (Viola)**
With the same 'havior that your passion bears,  
Goes on my master's griefs.

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

**Cesario (Viola)**
Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

**Olivia**
How with mine honour may I give him that  
Which I have given to you?

**Cesario (Viola)**
I will acquit you.

**Olivia**
Well, come again tomorrow. Fare thee well.  
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.  
[She exits.]

**Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.**

**Sir Toby**
Gentleman, God save thee.

**Cesario (Viola)**
And you sir.

**Sir Toby**
That defence thou hast, betake thee to't. Of what nature  
the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not, but thy  
intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee  
at the orchard end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation,  
for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

**Cesario (Viola)**
You mistake sir I am sure. No man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

**Sir Toby**
You'll find it otherwise, I assure you. Therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard, for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

**Cesario (Viola)**
I pray you sir, what is he?

**Sir Toby**
He is knight dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. 'Hob, nob' is his word: give't or take't.

**Cesario (Viola)**
I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour. Belike this is a man of that quirk.

**Sir Toby**
Sir, no. His indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury, therefore get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him. Therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked, for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

**Cesario (Viola)**
This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is. It is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.
Sir Toby  
I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.  

He exits.

Cesario (Viola)  
Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

Fabian  
I know the knight is incensed against you even to a mortal arbitrament, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Cesario (Viola)  
I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fabian  
Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Cesario (Viola)  
I shall be much bound to you for’t. I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle.  

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir Toby  
Why, man, he’s a very devil. I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable. And on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hits the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir Andrew  
Pox on’t, I’ll not meddle with him.

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

Sir Andrew  
Plague on’t, an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I’d have seen him damned ere I’d have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I’ll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir Toby  
I’ll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on’t. This shall end without the perdition of souls.  

[Aside.] Marry, I’ll ride your horse as well as I ride you.  

Enter Fabian and Cesario [Viola disguised as a man]  
[To Fabian.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel.  

I have persuaded him the youth’s a devil.

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

Sir Toby  
[To Cesario.] There’s no remedy sir, he will fight with you for’s oath’ sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of. Therefore, draw for the supportance of his vow. He protests he will not hurt you

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

Fabian  
Give ground if you see him furious.

Sir Toby  
[To Sir Andrew.] Come, Sir Andrew, there’s no remedy. The gentleman will, for his honour’s sake, have one bout with you. He cannot by the duello avoid it. But he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to’t!

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Sir Andrew  [Drawing his sword.] Pray God he keep his oath.

Cesario (Viola)  [To Sir Andrew, drawing her sword.] I do assure you 'tis against my will.

Enter Antonio.

Antonio  [To Sir Andrew, drawing his sword.] Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me.
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir Toby  You sir? Why, what are you?

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

Sir Toby  [Drawing his sword.] Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am
for you. [They prepare to fight.]

Enter Officers.

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

Sir Toby  [To Antonio.] I'll be with you anon.

Cesario (Viola)  [To Sir Andrew.] 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. He will bear you easily, and reins
well.

First Officer  [Pointing to Antonio.] This is the man. Do thy office.

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

Antonio  You do mistake me, sir.

First Officer  No, sir, no jot. I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away. He knows I know him well.

Antonio  I must obey. [To Cesario (Viola).] This comes with seeking you.
But there’s no remedy, I shall answer it.
What will you do now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed,
But be of comfort.

Second Officer  Come sir, away.

Antonio  I must entreat of you some of that money.

Cesario (Viola)  What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I’ll lend you something. My having is not much,
I’ll make division of my present with you.
[Offering money.] Hold, there’s half my coffer.

Antonio  [Refusing it.] Will you deny me now?
Is’t possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Cesario (Viola)  
I know of none,  
Nor know I you by voice or any feature.  
I hate ingratitude more in a man  
Than lying, vaineless, babbling drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption  
Inhabits our frail blood—

Antonio  
O heavens themselves!

Second Officer  
Come sir, I pray you go.

Antonio  
Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here  
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death,  
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,  
And to his image, which methought did promise  
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Officer  
What’s that to us? The time goes by. Away!

Antonio  
But O, how vile an idol proves this god!  
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.  
In nature there’s no blemish but the mind:  
None can be called deformed but the unkind.  
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks o’erflourished by the devil.

First Officer  
The man grows mad. Away with him. — Come, come sir.

Antonio  
Lead me on.  
The Officers lead Antonio off stage.

Cesario (Viola)  
[Aside.] Methinks his words do from such passion fly  
That he believes himself. So do not I.  
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta’en for you.

Sir Toby  
Come hither knight; come hither Fabian. [Standing  
apart.] We’ll whisper o’er a couplet or two of most sage  
saws.

Cesario (Viola)  
He named Sebastian. I my brother know  
Yet living in my glass. Even such and so  
In favour was my brother, and he went  
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,  
For him I imitate. O if it prove,  
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!  
[She exits.]

Sir Toby  
A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a  
hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here  
in necessity, and denying him. And for his cowardship,  
ask Fabian.

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

Sir Andrew  
’Slid, I’ll after him again and beat him.

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

Sir Andrew  
An I do not—  
[He exits.]

Fabian  
Come, let’s see the event.

Sir Toby  
I dare lay any money ‘twill be nothing yet.  
They exit.
ACT 4 SCENE 1

Enter Sebastian and Feste.

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

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

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

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

Feste
Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly? I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady? Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Sebastian
I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me. [Giving money.] There’s money for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Feste
By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report, after fourteen years’ purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir Andrew
[To Sebastian.] Now, sir, have I met you again? [Hitting him.] There’s for you.

Sebastian
[Hitting him back.] Why, there’s for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

Sir Toby
Hold, sir, or I’ll throw your dagger o’er the house.

Feste
This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [He exits.]

Sir Toby
Come on, sir, hold!

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

Sebastian
[To Sir Toby.] Let go thy hand!

Sir Toby
Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron. You are well fleshed. Come on.

Sebastian
[Breaking free.] I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou dar’st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir Toby
[Drawing his sword.] 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!
**Act 4 Scene 2**

**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. **[She exits.]**

**Feste** Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. **[Putting on the gown and beard.]** I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student. But to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter. **[Enter Sir Toby and Maria.]**

**Sir Toby** Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

**Feste** **[As Sir Topas.]** Bonos dies, Sir Toby. For as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, “That that is, is,” so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for what is “that” but “that” and “is” but “is”? **[As Sir Topas.]**

**Sir Toby** To him, Sir Topas.

**Feste** **[As Sir Topas.]** What ho, I say, peace in this prison.

**Sir Toby** The knave counterfeits well. A good knave.

**Malvolio** Malvolio within. Who calls there?

**Feste** Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.
Act 4 Scene 2  

Malvolio
Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady—

Feste
Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir Toby
Well said, Master Parson.

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

Feste
Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayst thou that house is dark?

Malvolio
As hell, Sir Topas.

Feste
Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony. And yet complainest thou of obstruction?

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

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

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

Feste
What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?

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

Feste
What think’st thou of his opinion?

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

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

Malvolio
Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir Toby
My most exquisite Sir Topas.

Feste
Nay, I am for all waters.

Maria
Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown. He sees thee not.

Sir Toby
To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find’st him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

Exit Sir Toby and Maria.

Feste
[Singing, in his own voice.]
Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

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Malvolio    Fool!
Feste    [Singing.] My lady is unkind, pardie.  
Malvolio    Fool!
Feste    [Singing.] Alas, why is she so?
Malvolio    Fool, I say!
Feste    [Singing.] She loves another—Who calls, ha?
Malvolio    Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for’t.
Feste    Master Malvolio?
Malvolio    Ay, good Fool.
Feste    Alas sir, how fell you besides your five wits?
Malvolio    Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused. I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.
Feste    But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.
Malvolio    They have here propertied me, keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.
Feste    Advise you what you say. The minister is here. [As Sir Topas.] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore. Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.
Malvolio    Sir Topas!
Feste    [As Sir Topas.] Maintain no words with him, good fellow. [As himself.] Who I sir? Not I sir! God b’wi’ you, good Sir Topas. [As Sir Topas.] Marry, amen. [As himself.] I will sir, I will.
Malvolio    Fool! Fool! Fool, I say!
Feste    Alas sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.
Malvolio    Good Fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.
Feste    Welladay that you were, sir!
Malvolio    By this hand, I am. Good Fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.
Feste    I will help you to’t. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?
Malvolio    Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.
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.
Enter Sebastian.

Sebastian

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

Enter Olivia, and a 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. He shall conceal it Whiles you are willing it shall come to note, What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth. What do you say?

Sebastian

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

Olivia

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

They exit.
Enter Feste and Fabian.

Fabian
Now, as thou lov’st me, let me see his letter.

Feste
Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fabian
Anything.

Feste
Do not desire to see this letter.

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

Enter Orsino, Cesario (Viola disguised as a man), Curio, and Lords.

Orsino
Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Feste
Ay sir, we are some of her trappings.

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

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

Orsino
Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.

Feste
No sir, the worse.

Orsino
How can that be?

Feste
Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. Now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass. So that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused. So that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Orsino
Why, this is excellent.

Feste
By my troth sir, no. Though it please you to be one of my friends. [Holding out his hand.]

Orsino
[Holding a coin.] 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. [Holding out his hand.]

Orsino
O give me ill counsel.

Feste
Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Orsino
Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: [Giving him another coin.] there’s another.

Feste
Primo, secondo, tertio is a good play, and the old saying is, “The third pays for all.” The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three. [Holding out his hand.]

Orsino
You can fool no more money out of me at this throw. If you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.
Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go sir, but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness. But, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.  

_He exits._

**Enter Antonio and Officers.**

**Cesario (Viola)**  
Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

**Orsino**  
That face of his I do remember well,  
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmeared  
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.  
A baubling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,  
With which such scatheful grapple did he make  
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,  
That very envy and the tongue of loss  
Cried fame and honour on him.  

_[To the First Officer.]_ What’s the matter?

**First Officer**  
Orsino, this is that Antonio  
That took the Phoenix and her freight from Candy,  
And this is he that did the Tiger board,  
When your young nephew, Titus, lost his leg.  
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,  
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

**Cesario (Viola)**  
He did me kindness sir, drew on my side,  
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me.  
I know not what ‘twas but distraction.

**Orsino**  
Notable pirate, thou saltwater thief,  
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies  
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,  
Hast made thine enemies?

**Antonio**  
Orsino, noble sir,  
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me.  
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,  
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,  
Orsino’s enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither.  
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,  
From the rude sea’s enraged and foamy mouth  
Did I redeem. A wreck past hope he was.  
His life I gave him and 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)  
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
And grew a twenty years’ removed thing  
While one would wink: denied me mine own purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

**Cesario (Viola)**  
How can this be?

**Orsino**  
When came he to this town?
Antonio: Today, my lord. And for three months before, No int’rim, not a minute’s vacancy, Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

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. [To an Officer] 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.

Cesario (Viola): Madam?

Orsino: Gracious Olivia—

Olivia: What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord—

Cesario (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.

Orsino: Still so cruel?

Olivia: Still so constant, lord.

Orsino: What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady, To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars My soul the faithful’st off’rings have breathed out That e’er devotion tendered. What shall I do?

Olivia: Even what it please my lord that shall become him.

Orsino: Why should I not (had I the heart to do it) Like to th’ Egyptian thief at point of death, Kill what I love? A savage jealousy That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this: Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument That screws me from my true place in your favour, Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still. But this your minion, whom I know you love, And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly, Him will I tear out of that cruel eye Where he sits crowned in his master’s spite. Come boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe in mischief. I’ll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, To spite a raven’s heart within a dove.

[He begins to exit.]

Cesario (Viola): [Following.] And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly, To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[He starts to follow Orsino.]

Olivia: Where goes Cesario?

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.

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Olivia

Ay me detested, how am I beguiled!

Cesario (Viola)

Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

Olivia

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

[An attendant exits.]

Orsino

[To Cesario.]
Come, away!

Olivia

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

Orsino

Husband?

Olivia

Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

Orsino

Her husband, sirrah?

Cesario (Viola)

No my lord, not I.

Olivia

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

Enter Priest.

O welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before ‘tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly 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 interchangegment of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function, by my testimony.

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.

Orsino

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

Cesario (Viola)

My lord, I do protest—

Olivia

O do not swear!

Enter Sir Andrew, bleeding from the head.

Sir Andrew

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

Olivia

What’s the matter?

Sir Andrew

H’as 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

The Count’s gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he’s the very devil incardinate.

Orsino

My gentleman Cesario?

Sir Andrew

‘Od’s lifelings here he is! /To Cesario./ You broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do’t by Sir Toby.

Cesario (Viola)

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

Enter Sir Toby, wounded, helped by Feste.

Sir Andrew

If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby, halting. You shall hear more. But if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Orsino

/To Sir Toby./ How now, gentleman? How is’t with you?

Sir Toby

That’s all one. Has hurt me, and there’s th’end on’t. /To Feste./ Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

Feste

O, he’s drunk, Sir Toby. An hour agone his eyes were set at eight i’th’ morning.

Sir Toby

Then he’s a rogue and a passy-measures pavan. I hate a drunken rogue.

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

Will you help? An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Olivia

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

[Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Feste.]

From another door, 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.

Orsino

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

Sebastian

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

Antonio

Sebastian are you?

Sebastian

Fear’st thou that, Antonio?

Antonio

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

Olivia

Most wonderful!
Sebastian

[Looking at Viola.] Do I stand there? I never had a brother,
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? What name? What parentage?

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

Sebastian A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek
And say, “Thrice welcome, drownèd Viola.”

Cesario (Viola) My father had a mole upon his brow.

Sebastian And so had mine.

Cesario (Viola) And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.

Sebastian O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finishèd indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Viola If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurped attire.
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola. Which to confirm
I’ll bring you to a captain in this town,
(Where lie my maiden weeds) by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Sebastian [To Olivia.] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived.
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

Orsino [To Olivia.] Be not amazed, right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.
[To Viola.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

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

Orsino Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman’s weeds.
Cesario (Viola)  The Captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid’s garments. He upon some action
Is now in durance at Malvolio’s suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady’s.

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

Enter Feste with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banished his.

[To Feste.] How does he, sirrah?

Feste  Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave’s end as
well as a man in his case may do. Has here writ a letter to you. I should have given’t you today morning, but, as
a madman’s epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much
when they are delivered.

Olivia  Open’t and read it.

Feste  Look then to be well edified, when the Fool delivers
the madman. [Reading, in a mad voice.] 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.

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

Olivia  Did he write this?

Feste  Ay, madam.

Orsino  This savours not much of distraction.

Olivia  See him delivered, Fabian. Bring him hither.
My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown th’alliance o’nt, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Orsino  Madam, I am most apt t’embrace your offer.
[To Viola.]

Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me master for so long,
Here is my hand. You shall from this time be
Your master’s mistress.
Enter Malvolio and Fabian.

Orsino
Is this the madman?

Olivia
Ay, my lord, this same.

— How now, Malvolio?

Malvolio
Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.

Olivia
Have I, Malvolio? No.

Malvolio
[Handing her a paper.]
Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter. You must not now deny it is your hand. Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase, Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention. You can say none of this. Well, grant it then, And tell me in the modesty of honour Why you have given me such clear lights of favour: Bad me come smiling and cross-gartered to you, To put on yellow stockings, and to frown Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people. And acting this in an obedient hope, Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned, Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, And made the most notorious geck and gull That e'er invention played on? Tell me why?

Olivia
Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing, Though I confess much like the character. But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand. And now I do bethink me, it was she First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling, And in such forms which here were presupposed Upon thee in the letter. Prithee be content, This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee. But when we know the grounds and authors of it, Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge Of thine own cause.

Fabian
Good madam, hear me speak, And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come Taint the condition of this present hour, Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not, Most freely I confess, myself and Toby Set this device against Malvolio here, Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts We had conceived against him. Maria writ The letter at Sir Toby's great importance, In recompense whereof, he hath married her. How with a sportful malice it was followed May rather pluck on laughter than revenge, If that the injuries be justly weighed That have on both sides passed.

Olivia
[To Malvolio.] Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Feste
Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude, one Sir Topas, sir, but that's all one. "By the Lord, Fool, I am not mad." But do you...
remember, “Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal, an you smile not, he’s gagged”? And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

**Malvolio**

I’ll be revenged on the whole pack of you!

*Exit Malvolio.*

**Olivia**

He hath been most notoriously abused.

**Orsino**

Pursue him and entreat him to a peace.  
*Exit Fabian.*

He hath not told us of the Captain yet.  
When that is known, and golden time convents,  
A solemn combination shall be made  
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,  
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come,  
For so you shall be while you are a man.  
But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino’s mistress, and his fancy’s queen.

_They all exit, except Feste._

**Feste**

_When that I was and a little tiny boy,_  
_With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,_  
_A foolish thing was but a toy,_  
_For the rain it raineth every day._

_But when I came to man’s estate,_  
_With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,_  
_‘Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,_  
_For the rain it raineth every day._

_But when I came, alas, to wive,_  
_With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,_  
_By swaggering could I never thrive,_  
_For the rain it raineth every day._

_But when I came unto my beds,_  
_With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,_  
_With tospots still had drunken heads,_  
_For the rain it raineth every day._

_A great while ago the world begun,_  
_With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,_  
_But that’s all one, our play is done,_  
_And we’ll strive to please you every day._

*He exits.*