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| **Twelfth Night**  **by William Shakespeare**  **Adapted by Dani Bedau and Adam Robinson**  **Cast of Characters**  **Viola**  **Toby/Captain**  **Orsino**  **Maria/Antonio/**  **Valentine**  **Olivia**  **Sir Andrew**  **Feste/Sebastian**  **Malvolio** |
| Updated 10/30/19 |

**ACT I**

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

*Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors*

**VIOLA**

What country, friend, is this?

**Captain**

This is Illyria, lady.

**VIOLA**

And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, captain?

**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,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves

So long as I could see.

**VIOLA**

For saying so, there's gold.

Know'st thou this country?

**Captain**

Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

**VIOLA**

Who governs here?

**Captain**

A noble duke, in nature as in name.

**VIOLA**

What is 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**

I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,

Conceal me what I am,

What else may hap to time I will commit;

Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

**Captain**

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

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

**VIOLA**

I thank thee: lead me on.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter FESTE , DUKE ORSINO; Musicians attending*

**DUKE ORSINO**

If music be the food of love, play on;

Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,

The appetite may sicken, and so die.

That strain again! It had a dying fall;

O, it came o’er my ear like the sweet sound

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odor.

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,

Methought she purged the air of pestilence!

That instant was I turn'd into a hart;

And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,

E'er since pursue me

*Enter VALENTINE*

How now! what news from her?

**VALENTINE**

So please my lord, I might not be admitted;

But from her handmaid do return this answer:

The element itself, till seven years' heat,

Shall not behold her face at ample view;

But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk

And water once a day her chamber round

With eye-offending brine: all this to season

A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh

And lasting in her sad remembrance.

**DUKE ORSINO**

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:

Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

What a plague means my niece, to take the death of

her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

**MARIA**

By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'

nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great

exceptions to your ill hours.

That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard

my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

**MARIA**

Ay, he.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

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.

Moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to

her as long as there is a passage in my throat and

drink in Illyria: What, wench!

Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

*Enter SIR ANDREW SL*

**SIR ANDREW**

Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Sweet Sir Andrew!

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

My niece's chambermaid.

**SIR ANDREW**

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

**MARIA**

My name is Mary, sir.

**SIR ANDREW**

Good Mistress Maria Accost,--

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

You mistake, knight; 'accost' is front her, board

her, woo her, assail her.

**SIR ANDREW**

By my troth, I would not undertake her in this

company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

**MARIA**

Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Exit SR*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

O knight thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I

see thee so put down?

**SIR ANDREW**

Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece

will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one

she'll none of me: the Duke himself here hard by woos her.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

She'll none o' the Duke: she'll not match above

her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I

have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't,

man.

**SIR ANDREW**

I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the

strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques

and revels sometimes altogether.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

**SIR ANDREW**

Faith, I can cut a caper.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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.

Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a

flame-colored stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

What shall we do else? Let me see the

caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

*Exeunt BSL*

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

*Enter VALENTINE and VIOLA in man's attire*

**VALENTINE**

If the Duke continue these favors towards you,

Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath

known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

**VIOLA**

I thank you. Here comes the Duke.

*Enter DUKE ORSINO from SR*

**DUKE ORSINO**

Stand you a while aloof, Cesario,

Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd

To thee the book even of my secret soul:

Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;

Be not denied access, stand at her doors,

And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow

Till thou have audience.

**VIOLA**

Sure, my noble lord,

If she be so abandoned to her sorrow

As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds

Rather than make unprofited return.

**VIOLA**

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

**DUKE ORSINO**

O, then unfold the passion of my love,

It shall become thee well to act my woes;

She will attend it better in thy youth

Than in a messenger of more grave aspect.

**VIOLA**

I think not so, my lord.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Dear lad, believe it;

**VIOLA**

I'll do my best

To woo your lady:

*Aside*

yet, a barful strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO and Feste from SL*

**FESTE**

God bless thee lady!

**OLIVIA**

Take away the fool!

**FESTE**

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

**OLIVIA**

Sir, I bade them take away you!

**FESTE**

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

**OLIVIA**

Can you do it?

**FESTE**

Dexterously, good madonna.

**OLIVIA**

Make your proof.

**FESTE**

Good madonna, why mournest thou?

**OLIVIA**

Good fool, for my brother's death.

**FESTE**

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

**OLIVIA**

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

**FESTE**

The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's

soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

**OLIVIA**

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

**MALVOLIO**

Yes, and shall do until the pangs of death shake him.

I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a

barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day

with an ordinary fool who has no more brain than a stone.

**OLIVIA**

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

To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition is to take those things for

bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. 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.

*Enter MARIA BSL*

**MARIA**

Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much

desires to speak with you.

**OLIVIA**

Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the Duke, I

am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it.

*Exit MALVOLIO and MARIA*

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 from BSL*

**OLIVIA**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

A gentleman.

**OLIVIA**

A gentleman! what gentleman?

SIR TOBY BELCH

‘T is a genle man here -- a plague o’ these pickle herring! How not, sot!

**FESTE**

Good Sir Toby?

**OLIVIA**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

*Exit SIR TOBY and FESTE SR*

*Re-enter MALVOLIO BSL*

**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. 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**

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for

a boy; '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

*Exit MALVOLIO BSL*

*Enter VIOLA, and MARIA*

**VIOLA**

Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,--I

pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house,

for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away

my speech, for besides that it is excellently well

penned, I have taken great pains to con it.

**OLIVIA**

Whence came you, sir?

**VIOLA**

Most sweet lady,--

**OLIVIA**

A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it.

Where lies your text?

**VIOLA**

In Orsino's bosom.

**OLIVIA**

In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

**VIOLA**

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

**OLIVIA**

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

**VIOLA**

Good madam, let me see your face.

**OLIVIA**

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face?

You are now out of your text. But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.

Is’t not well done?

**VIOLA**

Excellently done if God did all.

**OLIVIA**

‘Tis in grain sir. T’will endure wind and weather.

**VIOLA**

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruell'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 grey eyes, with lids to

them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth.

How does he love me?

**VIOLA**

With adorations, fertile tears,

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

**OLIVIA**

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

He might have took his answer long ago.

**VIOLA**

If I did love you in my master's flame,

With such a suffering, such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense;

I would not understand it.

**OLIVIA**

Why, what would you?

**VIOLA**

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,

And call upon my soul within the house;

Write loyal cantons of contemned love

And sing them loud even in the dead of night;

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills

And make the babbling gossip of the air

Cry out 'Olivia!' O, You should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth,

But you should pity me!

**OLIVIA**

You might do much.

What is your parentage?

**VIOLA**

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.

**OLIVIA**

Get you to your lord;

I cannot love him: let him send no more;

Unless, perchance, you come to me again,

To tell me how he takes it.

**VIOLA**

Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;

And let your fervor, like my master's, be

Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

*Exit SL with MARIA*

**OLIVIA**

**“**What is your parentage?”

“Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;

I am a gentleman.” I’ll be sworn thou art!

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections

With an invisible and subtle stealth

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What ho, Malvolio!

*Re-enter MALVOLIO SL*

**MALVOLIO**

Here, madam, at your service.

**OLIVIA**

Run after that same peevish messenger,

The duchy's man: he left this ring behind him,

Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.

~~Desire him not to flatter with his lord,~~

~~Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:~~

If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,

I'll give him reasons for't: hie thee, Malvolio.

**MALVOLIO**

Madam, I will.

*Exit SL*

**OLIVIA**

I do I know not what, and fear to find

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

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

What is decreed must be; and be this so.

*Exit SL*

**ACT II**

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

*Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN*

**ANTONIO**

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

**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 the rather to express myself. You

must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian,

~~which I called Roderigo~~. My father was that

Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard

of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both

born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased,

would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that;

for some hour before you took me from the breach of

the sea was my sister drowned.

A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled

me, was yet of many accounted beautiful. ~~but,~~

~~though I could not with such estimable wonder~~

~~overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly~~

~~publish her;~~ She bore a mind that envy could not but

call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt

water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

**ANTONIO**

Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

**SEBASTIAN**

O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

**ANTONIO**

If you will not murder me for my love, let me be

your servant.

**SEBASTIAN**

~~If you will not undo what you have done, that is,~~

~~kill him whom you have recovered,~~ Desire it not.

Fare ye well at once: [my bosom is full of kindness,

and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that

upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell

tales of me.] I am bound to the Duke Orsino's court: farewell.

*Exit*

**ANTONIO**

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,

Else would I very shortly see thee there.

But, come what may, I do adore thee so,

That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

*Exit*

**SCENE II. A street.**

*Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following*

**MALVOLIO**

Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

**VIOLA**

Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since

arrived but hither.

**MALVOLIO**

She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have

saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself.

~~She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord~~

~~into a desperate assurance she will none of him:~~

~~and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to~~

~~come again in his affairs, unless it be to report~~

~~your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.~~

**VIOLA**

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

**MALVOLIO**

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her

will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth

stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be

it his that finds it.

*Exit*

**VIOLA**

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,

That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

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, our 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 to untie!

*Exit*

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

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after

midnight is to be up betimes; and

early to rise thou know'st,--

**SIR ANDREW**

Nay, my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up

late is to be up late.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can.

To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is

early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go

to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the

four elements?

**SIR ANDREW**

Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists

of eating and drinking.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

*Enter Feste and Maria*

**SIR ANDREW**

Here comes the fool, i' faith.

**FESTE**

How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture

of 'we three'?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**FESTE**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

A love-song, a love-song.

**SIR ANDREW**

Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

**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, i' faith.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Good, good.

*Enter MALVOLIO*

**MALVOLIO**

My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have ye

no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like

tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an

alehouse of my lady's house, Is there no respect of place,

persons, nor time in you?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**MALVOLIO**

Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me

tell you, that, though she harbors you as her

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

you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you

are welcome to the house; if not, an’ it would please

you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid

you farewell.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**MALVOLIO**

Is't even so?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

'But I will never die.'

**FESTE**

Sir Toby, there you lie.

**MALVOLIO**

This is much credit to you.

*Exit*

**TOBY**

Go shake your ears.

**MARIA**

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight: since the

youth of the Duke's was today with thy 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 BELCH**

What wilt thou do?

**MARIA**

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of

love; wherein, by the color 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 BELCH**

He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop,

that they come from my niece, and that she's in

love with him.

**MARIA**

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.

*Exit*

**SIR ANDREW**

Before me, she's a good wench.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

what o' that?

**SIR ANDREW**

I was adored once too.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for

more money.

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late

to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA, and others*

**DUKE ORSINO**

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-paced times:

Come hither, boy:

My life upon't, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favor that it loves:

Hath it not, boy?

**VIOLA**

A little, by your favor.

**DUKE ORSINO**

What kind of woman is't?

**VIOLA**

Of your complexion.

**DUKE ORSINO**

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

**VIOLA**

About your years, my lord.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Too old by heaven: let still the woman take

An elder than herself: so wears she to him,

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 worn,

Than women's are.

**VIOLA**

I think it well, my lord.

**ORSINO**

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 bestow'd 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.]~~

**VIOLA**

But if she cannot love you, sir?

**DUKE ORSINO**

I cannot be so answer'd.

**VIOLA**

Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,

Hath for your love a great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

**DUKE ORSINO**

There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me

And that I owe Olivia.

**VIOLA**

Ay, but I know--

**DUKE ORSINO**

What dost thou know?

**VIOLA**

Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

**DUKE ORSINO**

And what's her history?

**VIOLA**

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

[But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy]

She sat like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

**DUKE ORSINO**

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

**VIOLA**

I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

**DUKE ORSINO**

Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,

My love can give no place, bide no denay.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter MARIA, SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW, and FESTE*

**MARIA**

Get ye all three into the box-tree hedge: Malvolio's

coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the

sun practising behavior 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! Lie thou there,

*Throws down a letter*

for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

*Enter MALVOLIO*

**MALVOLIO**

'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told

me she did affect me:

What should I think on't?

To be Count Malvolio!

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Ah, rogue!

**MALVOLIO**

Having been three months married to her, sitting in

my state,--

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

O, for a cross-bow, to hit him in the eye!

**MALVOLIO**

Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet

gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left

Olivia sleeping,--

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Fire and brimstone!

**FESTE**

O, peace, peace!

**MALVOLIO**

And then, telling them I know my

place as I would they should do theirs, to call for my

kinsman Toby,--

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Bolts and shackles!

**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; courtesies there to me,--

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Shall this fellow live?

**FESTE**

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,--

Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on

your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'--

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

What, what?

**MALVOLIO**

'You must amend your drunkenness.'

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Out, scab!

**FESTE**

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

**MALVOLIO**

'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with

a foolish knight,'--

**SIR ANDREW**

That's me, I warrant you.

**MALVOLIO**

'One Sir Andrew,'--

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**MALVOLIO**

What employment have we here?

*Taking 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 makes she her

great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

[Reads]

 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good

Wishes:-- 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.’

**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.

*Reads*

'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I

am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some

are born great, some achieve greatness, and some

have greatness thrust upon 'em. 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.'

I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade

me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady

loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of

late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered;

~~and in this she manifests herself to my love, and~~

~~with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits~~

~~of her liking.~~ I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings,

and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting

on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a

postscript.

*Reads*

'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou

entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling;

thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my

presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do

everything that thou wilt have me.

*Exit*

**MARIA**

If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark

his first approach before my lady: he will come to

her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she

abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests;

and he will smile upon her, which will now be so

unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a

melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him

into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow

me.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**SIR ANDREW**

I'll make one too.

*Exeunt*

**ACT III**

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

*Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA*

**OLIVIA**

What is your name?

**VIOLA**

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

**OLIVIA**

My servant, sir!

You're servant to the Duke Orsino, youth.

**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.

**VIOLA**

Dear lady,--

**OLIVIA**

Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse

Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:

So, let me hear you speak.

**VIOLA**

I pity you.

**OLIVIA**

That's a degree to love.

**VIOLA**

No, not a step; for 'tis a vulgar proof,

That very oft we pity enemies.

**OLIVIA**

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.

**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 thinkest of me.

**VIOLA**

That you do think you are not what you are.

**OLIVIA**

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

**VIOLA**

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

**OLIVIA**

I would you were as I would have you be!

**VIOLA**

Would it be better, madam, than I am?

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

**OLIVIA**

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,

I love thee so, that, spite of 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 better.~~

**VIOLA**

By innocence I swear, and by my youth

I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam: never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

**OLIVIA**

Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move

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

*Exeunt*

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

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

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

**SIR ANDREW**

Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the

Duke's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me;

I saw't i' the orchard.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**SIR ANDREW**

As plain as I see you now.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

**SIR ANDREW**

Will you bear me a challenge to him?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

taunt him with the licence 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, 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 BELCH**

We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

*Exit SIR ANDREW*

**MARIA**

We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll

not deliver't?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the

youth to an answer.

**MARIA**

If you desire to laugh yourself

into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is

turned heathen, he's in yellow stockings.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

And cross-gartered?

**MARIA**

Most villanously! ~~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. I can hardly

forbear hurling things at him. ~~I know my lady will strike him: if she do,~~

~~he'll smile and take't for a great favor.~~

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Come, bring me, bring me where he is.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE III. A street.**

*Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO*

**SEBASTIAN**

I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes

With the memorials and the things of fame

That do renown this city.

**ANTONIO**

Would you'd pardon me;

I do not without danger walk these streets:

Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Duke his galleys

I did some service; of such note indeed,

That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

**SEBASTIAN**

Belike you slew great number of his people?

**ANTONIO**

The offence is not of such a bloody nature.

It might well have since been answer’d 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 ta’en 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, and there shall you have me.

**SEBASTIAN**

I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you

For an hour.

**ANTONIO**

To the Elephant.

**SEBASTIAN**

I do remember.

*Exeunt*

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

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA*

**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 begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:

Where is Malvolio?

**MARIA**

He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He

is, sure, possessed, madam.

**OLIVIA**

*Enter MALVOLIO*

How now, Malvolio!

**MALVOLIO**

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

**OLIVIA**

Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

**MALVOLIO**

Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some

obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but

what of that?

**OLIVIA**

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

**MALVOLIO**

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

did come to his hands, and commands shall be

executed.

**OLIVIA**

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

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

**OLIVIA**

God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss

thy hand so oft?

**MARIA**

How do you, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

At your request?

**MARIA**

Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

**MALVOLIO**

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

**OLIVIA**

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

**MALVOLIO**

'Some are born great,'--

**OLIVIA**

Ha?

**MALVOLIO**

'Some achieve greatness,'--

**OLIVIA**

What sayest thou?

**MALVOLIO**

'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

**OLIVIA**

Heaven restore thee!

**MALVOLIO**

'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 desirest 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 FESTE*

**FESTE**

Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke Orsino's is

returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he

attends your ladyship's pleasure.

**OLIVIA**

I'll come to him.

*Exit Feste*

Good Maria, Let this fellow be looked to.

Where is my cousin, Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him.

*Exit OLIVIA and MARIA*

**MALVOLIO**

O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than

Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with

the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may

appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that

in the letter. '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 when she went

away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio,

nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing

adheres together, 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.

*Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all

the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Satan

himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

**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**

Ah, ha! does she so?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently

with him: let me alone. 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!

**MALVOLIO**

How now, mistress!

**MARIA**

O Lord!

**MALVOLIO**

Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow

things: I am not of your element: you shall know

more hereafter.

*Exit*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Is't possible?

**MARIA**

If this were played upon a stage now, I could

condemn it as an improbable fiction.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

His very genius hath taken the infection of the device.

**MARIA**

Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

The house will be the quieter.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

But see, but see.

*Enter SIR ANDREW and FESTE*

**MARIA**

More matter for a May morning.

**SIR ANDREW**

Here's the challenge, read it: warrant there's

vinegar and pepper in't.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Give me.

*Reads*

'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

**FESTE**

Good and Valiant.

**SIR TOBY**

[Reads] 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind,

why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

**FESTE**

A good note.

**SIR TOBY**

[Reads] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my

sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy

throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

**MARIA**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

[Reads] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it

be thy chance to kill me,'--

**FESTE**

Good.

**SIR TOBY**

[Reads] 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

**FESTE**

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

**SIR TOBY**

[Reads] 'Fare 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 BELCH**

Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner o’the

orchard: so soon as ever thou seest

him, draw; and, as thou drawest swear horrible; Away!

**SIR ANDREW**

Nay, let me alone for swearing.

*Exit*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Now will not I deliver his letter. ~~for the behavior~~

~~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, I will deliver his challenge by

word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report

of valour; and drive the gentleman, into a most hideous

opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity.

This will so fright them both that they will kill

one another by the look, like cockatrices.

*Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA*

*Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA*

**OLIVIA**

I have said too much unto a heart of stone

And laid mine honor too unchary out:

There's something in me that reproves my fault;

But such a headstrong potent fault it is,

That it but mocks reproof.

**VIOLA**

With the same 'havior that your passion bears

Goes on my master's grief.

**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 to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,

That honor saved may upon asking give?

**VIOLA**

Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

**OLIVIA**

How with mine honor may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

**VIOLA**

I will acquit you.

**OLIVIA**

Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

*Exit*

*Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Gentleman, God save thee.

**VIOLA**

And you, sir.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what

nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know

not; but thy interceptor, 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, skillful and deadly.

*Exit*

**VIOLA**

*(to Feste)*

I pray you, sir, what is he?

**FESTE**

He is indeed, sir, the most skillful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could ever possible in any part of Illyria.

*Enter SIR ANDREW and SIR TOBY*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Why, man, he's a very devil; they say he has been fencer to the Shah of Persia.

**SIR ANDREW**

Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so

cunning in fence, I'ld have seen him damned ere I'ld

have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip,

and I'll give him my horse, grey Capulet.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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.

[To VIOLA] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight

with you for's oath sake: therefore draw, for

the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

**VIOLA**

[Aside] Pray God defend me! A little thing would

make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman

will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you;

he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has

promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he

will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

**SIR ANDREW**

Pray God, he keep his oath!

**VIOLA**

I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

*They draw*

*Enter ANTONIO*

**ANTONIO**

Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me:

If you offend him, I for him defy you.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

You, sir! why, what are you?

**ANTONIO**

One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

*They draw*

**VIOLA**

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

**SIR ANDREW**

Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you,

I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily

and reins well.

*Enter OFFICER*

**OFFICER**

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

**ANTONIO**

You do mistake me, sir.

**OFFICER**

Take him away; he knows I know him well.

**ANTONIO**

*To VIOLA*

I must obey. This comes with seeking you:

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you

Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;

But be of comfort.

I must entreat of you some of that money.

**VIOLA**

What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

~~And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,~~

~~Out of my lean and low ability~~

I'll lend you something: my having is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you:

Hold, there's half my coffer.

**ANTONIO**

Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

**VIOLA**

I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature:

**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 call'd deform'd but the unkind:~~

**VIOLA**

Methinks his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself: so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

~~[He named Sebastian: I my brother know~~

~~Yet living in my glass; 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.]~~

*Exeunt VIOLA and ANTONIO*

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

A very dishonest paltry boy,

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

*Exeunt*

**ACT IV**

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

*Enter SEBASTIAN,*

**SIR ANDREW**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all

the people mad?

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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

Come on, sir; hold.

**SEBASTIAN**

Let go thy hand.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young

soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

**SEBASTIAN**

I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If

thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two

of this malapert blood from you.

*Enter OLIVIA*

**OLIVIA**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

Madam!

**OLIVIA**

Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby, be gone!

*Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW*

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and thou unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

~~And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks~~

~~This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby~~

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

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

**SEBASTIAN**

What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

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

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

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

**OLIVIA**

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

**SEBASTIAN**

Madam, I will.

**OLIVIA**

O, say so, and so be!

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. OLIVIA's garden.**

*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 deceiveable. But here the lady comes.

*Enter OLIVIA and Priest*

**OLIVIA**

Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,

Now go with me and with this holy man

Into the chantry by: there, before him,

And underneath that consecrated roof,

Plight me the full assurance of your faith;

That my most jealous and too doubtful soul

May live at peace. ~~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!

*Exeunt*

**ACT V**

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

*Enter DUKE ORSINO, VIOLA*

**VIOLA**

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

*Enter ANTONIO*

**DUKE ORSINO**

That face of his I do remember well;

Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd

As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.

**VIOLA**

He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;

But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:

I know not what 'twas but distraction.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!

What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,

Hast made thine enemies?

**ANTONIO**

Orsino, noble sir,

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, denied me mine own purse,

Which I had recommended to his use

Not half an hour before.

**VIOLA**

How can this be?

**DUKE ORSINO**

When came he to this town?

**ANTONIO**

To-day, my lord; and for three months before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,

Both day and night did we keep company.

*Enter OLIVIA*

**DUKE ORSINO**

Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;

But more of that anon. Take him aside.

**OLIVIA**

What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

**VIOLA**

Madam!

**DUKE ORSINO**

Gracious Olivia,--

**OLIVIA**

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

**VIOLA**

My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

**OLIVIA**

If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear

As howling after music.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Still so cruel?

**OLIVIA**

Still so constant, lord.

**DUKE ORSINO**

What to perverseness? You uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious alters

My soul, the faithfull’st offerings hath breathed out

That e’er devotion tendered! What shall I do?

**OLIVIA**

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

**DUKE ORSINO**

Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,

Kill what I love?--a savage jealousy

That sometimes savors 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 favor,

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;

But this your minion, whom I know you love,

And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,

To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

**VIOLA**

And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

**OLIVIA**

Where goes Cesario?

**VIOLA**

After him I love

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

~~If I do feign, you witnesses above~~

~~Punish my life for tainting of my love!~~

**OLIVIA**

Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

**VIOLA**

Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

**OLIVIA**

Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Come, away!

**OLIVIA**

Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Husband!

**OLIVIA**

Ay, husband: can he that deny?

**DUKE ORSINO**

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet

Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

**VIOLA**

My lord, I do protest--

**OLIVIA**

O, do not swear!

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter SIR ANDREW*

**SIR ANDREW**

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

to Sir Toby.

**OLIVIA**

What's the matter?

**SIR ANDREW**

He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby

a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your

help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

**OLIVIA**

Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

**SIR ANDREW**

The Duke's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for

a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for

nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't

by Sir Toby.

**VIOLA**

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:

You drew your sword upon me without cause;

But I bespoke you fair, and hurt you not.

**SIR ANDREW**

If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I

think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH*

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.

**DUKE ORSINO**

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

**SIR TOBY BELCH**

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 look'd to.

*Exeunt SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW*

*Enter SEBASTIAN*

**SEBASTIAN**

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman:

But, had it been the brother of my blood,

I must have done no less with wit and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that

I do perceive it hath offended you:

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago.

**DUKE ORSINO**

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

**SEBASTIAN**

Do I stand there? I never had a brother;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,

Of here and every where. I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

**VIOLA**

Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too.

~~So went he suited to his watery tomb:~~

~~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, drowned Viola!'

**VIOLA**

If nothing lets to make us happy both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump

That I am Viola.

**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 betroth'd both to a maid and man.

**DUKE ORSINO**

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 wreck.

*To VIOLA*

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

**VIOLA**

And all those sayings will I overswear;

And those swearings keep as true in soul

As doth that orbed continent the fire

That severs day from night.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Give me thy hand;

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

**VIOLA**

The captain that did bring me first on shore

Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

**OLIVIA**

He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither.

*Exit MARIA*

**OLIVIA**

My lord so please you, these things further

thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Madam, I am most apt to 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 call'd me master for so long,

Here is my hand: you shall from this time be

Your master's mistress.

**OLIVIA**

A sister! you are she.

*Re-enter MARIA, TOBY AND ANDREW with MALVOLIO*

**DUKE 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**

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, nor your invention:~~

~~You can say none of this: well, grant it then~~

And tell me, in the modesty of honor,

Why you have given me such clear lights of favor,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings and to frown

Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;

And made the most notorious geck and gull

That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

**OLIVIA**

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

**TOBY**

Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness,

and some have greatness thrown upon them.'

**MALVOLIO**

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

*Exit*

**OLIVIA**

He hath been most notoriously abused.

**DUKE ORSINO**

Pursue him and entreat him to a peace:

~~He hath not told us of the captain yet:~~

~~When that is known and golden time convents,~~

~~A solemn combination shall be made~~

~~Of our dear souls.~~ Meantime, sweet sister,

We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;

For so you shall be, while you are a man;

But when in other habits you are seen,

Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

*Exeunt all,*

**ALL?**

[Sing]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,

With hey, ho, & c.

'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,

For the rain, & c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,

With hey, ho, & c.

By swaggering could I never thrive,

For the rain, & c.

But when I came unto my beds,

With hey, ho, & c.

With toss-pots still had drunken heads,

For the rain, & c.

A great while ago the world begun,

With hey, ho, & c.

But that's all one, our play is done,

And we'll strive to please you every day.

*Exit*