

I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.
Helen. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd.

Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again:
Go, go, provide. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Rousillon. The inner Court of the
COUNTESS'S Palace.*

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord
Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better
known to you, when I have held familiarity with
fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in
Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of
her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but slut-
tish if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I
will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's butter-
ing. Prithce, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose,
sir: I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I
will stop my nose; or against any man's meta-
phor. Prithce, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! prithce, stand away: a paper from
Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman!
Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a purr of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's
cat—but not a musk-cat—that has fallen into
the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as
he says, is muddled withal. Pray you, sir, use
the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor,
decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do
pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and
leave him to your lordship. *[Exit.]*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune
hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis
too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have
you played the knave with Fortune that she
should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady,
and would not have knaves thrive long under
her? There's a carducu for you. Let the justices
make you and Fortune friends; I am for other
business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one
single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come,
you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.
Cox my passion! give me your hand. How
does your drum?

Par. O, my good lord! you were the first that
found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first
that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in
some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put
upon me at once both the office of God and the
devil? one brings thee in grace and the other
brings thee out. *[Trumpets sound.]* The king's
coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, in-
quire further after me; I had talk of you last
night: though you are a fool and a knave, you
shall eat: go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU,
Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, 8
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord 12
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note, but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey 16
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took cap-
tive,

Whose dead perfection heard that scorn'd to
serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him
hither; 20

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon:
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury 24
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

King. What says he to your daughter? have
you spoke? 28

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have
letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season, 32
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams

Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou
forth;

The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd blames, 36
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top,
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees 40
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: 44
At first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my
heart

Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue,
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend
me,

Which warp'd the line of every other favour; 49
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came 52
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom
myself,

Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores
away 56

From the great compt. But love that comes too
late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rasher
faults 60

Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust: 64
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget
her.

Send forth your amorous token for fair Maud-
lin: 68

The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear
heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse! 72

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
name

Must be digested, give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.

[BERTRAM gives a ring.]
By my old beard, 76

And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not. 80
King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—

This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood 84

Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave
her

Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so, 88

The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never
saw it: 92

In Florence was it from a casement thrown
me,

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd 96
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never 100
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science

Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas
Helen's, 104

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforce-
ment

You got it from her. She call'd the saints to
surety, 108

That she would never put it from her finger
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it. 112
King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
honour;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove
so;— 116

And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away. 120

[Guards seize BERTRAM.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove 124
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. *[Exit guarded.]*

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter the gentle Astringer.

Gent. Gracious sovereign, 128
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,

Who hath, for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it, 132
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me, 136
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. Upon his many protestations to
marry me when his wife was dead, I blush
to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rou-
sillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me,
and my honour's paid to him. He stole from
Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to
his country for justice. Grant it me, O king! in
you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes,
and a poor maid is undone. 147

DIANA CAPILET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and
toll for this: I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on
thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these
suitors: 152

Go speedily and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt the gentle Astringer, and some*

Attendants.

I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,

Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters
to you, 156
And that you fly them as you swear them lord-
ship,
Yet you desire to marry.

*Re-enter the gentle Astringer, with Widow
and DIANA.*

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet: 160
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and
honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring, 164
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, county; do you know
these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me
further? 168

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your
wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are
mine; 172

You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours
That she which marries you must marry me;
Either both or none. 176

Laf. [To BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes
too short for my daughter: you are no husband
for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate
creature, 180
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your
highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them
ill to friend, 184

Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your
honour,

Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,

Ask him upon his oath, if he does think

He had not my virginity. 188

King. What sayst thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were
so,

He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him. O! behold this ring, 193

Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that

He gave it to a commoner o' the camp, 196
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife:
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said 201
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles. 204

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,

With all the spots of the world tax'd and de-
bosh'd, 208

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,

That will speak anything?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth. 213

She knew her distance and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,

As all impediments in fancy's course 216
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,

Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring,

And I had that which any inferior might 220
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;

You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,—

Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,—224
Send for your ring; I will return it home,

And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger. 228

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his
of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false you threw it
him

Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth. 232

Re-enter Attendant with PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather
starts you.

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I
charge you, 236

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,—
Which, on your just proceeding I'll keep off,—

By him and by this woman here what know
you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath
been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath
had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he
love this woman? 244

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman
loves a woman. 248

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.
What an equivocal companion is this! 252

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's
command.

Laf. He is a good drum, my lord, but a
naughty orator. 256

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou
knowest? 260

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go
between them, as I said; but more than that, he
loved her, for, indeed, he was mad for her, and
talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of Furies,

and I know not what: yet I was in that credit
with them at that time, that I knew of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising
her marriage, and things which would derive
me ill will to speak of: therefore I will not
speak what I know. 270

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless
thou canst say they are married: but thou art
too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it
you? 276

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these
ways, 280

How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord:
she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine: I gave it his first
wife. 284

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I
know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now
To prison with her; and away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this
ring

Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you. 289

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common cus-
tomer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all
this while? 293

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not. 296
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to LAFEU.*

King. She does abuse our ears: to prison
with her!

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. [*Exit*
Widow.] Stay, royal sir; 300

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,

Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd, 305
And at that time he got his wife with child:

Dead though she be, she feels her young one
kick:
So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist 309
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?

Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see; 312

The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both. O! pardon.

Hel. O my good lord! when I was like this
maid,

I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:

When from my finger you can get this ring, 317
And are by me with child, &c. This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know
this clearly, 320

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O! my dear mother; do I see you living? 324

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon. [*To PAROLLES.*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy curtsies alone, they are scurvy ones. 329

King. Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.

[*To DIANA.*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, 332

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess that by thy honest aid

Thou keptst a wife herself, thyself a maid.

Of that, and all the progress, more and less, 336

Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE

Spoken by the KING.

*The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended if this suit be won
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day: 4
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[Exeunt.]*

TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, Brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, } Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO, }
SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle to Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHECK.
MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.

FABIAN, } Servants to Olivia.
FESTE, a Clown, }

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—*A City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.*

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. 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. 8
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er, 12
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke.

What, Curio? 16

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence. 20
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?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted; 24

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, 28
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. 32

Duke. O! she that hath a heart of that fine

frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else 36

That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and
fill'd

Her sweet perfections with one self king.
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers; 40
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with
bowers. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, 4
sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were
sav'd.

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

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you
with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split, 8
When you and those poor number sav'd 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,— 12

To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so there's gold. 16
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and
born 20

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name? 24

Cap. Orsino.

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