

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 4

sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance 4

may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you 4

with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split, 8

When you and those poor number sav'd with 8

you

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself,—

Courage and hope both teaching him the 12

practice,—

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? 20

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

born

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 24

him:

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late; 28
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. 32

Vio. What's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving
her

In the protection of his son, her brother, 36
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O! that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world, 40
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's. 44

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 48
With this thy fair and outward character.

I prithee,—and I'll pay thee bounteously,—
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become 52
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:

Thou shalt present me as a eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music 56
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll
be: 60
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not
see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

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

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come
in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes
great exceptions to your ill hours. 6

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.
Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself
within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer
than I am. These clothes are good enough to
drink in, and so be these boots too: an they be
not, let them hang themselves in their own
straps. 14

Mar. 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 To. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he. 20

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.
Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats
a year. 24

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all
these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'
the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four
languages word for word without book, and
hath all the good gifts of nature. 30

Mar. He hath indeed, almost 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 quarrelling, 'tis thought
among the prudent he would quickly have the
gift of a grave. 36

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

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk
nightly in your company. 40

Sir To. 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 coxstir, that will not drink to my niece
till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.
What, wrench! *Castiliano vulgo!* for here comes
Sir Andrew Agueface. 46

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby
Belch! 49

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir. 52

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire
better acquaintance. 57

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—
Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is,
front her, board her, woo her, assail her. 61

Sir And. By my troth, I would not under-
take her in this company. Is that the meaning
of 'accost'? 64

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew,
would thou mightst never draw sword again!

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I
might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do
you think you have fools in hand? 70

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and
here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you,
bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it
drink. 76

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your
metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an
ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's
your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them? 84

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends:
marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit.]

Sir To. O knight! thou lackest a cup of
canary: when did I see thee so put down? 88

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless
you see canary put me down. Methinks some-
times 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. 93

Sir To. No question.
Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it.
I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby. 96

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is '*pourquoi*?' do or not do?
I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues
that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-bait-
ing. O! had I but followed the arts! 101

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

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my
hair? 105

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will
not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough,
doesn't not? 109

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a
distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee
between her legs, and spin it off. 112

Sir And. 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 count
himself here hard by woos her. 116

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not
match above her degree, neither in estate, years,
nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's
life in't, man. 120

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a
fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I de-
light in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickchawes,
knight? 125

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever
he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I
will not compare with an old man. 128

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard,
knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't. 132

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

Sir To. 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
make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost
thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I
did think, by the excellent constitution of thy
leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard. 144

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent
well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set
about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not
born under Taurus? 149

Sir And. Taurus! that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me
see thee caper. Ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours to-
wards you, Cesario, you are like to be much
advanced: he hath known you but three days,
and already you are no stranger. 4

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negli-
gence, that you call in question the continuance
of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours? 8

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario? ho!

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof. Cesario, 12
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, 16
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke, she never will admit me. 20

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofit return.

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

Duke. O! then unfold the passion of my love;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: 25
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth

Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect. 28

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip

Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound; 33
And all is semblative a woman's part.

I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;

All, if you will; for I myself am best 37
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,

To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best 40
To woo your lady: [Aside] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. 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. 4

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, 'I fear no colours.'

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. 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?

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

Mar. You are resolute then?

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

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

Clo. 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.

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

Clo. Wit, an'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.'

Enter OLIVIA with MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. 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. Any thing 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.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision 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.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

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

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

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

Clo. 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.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. 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.

Oli. 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.

Clo. Now, Mercury endure thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

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

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

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

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you: he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him! *[Exit MARIA.]* Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. *[Exit MALVOLIO.]* Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoken for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

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

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here,—a plague o' these pickle herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby.

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

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery! There's one at the gate.

Clo. Ay, marry, what is he?

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

[Exit.] *Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. 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.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crier, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 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.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He's 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.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

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

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. 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.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA and Attendants.

Viola. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

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

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

sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

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.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

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?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

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.

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

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

Oli. 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.

Mar. Will you hoistsail, sir? herelies your way.

Viola. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Viola. I am a messenger.

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

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.

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

Viola. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. *[Exit MARIA and Attendants.]* Now, sir; what is your text?

Viola. Most sweet lady,—

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

Viola. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

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

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

Viola. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. 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 as this present: is't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all. 256

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

Vio. '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, 261

If you will lead these graces to the grave And leave the world no copy.

Oli. 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. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair. 272

My lord and master loves you: O! such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty.

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears, 276 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. 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; 280

In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, 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. 284

Vio. 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.

Oli. Why, what would you? 288

Vio. 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;

Holla your name to the reverberate hills, 293 And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out, 'Olivia!' O! you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth, 296 But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

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

Oli. Get you to your lord: 300 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.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse: 305

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 308 Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[Exit.

Oli. 'What is your parentage?'

'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art: 312

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast; soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man. How now! Even so quickly may one catch the plague? 316

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.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service. 320

Oli. 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, 324

Nor hold him up with hopes: I'm not for him. If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,

I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio. *Mal.* Madam, I will. [Exit.

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find 329 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe; What is decreed must be, and be this so! [Exit.

ACT II

SCENE I.—The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

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

Seb. 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. 8

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

Seb. 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. 24

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. 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. 33

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment. *Seb.* O good Antonio! forgive me your trouble! 36

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

Seb. 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 Count Orsino's court: farewell. [Exit.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court, 48 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.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir: on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither. 4

Mal. 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. 12

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it. *Mal.* 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.

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

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! 19

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. 24 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, 28

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! 32

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. 36 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; 41

It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and

diluculo surgere, thou knowest,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late is to be up late. 5

Sir To. 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 And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking. 12

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of 'we three'? 17

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

Sir And. 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. In sooth, thou wast in very

gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I

sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it? 27

Clo. I did impeticoos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-

ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song. 33

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a— 37

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

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song. 40

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clo. O mistress mine! where are you roaming? O! stay and hear; your true love's coming, That can sing both high and low. 44

Trip no further, pretty sweeting; Journeys end in lovers meeting, Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith. 48

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. 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 And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight. 57

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. 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? 64

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well. 68

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight. 73

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, 'Hold thy peace.' 76

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. 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. 82

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, lady!

There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!
Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling. 89

Sir And. 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 To. O! the twelfth day of December,—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace! 94

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 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 alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you? 101

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

Mal. 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 To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone. 112

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die. 116

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

Clo. What an if you do? 120

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O! no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. 'Out o' time!' Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too. 128

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized 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. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Go shake your ears. 135

Sir And. '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 To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth. 142

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day 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 To. Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him. 152

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

Sir And. O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog. 156

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough. 160

Mar. 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 swarths: the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work. 169

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. 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 To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too. 180

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

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour. 185

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

Mar. Ass, I doubt not. 188

Sir And. O! 'twill be admirable.

Mar. 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 To. Good night, Penthésilæa. 196

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too. 200

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out. 204

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will. 208

Sir To. Come, come: I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends:

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought it did relieve my passion much, 4 More than light airs and recollected terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times: Come; but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it. 9

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house. 13

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit CURIO. Music.*]

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it remember me; 16 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 belov'd. How dost thou like this tune? 20

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly. My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves; 24 Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

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

Vio. About your years, my lord. 28

Duke. 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, 32 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then, let thy love be younger than thyself, 36

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent; For women are as roses, whose fair flower

Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour. *Vio.* And so they are: alas, that they are so; 40

To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO with Clown.

Duke. 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, 44

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. 48

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*]

Clo. Come away, come away, death, And in sad cypress let me be laid; 52

Fly away, fly away, breath;

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, 56

O! prepare it.

My part of death, no one so true

Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,

On my black coffin let there be strown; 60

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save, 64

Lay me, O! where

Sad true lover never find my grave,

To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, 69

sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one 72

time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. 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. *[Exit.]*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.]

Once more, Cesario, 81
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands; 84
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. 88

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart 92
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion 96
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate, 100

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 104
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may
owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we. 108
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her
love, 112
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument, 116
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. 120

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my
boy?

Vio. 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. Ay, that's the theme. 124
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no deny.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK,
and FABIAN.*

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of
this sport, let me be boiled to death with melan-
choly. 4

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

Fab. I would exult, man: you know he
brought me out o' favour with my lady about
a bear-baiting here. 10

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear
again; and we will fool him black and blue;
shall we not, Sir Andrew? 13

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

Sir To. Here comes the little villain. 16

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ye 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! Lie thou there: *[Throws
down a letter.]* for here comes the trout that
must be caught with tickling. *[Exit.]*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. '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. Be-
sides, she uses me with a more exalted respect
than anyone else that follows her. What should
I think on't? 33

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare
turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his
advanced plumes! 37

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace! I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio! 40

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace! peace! 43

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of
the Strachy married the yeoman of the ward-
robe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how
imagination blows him. 49

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

Sir To. O! for a stone-bow, to hit him in
the eye! 53

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my
branched velvet gown; having come from a day-
bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,— 56

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace! peace!

Mal. 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 To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now. 64
Mal. 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,— 69

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us
with cars, yet peace! 72

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quench-
ing my familiar smile with an austere regard of
control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow
o' the lips then? 77

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes hav-
ing cast me on your niece give me this preroga-
tive of speech,— 80

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews
of our plot. 85

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your
time with a foolish knight,—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you. 88

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,—

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

Mal. *[Seeing the letter.]* What employment
have we here? 93

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours
intimate reading aloud to him! 96

Mal. *[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. 100

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why
that—

Mal. *[Reads.]* To the unknown beloved, this
and my good wishes: her very phrases! By
your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her
Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my
lady. To whom should this be? 108

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove knows I love;

But who?

Lips, do not move:

No man must know. 112

'No man must know.' What follows? the num-
bers altered! 'No man must know:' if this
should be thee, Malvolio!

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock! 116

Mal. 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. 120

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay,
but first, let me see, let me see, let me see. 124
Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed
him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel
checks at it! 128

Mal. '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 capa-
city; there is no obstruction in this. And the
end, what should that alphabetical position
portend? if I could make that resemble some-
thing in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I,— 135

Sir To. O! ay, make up that: he is now at a
cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this,
though it be as rank as a fox. 139

Mal. M, Malvolio; M, why, that begins my
name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the
cur is excellent at faults. 143

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonancy
in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A
should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him
cry, O! 149

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you,
you might see more detraction at your heels
than fortunes before you. 153

Mal. 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. 157

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 them. 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 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. 174

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champion 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 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 mani-
fests 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.