

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

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.]

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

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

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

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

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

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

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

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

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT III

## SCENE I.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age!

A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain: they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

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

Vio. Why, man?

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

Vio. Thy reason, man?

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

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings—the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.

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

[Gives a piece of money.]

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

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. [Pointing to the coin.] Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

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

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

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

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,

And to do that well craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time,

And, like the haggard, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice As full of labour as a wise man's art;

For folly that he wisely shows is fit;

But wise men folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

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

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

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

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir: put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

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

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

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

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier. 'Rain odours!' well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed.' I'll get 'em all three all ready.

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

[Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA.] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment. You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf.

Oli. 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.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send, After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning, Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving

Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom, Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.

O world! how apt the poor are to be proud. If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion than the wolf!

[Clock strikes.] The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have

you: And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest, Your wife is like to reap a proper man:

There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho!

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay: I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

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

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

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

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

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

Oli. O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip. A murderous guilt shows not itself more

soon Than love that would seem hid; love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring, By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride, Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

But rather reason thus with reason fetter, Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is

better.

Vio. 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.

Oli. Yet come again, for thou perhaps mayst move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [Exeunt.]



## SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.  
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

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

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

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

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

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass of me?

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

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

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

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

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour: challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the 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, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[Exit SIR ANDREW.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

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

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver it.

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

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

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Enter MARIA.

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

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

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

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

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;

But since you make your pleasure of your pains,

I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; 5 And not all love to see you,—though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,— But jealousy what might befall your travel, 8 Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable: my willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, 12 Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks; for oft good turns

Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: 16 But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. 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.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: 25 Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys, I did some service; of such note indeed, That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people?

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature,

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel Might well have given us bloody argument. 32 It might 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 lapsed in this place, 36 I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here's my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, 40 Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

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

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. 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. 4 Where is Malvolio? he is sad, and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes: Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam; he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you if he come, for sure the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Mar. I am as mad as he, 16 If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smil'st thou? 20

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

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

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

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

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

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

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha!

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What sayst thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered!

Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so,'—

Oli. Am I made?

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

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

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

Oli. I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the



habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to;' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

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

*Mal.* Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; go off.

*Mar.* 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.

*Mal.* Ah, ha! does she so?

*Sir To.* 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.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

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

*Fab.* Carry his water to the wise-woman.

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, mistress!

*Mar.* O Lord!

*Sir To.* Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir!

*Sir To.* Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

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

*Mal.* My prayers, minx!

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

*Mal.* Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter.

*Sir To.* Is't possible?

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

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

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

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

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

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning.

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*Fab.* Is't so saucy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

*Fab.* Good, and valiant.

*Sir To.* Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

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

*Sir To.* 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.

*Fab.* Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

*Sir To.* I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,—

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

*Fab.* Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

*Sir To.* 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.

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

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

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing.

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his

employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman,—as I know his youth will aptly receive it,—into a most 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.

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

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

*[Exeunt SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.]*

*Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.*

*Oli.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone,

And laid mine honour 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.

*Vio.* With the same haviour that your passion bears

Goes on my master's griefs.

*Oli.* 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 honour sav'd may upon asking give?

*Vio.* Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

*Vio.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

*[Exit.]*

*Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee.

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir To.* 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, skilful, and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake, sir: I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

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

*Vio.* I pray you, sir, what is he?

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

*Vio.* I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady: I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike this is a man of that quirk.

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

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

*Sir To.* I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

*Vio.* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

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

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight; I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

*[Exit.]*

*Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.*

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on.

They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

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

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

*Sir To.* 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.



*Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.*

[*To FABIAN.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

*Fab.* He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* There's no remedy, sir: he will fight with you for his oath's sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

*Vio.* [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

*Fab.* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

*Sir And.* Pray God, he keep his oath!

*Vio.* I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* 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.

*[Drawing.]*

*Sir To.* You, sir! why, what are you?

*Ant.* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

*Fab.* O, good sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

*Sir To.* I'll be with you anon.

*Vio.* [*To SIR ANDREW.*] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

*Sir And.* 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 two Officers.*

*First Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

*Sec. Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of Count Orsino.

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

*First Off.* No, sir, no jot: I know your favour well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away: he knows I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey.—*[To VIOLA.]* This comes with seeking you:

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

What will you do, now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd:

But be of comfort.

*Sec. Off.* Come, sir, away.

*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* 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 is half my coffer.

*Ant.* 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.

*Vio.* I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature. I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness, Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

*Ant.* O heavens themselves!

*Sec. Off.* Come, sir: I pray you, go

*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here

I snatch'd one-half out of the jaws of death, Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,

And to this image, which methought did promise Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

*First Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

*Ant.* 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:

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

*First Off.* The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on.

*[Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.]*

*Vio.* Methinks his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I. Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

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

*Sir To.* Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

*Vio.* He nam'd 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!

*[Exit.]*

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears

in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

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

*Sir And.* An I do not,—

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

# ACT IV

SCENE I.—*The Street adjoining OLIVIA's House.*

*Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.*

*Clo.* Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow: Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady

to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose

neither. Nothing that is so is so.

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

*Clo.* Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool.

Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now,

ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There's money for thee: if you tarry longer

I shall give worse payment.

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

*Enter SIR ANDREW.*

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

*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there, and there, and there!

*Are all the people mad?*

*Enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.*

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

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence.

*Sir To.* [*Holding SEBASTIAN.*] Come on, sir: hold.

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him if there be any law in Illyria.

Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*Sir To.* Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well fleshed; come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. [*Disengaging himself.*] What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

*Sir To.* What, what! Nay then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

*Enter OLIVIA.*

*Oli.* Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge thee, hold!

*Sir To.* Madam!

*Oli.* 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, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.]*

I prithee, gentle friend, Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and 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.

*Seb.* 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!

*Oli.* Nay; come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O! say so, and so be!

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*A Room in OLIVIA's House.*

*Enter MARIA and Clown; MALVOLIO in a dark chamber adjoining.*

*Mar.* Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on and I will dissemble myself in't: and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall

enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper

goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.*

*Sir To.* God bless thee, Master parson.

*Clo.* Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink,

very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That, that is, is; so I, being Master parson,

am Master parson; for, what is 'that,' but 'that,' and 'is,' but 'is?'

*Sir To.* To him, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* What ho! I say. Peace in this prison!

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Who calls there?



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

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

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

*Sir To.* Well said, Master Parson.

*Mal.* [Within.] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

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

*Mal.* As hell, Sir Topas.

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

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

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

*Mal.* I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?

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

*Clo.* Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* Sir Topas! Sir Topas!

*Sir To.* My most exquisite Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters.

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

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

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY and MARIA.*]

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

*Mal.* Fool!

*Clo.* My lady is unkind, perdy!

*Mal.* Fool!

*Clo.* Alas, why is she so?

*Mal.* Fool, I say!

*Clo.* She loves another.

Who calls, ha?

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

ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

*Clo.* Master Malvolio!

*Mal.* Ay, good fool.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

*Mal.* Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say: the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

*Mal.* Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say!

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

*Mal.* By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

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

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

*Clo.* I am gone, sir,

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old Vice,

Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, Ah, ah! to the devil:

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad;

Adieu, Goodman devil.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't; And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant; Yet there he was, and there I found this credit, That he did range the town to seek me out.

His counsel now might do me golden service; For though my soul disputes well with my sense That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

So far exceed all instance, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,

And wrangle with my reason that persuades me To any other trust but that I am mad

Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 'twere so, She could not sway her house, command her

followers, Take and give back affairs and their dispatch With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing

As I perceive she does. There's something in't That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

*Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.*

*Oli.* 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?

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine

That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V

## SCENE I.—The Street before OLIVIA'S House.

*Enter Clown and FABIAN.*

*Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

*Clo.* Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Anything.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

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

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

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

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four

negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

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

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, 'the third pays for all': the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

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

*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[*Exit.*]

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

*Enter ANTONIO and Officers.*

*Duke.* 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. A bawbling vessel was he captain of,

For shallow draught and hulk unprizable; With which such scathful grapple did he make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy and the tongue of loss,

Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

*First Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy;

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

Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* 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.* 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?

*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir, Be pleas'd 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: