

That most ingrateful boy there by your side, 81  
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth  
Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was:  
His life I gave him, and did thereto add 84  
My love, without retention or restraint,  
All his in dedication; for his sake  
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
Into the danger of this adverse town; 88  
Drew to defend him when he was beset:  
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,  
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,  
Taught him to face me out of his acquaint-  
ance, 92

And grew a twenty years removed thing  
While one would wink, denied me mine own  
purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be? 96  
*Duke.* When came he to this town?  
*Ant.* To-day, my lord; and for three months  
before,—  
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,—  
Both day and night did we keep company. 100

*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Here comes the countess: now heaven  
walks on earth!  
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are mad-  
ness:  
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;  
But more of that anon. Take him aside. 104  
*Oli.* What would my lord, but that he may  
not have,  
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?  
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam! 108  
*Duke.* Gracious Olivia.—  
*Oli.* What do you say, Cesario? Good my  
lord.—  
*Vio.* My lord would speak; my duty hushes  
me.  
*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,  
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear 113  
As howling after music.

*Duke.* Still so cruel?  
*Oli.* Still so constant, lord.  
*Duke.* What, to perverseness? you uncivil  
lady, 116  
To whose ingrate and un auspicious altars  
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd  
out  
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?  
*Oli.* Even what it please my lord, that shall  
become him. 120  
*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the heart to  
do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,  
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy  
That sometimes savours nobly. But hear me  
this: 124  
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your  
favour,

Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant still; 128  
But this your minion, whom I know you love,  
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,  
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. 132  
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in  
mischief;  
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.  
*Vio.* And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. 137  
[Following.

*Oli.* Where goes Cesario?  
*Vio.* After him I love  
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.  
If I do feign, you witnesses above 141  
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

*Oli.* Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!  
*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do  
you wrong? 144  
*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?  
Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.  
*Duke.* [To *VIOLA*.] Come away.  
*Oli.* Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband,  
stay.

*Duke.* Husband?  
*Oli.* Ay, husband: can he that deny? 148  
*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah?  
*Vio.* No, my lord, not I.  
*Oli.* Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear  
That makes thee strange thy propriety.  
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up; 152  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou  
art  
As great as that thou fear'st.

*Enter Priest.*

O, welcome, father!  
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,  
Here to unfold,—though lately we intended 156  
To keep in darkness what occasion now  
Reveals before 'tis ripe,—what thou dost know  
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and  
me.

*Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of love, 160  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;  
And all the ceremony of this compact 164  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward  
my grave

I have travell'd but two hours.  
*Duke.* O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt  
thou be 168  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?  
Or wilt not else thy craft so quickly grow  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet 172  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.  
*Vio.* My lord, I do protest,—  
*Oli.* O! do not swear:  
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much  
fear.

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, with his head  
broken.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God, a surgeon!  
send one presently to Sir Toby. 177

*Oli.* What's the matter?  
*Sir And.* He has broke my head across, and  
has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For  
the love of God, your help! I had rather than  
forty pound I were at home. 182

*Oli.* Who has done this, Sir Andrew?  
*Sir And.* The count's gentleman, one Ce-  
sario: we took him for a coward, but he's the  
very devil incarnate. 186

*Duke.* My gentleman, Cesario?  
*Sir And.* Od's lifelings! here he is. You  
broke my head for nothing! and that that I did,  
I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt  
you:  
You drew your sword upon me without cause;  
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not. 193

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you  
have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a  
bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby halt-  
ing; 197

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.*  
you shall hear more: but if he had not been in  
drink he would have tickled you othergates than  
he did. 200

*Duke.* How now, gentleman! how is't with  
you?  
*Sir To.* That's all one: he has hurt me, and  
there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick sur-  
geon, sot? 205

*Clow.* O! he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago:  
his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue, and a passy-  
measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue. 209  
*Oli.* Away with him! Who hath made this  
havoc with them?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, Sir Toby, because  
we'll be dressed together. 213

*Sir To.* Will you help? an ass-head and a  
coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a  
gull! 216

*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be  
look'd to. [Exeunt *Clown*, *FABIAN*, *SIR TOBY*,  
and *SIR ANDREW*.]

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your  
kinsman;  
But, had it been the brother of my blood, 220  
I must have done no less with wit and safety.  
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by  
that

I do perceive it hath offended you:  
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows 224  
We made each other but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and  
two persons;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not!  
*Seb.* Antonio! O my dear Antonio! 228  
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me  
Since I have lost thee!

*Ant.* Sebastian are you?  
*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio?  
*Ant.* How have you made division of your-  
self? 232

An apple cleft in two is not more twin  
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?  
*Oli.* Most wonderful!  
*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a bro-  
ther; 236

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,  
Of here and every where. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have de-  
vour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me? 240  
What countryman? what name? what parent-  
age?

*Vio.* Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,  
So went he suited to his watery tomb. 244  
If spirits can assume both form and suit  
You come to fright us.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed;  
But am in that dimension grossly clad  
Which from the womb I did participate. 248  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say, 'Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!'

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.  
*Seb.* And so had mine. 253  
*Vio.* And died that day when Viola from her  
birth

Had number'd thirteen years.  
*Seb.* O! that record is lively in my soul. 256  
He finished indeed his mortal act  
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy both  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire, 260  
Do not embrace me till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump  
That I am Viola: which to confirm,  
I'll bring you to a captain in this town, 264  
Where lie my maiden weeds: by whose gentle  
help

I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.  
All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath been between this lady and this lord. 268  
*Seb.* [To *OLIVIA*.] So comes it, lady, you have  
been mistook:

But nature to her bias drew in that.  
You would have been contracted to a maid;  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd, 272  
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Duke.* Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.  
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,  
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.  
[To *VIOLA*.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thou-  
sand times 277

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.  
*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-swear,  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul 280  
As doth that orb'd continent the fire  
That severs day from night.

*Duke.* Give me thy hand;  
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.  
*Vio.* The captain that did bring me first on  
shore 284



Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action

Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,  
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him. Fetch Malvolio hither. 288

And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.  
A most extracting frenzy of mine own  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. 292

Re-enter Clown with a letter, and FABIAN.

How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do. He has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it to you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it. 300

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman.

By the Lord, madam,—

Oli. How now! art thou mad? 304

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

Oli. Prithee, read it thy right wits. 308

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. [To FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah. 312

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

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this? 324

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [Exit FABIAN.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on, 328

To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer. 332

[To VIOLA.] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding;

And since you call'd me master for so long, 336  
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no. 341

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand:  
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase,

Or say 'tis not your seal nor your invention: 345  
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,  
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,

Why you have given me such clear lights of  
favour, 348

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,  
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown

Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;  
And, acting this in an obedient hope, 352

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,

And made the most notorious geck and gull  
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why. 356

Oli. Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing,  
Though, I confess, much like the character;

But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand:  
And now I do bethink me, it was she 360

First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in  
smiling,

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd  
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon  
thee; 364

But when we know the grounds and authors of  
it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,

And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come 368  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,

Most freely I confess, myself and Toby  
Set this device against Malvolio here, 372

Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ

The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;  
In recompense whereof he hath married her.

How with a sportful malice it was follow'd, 377  
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,  
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd

That have on both sides past. 380

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled  
thee!

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve  
greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon

them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir  
Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord,

fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember?  
'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal?

an you smile not, he's gagged:' and thus the  
whirligig of time brings in his revenges. 389

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of  
you. [Exit.]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a  
peace;— 392

He hath not told us of the captain yet:  
When that is known and golden time convents,

A solemn combination shall be made  
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister, 396

We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;  
For so you shall be, while you are a man;

But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. 400

[Exeunt all except Clown.]

## SONG

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;

A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day. 404

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,  
For the rain it raineth every day. 408

But when I came, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain it raineth every day. 412

But when I came unto my beds,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,  
For the rain it raineth every day. 416

A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day. 420

[Exit.]