Twelfe Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scoena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio,and other Lords.

Duke

IF Musicke be the food of Love, play on,
Give me excesse of it : that surfetting,
The appetite may sicken, and so dye.
That straine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a banke of Violets ;
Stealing and giving Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Love, how quicke and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
Receiveth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch so ere,
But falles into abatement, and low price
Even in a minute ; so full of shapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantasticall.
Cu. Will you go hunt my Lord?
Du. What *Curio?*
Cu. The Hart.
Du. Why so I do, the Noblest that I have :
O when mine eyes did see *Olivia* first,
Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestelence ;
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart
And my desires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this answer:
The Element it selfe, till seven yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view :
But like a Cloystresse she will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine : all this to season
A brothers dead love, which she would keepe fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.
Du. 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 flocke of all affections else
That live in her. When Liver, Braine, and Heart,
These soveraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
Her sweete perfections with one selfe king :
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.
Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine ,and Saylors.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?
Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he has not drown'd : What thinke you saylors?
Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were saved.
*Vio.*O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poore number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boate : I saw your brother
Most provident in perill, binde himselfe.
(Courage and hope aboth teaching him the practice)
To a strong Maste, that liv'd upon the sea :
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waters,
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's Gold :
Mine owne escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authoritie
The like of him. Know'st thou this Countrey?
Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres travaile from this very place.
Vio. Who governes heere?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino : I have heard my father name him.
He was a Batchellor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late :
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know
What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of,)
That he did seeke the love of faire *Olivia.*
Vio. What's shee ?
Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dide some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
Who shortly also dide: for whose deere love
(They say) she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.
Vio. O that I serv'd that Lady
And might not be delivered to the world

Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my estate is.
Cap. That were hard to compasse,
Because she will admit no kinde of suite,
No, not the Dukes.
Vio. There is a faire behaviour in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution : yet of thee
I will beleeve thou hast a minde that suites
With this thy faire and outward charracter.
I prethee (and Ile pay the bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For such disguise as haply shall become
The forme of my intent. Ile serve this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines : for I can sing,
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
Vio. I thanke thee : Lead me on. *Exeunt*

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the death of her bruther thus? I am sure care's an enemie to life.
Mar. By my troth sir *Toby,* you must come in earlyer a nights : your Cosin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill houres.
To. Why let her except, before excepted.
Ma. I,but you must confine your selfe within the modest limits of order.
To. Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am: these cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee these boots too : and they be not, let them hang themselves in their owne straps.
Ma. That quaffing and drinking will undoe you : I heard my Lady talke of it yesterday : and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here,to be hir woer
To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheeke?*
Ma. I he.
To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.
Ma. What's that to th'purpose ?
To. Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare.
Ma. I but hee'l have but a yeare in all these ducates : He's a very foole, and a prodigall.
To. Fie,that you'l say so : he playes o't Viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.
Ma. He hath indeed, almost naturall : for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller : and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickely have the gift of a grave.
Tob. By this hand they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?
Ma. They that adde moreour, hee's drunke nightly in your company.
To. With drinking healths to my Neece : Ile drinke

to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke in Illyria : he's a Coward and a Coystrill that will not drinke to my Neece till his braines turne o'th toe, like a parish top. What wench? *Castiliano vulgo:*for here [comes] Sir *Andrew Agueface.*

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir *Toby Belch.* How now sir *Toby Belch?*

To. Sweet sir *Andrew.*

And. Blesse you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too sir.

Tob. Accost Sir *Andrew,* Accost.

And. What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid.

[*Ma.*] Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance

Ma. My name is *Mary* sir.

And. Good mistris *Mary,* accost.

To, You mistake knight : Accost, is front her, boord her, woe her, assayle her.

*And. B*y my troth I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part so Sir *Andrew,* would thou mightst never draw sword agen.

And. And you part so mistris, I would I might never draw sword agen : Faire Lady, doe you thinke you have fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I have not you by 'th hand.

An. Marry but you shall have, and heeres my hand.

Ma. Now sir, thought is free : I pray you bring your hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (sweet-heart?) What's your Metaphor?

Ma. It's dry sir.

And. Why I thinke so : I am not such an asse, but I can keepe my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Ma. A dry jest Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry now I let go your hand,I am barren. *Exit Maria*

To. O kinght, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie: when did I see thee so put downe?

An. Never in your life I thinke, unlesse you see Canarie put me downe : mee thinkes sometimes I have no more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I beleeve that does harme to my wit.

To. No question.

An. And I thought that, I'de forsweare it. Ile ride home to morrow sir *Toby.*

To. Pur-quoy my deere knight?

An. What is *purquoy*? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing dancing, and beare-bayting : O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.

An. Why,would that have ended my haire?

To. Past question,for thou seest it will not coole my

An. But it [becoms we]wel enough, dost not? (nature

To. Excellent,it hangs like flax on a distaffe: & I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs,& spin it off.

[*A*]*n.* Faith Ile come home to morrow sir *Toby*,your niece wil not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'l none of me: the Connt himselfe here hard by, wooes her.

*To. S*hee'l none o'th Count,she'l not match above hir degree,neither in estate,yeares,not wit : I have heard her swear't. Tut there's life in't man.

And.

And. Ile stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th strangest minde i'th world : I delight in Maskes and Revels sometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawses Knight?

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

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

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton to't.

And. And I thinke I have the backe-tricke, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are these things bid? Wherefore have these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take dust,like mistris *Mals* picture? Why dost thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My verie walke should be a jigge : I would not so much as make water byt in a Sinke-a-pace: What dooest thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd under the starre of a Galliard.

And. I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we sit about some Revels?

To. What shall we do else : were we not borne under Taurus?

And. Taurus? That sides and heart.

To. No sir, it is leggs and thighes : let me see the caper. Ha, higher : ha, ha,excellent. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you *Cesario,* you are like to be much advanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant sir, in his favours. *Val.* No beleeve me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you : heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw *Cesario* hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. *Cesario,*
Thou knowst no lesse, but all : I have unclasp'd
To thee the booke even of my secret soule.
Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate unto her,
Be not deni'de accesse, stand at her doores,
And tell them, there thy fixed food 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.

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all civill bounds,
Rather then make unproofed returne.

Vio. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

Du. O then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith ;
It shall become thee well to act my wors :
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Then in a Nuntio's of mor grave aspect.

Vio. I thinke not so, my Lord.

Du. Deere Lad, beleeve it :

For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres,
That say thou art a man : *Dianas* lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious : thy small pipe
Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a womans part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affayre : some foure or five attend him,
All if you will : for I my selfe am best
When least in companie : prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. Ile do my best
To woe your Lady : yet a barrefull strife
Who ere I woe, my selfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria,and Clowne.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will not open my lippes so wide as a brissle may enter,in way of thy excuse : my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me : hee that is well hang'd in this world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to feare.

Ma. A good lenton answer : I can tell thee where [yt] saying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Clo. Where good mistris *Mary?*

Ma. In the warrs,& that may you be bolde to say in your foolerie.

Clo. Well, God give them wisedome that have it : & those that are fooles, let them use their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to be turn'd 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 beare it out.

Ma. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neyther, but I am resolv'd on two points

Ma. That if one breake,the other will hold:or if both breake, 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 *Eves* flesh, as any in Illyria.

Ma. Peace you rogue; no more o'that: here comes my Lady : make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.

Clo. Wit,and't be thy will, put me into good fooling : those wits that thinke they have thee, doe very oft prove fooles : and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a wise man. For what saies *Quinapalus,*Better a witty foole, then a foolish wit. God blesse thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Clo. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole : Ile no more of you:besides you grow dis-honest.

Clo. Two faults Madona,that drinke & good counsell wil amend : for give the dry foole drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself,if he mend, he is no longer dishonest ; if hee cannot, let the Botcher mend him : any thing that's mended, is but patch'd:vertu that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple Sillogisme will serve, so: if it will not, vvhat remedy?

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower ; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir,I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum :* that's as much to say, as I weare not motley in my braine : good *Madona,* give me leave to prove you a foole.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madona.

Ol. Make your proofe.

Clo. I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my Mouse of vertue answer me.

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idlenesse,Ile bide your proofe.

Clo. Good Madona, why mournst thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clo. I thinke his soule is in hell, Madona.

Ol. I know his soule is in heaven, foole.

Clo. The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers soule, being in heaven. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole *Malvolio,* doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him : Infirmity that decaies the wise, doeth ever make the better foole.

Clow. God send you sir, a speedie Infirmity, for the better increasing your folly : Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he wil not passe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

Ol. How say you to that *Malvolio ?*

Mal. I marvell your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascall : I saw him put down the other day,with and ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already : unles you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kinde of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.

Ol. O you are sicke of selfe-love *Malvolio,* and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, [guitlesse,] and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets : There is no slander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fooles.

Enter Maria.

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

Ol. From the Count *Orsino,* is it?

Ma. I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay :

Ma. Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinsman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman : Fie on him. Go you *Malvolio* ; If it be a[n] suit from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismisse it. *Exit Malvo.*
Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, & people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us (Madona) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole : whose scull, Jove cramme with braines, for heere he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.*
One of thy kin has a most weake *Pia-mater.*

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Cosin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'these pickle herring : How now Sot.

Clo. Good Sir *Toby.*

Ol. Cosin, Cosin, how have you come so earely by this Lethargie?

To. Letcherie, I defie Letchery : there's one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

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

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught above heate, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and seeke the [Crowner], and let him sitte o'my Coz : for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's deown'd : go looke after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole shall looke to the madman.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow sweares hee will speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speake with you. I told him you were asleepe. he seems to have a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him Ladie, hee's fortified against any deniall.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. Ha's beene told so: and hee sayes hee'l stand at your doore like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee'l speake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner : hee'l speake with you, will you, or no.

Ol. Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy : as a squash is before tis a pescod, or a Codling when it is almost an Apple: Tis with him in standing water, betweene boy and man. He is verie well-favour'd, and he speakes verie shrewishly : One would thinke his mothers milke were scarce out of him.

Ol. Let him approach : Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles. *Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Ol. Give me my vaile : come throw it ore my face, Wee'l once more heare *Orsinos* Embassie.

Enter [*Violenta.*]

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the house, which is she?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall answer for her : your will.

Vio. Most radiant,exquisite,and unmarchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee 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 pend, I have taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee sustaine no scorne ; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Ol. Whence came you sir?

Vio. I can say little more then I have studied, & that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that

I may proceede in my speech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart : and yet (by the verie phangs of malice, I sweare) I am not that I play.Are you the Ladie of the house ?

Ol. If I do not usurpe my selfe, I am.

Vio. Most certaine, if you are she, you do usurp your selfe : for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to reserve. But this is from my Commission : I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

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

Vio. Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and 'tis Poeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in[.] I heard you were sawcy at my gates,& allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad,be gone : if you have reason, be breefe : 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Ma. Will you hoyst sayle sir,here lies your way.

Vio. No*[t]* good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie: tell me your minde, I am a messenger.

Ol. Sure you have some hiddeous matter to deliver, when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.

Vio. It alone concernes your eare: I bring no overture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand : my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you?
What would you?

Vio. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head : to your eares, Divinity; to any other, prophanation.

Ol. Give us the place alone.
We will heare this divinitie. Now sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet Ladie.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee saide of it. Where lies your Text?

Vio. In *Orsinoes* bosome.

Ol. In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

Vio. To answer by the method[;] in the first of his hart.

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

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Ol. 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 shew you the picture. Looke you sir, such a one I was this present : Ist not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Vio. Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white,
Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st shee alive,
If you will leade these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copie.

Ol. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted : I will give out divers schedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inventoried and every particle and utensile labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item,one necke, one chin, & 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 divell, you are faire:
My Lord, and master loves you : O such love
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beautie.
Ol. How does he love me?
Vio. With adorations, fertill teares,
With groanes that thunder love, with sighes of fire.
Ol. Your Lord does know my mind,I cannot love him
Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voyces 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 tooke his answer long ago.
Vio. If I did love you in my masters flame,
With such a suffring, such a deadly life :
In your deniall, I would finde no sence,
I would not understand it.
Ol. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call upon my soule within the house,
Write loyall Cantons of contemned love,
And sing them lowd even in the dead of night :
Hallow your name to the reverberate hilles,
And make the babling Gossip of the aire,
Cry out *Olivia*: O you should not rest
Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,
But you should pittie me.
Ol. You might do much:
What is your Parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a Gentleman.
Ol. Get you to your Lord :
I cannot love him : let him send no more,
Unlesse(perchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:
I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee.
Vio. I am no feede poast, Lady; keepe your purse,
My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shal love,
And let your fervour like my masters be,
Plac'd in contempt : Farwell fayre crueltie. *Exit.*
[*Ol.* What is your Parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
I am a Gentleman.] Ile be sworn thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, action ,and spirit[.]
Dp give thee five-fold blazon : not too fast : soft, soft,
Unlesse the Master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections
With an invisible, and subtle stealth
To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What hoa, *Malvolio*.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your service.
Ol. Run after that same peevish Messenger
The Countes man : he left this Ring behinde him
Would I, or not : tell him, Ile none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
Ile give him reasons for't ; hie thee *Malvolio.*
Mal. Madam, I will. *Exit.*
Ol. I do I know not what, and feare to finde
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde :

Fate

Fate, shew thy force, our selves we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scoena prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

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

Seb. By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely over me : the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours ; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may beare my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay anty of them on you.

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere extravagancie.But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in : therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe : you must know of mee then *Antonio,* my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Rodorigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline,* whom I know you have heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an houre ; if the Heavens had beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful:but thogh I could not with such estimable wonders over-farre beleeve that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee bore a minde that envy could not but call faire : Shee is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio,* forgive me your trouble.

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

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is kill him,whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neare 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 gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee:
I have many enemies in Orsino's Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what man, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at severall doores.

Mal. Were not you ev'n now, with the Countesse *Olivia?*

Vio. Even now sir, on a moderate pace, I have since ariv'd but hither.

Mal. She returnes this Ring to you (sir) you might have saved mee my paines, to have taken it away your selfe.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 hardie to come againe in his affaires, unlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this : receive it so.

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you peevishly threw it to her : and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not bee it his that findes it. *Exit.*

Vio. I left no Ring with her : what meanes this Lady?
Fortune forbid my out-side have not charm'd her:
She made good view of me, indeed so much,
That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speake in starts distractedly.
She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger:
None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;
I am the man, if it be so as tis,
Poore Lady, she were better love a dreame:
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedhesse,
Wherein the pregnant enemie does much.
How easie is it, for the proper false
In womens waxen hearts to set their formes:
Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,
For such as we are made, if such we bee:
How will this fadge? My master loves her deerely,
And I (poore monster) fond asmuch on him:
And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my maisters love:
As I am woman (now alas the day)
What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Olivia* breath?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I
It is too hard a knot for me t'unty.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir *Andrew :* not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Deliculo surgere,* thou know'st.

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

To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfill'd Canne. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the foure Elements?

And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler ; let us therefore eate and drinke. *Marian* I say, a stoope of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And, Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clo. How now my harts : Did you never see the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome asse, now let's have a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus,* of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Queubus:* 'twas very good yfaith: I sent thee sixe pence for

For thy Lemon, hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity: for *Malvolios* nose is no Whip-stocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses.

An. Excellent : Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

To. Come on, there is sixe pence for you. Let's have a song.

An. There's a testrill of me too : if one knight give a [ ]

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

To. A love song, a love song.

An. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clowne sings.

O Mistris mine where are you roming?
O stay and heare, your true loves coming,
That can sing both high and how.
Trip no further prettie sweeting.
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise mans sonne doth know,

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good

Clo. *What is love, tis not heereafter,*
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plentie,
Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:
Youths a stuffe will not endure.

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To: A contagious breath.

An. Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To heare by the nose,it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three soules out of one Weaver ? Shall we do that?

And. And you love me, let's doo't : I am dogge at a Catch.

Clo. Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

An. Most certaine: 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.

An. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin foole : it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

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

An. Good ifaith : Come begin *Catch sung.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere ? If my Ladie have not call'd up her Steward *Malvolio,* and bid him turne you out of doores, never trust me.

To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolios* a Peg-a-ramsie, and *Three merry men be wee.* Am not I consanguinious? Am I not of her blood : tilly vally. Ladie, *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too : he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall.

To. *O the twelfe day of December,*

Mar. For the love o'God peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble like Tinkers ata this time of night? Do yee make an Alehouse of my Ladies 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?

To. We did keepe time sir in our Catches. Snecke up.

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house : if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir *Toby.*

Clo. His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

To. But I will never dye.

Clo. Sir *Toby* there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I bid him go.

Clo. What and if you do ?

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

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

To. Out o'tune sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by S.Anne, and Ginger shall bee hotte y'th mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe sir, rub your Chaine with crums. A stope of Wine *Maria.*

Mal. Mistris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies favour at any thing more then contempt, you would not give meanes for this uncivill rule ; she shall know if it by this hand. *Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your eares.

An. 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promise with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge : or Ile deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night : Since the youth of the Counts 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 an ayword, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I have witte enough to lye straight in my bed : I know I can do it.

To. Posesse us, possesse us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

An. O,if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason, deere knight.

An. I have no exquisite reason for't,but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The div'll a Puritane that hee is, or ant thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Asse, that cons State without booke,and utters it by great swarths. The best perswaded of himselfe : so cram'd(as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, love him : and on that vice in him, will my revenge finde notable cause to worke.

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 legge, the manner of his gate, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complection, he shall finde himselfe most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Ladie your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make distinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a device.

An. I have't in my nose too.

To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop that

that they come from my Neece, and that shee's in love with him.

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

An. And your horse now would make him an Asse.

Mar. Asse, I doubt not.

An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you : I know mt Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: observe his construction of it : For this night to bed, and dreame on the event: Farewell. *Exit*

To. Good night *Penthisilea.*

An. Before me she's a good wench.

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

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's go to bed knight : Thou hadst neede send for more money.

An. If I cannot recover your Neece, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke,tis too late to go to bed now : Come knight, come knight. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke,Viola, Curio and others.

Du. Give me some Musick;Now good morrow frends.
Now good *Cesario*, but that peece of song,
That old and Anticke song we heard last nigfht;
Me thought it did releeve my passion much,
More then light ayres, and recollected termes
Of these most briske and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that should sang it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. Feste the Jester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie *Oliviaes* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.

Musicke playes.

Come hither Boy, if ever thou shalt love
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me :
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?

Vio. It gives a verie eccho to the seate
Where love is thron'd.

Du. Thou dost speake masterly,
My life upon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves :
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Du. What kind of woman ist ?

Vio. Of your complection.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?

Vio. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by heaven : Let still the woman take

An elder than her selfe, so weares she to him;
So swayes she levell in her husbands heart :
For boy, however we do praise our selves,
Our fancies are more giddie and unfirme,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worne,
Then womens are.
Vio. I thinke it well my Lord.
Du. Then let thy Love be yonger then thy selfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre
Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.
Vio. And so they are :alas, that they are so:
To die, even when they to perfection grow.
Enter Curio & Clowne.
Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night:
Marke it Cesario, it is old and plaine ;
The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maides that weave their thred with bones,
Do use to chaunt it : it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.
Clo. Are you ready Sir?
Duke. I prethee sing. *Musicke.*
The Song.
Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypresse let me be laide.
Fye away, fie away breath,
I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:
My shrowd of white,stucke all with Ew, O prepare it.
My part of death no one so true did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweete
On my blacke coffin, let ther be strewne :
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne.
And thousand thousand sighes to save, lay me ô where
Sad true lover never find my grave, to weepe there.

Du. There's for thy paines.
Clo. No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.
Du. Ile pay thy pleasure then.
Clo. Truly sir, and pleasure will be paide one time, or another.
Du. Give me now leave, to leave thee.
Clo. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would have men of such constancie put to Sea, that their businesse might be every thing, and their intent everie where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit*
Du. Let all the rest give place: Once more *Cesario,*
Get thee to yond same soveraigne crueltie :
Tell her my love, more noble then the world
Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her:
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune :
But 'tis that miracle,and Queene of Jems
That nature prankes her in, attracts my soule.
Vio. But if she cannot love you sir.
Du. It cannot be so answered.
Vio. Sooth but you must.
Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia:* you cannot love her:
You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?
Du. There is no womans sides

Can

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no womans heart
So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the Liver, but the Pallat,
That suffer forfet, cloyment, and revolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Betweene that love a woman can beare me,
And that I owe *Olivia.*
Vio. I but I know.
Du. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe.
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter lov'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I should your Lordship.
Du. And what's her history ?
Vio. A blanke my Lord : she never told her love,
But let concealment like a worme i'th budde
Feede on her damaske cheeke : she pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
She sate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe. Was not this love indeede?
We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed
Our shewes are more then will : for still we prove
Much in our vowes,but little in our love.
Du. But di'de thy sister of her love my Boy?
Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this Lady?
Du. I that's the Theame,
To her in haste : give her this Jewell : say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. *exeunt*

Scena Quinta

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signor *Fabian.*
Fab. Nay Ile come : if I loose a scruple of this sport, let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.
To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?
Fa. I would exult man : you know he brought me out o'favour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.
To. To anger him wee'l have the Beare againe, and we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir *Andrew?*
An. And we do not, it is pittie of our lives.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine : How now my Mettle of India?
Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree : *Malvolio's* comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the Sunne practising behaviour to his own shadow this halfe houre: observe him for the love of Mockerie : for I know this Letter wil make a contemplative Ideot of him, Close in the name of jeasting, lye thou there : for heere comes the Trowt, 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 her self come thus neere, that should she fancie, it should bee one of my complection. Besides she uses me with a more ex-

alted respect, then any one else that followes her. What should I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an over-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cocke of him, how he jets under his advanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio.*

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy,* married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fie on him Jezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deepely in: looke how imagination blowes him.

Mal. Having beene three moneths married to her, sitting in my state.

To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd Velvet gowne : having come from a day bedde, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humor of state : and after a demure travaile of regard : telling them I knowe my place, as I would they should doe theirs : to aske for my kinsman *Toby.*

To. Boltes and shackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seaven of my people with an obediant start, make out for him : I frowne the while, and perchance winde up my watch, or play with my some rich Jewell : *Toby* approaches; curtsies there to me.

To. Shall this fellow live ?

Fa. Though our silence be drawne from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus : quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lipppes, then?

Mal. Saying, Cosine *Toby,* my Fortunes having cast me on your Neece, give me this prerogative of speech.

To. What, What?

Mal. You must amend your drunkennesse.

To. Out scab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our plot?

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

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One sir *Andrew.*

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment have we heere?

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her very *C*'s, her *V*'s, and her *T*'s, and thus makes shee her great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand.

An. Her *C's,* her *V's*, and her *T's*: why that?

Mal. *To the unknowne belov'd, this, and my good Wishes :* Her very Phrases : By your leave wax. Soft, and the impressure her *Lucrece,* with which she uses to seale : tis my Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liver and all.

Mal.

Mal. Jove knowes I love, but who, Lips do not moove, no man must know. No man must know. What followes? The numbers alter d : No man must know,
If this should be thee, *Malvolio?*

To. Marrie hang thee brocke.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucresse knife:
With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, M.O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fa. A fustian riddle.

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.

Fab. What dish a poyson has she drest him?

To. And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

Mal. I may command,where I adore : Why shee may command me : I serve her, she is my Ladie. Why this is evident to any formall capacitie. There is no obstruction in this, and the end : What should that Alphabeticall position portend , if I could make that resemble something in me ? Softly, *M.O.A.I.*

To. O I, make up that, he is now at a cold sent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.

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

Fab. Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

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

Fa. And *O* shall end, I hope.

To. I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. M,O,A,I. This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for every one of these Letters are in my name. Soft,here followes profe : *If this fall into thy hand, revolve.* In my stars I am above thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse : Some are become great, some atcheeves greatnesse, and some have greatnesse thrust uppon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to inure thy selfe to what thou art like to be : cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants : Let thy tongue tang arguments of state ; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie. Shee thus advises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever crosse garter'd : I say remember, goe to, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so : if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter services with thee, [tht] fortunate unhappy daylight and champian discovers not more : This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade politicke Authours, I will baffle Sir *Toby,* I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do not now fool my selfe, to let imagination jade mee ; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being crossegarter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my love, & with a kinde of injunction drives mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy : I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd,

even with the swiftnesse of putting on. Jove, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my love, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, deere my sweete, I prethee.* Jove I thanke thee, I will smile, I wil do every thing 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.

To. I could marry this wench for this device.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my necke.

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and becom thy bondslave?

An. Ifaith,or I either?

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

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it worke upon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and crosse garter'd, as fashion shee detests : and hee will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuteable to her dispositions, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you wil see it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent divell of wit.

And. I'le make one too. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundus

Actus Tertius, Scoena prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Vio. Save the Friend and thy Musick : 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 dooth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him ; or the Church stands by thy Tabot, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You have said sir : To see this age : A sentence is but a chev'rill glove to a good witte, how quickely the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

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

Clo. I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

Vio. Why man?

Clo. Why sir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my sister wanton : But indeede, words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason man?

Clo.

Clo. Troth sir, I can yeeld you none without wordes, and wordes are growne so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st 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 *Olicia's* foole?

Clo. No indeed sir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, shee will keepe no foole sir, till she be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husbands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, bt hir corrupter of words.

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

Clo. Foolery sir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry sir, but the Foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistris : I thinke I saw your wisedome there.

Vio. Nay, and thou passe upon me, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

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

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sicke for one, though I would not have it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a paire 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 *Troylus.*

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

Clo. The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a begger : *Cressida* was a begger. 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 over-worne. *exit*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the foole,
And to do that well, craves a kinde of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time:
And like the Haggard, checke at every Feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a Wise-mans Art:
For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit;
But wisemens folly falne, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Save you Gentleman.

Vio. And you sir.

And. Dieu vou guard Monsieur.

Vio. Et vous ousie vostre serviture.

An. I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece sir, I meane she is the list of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legges do better understand me sir, then I understand what you meane by bidding me taste my legs.

To. I meane to go sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heavens raine Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.

Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne

most pregnant and vouchsafed eare.
And. Odours,pregnant, and vouchsafed : Ile get 'em all three already.
Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leave mee to my hearing. Give me your hand sir.
Vio. My dutie Madam, and most humble service.
Ol. What is your name?
Vio. *Cesario* is your servants name, faire Princesse.
Ol. My servant sir ? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd complement :
y'are servant to the Count *Orsino* youth.
Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
your servants servant, is your servant Madam.
Ol. For him, I thinke not on him : for this thoughts,
Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalfe.
Ol. O by your leave I pray you.
I bad you never speake againe of him ;
But would you undertake another suite
I had rather heare you, to solicit that,
Then Musicke from the spheares.
Vio. Deere Lady.
Ol. Give me leave, beseech you : I did send,
After the last enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse
My selfe, my servant, and I feare me you :
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shamefull cunning
Which you knew none of yours, What might you think?
Have you not set mine Honor at the stake,
And baited it with all th'unmuzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shewne, a Ciprisse, not a bosome,
Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.
Vio. I pittie you.
Ol. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No not a grize. for tis a vulgar proofe
That verie oft we pitty enemies.
Ol. Why then me thinkes 'tis time to smile agen:
O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?
Clock Strikes.
The clocke upbraides me with the waste of time:
Be not affraid good youth, I will not have you,
And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest,
your wife is like to reape a proper man :
There lies you way, due West.
Vio. Then Westward hoe:
Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship :
you'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me :
Ol. Stay : I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me ?
Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are.
Ol. If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.
Vio. Then thinke you right : I am not what I am.
Ol. I would you were, as I would have you be.
Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your foole.
Ol. O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?
In the contempt and anger of his lip,
A murdrous guilt shewes not itselfe more soone,
Then love that would seeme hid: Loves night, is no one.
Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,
By maid-hood, honor, truth, and every thing,
I love the 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 fought, is good : but given unsought is better.
Vio. By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall mistris be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu good Madam, never more,
Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.
Ol. Yet come againe : for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart which now abhorres, to like his love. *Exeunt*

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a jot longer:
To. Thy reason deere venom, give thy reason.
Fab. You must needes yeelde your reason, Sir *Andrew ?*
And. Marry I saw your Neece do more favours to the Counts Serving-man, then ever she bestow'd upon mee: I saw't i'th Orchard.
To. Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that.
And. As plaine as I see you now.
Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
And. S'light ; will you make an Asse o'me.
Fab. I will prove it legitimate sir, upon the Oathes of judgement, and reason.
To. And they have beene grand Jurie men, since before *Noah* was a Saylor.
Fab. Shee did shew favour to the youth in your sight, onely 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 bangd the youth into dumbenesse : this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt : the double gilt of this opportunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayld into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an ysickle on a Dutchmans beard, unlesse you do redeeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policie.
And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for policie I hate: I had as liefe be a Brownist, as a Politician.
To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him hurt him in eleven places, my Neece shall take note of it, and assure thy selfe, there is no love-Broker in the world, can more prevaile in mans commendation with woman, then report of valour.
Fab. There is no way but this sir *Andrew.*
An. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?
To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and briefe: it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of invention : taunt him with the license of Inke : if thou thou'st him some thrice,it shall not be amisse, and as many Lyes as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in Eng-

land, set ‘em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle e-
nough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen,
no matter : about it.

And. Where shall I finde you?

To. Wee’l call thee at the Cubiculo : Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby.*

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

Fa. We shall have a rare Letter from him, but you’le
not deliver’t.

To. Never trust me then : and by all meanes stirre on
the youth to an answer. I think Oxen and waine-ropes
cannot hale them together.For *Andrew*, if he were open’d
and you find so much blood in his Liver, as will clog the
foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th’anatomy.

Fab. And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no
great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To: Looke ye where the youngest Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your
selves into stitches, follow me : yond gull *Malvolio* is tur-
ned Heathen, a very Renegatho ; for there is no christian
that meanes to be saved by beleeving rightly, can ever
beleeve such impossible passages of grossenesse. Hee’s in
yellow stockings.

To. And crosse garter’d?

Mar. Most villanously : like a Pedant that keepes a
Schoole i’th Church : I have dogg’d him like his murthe-
rer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I dropt,
to betray him : He does smile his face into more lynes,
then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the
Indies : you have not seene such a thing as tis: I can hard-
ly forbeare hurling things at him. I know my Ladie’will
strike him : if shee doe, hee'l smile, and take’t for a great
favour.

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

Exeunt Omnes.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behinde you :my desire
(More sharpe then filed steele) did spurre me forth,
And not all love to see you (though so much
As might have drawne one to a longer voyage)
But jealousie, what might befall your rravell,
Being skillesse in these parts : which to a stranger,
Vnguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough, and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuite.

Seb. My kinde *Anthonio,*
I can no other answer make, but thankes,
And thankes : and ever oft good turnes,
Are shuffel’d off with such uncurrant pay:
But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,

You

You should finde better dealing : what's do do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?
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 satisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City.
Ant. Would youl'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walke these streetes.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,
I did some service, of such note indeede,
That were I tane heere, it would scarse be answer'd.
Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.
Ant. Th offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well have given us bloody argument :
It might have since bene answer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake
Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,
For which if I be lapsed in this place
I shall pay deere.
Seb. Do not then walke too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me: hold sir, here's my purse,
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
Is best to lodge : I will bespeake our dyet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, 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 thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.
Seb. Ile be your purse-bearer,and leave you
For an houre.
Ant. To th'Elephant.
Seb. I do remember. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I have sent after him,he sayes hee'l come:
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, orborrow'd.
I speake too loud : Where's *Malvolio,* he is sad,and civill,
And suites well for a servant with my fortunes,
Where is *Malvolio?*
Mar. He's comming Madame :
But in a very strange manner. He is sure possest Madam.
Ol. 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 hee come,for sure the man is tainted in's wits.
Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If sad and [metry] madnesse equall bee.
How now *Malvolio?*
Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.
Ol. Smil'st thou ? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad :
This does make some obstruction in the blood :
This crosse-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.

[*Mal.*] Why how doest thou man?
What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges : It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Malvolio?*

Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee : Why dost thou smile so, and kisse thy hand so oft ?

Mar. How do you *Malvolio?*

Malvo. At your request :
Yes Nightingales answere Dawes.

Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse : 'twas well writ.

Ol. What meanst thou by that *Malvolio?*

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheeve greatnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some have greatnesse thrust upon them.

Ol. Heaven restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings.

Ol. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross garter'd.

Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, [sif] thou desir'st to be so.

Ol. Am I made?

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

Ol. Why this is verie Midsomer madnesse.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count *Orsino's* is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe : he attends your Ladyships pleasure.

Ol. Ile come to him.
Good *Maria,* let this fellow be look d too. Where's my Cosine *Toby,* let some of my people have a speciall care of him, I would not have him miscarrie for the halfe of my Dowry. *exit*

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now : no worse man then sir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurres directly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may appeare stubborne to him : for she incites me to that in the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she : be opposite with a Kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the trick of singularity : and consequently setts downe the manner how : as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so foorth. I have lymde her,but it is Joves doing, and Jove make me thankefull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too : Fellow ? not *Malvolio,* nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance: What can be saide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thenked.

Enter Toby,Fabian, and Maria.

To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the divels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe possest him, yet Ile soeake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is : how ist with you sir? How ist with you man?

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

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does she so?

To. Go too,go too: peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you *Malvolio?* How is't with you? What man, defie the divell : consider, he's an enemy to mankinde.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, and you speake ill of the divell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wise woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not loose him for more then ile say.

Mal. How now mistris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentlenesse, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock?how dost [yu] chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy,come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at cherrie-pit with sathan[.] Hang him foul Colliar.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir *Toby* gette him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlynesse.

Mal. Go hang your selves all: you are ydle shallowe things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more heereafter. *Exit*

To. Ist possible?

Fa. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

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

*Mar.*Nay pursue him now, least the device take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

To. Come, wee'l have him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, til our very pastime tyred out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him : at which time, we wil bring the device to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen : but see,but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Ist so sawcy?

And. I, ist? I warrant him: do but read.

To. Give me.

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

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. *Wonder not,nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call*

thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't. (Law

Fa. A good note,that keepes you from the blow of [ye]

To. Thou comst to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly : but thou lyest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence-lesse.

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Tho kilst me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law: good.

Tob. Fartheewell, and God have mercie upon one of our soules. He may have mercie upon mine, but my hope is better and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou usest him, & thy sworne enemie, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

[*To.*] If this Letter move him not, his legges cannot: Ile giv't him.

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

To. Go sir *Andrew:* scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie : so soone as ever thou seest him,draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible: for t comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharpely twang'd off, gives manhoode more approbation, then ever proofe it selfe would have earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing. *Exit*

To. Now will not I deliver his Letter : for the behaviour of the yong Gentleman, gives him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment between his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth : he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir, I will deliver his Challege by word of mouth; set upon *Ague-Cheeke* a notable report of valor, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuositie. This will so fright them both that they wil kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

To. I wil meditate the while upon some horrid message for a Challenge.

Ol. I have said too much unto a hart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on't:
There's something in me that reproves my fault :
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mockes reproofe.

Vio. With the same haviour that you passion beares,
Goes on my Masters greefes.

Ol. Heere, weare this Jewell for me, tis my picture:
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you:
And I beseech you come againe to morrow.
What shall you aske of me that Ile deny,
That honour (sav'd) may upon asking give.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Ol. How with mine honor may I give him that,
Which I have given to you.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well,come againe to morrow: far-thee-well,
A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you sir.

To. That defence thou hast, betake the too't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I knowe not : but thy intercepter full of despight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

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

To. You'l finde it otherwise I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard : for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

Vio. I pray you sir what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with unhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a divell in private brall, soules and bodies hath he fivorc'd three, and his incensement at thi moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher : Hob, nob,is his word : giv't or take't.

Vio. I will returne again into the house, and desife some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirke.

To. Sir,no : his indignation derives it selfe out of a very competent injurie, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, unlesse you undertake that with me, which with as much safetie you might answer him : therefore on, or strippe your sword starke naked : for meddle you must that's certain, of forsweare to weare iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivill as strange. I beseech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is : it is something of my negligene, nothing of my purpose.

To. I will doe so. Signiour *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman, till my returne. *Exit Toby.*

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

Fab. I know the knight is incest against you, even to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

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

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the proofe of his valour. He is indeed sir, the most skilfull, bloudy,& fatall opposite that you could possibly have found in anie part of Illyria : will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir knight : I care not who knowes so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee is a very divell, I have not seen such a firago : I had a passe with him, rapier,scabberd,and all: and he gives me the stucke in with such a mortall motion that it is inevitable : and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't. Ile not meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified,
Fabian can scarse hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de have seene him damn'd ere I'de have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and

Ile give him my horse,gray Capilet.
To. Ile make the motion : stand heere, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules, marry Ile ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrell, I have perswaded him the youth's a divell.
Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him : and pants, & lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.
To. There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake : marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now scarse to bee worth talking of : therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe, he protests he will not hurt you.
Vio. Pray God defend me : a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.
Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.
To. Come sir *Andrew*, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors sake have one bowt with you: he cannot by the Duello avoide it : but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.
And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you tis against my will.
Ant. Put up your sword : if this yong Gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me :
If you offend him, I for him defie you.
To. You sir? Why, what are you?
Ant. One sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Then you have heard him brag to you he will.
To. Nay,if you be an undertaker,I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good sir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officers.
To. Ile be with you anon.
Vio. Pray sir, put your sword up if you please.
And. Marry will I sir : and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hee will beare you casily, and raines well.
1.*Off.* This is the man, do thy Office.
2.*Off. Anthonio,* I arrest thee at the suit of Count *Orsino*
An. You do mistake me sir.
1.*Off.* No sir, no jot : I know your favour well :
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head :
Take him away, he knowes I know him well.
Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedie, I shall answer it:
What will you do : now my necessitie
Makes me to aske you for my purse. It greeves mee
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befals my selfe : you stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.
2.*Off.* Come sir away.
Ant. I must intreat of you some of that money.
Vio. What money sir?
For the fayre kindnesse you have shew'd me heere,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my leane and low ability
Ile lend you some[t]hing : my having is not much,
Ile make division of my present with you:
Hole, there's halfe my Coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now,
Ist possible that my deserts to you
Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,
Least 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 voyce, or any feature :
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vainnesse, babling drunkennesse,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabites our fraile blood.
Ant. Oh heavens themselves.
2.*Off.* Come sir, I pray you go.
Ant. Let me speake a little. This youth that you see
I snatch'd one halfe out of the jawes of death, (heere,
Releev'd him with such sanctitie of love*;*
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
1.*Off.* What's that to us, the time goes by : Away.
Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proves this God :
Thou hast *Sebastian* done good feature, shame.
In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde :
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkinde.
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous evill
Are empty trunkes, ore-flourish'd by the devill.
1.*Off.* The man growes mad ,away with him:
Come, come sir.
Ant. Leade me on *Exit*
Vio. Me thinkes his words do from such passion flye
That he beleeves himselfe, so do not I :
Prove true imagination, oh prove true,
That I deere brother, be now tane for you.
To. Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian :* Weel
whisper ore a couplet or two of most sage sawes.
Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian :* I my brother know
Yet living in my glasse : even such, and so
In favour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate : Oh if it prove,
Tempests are kinde, and salt waves fresh in love.
To. A very dishoest paltry boy, and more a coward
then a Hare, his dishonesty appeares, in leaving his friend
here in necessity, and denying him: and for his coward-
ship aske *Fabian.*
Fab. A Coward, a most devout Coward, religious in
it.
And. Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.
To. Do,cuffe him soundly, but never draw thy sword
And. And I do not.
Fab. Come, let's see the event.
To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scoena prima.

Enter Sebastian and Clowne.

Clo. Will you make me beleeve,that I am not sent for
you?
Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee.
Clo. Well held out yfaith : No, I do not know you,
nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come
speake with her : nor your name is not Master *Cesario,*
nor this is not my nose neyther : Nothing that is so,is so.
Seb. I prethee vent thy folly some-where else, thou
know'st not me.
Clo. Vent my folly : He has heard that word of some
great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my fol-

ly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will prove a Cockney : I prethee now ungird thy strangenes, and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady ? Shall I vent to her that thou art comming?

Seb. I prethee foolish greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I shall give worse paiment.

Clo. By my troth thou hast an open hand: these Wisemen that give fooles money, get themselves a good report, after fourteene yeares purchase.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now sir, have I met you again, : ther's for you.

*Seb.*Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad?

To. Hold sir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the house.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.

To. Come on sir,, hold.

An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke with him: Ile have an action of Battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I stroke him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

To. Come sir, I will not let you go. Come my yong souldier put up your yron: you are well flesh'd: Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst [yu] now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

To. What, what? Nay then I must have an Ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

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

To. Madam.

Ol. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines and the barbarous Caves,
Where manners nere were preach'd : out of my sight.
Be not offended, deere *Cesario:*
Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy fayre wisedome, not thy passion sway
In this uncivill, and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And heare thou there how many fruitless prankes
This Ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this : Thou shalt not choose but goe:
Do not denie, beshrew his soule for mee,
He started one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What rellish is in this ? How runes the streame?
Or am I mad, or else this is a dreame:
Let fancie still my sense in Lethe steepe,
If it be thus to dreame, still let me sleepe.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'st be rul'd by me

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O say so, and so be. *Exeunt*

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard, make him beleeve thou art sir *Topas* the Curate, doe it quickly. Ile call sir *Toby* the whilst.

Clo. Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe in't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in

such

[in]such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good Studient : but to be said an honest man and a good houskeeper goes as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, & a great scholler. The Competetors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Jove blesse thee M. Parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies* sir *Toby:* for as the old hermit of *Prage* that never saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neece of King *Gorbodacke,* that that is, is : so I being M.Parson, am M. Parson ; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him sir *Topas.*

Clow. What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.

To. The knave counterfets well: a good knave.

Malvolio within.

Mal. Who cals there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir *Topas,* sir *Topas,* good sir *Topas* goe to my Ladie.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well said M. Parson.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wronged, good sir *Topas* do not thinke I am mad: they have layde mee heere in hideous darknesse.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest sathan: I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the divell himselfe with curtesie : sayst thou that house is darke?

Mal. As hell sir *Topas.*

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes transparant as baricadoes, and the cleere stores 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 darke.

Clo. Madman thou errest : I say there is no darknesse but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the Aegyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I say this house is a darke as Ignorance, thogh Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are, make the triall of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* cocerning Wilde-fowle.

Mal. That the soule of our grandam, might happily inhabite a bird.

Clo. What thinkst thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the soule, and no way aprove his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well : remaine thou still in darkenesse, thou shalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, lest thou disposesse the soule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas,* sir *Topas.*

Tob. My most exquisite sir *Topas.*

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy berd and gowne, he sees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findst him: I would we were well ridde of this knavery. If he may bee conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the uppeshot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit*

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is unkind,*perdie.*

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is she so?

Mal. Foole, I say.

Clo. She loves another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle,and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will live to bee thankefull to thee for't.

Clo. M. *Malvolio?*

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas sir, how fell you besides your five witts?

Mall. Foole, there was never man so notoriouslie abus'd : I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well : then you are mad indeede,if you be not better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have heere propertied me : keepe mee in darkenesse, send Ministers to mee, Asses, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say : the Minister is heere. *Malvolio, Malvolio,* thy wittes the heavens restore : endeavour thy selfe to sleepe, and leave thy vaine bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas.*

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow. Who I sir, not I sir. God buy you good sir Topas : Marry Amen. I will sir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I say.

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

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes as any man in Illyria.

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

Mal. By this hand I am : good foole, some inke, paper, and light : and convey what I will set downe to my Lady : it shall advantage thee more, then ever the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.

Mal. Beleeve me I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, Ile nere beleeve a madman till I see his brains I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the highest degree : I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone sir, and anon sir,
Ile be with you againe :
In a trice, like to the old vice,
your neede to sustaine.
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cries ah ha, to the divell :
Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,
Adieu good man divell. *Exit*

Scena Tertia

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This pearle she gave me, I do feel't, and see't
And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet

Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's *Anthonio* then,
I could not finde him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the towne to seeke me out,
His councell now might do me golden service,
For though my soule disputes well with my sence,
That this may be some error,but no madnesse,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the Ladies mad; yet if'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give backe affayres, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she do's: there's something in't
That is deceiveable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Priest.

Ol. Blame not this haste of mine : if you meane well
Now go with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by : there before him,
And underneath that consecrated roofe,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous, and too doubtfull soule
May live at peace. He shall conceale it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what do you say?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
And having sworne truth ever will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heavens so shine,
That they may fairely note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enrter Clowne and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lov'st me, let me see his Letter.

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

Feb. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this Letter.

Fab. This is to give a dogge, and in recompensce desire
my dogge againe.

enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

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

Clo. I sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well : how doest thou my good
Fellow?

Clo. Truely sir, the better for my foes, ad the worse
for my friends.

Du. Just the contrary : the better for thy friends.

Clo. No sir, the worse.

Du. How can that be?

Clo. Marry sir,they praise me, and make an asse of me,
now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse : so that by my
foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my
friends I am abused : so the conclusions to be as kisses, if
your foure negatives make your two affirmatives, why
then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.
Clo. By my troth sir, no : though it please you to be one of my friends.
Du. 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.
Du. O you give me ill counsell.
Clo. Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once, and let your flexh and blood obey it.
Du. 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 olde saying is the third payes for all : the triplex sir, is a good tripping measure, or the belles of S. *Bennet* sir, may put you in minde, one, two, three.
Du. You can foole no more money out of mee 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 bountie till I come a-gen. I go sir, but I would not have you to thinke, that my desire of having is the [siane]*[sinne]* of covetousnesse: but as you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon. *Exit*

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.
Du. That face of his I do remember well,
yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre:
A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of,
For shallow draught and bulke unprizable,
With which such scathfull grapple did he make,
With the most noble bottome of our Fleete,
That very envy, and the tongue of losse
Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?
1.*Offi. Orsino,* this is that *Anthonio*
That tooke the *Phoenix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,
When your yong Nephew *Titus* lost his legge;
Heere in the streetes,desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.
Vio. He did me kindnesse sir, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.
Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe,
What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou intermes so bloudie, and so deere
Hast made thine enemies?
Ant. Orsino : Noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give mee:
Anthonio never yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confesse, on base and ground enough
Orsino's enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ungratefull boy there by your side,
From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme : a wracke past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto adde
My love without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedicationa. For his sake,
Did I expose my selfe (pure for his love)
Into the danger of this adverse Towne,
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 accquaintance,

And

And grew a twentie yeeres removed thing
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,
Which I had recommended to his use,
Not halfe an houre before.
Vio. How can this be?
Du. When came he to this Towne?
Ant. To day my Lord :and for three months before,
No *Intrim*, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.
Enter Olivia and attendants.
Du. Heere comes the Countntesse, now heaven walkes on earth:
But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,
Three monthes this youth hath tended upon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may seeme serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keepe promise with me.
Vio. Madam:
Du. Gracious *Olivia.*
Ol. What do you say *Cesario?* Good my Lord.
Vio. My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.
Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine eare
As howling after Musicke.
Du. Still so cruell?
Ol. Still so constant Lord.
Du. What to perversenesse ? you uncivill Ladie
To whose ingrate, and unauspicious Altars
My sould the faithfull'st offrings have breath'd out
That ere devotion tender'd. What shall I do?
Ol. Even what it please my Lord, that shal becom him
Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th'Egyptian theefe, at point of death
Kill what I love :(a savage jealousie,
That sometime favours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screwes me from my true place in your favour :
Live you the Marble-brested Tirant still.
But this your Minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I sweare, I tender deerely,
Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
Where he sits crowned in his masters spight.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischiefe:
Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do love,
To spight a Ravens heart within a Dove.
Vio. And I most jocund, apt and willinglie,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye.
Ol. Where goes *Cesario?*
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I shall love wife.
If I do feigne, you witnesses above
Punish my life, for tainting of my love.
Ol. Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?
Ol. Hast thou forgot thy selfe ? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy Father.
Du. Come, away.
Ol. Whether my Lord? *Cesario,*Husband, stay.
Du. Husband?
Ol. I Husband. Can that he deny?
Du. Her husband, sirrah?
Vio. No my Lord, not I.
Ol. Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Feare not *Cesario,* take thy fortunes up,
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
Heere to unfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now
Reveales before 'tis ripe : what thou dost know
Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me.

Priest. A Contract of eternall bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutuall joynder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lippes,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travail'd but two houres.

Du. Oh thou dissembling Cub : what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickely grow,
That thine owne trip shall be thine overthrow :
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do protest.

Ol. O do not sweare,
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the love of God a Surgeon, send one presently to sir *Toby.*

Ol. What's the matter?

And. H'as broke my head a-crosse, and has given Sir *Toby* a bloody Coxcombe too : for the love of God you helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

Ol. Who has done this sir *Andrew?*

And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Cesario:* we tooke him for a Coward, but hee's the verie divell,incardinate.

Du. My Gentleman *Cesario?*

And. Odd's lifelings heere 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 speake to me, I never hurt you:
you drew your sword upon me without cause,
But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clowne.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you have hurt me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxecombe. Heere comes sir Toby halting, you shall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would have tickl'd you other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how ist with you?

To. That's all one,has hurt me,and there's th'end on't: Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunke sir *Toby* an houre agone : his eyes were set at eight i th morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue,and a passy measures panyn: I hate a drunken rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this havocke with them?

And. Ile helpe you sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

To. Will you helpe an Asse-head, and a coxcombe, & a knave : a thin fac'd knave, a gull?

Ol.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must have done no lesse 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 vowes
We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A naturall Perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Anthonio : O my deere *Anthonio,*
How have the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that *Anthonio?*

Ant. How have you made division of your selfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian?*

Ol. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :
Nor can there be that Diety in my nature
Of heere,and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waves and surges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Vio. Of *Messaline : Sebastian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too:
So went he suited to his watery tombe:
If spirits can assume both forme and suite,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my teares let fall upon your cheeke,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola.*

Vio. My father had a moale upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dide that day when *Viola* frome her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

Seb. O that record is lively in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happie both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attyre :
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and jumpe
That I am *Viola,* which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds : by whose gentle helpe,
I was preserv'd to serve this Noble Count :
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you have been mistooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and a man.

Du. Be not amazed, right noble is his blood :
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,
I shall have share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vil. And all thouse sayings, will i over sweare,
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,

As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That severs day from night.
Du. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy womans weedes.
Vio. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore
Hath my Maides garments : he upon some Action
Is not in durance, at *Malvolio's* suite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.
Ol. He shall inlarge him : fetch *Malvolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman,he's much distract.
Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.
A most extracting frensie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.
How does he sirrah?
Cl. Truely Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staves end as well as a man in his case may do : has heere writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to day morning. But as a madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much when they are deliver'd.
Ol. Open, and read it.
Clo. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole delivers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*
Ol. How now,art thou mad?
Clo. No Madam, I do but reade madnesse : and your Ladyship will have it as it out to bee, you must allow *Vox.*
Ol. Prethee read i'thy right wits.
Clo. So I do Madona : but to reade his right wits, is to reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and give eare.
Ol. Read it you, sirrah.
Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it : Though you have put mee into darknesse, and given your drunken Cosine rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladie-ship. I have your owne letter, that induced mee to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speake out of my injury. *The madly us'd Malvolio.*
Ol. Did he write this?
Clo. I Madame.
Du. This savours not much of distractio.
Ol. See him deliver'd *Fabian,* bring him hither:
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you,
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.
Du. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer :
Your Master quits you : and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farrre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee
your Masters Mistris.
Ol. A sister, you are she.
Enter Malvolio.
Du. Is this the Madman?
Ol. I my Lord, this same : How now *Malvolio?*
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.
Ol. Have I *Malvolio?* No.
Mal. Lady you have, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now denie it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,
Or

Or say, tis not your seale, not your invention :
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modestie of honor,
Why you have given me such cleare lights of favour,
Bad me come smiling, and crosse-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
Upon sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obediant hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
And made the most notorious gecke and gull,
That ere invention plaid on? Tell me why?
Ol. Alas *Malvolio,* this is not my writing,
Thought I confesse much like the Character :
But out of question, tis *Marias* hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was shee
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the Letter :prethee be content,
This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Judge
Of thine owne caise.
Fab. Good Madam heare me speake,
And let no quarrel, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this present houre,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confesse my selfe, and *Toby*
Set this device against *Malvolio* heere,
Upon some stubborne and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at sir *Tobyes* great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then revenge,
If that the injuries be justly waigh'd,
That have on both sides past.
Ol. Alas poore Foole, how have they baffled thee?
Clo. Why some are borne great, some atchieve great-
nesse, and some have greatnesse throwne upon them. I
was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir *Topas* sir, but that's

all one : By the Lord Foole, I am not mad : but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascall, and you smile not he's gag'd : and thus the whirlegigge of time, brings in his revenges.

Mal. Ile be reveng'd on the whole pack of you?

Ol. He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.

Du. Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace :
He hath not told us of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time covents
A solemne Combination shall be made
Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come
(For so you shall be while you are a man:)
But when in other habites you are seene,
Orsino's Mistris, and his fancies Queene. *Exeunt*

Clowne sings.

When that I was and a little tine boy,
with a hey,ho, the winde and the raine :
A foolish thing was but a toy,
for the raine it raineth every day.

But when I came to mans estate,
with hey hom &c.
Gainst Knaves and Theeves men shut their gate,
for the raine, &c,

But when I came alas to wive,
with hey ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
with hey ho, &c.
With tospottes still had drunken heades,
for the raine, &c.

A great while ago the world begon,
hey ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and wee'l strive to please you every day.

F I N I S

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